

CHAPTER XXII.

1851.

The Foreign Missionary cause had no warmer friend than Miss Allibone. A friend remarked, “How ardent was her missionary spirit! How her heart yearned with pity over the lost world, and with what exulting joy did she look forward to the time when they shall turn to the Lord! From her bed of sickness, she saw things in their true proportions. She viewed the missionary’s trials, discouragements, separation from friends, sacrifice of health and life, in the light of the glory that should follow. She viewed the perishing state of the lost as He viewed it who ‘so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.’ And she deemed it an exceeding favor to be allowed any part in bringing them to the knowledge of their God and Saviour.”

She wrote two of the following letters to her cousin, Robert Smith, then a student in the Theological Seminary at Alexandria. She urged her cousin to count the cost, and satisfy himself the call was from God. He was soon led to the conviction that it was his duty to carry the gospel message to Africa, where he threw himself into the work. However, after a few weeks in Western Africa, he was taken to that bright world a few months after his cousin Susan preceded him.

Although he fell in the prime of life, full of promise and energy, words of thankfulness and confidence were on his dying lips. His term of service, though brief, was long enough to glorify his Redeemer, and leave an example for those who would follow. “None of those things move him, neither counted he his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God.”

To the Rev. R. Smith.

Jan. 4, 1851.

“There is much in my heart, upon the subject of missions, which I have never expressed to you, my dear cousin. Your recent letters have touched a chord whose vibrations would have reached you long before this, if I could have gratified my earnest desire. I trust I have not a friend whom I would not encourage to say among the heathen, ‘The Lord reigneth,’ if I were assured he would go at His bidding, and in His strength. I am glad when I learn that a missionary spirit has inspired any heart, and am rejoiced that my beloved cousin, and some of his fellow students, are inquiring whether it may not be their privilege to be the first to proclaim to some of their fellow sinners that Jesus died for them. They need the Gospel so much that it should not be withheld, and it is a selfish policy which would chill the ardor of those who are willing to tell them that ‘there is a balm in Gilead, and a Physician there.’ It should be enough for the friends of every missionary that ‘the Lord hath need of him.’

“I have endeavored to pray much that you and your friends may know the will of our Father in Heaven, and ‘by His merciful guiding may perform the same.’ If this fire be not of the Lord’s kindling, it will probably soon be extinguished. And in such a case, it would be well if it were. There are stern realities in missionary life; there are high and holy duties to be performed; and he whose sufficiency is not of God will soon grow weary.

‘Mere human energy shall fail,

And youthful vigor cease,

But those who wait upon the Lord,

In strength will increase.’

“I have often quoted a promise we cannot test too fully, and I will quote it again: ‘In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.’ I have desired that you might be a foreign missionary, that you might be furnished with a spirit which would make you willing to be anything, to labor anywhere. Therefore, I bid you ‘Godspeed’ in every prayer and every effort for the extension of our Redeemer’s kingdom.”

To Rev. Dr. N.

January 31st, 1851

“I am glad to have a little strength this evening that I may at least commence the letter I have so long wished to write to my greatly valued friend. A slate and pencil, with my sister’s services as copyist, are my facilities for the accomplishment of this desire, but how much more would I enjoy a visit from you this evening, how much rather have you talk with me of ‘the hope of Israel!’

“I value the society of my friends in proportion to the profitableness of our conversation, and review with pleasure our many happy discussions. We talked of the immutability of Jehovah, and beheld His glory in the face of Jesus Christ.

“If your painful separation from so many friends be the means, through our Father’s great love, of conveying these precious truths to some of the immortal beings who surround you, how rejoiced and thankful you will be! And it is impossible that the faithful proclamation of the Gospel be unaccompanied with rich results; ‘for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.’ Oh, that you may be enriched with all utterance, and draw so largely from ‘the wells of salvation,’ that you shall have copious draughts to present to thirsty pilgrims who come to you for refreshment. There is much controversy in the church, and much conformity to the world. It is cheering to listen to the Gospel clarion, rising with its full, clear notes above discordant sounds, tuning its oft-repeated melody—‘Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and goodwill to men.’ And is not he greatly privileged who brings this music to the weary ones of earth, who tells them of a Saviour ‘mighty to save and strong to deliver’?

“I am thankful that the Lord has enabled you to be a cheerful giver to this glorious service, and trust you will find encouragement on your way to Heaven. Do remind the invalids of the line in Toplady’s beautiful hymn—‘When languor and disease invade.’ It is very expressive.

“Wilberforce says he would rather go to Heaven bearing Hannah More’s ‘Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,’ than all the novels Sir Walter Scott ever wrote, and I am very sure that we are under greater obligations to Toplady for his three hymns, ‘Rock of Ages,’ ‘Deathless Principle,’ the one I have already mentioned, than to the author of the most sublime poem which has not the glory of our Heavenly Father for its object, and the all-sufficiency of our Saviour for its theme. Oh, that intellect were always consecrated! Oh, that the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid in Christ were more diligently sought!

“Since I know that this investigation will be the employment of a glorified eternity, I take little interest in the speculative views of a future state with which philosophers would furnish us. ‘Father, I

will that they also whom Thou hast given me be will me where I am, that they may behold the glory which Thou hast given me.’

“I suppose your dear mother is learning more and more of this blessed Saviour as she awaits a welcome to His immediate presence. Do tell me much of her when you write....”

Another domestic affliction pierced the heart of Miss Allibone, so alive to others’ griefs. The loss of a beloved sister’s only child, was the occasion of the following most touching letter, so deep in its tenderness, so effectual in its consolation. The blow to her sensitive soul was a sore and heavy one; but however roughly the harp strings might be struck, they only sounded the same sweet harmony of holy peace and loving acquiescence.

To her sister E.

Feb. 19, 1851

“Until I had prepared this paper to write to you, my dear, dear sister, I did not trust myself to read the note Sister F. brought into my room, nor did I know it was from you. I did not ask, ‘How is Horace?’ for I knew the precious child was well forever. I inquired nothing, but I lifted up my heart in prayer, for I needed very much the help I always find in time of need.

“Oh! how strange that so many tears should fall when God has granted me so great a blessing—the salvation of my sister’s only child, who is indeed, ‘bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.’ I do thank and bless and love Him for this mercy. He has more than answered all my prayers. He loved our darling one too well to entrust him to any earthly keeping, however tender, however prayerful. We would have it so Father! We thank Thee that Thy will is done.

“I knew He would be with you, my poor child. I have asked this of Him again and again with perfect confidence. I knew He would enable you to glorify Him, and you will always find Him ‘a present help.’ Only, dear E., do not trust yourself to think; instead turn every thought to prayer. ‘Lead us not into temptation,’ is a petition which has often reminded me that I must not indulge myself in reflecting much upon the bereavements I have sustained.

“When your cherished one is removed from you, remember ‘the dead in Christ repose in guarded rest.’ Follow his spirit to its bright home. Oh, how sweet it will be when you go out of the

world to be welcomed by your child to a world of glory, rather than to leave him behind to mourn for his mother; for this is sorrow indeed.

“I have said nothing to my dear brother, but trust ‘the Holy Spirit, the Comforter,’ has spoken to his aching heart. Dear brother F., this is a great sorrow. You have loved to tell me of the engaging words of your dear child, and your house will seem very desolate; but if you could listen for one moment to the song of praise your boy is singing, you would forget to weep. God will be with you both—with us all, for Jesus’ sake. How much we owe to redeeming love! This is another blood-bought victory. It is the white robe of the Lamb which covers our dear little Horace. And now the benefit! Lord, be Thou our Teacher.

“Do not feel anxious about me, you know I am always comforted. Come to see me as soon as it will be proper. My heart yearns over you with inexpressible affection. How much more is our great High Priest ‘touched with a feeling of our infirmities.’ He knows all the exquisite sensibilities of a mother’s heart. Does not Scripture tell us much, when it records—‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son’?

“And now, farewell! Oh! would not our blessed faith be worth much, if it were only for such an hour as this!”

To the Rev. R. Smith.

March 7th, 1851.

“I suspect, dear Robert, that my days of letter writing are almost over, since I am scarcely capable of the effort of even a penciled communication; but a powerful impulse urges me to encourage you to ‘press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.’ Earnest is my desire that, if our Father has indeed inspired you with a missionary spirit, you may ‘confer not with flesh and blood,’ but may receive a blessed answer to the continual petition, ‘Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?’ I do not observe in your letter any deficiency in simplicity of heart, but am thankful that you anticipate labor and self-denial in our Redeemer’s service as a privilege of which you are not worthy, and well may you employ these terms. If St. Paul was astonished at the condescension which permitted him to cast his powerful intellect and carefully accumulated stores of learning into the service of his Redeemer; if this once proud Pharisee exclaimed, ‘Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ,’—it does not seem too much that you, or any of your fellow students, or indeed the most useful and

able of those who have been already commissioned to proclaim the Gospel, should expend all the talent and strength God may have given you in persuading Ethiopia to 'stretch out her hands unto God.' Your companions upon this important subject are often remembered in my prayers.

"I do not believe that a true-hearted missionary ever went to heathen shores, who did not first encounter vigorous opposition from 'the world, the flesh and the devil.' This is, indeed, an offensive war upon the kingdom of darkness. Satan is not willing that his iron bands should be displaced, that our Redeemer's easy yoke may be their substitute. Society, so ready to applaud the enterprising spirit of the young man who goes to distant locations to seek wealth or learning, or to shed human blood, grieves greatly over him who wastes his energies and risks his life in pointing the poor heathen to the only true riches, the most important knowledge and the blood which was shed for him. Yes, and the heart also must surely whisper many suggestions which require the resistance of the martyr, who saw his wife and children, as he passed on to the fire which was to remove him from their sight, and exclaimed, striking his breast, 'Flesh, stay thou!' It is a glorious privilege to be a missionary, and if the Father of the fatherless should thus favor my orphan cousin, I will bid him Godspeed. I do not mean that I expect to be among the friends to whom you will say farewell, but I will give you my parting salutation now. It is only if the Lord will, I would have it thus.

"In spirit, dear Robert, always press onward. Simplicity of faith, peculiar holiness of life and untiring zeal are the blessings I desire for you. 'Add to your faith, virtue, and to virtue, knowledge,' is a wise injunction. That you may be a diligent student, not only of the most important branch of clerical education—experiential religion—but of the most scriptural system of divinity, is among my hopes and expectations. There is so much diluted theology, that I am increasingly solicitous that you should carry into the pulpit the very essence of the Gospel. You know it is my belief that this is to be found in the imputed righteousness of Christ. I have always found that the sermons and books which have most adequately met my spiritual necessities have been those in which this theology is most clearly unfolded.

"Great is my appreciation of the privileges you enjoy in the Institution which you correctly estimate as a more happy home than any you have ever had. I regard it as a military college, in which many a soldier of the cross is wisely preparing for the battlefield. Whilst you carefully investigate, and greatly prize our scriptural and apostolic ecclesiastical organization, you are chiefly desirous to learn to sound the story of redeeming love in tones so clear, so gentle and so penetrating, that the obdurate heart shall be broken and the wounded bound up....

"And now I will speak of the event which has caused us all to feel so deeply: the transplantation of the fair flower which was unfolding so beautifully—our sweet little Horace. You can scarcely imagine how increasingly attractive he had become. His intellectual development was considered very

precocious, and his health had greatly improved. His mother was more and more successful in her attempts to teach him to obey, and we expected him to be blessed and be a blessing. Nor are we disappointed. The gentle Shepherd of Israel extended His arm of love, and drew this little one into His own immediate presence that He might grant him all good, and I trust his removal will teach many a lesson of profit. His parents are submissive and greatly comforted, but their heart strings are bleeding...”

From her diary.

“Sunday, March 2nd, 1851.—Almost two weeks have passed since our sweet little H. was received into the upper sanctuary. This blessing we received with many tears. He was a lovely child, and I am thankful he is so near the Friend of little children.

“Does the Christian, who is sustained in the hour of bereavement, require any further testimony of the truth of our holy religion? Does he require to read books of evidence? Oh, how I pity—not the skeptic only—but him who refuses to appropriate the Gospel! ‘The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.’

March 7th.—One very affecting thought has been often impressed upon my mind: ‘The Father of mercies enables me to glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.’ He comes promptly to my aid in the hour of need, or rather is already with me. When I am too weak to speak or even to think with energy, I rest upon my Saviour, and find Him all I need. But how do I repay this kindness?

“I have been listening with deep interest to Dr. Gordon’s life. The simplicity of his faith during his illness and in his last moments is instructive and delightful; but I feel almost afraid that the speculative spirit of his earlier life was ascribed too much to an ardent love of truth and superiority of intellect, rather than the true source of all hesitation to receive the truths of Scripture—a deficiency in humility and teachableness of spirit.

“However, both he and his biographer say much of the importance of coming to Jesus as a little child, and I think his testimony will do much for the cause of Christianity. Oh, that his whole life had been as full of the Gospel as his last hours! But, alas! who can say that his whole life has been given to the service of our best Friend?

“Dear sister has also been reading to me the Life of the Rev. Henry Owen. ‘Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.’ I enjoyed this book greatly. I like those books best in which there is most of the Saviour.

“May 14th.—‘The Lamb is the light thereof.’ How little I prize the theology to which this description does not apply! If our Redeemer’s presence will constitute the happiness of heaven, why should it not be sought all the way down here—in conversation, in books—everywhere?”

Notes.

“Feb. 9th, 1851.—S. is delighted with the Life of the Rev. H. Owen, and looks forward to meeting him in Heaven. She said that the death of Dr. Bedell taught her a deep lesson. That she was very enthusiastic, and inclined to lean upon an arm of flesh.

“March 15th.—The looking glass being given to her to arrange her hair, she repeated, ‘For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved.’ ‘It looks very much like being dissolved,’ she continued. She spoke of her pleasant room, but said it was only a tent in the wilderness, and repeated the passage, ‘He looked for a city which hath foundations.’”

To the Rev. Mr. D.

May 10, 1851.

“If a less mechanical medium of expression had been at my command, dear Mr. D., you would have long since received my cordial congratulations upon your entrance into the ministry. It is indeed a privilege to be commissioned to proclaim the truths which have so long sustained your own spirit—to say to lost sinners, ‘We have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.’

“Oh! that the Holy Spirit may give unto you, and all other ‘stewards of His mysteries,’ ability to unfold the wonders of redeeming love with all the clearness and simplicity which are required by the necessities of the Church and the world! ‘The truth as it is in Jesus! Oh, how much does this expression comprehend! How inexhaustible a subject of instruction and enjoyment is the tree of knowledge upon whose branches the aspiring spirit may sit with folded wing, whilst she rejoices that the object of pursuit has been fully gained; and then, wondering at the paradox of insatiable satisfaction, ascend higher and still higher to gather from each bough more delicious fruit, and repose beneath more refreshing shade! And thus, as she soars on throughout the ages of eternity, will the summit be still beyond her, for God is infinite and progression an element of happiness. Can we ask more?

‘The bird that soars with highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest.’

“And thus the recipient of salvation sits at His Master’s feet until he be elevated to a world of glory. Your appreciation of humility, and desire for its attainment, is a proof that you ‘covet earnestly the best gifts.’ Whilst I pray that your posture may be so lowly that you cannot be cast down, I again congratulate you, fervently and affectionately, that you are an ambassador of Jesus Christ! Oh! that you may be admitted into the presence chamber of the King of kings, and listen so reverently to the royal message, that you shall be prepared to ascend the pulpit with a firm step, a glowing heart, and irresistible authority!

“I wish you could come to my chamber of sickness, with renewed assurances of our Redeemer’s tenderness. It is true you would speak to one who has long rejoiced that ‘Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,’ to one whose inmost soul would echo the story of His ability to sustain, His readiness to console; but I would ever listen to the welcome sound. I would repent more deeply the sins committed against such mercy. I would believe, love and obey as I have never done before.

“If you could be my chaplain, I would invite our poor neighbors to gather around you, and would also collect some of my affluent friends to be told that they possess nothing....”

To a young relative.

“I often think with interest of my dear _____, who sometimes visited me last summer, and for whom I then determined I would pray very often. Does thee wonder, dear, that thy spiritual welfare should be to me an object of so much deep solicitude? I feel that the children of my beloved _____

have a peculiar claim upon my prayers and sympathies, and it is my earnest desire also, that all to whom I am related by the ties of kindred should belong to the household of faith. Then too, dear, thee is in the morning of thy days, and our Heavenly Father has given cheering assurances to the youthful supplicant. Search for these promises, and plead them in prayer. 'Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me?' 'My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.' 'My son, give me thine heart,' is the gentle pleading of a Heavenly Father's love. Let this be thy response:

'Soon as I heard my Father say,

My children seek my grace—

My heart replied, without delay,

I'll seek my Father's face.'

"There is one respect, dear, in which we are somewhat similarly situated, and this has often caused me to think of thee with great tenderness and sympathy. Our Father in Heaven has foreseen that it would be best for our immortal interests that we should be deprived of the buoyancy of health, and we have very often found that an excitable nervous system greatly interferes with the intellectual effort we should so much love to make.

"Thee may imagine how much I have felt for thee when I was informed, a week or two ago, that it was deemed expedient thee should no longer attend school. I remember well how many tears I shed when I was subjected to this trial, for it was my earnest desire to acquire vast stores of information. But I felt even then there was one subject of investigation more important than all the resources of human literature; that there is a path in which even a weary pilgrim might walk; and there the Holy Spirit directed my steps. I have traversed it during many years of combined suffering and enjoyment. Here I have found the pearl of great price, here I explore the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid in Christ Jesus. Here I am refreshed by the influences of the Holy Spirit, and have learned to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. And this is not a solitary way, for the Lord is my Shepherd, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters. Will not my dear young friend share my journey and my repose? Will not thee even now, on bended knee and with lifted heart, offer the petition, 'Lead me in the way everlasting.' Jesus hath said, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.' Come to Him then with every sin and corruption of thy heart; implore pardoning mercy and sanctifying grace. In every moment of depression remember that our Saviour has promised, 'In Me ye shall have peace.' To the weary and heavy-laden He hath kindly said, 'I will give you rest.'

“Is not the Bible most wonderfully adapted to our necessities? It speaks pardon to the sinner, consolation to the wounded spirit; and we learn from its pages that it is not needful that we should yield for one moment to impatience or despondency, for there is recorded, ‘My grace is sufficient for thee, and My strength is made perfect in weakness.’

“Oh that we may ever imitate the example of our meek and lowly Saviour, and let us trace His image in the character of thy dear departed sister. I love to think of the placid countenance which told of the peace that passeth understanding. She came, with shattered nerves and debilitated constitution, to Him who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. His unutterable love cheered her earthly pilgrimage, and it is her light in heaven. God has wiped away all tears from her eyes, and if she could speak to us from her throne of glory, would she not tell us to pray for grace to glorify our Heavenly Father by meek submission to His holy will, and to prove the sufficiency of His grace by the blessed ‘fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, and faith.’

“How much it would please me to receive a reply to this letter, which I have employed my sister’s pen to write.

“Believe me, dear, with prayerful affection, thine. S.A.”

To a young lady.

“I have felt a desire to direct your attention to a Friend that ‘sticketh closer than a brother,’ to Him who is indeed the ‘balm of Gilead,’ who waits to minister healing to the wounded heart. During many years of physical suffering I have calmly and peacefully trusted in His love. In the hour of bereavement, and in the anticipation of death, in ‘looking unto Jesus’ I have found effectual consolation. Many years have passed since I have been able to mingle with the busy scenes of life, nor do I anticipate the return of health and activity. ‘The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore do I hope in Him,’ and this is the portion I would wish for all around me. Have you ever felt your need of a Saviour’s love, dear Miss _____? Have you ever realized that all the ties of earth must at last be severed, that all its day-dreams must pass away and be succeeded by the realities of the eternal world? Oh, have you remembered that we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and in the presence of the Most High acknowledge our manifold transgressions against His most Holy laws? Has the solemn question ‘What must I do to be saved?’ been succeeded by the earnest prayer, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner!’ and has this petition been offered in His name, for whose sake alone we hope to receive mercy? If not, permit me affectionately to persuade you to survey yourself in the mirror of God’s law, and thence to repair to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. If you will only come to

this precious Saviour, you will realize more happiness than your youthful imagination has ever pictured, and if you wish to know how to come, the blessed Bible will give you the teaching you require. I refer you to the 11th chapter of St. Luke for a very gracious assurance of our Heavenly Father's willingness to grant His Holy Spirit in answer to fervent prayer.

"We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God. If it were not so, we would not need the Saviour's cleansing blood. If you have an experiential realization of these truths, you will appreciate the motives which dictate this expression of my interest; but if it should appear intrusive, you will pardon the liberty which has been taken by one who has been so long an invalid. How much I should be gratified by an early reply to this very unexpected communication.

"Believe me, with sincere interest. S.A."

To a friend, on recovery from illness.

"Permit me to visit you by letter, my dear friend, since I cannot be one of those who have given you a verbal expression of sympathy. I will not be prevented from doing this by my inability to write my own letters, since the pen of dear sister F. is at my service. I have thought of you with much solicitude, and earnest is my desire that the dangerous illness which has reminded your friends how tenderly they love you, may prove the most blessed event of your life. I know you have realized your dependence upon the Almighty, and I trust your heart is now surrendered to His service so unreservedly, that you will be thankful that He has given you an opportunity of yielding obedience to our Redeemer's command, that His disciples should confess Him before men. You have always listened patiently when I have persuaded you to come to that Saviour who has filled my heart with consolation, and I thank you for this, for in speaking to you of these subjects I have not assumed a right, but claimed a privilege. These efforts have often been very painful to me, for I did not wish to appear presumptuous, but I do not believe you have thought me so. Nor need I fear that I shall now displease you when I tell you that tears are in my eyes, and solicitude in my heart. If it were in my power I would gladly hasten you, and ask you if you have not said to our merciful Saviour,

'Here, Lord, I give myself away,

'Tis all that I can do?'

“If this be the language of your heart, you have learned a blessed lesson, which human wisdom and systems of theology cannot teach—even the experiential knowledge of your own helplessness, and the all-sufficiency of Christ.

‘This is the way I long had sought,

And mourned because I found it not;

Till late I hear the Saviour say,

Come hither, soul, I am the way.

‘And lo! I came, and Thou, blessed Lamb,

Shalt take me to Thee as I am;

Nothing but sin I Thee can give,

Nothing but grace I shall receive.’

“How different are the promptings of our nature! They teach that self-improvement must be our preparation for acceptance with God, and would urge us to repent more deeply, to believe more simply, and to yield more implicit obedience, before we presume to appropriate the merits of the Redeemer. I will send you a little book upon this subject, which has been very useful to some of my friends, and to which I attach peculiar value.

“I know you are reserved, dear friend, but if indeed you have in secret given your heart to God, I trust you will not defer the public acknowledgement of this consecration. I recollect to have once heard a remark in reference to Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, one of whom ‘came to Jesus by night,’ and the other ‘was a disciple, but secretly, for fear of the Jews.’ When the Saviour, whom they had feared to acknowledge, was crucified, they no longer hesitated to avow their sentiments, but if their faith be genuine, it will be at last confessed.

“Surely so affectionate a parent as you would be no longer willing to withhold from his children the example by which they will be the most powerfully influenced. That your dying hour, when it shall really come, may be one of unclouded spiritual joy, and unfaltering testimony to the Redeemer’s power to save, is the heartfelt prayer of your S.A.”

To Mrs. M.

“How gladly would I accompany our friend Eliza when she visits you, dear Madam, if it were in my power to do so! She speaks of you so often and so affectionately, that I scarcely realize that you are a stranger, and very much should I love to read to you, and cheer your hours of solitude, but I too am an invalid, and our Heavenly Father has appointed that I should receive rather than impart offices of kindness. My thoughts are often with you, for I am aware that wearisome days and nights of suffering are appointed you. Is it not a comfort to trace, in all our physical infirmities, the wise discipline of a Heavenly Father’s love? He knows our proneness to rest upon created good, and places us in a position in which we can better view the promised land. If we had never wept, we could not have realized the sweetness of the promise, ‘God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’ If we had never suffered, we should not so fully rejoice in the assurance, that ‘we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.’ How welcome to the children of sorrow His blessed mission to heal the broken hearted, and to bind up all their wounds! How composing to the spirit to know too that we can bring all our sins to this merciful Redeemer, that though our wanderings have been so many, and so entire our inability to fulfill the requirements of God’s law, the believer need not fear: he is accepted in the Beloved! I trust, dear Mrs. M., that we are thus regarded by the Most High, that we ‘have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us.’ Accept my grateful appreciation of the kind feelings you have shown. I am not surprised that you so much admire Bradley’s sermons; they are indeed deeply interesting.

“That ‘the peace of God, which passeth understanding’ may ever be your portion, is the sincere petition of one who feels for you the most unfeigned sympathy, and is, very respectfully, yours.”

To a young person in ill-health.

“I wish you were resting upon the sofa in my quiet room, dear C. I have thought of you so often, and prayed for you so much, that a visit from you would give me great pleasure. With the older members of your family I am well acquainted, but you are an object of peculiar interest, because I believe it is a cord of love which confines you to a recumbent posture, and I am very desirous that you should accept the invitation, ‘My son, give Me thy heart!’ If you will listen to the voice of the Holy Spirit, if you will pray earnestly that His influences may be granted you more and more, if you will seek to be united to our blessed Saviour as the branch is united to the vine, if you be admitted into the

spiritual family of God and taught to call Him Father, you will learn the full meaning of that passage of Scripture, 'With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.'

"You are not too young to seek a change of heart; you are not too young to enjoy the peaceful communion with your Maker which will more than compensate for all the deprivations you endure, shed a bright light upon your future life and cheer your dying hour. And does not your safety, as well as your happiness, require your immediate acceptance of the offers of salvation?"

"Do you read the Bible, dear C., with as much attention as though its instructions had been given to you alone? Do you compare your conduct and character with the holy law of God? Have you ever inquired whether the blessings promised to the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, can be claimed by you? Have you carefully examined the Ten Commandments, to see if you have kept them all? Are you aware, my dear boy, that young as you are, you have greatly sinned against the kind Heavenly Father who has given you so many blessings? And do you also feel that you are utterly unable to make yourself worthy of His favor, since your heart 'is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked?' I wish you have all these feelings, for 'there is a sorrow which worketh repentance not to be repented of,' and 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'

"It is only when we feel our sinfulness, that we can appreciate the wonders of redeeming love. It is only when we realize that we have no other helper nor hope, that we rejoice with all our hearts that the Lord Jesus Christ is made to the believer, 'wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' Will you not thus receive Him, dear C.? He is a blessed Saviour. Your father does not love you half so well, and your mother's tenderness is not so great. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' Oh that you could enter into the Apostle's meaning when he exclaims, 'The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead, and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto Him which died for them.' In writing thus to you, I do not forget that you are very young. Many disciples have sat at our Saviour's feet who have not numbered so many years as you; many have been elevated to His presence in Heaven, who rejoice that the blessedness of early piety was theirs. It is mournful to look upon a boy who is unreconciled, unsafe, unhappy, unrestrained. It is cheering to the spirit to see a young heart opened to receive the glorious light of the Gospel, to observe from day to day that strengthening influence of religious principle. Oh, come to Him, whom to know is peace; listen to His voice; He will say, 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.' 'Peace be still!' will hush the tumultuous passions of the youthful bosom. Bring every trial, every temptation, to this compassionate Redeemer. He will never disappoint you. Then, too, when you have experienced this happiness, you will desire it for all around you; you will pray for your younger brothers and sisters; your example will confirm their conviction of the reality of religion, and it is most probable that they will bless you

throughout all eternity as the instrument of winning them to the service of the King of kings. How glad I should be to receive a letter from you, containing the information that you are 'seeking the Lord while He may be found.'

'My faith looks up to Thee,

Thou Lamb of Calvary,

Saviour Divine!

Oh hear me when I pray,

Wash all my sins away,

And let me from this day

Be wholly Thine.'

"My sister will copy this long letter, which I have been obliged to write upon the slate, as I am only able to use my pencil very carelessly. I think these little volumes will interest you. Accept them, dear C., with the best wishes from your friend, S.A."

From her diary.

"Sept. 3rd.—Even if my eyes must suffer a little, I will record Dr. B's visit. He came on Wednesday afternoon, and we succeeded in persuading him to pass the night with us. 'The gray head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.' With delight I listened to the instructions of this venerable man. I have a strong natural affection for elderly people, and an aged Christian is my delight. Then I love Dr. B. for many reasons. He is a very old friend, and so warm-hearted and gentlemanly. To me he has ever been kind and profitable. His Christian character acquires increasing dignity and elevation. His anticipations of heaven are very vivid. He expressed an ardent longing for a summons to his heavenly home, and a great pleasure in the expectation of recognizing his children who are there.

Notes.

“Nov. 11th.—I asked S. about her feelings during the sinking attacks which are so frequent now. ‘What wonderful help He gives sometimes!’ she replied. “‘Gracious and ready help,” as the Collect says.’ In relation to her agonizing pain, she said it was not vain to seek the Lord, and that He bore the burden for her. She had been praying that the sick may all be comforted—that they may all seek the robe of the Redeemer’s righteousness.

“Nov.—She prayed ‘that every sinful heart be washed in the blood of the Lamb. May missionaries be sent, and purses opened, and hearts filled with love! And we pray Thee to grant that faithful ambassadors may go. Thou hast the hearts of all men in Thy hands.’

“Speaking of the colored class, and the importance of instructing it, she applied the following passage to neglect of such a duty: ‘I was in the prison of sin, and ye visited me not; I was naked, and ye told me not of the robe of righteousness; I was thirsty, and ye did not lead me to the living waters; I was hungry, and ye fed me not with the bread of life.’

“Dec. 25th.—Looking at the splendid bouquet which had been sent her, in one of the vases she had just received, she said, ‘I scarcely ought to have such beautiful things.’

“Dec. 30th.—News of Mr. Clay’s illness. She prayed for him, that ‘at evening time’ there might be much ‘light.’”