

# A Stranger Here:

A Memorial of one to whom to  
Live was Christ, and to Die was  
Gain.



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Messrs. James Nisbet & Co., London.  
1852

To  
THOSE WHO,  
THOUGH IN THE WORLD, ARE NOT OF THE  
WORLD,  
THAT THEY MAY PASS THE TIME OF  
THEIR SOJOURNING HERE  
IN FEAR.

To  
THOSE WHO  
ARE BOTH IN THE WORLD AND OF THE WORLD,  
THAT THEY MAY COME OUT AND BE SEPARATE,  
AND SEEK THE THINGS THAT  
ARE ABOVE.

## Preface

This Volume is not one which needs a Preface. It unfolds itself without any introductory explanations.

Like the life which it records, it is not meant for show, nor got up for effect. It will not startle by incident or scene, nor attract by sentimentalism or romance. It trusts to the *reality*, the intense reality, which comes out in all its pages, for the interest it may awaken.

If, indeed, the most original man be he who acts out what he thinks, and lives all that he believes, there may be something found here which may deserve to be called fresh and new. But, whatever may be thought of it in this aspect, there will be no difficulty in recognising in it the image of one to whom Christ was truly "all;" in whom He had taken a place which dispossessed inferior objects, and to whose eye the glory of this unseen Saviour had eclipsed the world's brilliance and the creature's beauty.

For various private reasons, the names of persons and places have not, in general, been given. This, however, will be no hindrance to the usefulness nor detract from the interest of the volume.

KELSO, *December* 1852.

# CHAPTER 1

## The Sketch

OF the life that is *outward*,—the life that is lived before the eye of man,—there is little in this volume; almost nothing. The world's "great things" are not here. Yet there are greater things than these,—the transactions between the soul and its Creator,—the intercourse between the Saviour and the saved one.

Of the life that is *inward*,—the life that is lived under the eye of God,—with its struggles, and hopes, and joys, with its changeful movements, its lonely utterances, its quiet walks of shade or sunshine, there is much. In few such records will more of this be found; and it is this that gives to these pages all the interest which they possess,—an interest which will not seem poor or trivial, to those who know the difference between the seen and the unseen, and who have discovered, that the points at which the soul comes into contact with the God that made it, and with the eternity where its joys are treasured, are the points of truest interest and importance in its history. But though the dazzle of strange incident or soaring sentiment be wanting, the reader will find little of the flat or the commonplace. The life here recorded was no copy, no stale imitation. However much the biographer may fail in sketching its features, the life itself was not tame or artificial, as if the individual were merely saying over again what she had heard others say, and trying to feel in certain modes, because she had read that others felt so, and setting down in her diary or letters some excellent sentiments, neatly

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culled from the experiences of others. It was singularly fresh and real; all the colours of its varied complexion arising from the health underneath, and not laid on by a skilful hand from without. It was thoroughly natural, nay, original, even to simplicity, both in thought and language. Its movements were, not from the surface to the centre, but from the centre to the surface, produced by the indwelling Spirit, and regulated by His inworking hand. It did not shew itself in the form of second-hand pietism or imitated devotion; nor did it work itself into the stiff, irksome routine of externalism, either in language or in action. It came out, without effort or study, in the warm utterance of unborrowed feeling, in the eagerness, sometimes the fitfulness, of impulse, in vigorous yet quiet consistency of character, and in strenuous pressing forward to the mark for the prize of the high calling. It does not deceive you with plagiarised experiences. It is as true as it is transparent; true both in what it speaks and what it leaves unspoken, in what it does and in what it leaves undone; sometimes changeful in its moods, abrupt in its movements, and extreme in its ebbings and flowings, yet always *true*;

with something in it of cloud, but more of sunshine, with much of conflict, but more of victory.

Take, for instance, such passages as the following, which, without unduly anticipating the narrative, will illustrate these statements. She writes to a dear friend—"I was a little happier at prayer this morning, but it was in confessing and weeping over my sins. I felt so vile, that I had nothing to say; I was self-condemned and ashamed; but the sweet name of Jesus I could plead, and I felt that His blood cleanseth from *all* sin. I think it is the fittest place for me,—*in the dust*: not even to look up. Oh! I am very *unholy*! You would not love me if you saw my heart. But God sees it all; and I wonder I am not

more ashamed of my vileness. Oh to be holy as He is holy! Heaven would not be heaven if there was the shadow of a sin there. Don't you long for heaven? It is not so much of being very happy here, even in God, that I think: I always want to be *away*, and at rest, from this vile body of sin." And again: "In your next I want you to tell me more about the Psalms, and how they tell about Jesus. I thought they were all David's feelings; I think the one for this morning, the sixth, suited my state, for all my joy is fled. You said, in one of your letters, that you had then little delight in prayer. That is just my grief at present, and I have, what is worse, no desires after God. Oh! of all my different states of feeling, I shudder most at that, when I seem as if I had no need to seek God in prayer; I had far rather long, even to agony, to get a sense of God's presence, than be as I am now, so lifeless: my soul seems completely *dried* up within me. Were you ever in that state when you cannot pray at all, because you do not know what to ask for? I like when I feel my *need* of God, for then He is precious."

"Dear J\_\_\_\_, I wish I could speak *to* you about Jesus as you do to me, for I often think you will not care about my letters, for they are not *fragrant* with the oft-repeated name of Jesus; but what can I do? I cannot raise my dead soul, I can only write as I feel; but when we are together, we shall be ever speaking of Him, and He will join us as He did the two disciples going to Emmaus. Do you ever feel like Mary at the sepulchre, when she wept because they had taken away her Lord, and she did not know where they had laid him? Oh! such tears have a sweetness in them; but mine are dried up! I cannot even weep because Jesus is away. Perhaps he is with you. Oh! if he is there, I can feel happy yet. Don't you long to bring others to Him, when you are happy in Him yourself? I sometimes wish that I could give \_\_\_\_ my faith, and then go

and ask Him for more...Now may Jesus bless you, and speak peace to your heart!"

Then add to these such a paragraph as the following, and you have a specimen of the battle and the victory:—"Monday, August 10.—After a long season of darkness, God, my own God, has made his face to shine upon my happy soul again. I got near to Jesus in prayer this morning, and could do nothing but praise. Lord, I thank thee, Lord, I thank thee!"

Why *me*, Lord, why *me*? Oh! how my whole soul longs and pants to live to his glory! O that I could only get rid of my vile self, I should be happy; but self, vile, hateful self, cleaves to all I do. Oh to be swallowed up in Jesus! O Lord, my own precious, altogether lovely Saviour, make me all thine own!"

A life like this touched the world at but few points. Its affinities were with things unseen, and its connexions were with a world that is still "to come." Its communications were with One within the veil, and its ebbings or flowings were traceable to some far-distant orb, whose invisible influences, counteracting the forces of earth, regulated the tides of spiritual being. The religion here unfolded was no uncertainty, no mere earnestness, no well-filled-up piece of ritualism, no confused groping after the eternal birthright, but a "serving of God," a "walking with God," founded on the distinct consciousness of reconciliation through the blood of the everlasting covenant.

Such were the things which gave to the life here written such a tone of profound reality. They who saw it felt this; they who read it will feel it too. Power, genius, breadth of intellect—many things may be lacking, but *reality* is here. What reality there is in such a passage as this!—"This is

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Thursday, so I suppose you are all praising Jesus in the dear schoolroom, where, I doubt not, you have had many a happy hour of blest communion with Him whom your soul loveth. I wish I could join you at this moment in spirit, but, oh! I am so cold and dead! This afternoon, at five, I tried to pray for a blessing on you to-night at the meeting; tell me if you were happy, for I found it sweet to tell Jesus you were to be there to meet him. For two days I have been actually rejoicing in the love of Jesus! You will be astonished to hear me say so, after what I wrote in A.'s letter, but I do not understand it myself. I had been very miserable one day about \_\_\_\_\_, for I thought she was beginning not to love me, and afterwards I suppose I felt the love of Jesus sweeter; for I was so happy—so *very* happy; oh! how I longed to share my joy with you! I wonder what gave me such delight; it was not any clear views of my interest in Christ; on the contrary, I never stopped to inquire! *I could not help* rejoicing; and when Satan whispered that he would get me yet, I felt no alarm; indeed, the strangest thought came into my mind; I thought, well, if I am lost, *I will sit in a corner, and think about Jesus!* and I actually felt as if I could be happy even *there*, if I could think *for ever* about Jesus. My heart bounded up to him so. I thought I even loved Him! but that is impossible; such a cold heart could not love Him; but then He loves me. Nothing will ever persuade me that He does not; and He loves you too. Never believe Satan's lies when he tells you He does not; *believe* that Jesus loves you, and you must rejoice. If the joy I have felt for two days were to last always, I don't think I could stay on the earth!"

"Was it right to rejoice in this way without being sure that I was a child of God, and without being humbled for sin? But I could not think about myself, I was so enchanted with Jesus. We hear of people rejoicing in a sense of forgiveness, in the

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Spirit witnessing that they are children; in seeing their sins nailed to His cross; but my joy was simply this, that *Jesus was love*, that He was worthy to be loved; it was not that He loved me, but that he was *love itself*, that made my heart glad. I don't understand my own feelings, now that I can think of them. I sometimes fear that I have a kind of enthusiastic joy that does not spring from faith; whatever it was, however, I wish I could have it oftener, for I felt as if then I could do anything for Jesus."

There is a certain class amongst us that speak much against "unrealities," and "shams," and "falsehoods." And they do not speak amiss or too strongly. But they know not where all this hollowness lies. They have yet to learn that the sad unreality of the age, is the want of the living God; that the world's great falsehood is believing the lie of the Evil One, in preference to the truth of the everlasting gospel; that the grand "sham" is that of a religion without the indwelling Spirit, and without the fellowship of the Eternal Son. It is not (as one of them has said) that "the eternal pole-star has gone out," but that men will not have its light. Yet every other light is an "unreality."

From a life like the one before us, some, perhaps, may learn the difference between the real and the unreal.

An old minister of the Reformation—of whose poetry Scotland has no cause to be ashamed—dedicating his book of hymns to a noble lady in 1598, thus writes: "It is a rare thing to see a ladie, a tender youth, sad, solitare, and sanctified, oft sighing and weeping thro' the conscience of sin." It may be that such a sight was rarer in the days of Alexander Hume than it is now. But, whether it be so or not, we cannot but

think that the Memoir before us presents us with just such a character as these simple but solemn words of his describe.

Not less in our day than in his, is the world laying, its snares for the young and buoyant. How many are its victims, how potent the fascination that binds them, and how few are delivered from the enchantment! This record of one who had escaped "as a bird from the snare of the fowler," may rouse some poor child of gaiety, to seek the unwinding of the spell, which is blinding her eye to the glory of the kingdom. It may make her feel that this world's glitter is but a cheat, and that its mirth is madness; that the closet's twilight stillness is dearer than the bright hall of midnight; that there is such a thing as the excellence of the unseen and the distant, disenchanting the beauty of the seen and the near, and such a thing as the love of Christ supplanting in the soul the fondest creature-love, and imparting gladness, truer and more abiding than all creature-joy.

## CHAPTER 2

### The Sleep of Death

M \_\_\_\_ was born in K \_\_\_\_ , amid scenes of beauty such as few spots can rival. Though many of her ties to it were soon broken, never to be re-fastened, still, to the last, she loved it, as Mary might love Bethlehem, though her stay in it was brief, and her links to it were few.

She had early sorrows; but they went by and were forgotten. Once and again, in childhood, she was made to look upon the face of death— the death of dear ones; but no lesson for eternity did she learn from her early tears. The sister and the playmate were taken from her side; but God was not chosen to fill up the blank which, in such a case, even childhood feels, nor the Son of God resorted to as the portion of the soul,—sweeter than sisterhood, dearer than companionship, as truly fitted to satisfy the first unripe, uncertain longings of immortal being, as the larger, more definite cravings of the aged and the wise.

To earthly relatives she clung the closer in the days of her early bereavement; but God was far away. From her tenderest years she threw herself upon the affection of others, cleaving to them firmly; by nothing wounded so sharply as by any slowness in returning her love. Timid and diffident, she did not make acquaintances rapidly; but, when made, she held them fast. Wayward, sometimes even to selfishness, she would yet do or sacrifice anything for those whom she loved. Keen in feeling, and with a touch, it might be, of sullenness as well as warmth in her temper, she was yet honest and straightforward. She could not but be trusted

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by all who knew her, so conscientious was she, and without deceit.

The family having removed to Edinburgh while she was yet young, she attended the Circus Place School, where she was marked by her good conduct as well as her great perseverance.

In the spring of 18—, her family went to reside in France, accompanied by the dear friend to whom most of the letters in this volume were addressed. On neither side was there, in this friendship, the tie of grace. The intimacy was close indeed, but it was not "in the Lord;" and though of this friend, M\_\_\_\_ could, in after years, say as Paul did of his kinsmen, "who also were in Christ *before me*," yet, during their sojourn in Paris, they "walked according to the course of this world."

M\_\_\_\_ kept a diary then, and in it we read records such as the following. How strange would they seem in later years!

"Sunday. Went to church in the forenoon. In the afternoon took a walk with J. W. and R. in the Champs Elysées."

Again, she thus records her worldliness:—"Went to a dance at General B\_\_\_\_'s. Had great fun, and danced the whole evening."

Again, "Sunday, went with J. W. to see the Palais Royal. Took a walk in the Tuilerie Gardens."

She was not flippant or frivolous in her worldliness, for it was not in her nature to be so. Yet that did not make her love of vanity and gaiety less intense and cordial. It was as if she did not *trifle* even with these pleasures, but went the full round of

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them all, with the ardour which marked her character. The theatre and the ball-room she enjoyed. And these, with the novel or some light volume of the world's literature, either French or English, filled up her hours.[1] She lived to herself, to the world, and to vanity. She was "without God."

As a fuller illustration of the utter worldliness with which she was then encircled, a few extracts from the journal of a companion are added:—

*"St Omers, June 13th.*—Had lessons in Italian and French. *14th.*—Went to chapel forenoon and afternoon; in the evening to the Grande Place, to hear the band. *21st, Sunday.*—Went to the cathedral to see the Fete de Dieu, the finest in St Omers. Saw a procession in the church. The music fine. All sorts of instruments. Went in the evening to hear the band in the Petite Place. *28th, Sunday.*—Went to chapel twice. Went to hear the band in the evening. *July 22d.*—Spent the evening at \_\_\_\_\_. Dancing and cards. *23d.*—Got my first lesson on the guitar. *August 18th.*—Went to the opera with \_\_\_\_\_, and M\_\_\_\_\_. *Paris, October 4th.*—Went to the ambassador's chapel; after dinner walked to the Tuileries, then to the Palais Royal and had coffee. *December 31st.*—Went to a dance at Mr. B\_\_\_\_\_'s, where I enjoyed myself very much. We brought in the New Year at the supper-table, and afterwards danced till four in the morning. *January 3d.*—M\_\_\_\_ and I went to General B\_\_\_\_\_'s, where a lady played. Mrs. B. sang, and the General and Monsieur D\_\_\_\_ played chess, although it was Sunday. D\_\_\_\_ came home with us, and we had a great deal of fun. *January 11th.*—Went with M\_\_\_\_ to the Italian opera, to Mrs. B\_\_\_\_\_'s box. Heard \_\_\_\_\_; was delighted beyond measure. *12th.*—Went with M\_\_\_\_ to the Theatre de l'Ambigu Comique, and was very much pleased."

Scenes like these are only recalled for the purpose of shewing, without concealment or extenuation, the character and early life of one for whom God had much grace in store.[2] It is by marking the contrast between her earlier and her later years, that we see the greatness of the Holy Spirit's work, and the love of Him who "delivered her from a present evil world." Truly, in her case, "the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant, with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus."

She was thus altogether "in the world," and "of the world." Of God, and Christ, and the endless kingdom, she knew nothing. The Bible was an unheeded volume, turned over, perhaps, once a week, when the Sabbath drew a cloud between her and vanity; but neither studied nor prized. Few could have been found further from God than she, more sunk in spiritual death; for "she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth" (1 Tim. 5:6). "All my happiness was confined to this world," is her own statement of her condition in these days of gaiety. It does not appear that she had ever looked into eternity, or called to mind the judgment of the great day. Her tastes and pursuits were earthly. Of religion, she had nothing. The love of the Father was not in her; and the cross of the beloved Son invited her eye in vain.

Two years after this she went to London on a visit to a near relative. There, for the first time, the Word broke in upon her dreams, and she awoke to the thought, "I am a sinner." She seems to have had, at this time, some pleasure in listening to the Word, for, in 1843, when writing to her friend, then in London, and attending Regent Square Church, she thus expresses herself: "I remember the church you go to, well; many a time have I sat in it with great delight. Strange,

when I did not care for Jesus then!" But the gleam was momentary leaving, when it vanished, the darkness as deep as before. Her convictions were faint, and her inquiries after deliverance were but half in earnest. Her feet turned not to Calvary, nor did her eye light upon the cross. She saw neither the sin nor the Saviour, as *he* saw them who said, "in Him we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace," and her consciousness of guilt passed off. She had not seen enough of sin to make her hate it, nor enough of Christ to win her love to him, nor enough of his blood to pacify her conscience truly, nor enough of the Father's grace to afford her a resting-place or a joy; and so she went back to the world, or rather, let us say, she resolved not to leave it. Still, as ever, warm in her love, and firm in her attachments, and kind in word and deed, she sought her portion among the things that never filled a soul, nor healed a wound, nor dried a tear. Full of the buoyant life of youth, she was wholly "dead in sin." Endowed with excellent mental gifts, her imagination ardent, her temperament susceptible, her whole tone of thought high, she had not yet realised her responsibility, nor laid out one talent for God. The *mind* was cultivated, but the *soul*—it was left to the god of this world to make his own of.

The world seemed bright to her, for she had not yet seen the brighter. She loved it, and sought her joy in it. For the human heart must have a world to live in; and if "the world to come" be unknown, then the soul betakes itself to the present, poor as are its pretensions to gladden or to satisfy. For, poor as it is, it does pass itself off for being fair and great, so that many are ensnared. Nay, and in these last days, it seems to deck itself with richer beauty in order to win the warm, fresh heart of youth more thoroughly to itself, and draw it away from God.

Hardly can there be a sadder sight than the fascinated victim of pleasure. For all is so gay without, yet so hollow, so dark within. The mirth, the glitter, the dance, the song, "music's voluptuous swell"—these are the enchantments! These are the excitements that tamper with the health of youth's unripe affections, forcing into sudden growth the sensibilities of opening manhood and womanhood, before their time. These are the visions that lure the soul into a region of unrealities, where a false tone is given to life, and a feverishness infused into thought and feeling, which not only "costs the fresh blood dear," but which eats into the very vitals of spiritual being, increasing the distaste of the natural mind for all holy truth, and the terrible intensity of its enmity to God.

And what a spell for the young and fervent! Yet how sad the spectacle! The light step is there, but it treads the way of death. You hear the joyous voice, but there is not a tone in it that could take up the new song. The flower-wreath decks the forehead; but wreaths are for the free and the victorious;—are they seemly for the bondman and the conquered? The flower and the fetter, the gem and the iron, the bud of spring and the mouldering leaf of autumn, the revel and the funeral, the brilliance of the gay hall and the blackness of the eternal darkness,—how painful, how awful the unlikeness!

O world, what a vanity,—what an infinite vanity! "With what an array of deceptions art thou furnished for beguiling the eye and heart of man! Wounding, but not healing the soul; emptying, but never filling; saddening, but never comforting; intoxicating, but never refreshing,—thou art able to cheat us into the belief that thou canst heal, and fill, and comfort, and refresh! Thus man is mocked; thus the young heart is cheated, mistaking the unreal for the real, and preferring the

beauty of the creature, to the glory of Him who is fairer than the children of men."

## CHAPTER 3

### The Awakening

SHORTLY after their return from France, the family went to reside in P\_\_\_\_, near Edinburgh. There, as in Paris, M.'s heart still went out after vanity, and sought its joy in the world.

There was no seeking after God, no wish to have him for her portion. Instead of an approach to Him, there seemed a more resolute departure from him. Her dislike of religion and of religious people seemed to take firmer root. In part, this was occasioned by the inconsistencies of one very dear to her, who, having been aroused to a sense of sin, had turned back to her former ways, or at least was not walking as "becometh the gospel."

In after years, this relative thus wrote in reference to that crisis in M.'s life as well as in her own:—"At this time, or shortly before, J. W. through your ministry was brought to Jesus, and, having found the Lord herself, she soon began to desire our salvation. Why I was the one who at this time visited Kelso, and not M\_\_\_\_, J.'s peculiar friend, I cannot recollect. But so it was; and I was awakened by the sermon you preached from Isa. 3:10,11. For a time my distress was great, but, instead of laying down my burden where Christian laid his, at the Cross, I sought relief in the prayers and works of self-righteousness; and my goodness, as may be imagined, proved like the morning cloud and the early dew. I mention this, because I remember, that, on my return home, this false piety of mine was a great stumbling-block to M\_\_\_\_, and tended to excite in her mind a dislike of religion, and of those who professed it—chiefly, I think, of *you*."

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In spite of this aversion, she still retained her love to the early friend alluded to in the above extract; and to visit her, she came to Kelso on the 8th of June 1841.

She comes, however, resolved to keep aloof from all religious influences, and to steel herself against every serious impression. She determines beforehand that she will have nothing to do with those who had been the means of so strangely altering the friend of her youth. How much of hostility, and how much of fear, there may be in this purpose, we cannot say. Both unite in leading to its formation. Curiously mingled are the feelings with which she comes. She loves her friend, yet she hates her piety. She has delight in visiting her, yet she dislikes coming within the reach of her religion. She fortifies herself against serious impressions, as if afraid of their contagiousness. She clings to the world, as if dreading that an attempt will be made to tear it from her.

On the evening of her arrival, her friend, on parting with her for the night, after mutual assurances of friendship, expressed her hope that their friendship might be "for eternity." This was the first word of the kind that had, since her arrival, fallen upon her ear, and it seemed to fret and annoy her, though without calling forth any remark in reply.

Thus was she going farther and farther from God, not loving to retain him even in her knowledge. She had come for a season to enjoy the society of one who knew God, but it was not with the design of learning to know this God, or to walk in his ways. She "would have none of Him." If God could have been shut out, she would have shut him out, and denied him access at every avenue.

But as she went farther from God, so He, in the sovereignty of his love, drew nearer. She fled, but He pursued.[3] She repelled Him, but he would not be repelled. He laid his hand upon her, and at length, in spite of all resistance, drew her irresistibly to Himself. It needed a strong arm to arrest one so froward, so bent upon fleeing farther and farther from the God who sought her; but the "vessel" was a "chosen" one, and must not be cast away (Acts 9:15; Rom. 9:23).

This was the crisis. The sinner's hatred of God and God's love to the sinner now met, as if seeking, each to quench the other. Which is to prevail?

Her visit took place at a time when much prayer was made, specially for those that were "afar off." Although both in her character and circumstances there were many things that seemed to make her case an unlikely and unhelpful one, in so far as religious impressions were concerned, yet she was not the less, but the more, on that account, made the object of special prayer by those who loved her and who had already known the grace of God in truth. Both before she came and afterwards, frequent intercession was sent up in her behalf.

Induced by her friend, though with no willingness, she went to hear an evening sermon in the place which she had resolved to shun. This was on the first Sabbath after her arrival; and though she thus, in compliance with another's earnest wishes, broke the outward part of her purpose, she made up her mind to keep the inward part only the more steadfastly. The *letter* of her determination she gave up, only to retain the *spirit* more truly, by hardening her heart against all solemn thought, and drawing the armour of her worldliness more firmly round her, to ward off every arrow from the bow, every stroke from the sword of the Spirit.

But, can man arm himself against God? Can he refuse to hear or to feel when God himself is the speaker?

The subject of discourse that Sabbath evening (June 13) was the nineteenth question of the Shorter Catechism, respecting "the misery of that estate whereinto man fell." It was one of a series of sermons upon the Catechism which had been proceeding for some months. Each successive statement given in the answer to the question, formed a separate head of discourse, which was summed up with warning to each hearer, yet with a declaration that, wide as was the misery, there was deliverance as wide and full.[4]

On leaving church, M\_\_\_\_\_ remarked that that preaching was "too awful for her—she would not go back." Yet her soul was troubled. No distinct impression had been made that night, yet it seemed as if a dark cloud were threatening to overshadow her. The first result was irritation. She was angry at being disturbed; angry at the clouds of the eternal gloom being thus rudely rolled betwixt her and the world. Between anger and alarm, the night passed over, and another day opened on her.

On the following day I saw her. But she was reserved in the extreme. As she could not with propriety leave the room where we were, she kept almost entire silence; and though she could not help listening to the conversation, she took no part in it. No effort would draw her into conversation. Yes or no, was the sum of her replies. She seemed bent on carrying out her purpose of shutting up her soul against conviction; and her object was to make the interview as disagreeable as possible, in order that it might not be repeated.

This was the first stroke of the Spirit's hand upon her. Her conscience had, though very indistinctly, been touched. But the work was to be a deep one, and rapid as well as deep, so that stroke followed on stroke, and the crisis came with speed. She was not to be, as many are, the subject of various fitful impressions, going and coming, ruffling the surface, yet never striking down into the depths of the lake below. She was to be thoroughly searched and broken; yet the process was to be much less gradual than it is with many. And in the deep stirrings and convictions that accompanied her awakening, we have the key-note of her future experience.

In spite of her irritation at the Word spoken, and her resolution to go no more to hear it, she was persuaded to attend a prayer-meeting on the Monday evening. Whether it was to please her friend, or whether it was because there was an unconscious fascination in the very words that had repelled her, we know not. An unseen hand was leading her, and a will which she felt not, but which was not on that account the less irresistible, was setting aside all her determinations, and bringing her into the position which she was striving to avoid.

At this Monday evening meeting she was deeply smitten. In the midst of the address, when the minister was uttering some words of warning, she turned round to one sitting next her and said, half-aloud, in an angry tone, "What *does* the man mean?"

Terror now took hold of her. It was in vain that she tried to shake off her convictions. On returning home from the meeting, she was evidently disturbed, yet she affected great indifference, and strove to appear unmoved; and, as if afraid that those around might guess at the tumult within, she said,

abruptly, when no one was alluding to the matter,— "Don't suppose that I care anything for that man's words—I am determined not to mind him." The way in which she spoke made it evident that she was caring most deeply, but that she was angry at herself for caring, and sorely annoyed at the idea that others might get an insight into the state of her feelings. She thus betrayed the anxiety she was so anxious to hide. No remark, however, was made in reply, and the evening closed.

But her sleep went from her, and she lay trembling with sore alarm. Sin, and the eternal hell into which sin must plunge the soul, stood before her. Satan, too, as she afterwards told, seemed to lay his hand on her for the purpose of drawing her back, as if alarmed at the prospect of losing his prey. She felt as if he seized her. Then she started, and sat up in bed, trying to keep herself awake, lest, if she slept, she should awake in hell.

Next morning she was restless and very unhappy, still fighting with her fears, and still seeking to conceal alike the struggle and the terror, by pretending total indifference to what she had heard the night before.

Throughout the forenoon she was unsettled and uneasy, going from room to room, without any real object, her countenance, all the while, betraying the misery of her soul. She tried different ways of employing herself, but was unable to fix her attention upon anything. She knew not what to do, such was the fever within; and this moving to and fro was the unconscious expression of an inward grief, for which there was neither concealment nor relief. She then sat down to write, but remained some minutes motionless, her forehead resting on her hand. She then dated her letter, as if to begin.

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Then she stopped, forgetting what she meant to do, and totally absorbed with her own troubled thoughts, as if listening only to the fitful gusts of that tempest that had risen within. After thus sitting for a little, wrapped in bitter musing, she dashed the pen away from her, exclaiming, with angry bitterness—"It is strange that I cannot now even write to my own mamma!" It seemed as if for the time the spiritual convulsion that was going on within were unfitting her for everything. On being asked what was the matter, the pent-up feeling burst forth, and she exclaimed, "Oh! that man's words have *done* for me!"

The secret was thus disclosed. The words which she had heard on the previous evening were ringing in her ears. They had "done" for her. "What were the words that so distressed her?" she was asked. "He asked us how we could go to sleep with sin unforgiven, when we knew not but that we might awake in hell."

"I happened (says her friend, who was with her at the time) to be reading notes of a sermon by Mr. M'Cheyne, from Song of Solomon 2:14. She came to me and asked if I would read it aloud to her, which I did. She listened very eagerly. I then proposed to read God's Word, and, as the above text had greatly interested her, we read a great part of the Song of Solomon, which seemed sweet to her. When I stopped, she said, 'Read on, it is very beautiful.' She wept very much, and seemed a little relieved. She began from that time to read her Bible a great deal; but still, for some time, she shewed an unwillingness to disclose her feelings to any one. Two or three times the sentence would escape her lips, 'That man's words have done for me!'"

In what way his words had "done for her," will be plain enough. The expression, however, is one quite like herself. She was as vivid in expression as in feeling, and often gave vent to her impulses in such abrupt expressions as the above. Many of the kind will be found strewn over her letters, for she invariably, in expressing herself, took the words nearest at hand. Hence the brokenness, yet, at the same time, the vigour and point, which throw such interest into her correspondence. To let out what she felt, and just in the way she felt at the time, was all she ever sought.

One cannot but see what a real thing this awakening was. It was no excitement, no fancy, no flitting cloud of melancholy mysticism, in which so many are finding all the religion they think needful. It was all most genuine. There was nothing indistinct about it in the end, though the first shadow that stood over her might seem vague and undefined. It was the "terrors of the Almighty" that had taken hold of her. It was a sense of sin that broke her down. It was the feeling of her lost estate that shook her frame and robbed her of her rest.

In this there could be no imitation, either conscious or unconscious, for she had scarcely heard of such things before. She had read no experience of the kind. She had never seen another passing through such a cloud. Whatever her feelings might be, they were certainly unborrowed. No book nor friend had said to her, "thus and thus you ought to feel." She was not *trying* to feel or *trying* to alarm herself. The impressions awoke within her, as in a moment, while she was thinking of every other thing save of them; the sense of sin laid hold of her, when as yet she had no idea of sin at all. In after years, these deepened and became more intense; but even from the first they were of no superficial, no transient kind.

Her feelings, at this time, seem to have been not unlike those which an old minister describes as his, when thus aroused by the Spirit:—"I had a deep impression of the things of God; a natural condition and sin appeared (and I felt it) worse than hell itself; the world and vanities thereof terrible and exceeding dangerous; it was fearful then to have to do with it, or to be rich. I saw its day coming. Scripture expressions were weighty. A Saviour was a big thing in mine eyes. Christ's agonies were then earnest with me, and I thought that, all my days I was in a dream till now, or like a child in jest; and I thought the world was sleeping. Shame, trouble, and affliction, want and poverty, were sweet and secure. I was wearied of my life; it was bitterness to me, and sorrow did consume me, so that there was a sensible influence on my body, and I looked like a man come from the grave; yet did none know my trouble. The night was sweet, because I had some rest; but the morning was as the shadow of death, because I was to conflict; I would even have been content to have lain still perpetually, my spirits were so over-foughten."

Immediately after this, she went into the country for a few days. There her impressions lost somewhat of their edge, and she tried to throw herself into the world again. "When she returned," says her friend, "I happened to be writing, and my Bible was lying open on the table beside me. When she saw this, her hostile feelings returned, and she said, within herself (as she told me afterwards), 'This is miserable work,' wishing, at the same time, that she was back to her worldly friends."

But her convictions soon returned in all their force, and her anxiety increased. Nor did it again abate. She went back to the world no more— but, after a little delay, straight forward to the Cross, there to deposit all her sins and fears.

## CHAPTER 4

### The Rest

THE sleep was broken, and the sleeper had opened her eyes upon a new region of feeling and of being. She saw danger—eternal danger in front, and she looked round for shelter.

On the subject of religion her mind was a blank. Hence, though she had more to *learn* than many, she *had less to unlearn*. *Self-righteousness* (*the great hinderer* of the soul when seeking rest) had less scope for its subtleties and snares.

The only manifestation of the self-righteous feeling was in her preference of a small, dark or dimly lighted room. There she sat alone with her Bible, during the few days that elapsed ere she found peace. Its gloom suited her. For terror, anger, and sorrow had taken hold of her. Light was for the joyous;—did it not mock the sorrowful? And what had sunshine to do with the darkness that was within?

She had "terrors;" but she thought not of resting on them. She had read no books inculcating "terrors" as prerequisites to the sinner's acceptance; and when they came upon her, she fled out of them to the hiding-place. She did not rest on them, nor look upon them as a title or certificate, on the strength of which she might approach the cross and claim forgiveness.

As one beset with dangers, she seemed to sit down despairingly, not knowing which way to turn for help.

But the Word of God, of which she had been so ignorant, and to which she had now betaken herself, was itself to be her guide. She was not permitted to remain long in darkness. The light soon arose.

"One day," says her friend, "when I was alone with her, she asked me to read the Scriptures to her. We began the forty-third of Isaiah, but did not get further than the first verse. On reading it she said that she was amazed at the love of God to sinners. She wept much over the concluding words, 'thou art mine;' and added that she wished she could feel that they were spoken to her. But even though she could not, she felt that they drew her to God. What she seemed 'to feel was this, that the God who sent such a message to Israel must necessarily be a God of grace; and seeing such grace in him drew out her love in return. *She* sometimes got very impatient at her own distress, and used to express herself angrily. I remember on one occasion, a friend, seeing her uneasiness, offered to pray with her; she refused, saying she would pray by herself. She afterwards felt sorry for this. She gradually became more willing to tell me her feelings, and we read the Bible often together. At that time she preferred this to reading it alone, as she said she understood it better; not that there was any explanation given, but sometimes we expressed what we felt on reading certain passages, and this drew her attention more particularly to them. I, often being at a loss how to speak to her, urged her to see you; she was reluctant at first, fearing she might not be able to express herself so that you could understand her; however, she soon agreed. After you had spoken and prayed with her, her mind seemed clearer and much calmer. At this time she attended the prayer-meetings and Bible-class regularly, and never shewed any desire to return to the world. Only once after this she went to a dancing party, and said, when she left, she could

never return to such a scene. She spoke to a friend of hers who was also there about these gaieties, and told her there was no satisfaction in them, and added—'Those friends of ours who will not come to them are happier than we are.' This was the first time she had spoken for Christ, and she said that she felt happy at having an opportunity of doing so. This friend avoided being alone with her ever afterwards. 'She had now got her eye upon the cross; and, in seeing it, peace flowed in upon her. The knowledge of what had been accomplished there took away her terror, and bade the storm be still. In the crucified One she saw the *Substitute*, and on *Him* she saw the wrath, which she dreaded, descending, that it might not descend on her. There was life from his death; there was healing from his stripes; there was joy from his sorrow."

But, ere long, this peace was ruffled. Some sifting was needed, and the tempter was allowed to disturb. On Wednesday the 21st of July she was at my class, as she had been several times before. At the close she waited behind the others, and put into my hands the following paper:—

"I have entirely lost the sweet feeling of peace and happiness that I had some days ago; I am now, not in a state of sorrow or grief because I feel myself to be a sinner, but in a state of great alarm, so that I can get no rest. The more I look into my heart, the more alarmed I get, for I see it is so much worse than I ever imagined. I see and *feel* that I cannot think a single good thought; in short, I perfectly feel how true that verse is, wherein the heart is described as deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Now, how can such a heart ever turn to Christ? I don't understand it; ever since I believed I have had less peace every day. Now you told me that, if I believe, my sins are pardoned; how am I ever to

think they are, if I feel the burden of them heavier than ever I did before? Last night I was in such agony, because I thought I had got hold of Christ, and Satan tried to pull me back; I tried to pray, but could not; I could not get myself to *believe* that God would hear me. It was fearful! My only consolation is in thinking of Christ; and, oh! if I could just know and feel that I was resting upon him, I should not mind these thoughts so much. What makes me so changeable? Why do I sometimes feel happy in thinking of him, and at other times nothing but despair? The Bible tells us so much about having a new heart, being born again; now, will my heart ever be changed? For I see it *must* be, before I can love Christ as I ought. I often feel both love and gratitude to Him, but it is a selfish love; there is no purity in my love; I don't love Him for himself alone. If I were not so vile, I am sure I *could* love Him! I have a great desire and *longing* to know Him; I can't tell what I mean rightly, but I want to know Him, his character, everything about Him, and then I don't think I shall be able to help loving Him. Ought I to come to His table with these feelings? Oh! surely I should see Him *there!* I long to go, yet am fearful. I feel as if I could say much more, but I am afraid of trespassing on your time. I fear it is asking too much, to request you to have the great kindness to give me an answer in writing: but I am sure to forget what you say in speaking, and I wish much *not* to forget. I am very grateful to you for your past kindness to me."

To this I replied next day. She has preserved my reply among her papers; and as it may be useful, I give it here:—"Your loss of peace comes from your looking away from Christ. It was the glimpse you got of *Him* that gave you peace, and now Satan has turned your eye to something else, so that you could not but lose it. Perhaps you have been tempted to think that something more is needed to maintain

that peace, than the mere sight of Christ and his Cross. Perhaps you are thinking that, *in addition to this*, there must be the sight of something good in yourself— some improvement, some feeling, some holiness—before you can expect to retain your joy. Now, from beginning to end of a Christian's life, it is the sight of the Cross, and of that alone, that gives rest to his soul. It is what he sees *in Christ*, not what he sees *in himself*, that keeps his soul in perfect peace. *Study the Cross.* Do not suppose you *know* all about it well enough, and only need to *feel* it. This is a delusion which darkens many. Search the Scriptures, to *know* more of Christ, and of what He has done."

"You say that the more you look into your heart, the more alarmed you get. I don't wonder at this. Did you ever expect anything else? Did you expect to see something else there than sin? It is indeed *worse, infinitely worse*, than you have ever yet conceived. No tongue can tell, nor heart conceive, its wickedness. Hence the absurdity of looking into it for comfort. Would you look into a *dungeon* for *light*? Would you go near an iceberg to get heat? You are to look into yourself, not for good, but for evil; not for holiness, but for sin; not for life, but for death, in order that you may bring all your wants, and sins, and complaints to Christ. Study yourself, in order to become more and more *dissatisfied* with your own heart. Study Christ, in order to become more and more *satisfied* with Him."

"You complain of unbelief—burden of sin being heavier—Satan pulling you away from Christ, &c, Well,—*go to God with your complaints.* Tell Him all that you have told me,—and with the same confidence, or rather with a thousand times more confidence; for He is infinitely more worthy of it and more willing to hear *you, even you.* Him that cometh unto me I

will in no wise cast out.' You say, 'my only consolation is in thinking of Christ.' Could you have better consolation? I am glad to think that it is so, and I trust that your present perplexities will drive you away from every other refuge and every other source of comfort, and make you look to Jesus—to *Jesus alone*. Tell *Him* that you long to know him more; that you see that in Him is contained everything you need for time and eternity; ask him to unfold his treasures to you. You need not fear a repulse. He loves to hear you, and to answer you. *Trust* him. Unbosom your whole soul to him. Tell him every feeling of your heart. He *can* comfort you, and he *will*. Only do not *distrust* Him. Nothing grieves Him more than this. And *this* is the only thing that will ultimately keep you from peace. You cannot love Jesus as He ought to be loved, till He teach you; and even then, while on earth, there will remain much of impurity and selfishness in your love. But do not despond on that account—confess your selfishness to Him; He will forgive it all. And, besides, remember that love to Him is not necessarily *wrong*, because selfish. It is wrong indeed not to love Him for his own loveliness,—but it is *not wrong* to love Him for having loved us. The want of *gratitude* would be as sinful as the want of love to him for himself. 'We love him because he first loved us.' Head the whole of the first epistle of John."

"If you are looking simply to Jesus as your Saviour, your life, your all, you *ought to go* to the table. That is the true test of discipleship."

"Hold on! It is for heaven! You have a rich inheritance before you; and, oh! is it not worth a little pain and labour to 'win Christ, and be found in Him?'"

The peace which she had found was too real to be destroyed. It had been shaken, but it was re-established. It came directly from "Him who is our peace," and from His cross, where peace was made. He changed not. His cross remained the same. It still spoke peace to the sinner. And there, where M\_\_\_\_ had found peace at first, there also, and in the same way, she found it again. How it was occasionally broken, and then recovered, the remaining chapters, and specially those which contain extracts from her letters and diaries, will fully shew.

Knowing little of Scripture, the speed and simplicity with which she found her way to the cross is amazing. But the Spirit led her on. She had thrown herself upon the Divine Word, and God honoured His Word. It seemed as if now God himself had put the Bible into her hand, and she seized it as her treasure. From that never-to-be-forgotten week, it was with her continually. Nothing would part her from it. It became her light, her joy, her companion, along the narrow way.

The following extract from her first to a friend in Kelso, after her return home, will shew the state of her mind:

"*P\_\_\_\_, August 4, 1841...*What endless gratitude do I owe to God for what He has done for me! Oh that He would teach me to love Him as He ought to be loved! What a cold, what a dead heart mine must be, that does not continually beat with love and gratitude for such unmerited love! I would not exchange one hour of communion with Him, for the whole world and all the treasures it contains. I seem to myself to have a new existence; nothing gives me now the least pleasure that formerly was all my happiness; everything that does not speak of God seems so dry and uninteresting; every

book seems dull after that mine of pure treasure, His own Book. How bitterly I now regret my sinful neglect of the Book that is now so precious to me![5] But I do not wonder that I have so often thought it dry, for I did not understand it; the very same words have now a meaning, a beauty that I never saw in them before. Oh, the wonderful love of God to such a sinner!"

## CHAPTER 5

### Trials and Joys

TO pass from a circle where the new nature found so much to meet and satisfy its fervent outgoings, to one where all was uncongenial, was a heavy sorrow. During these few weeks in which she had been tasting the joys of the wondrous change, feeding upon the Word, and having fellowship with Him whom she had so lately learned to love, she had been mingling with those who were of one mind in these things. Intercourse like this she had found beyond measure sweet. But there was a wide circle of friends with whom she had been wont to mingle, who were of another mind. She must now return to these. How is she to feel?

They and she had hitherto been at one in their sympathies; now this oneness was at an end. Her affection towards them remained unaltered;

but her sympathies had ceased. The tie of *congeniality* was broken; for, since she had parted from them, she had been born into a new life; and with that new life had come new tastes, new longings, new loves, new aims of being. *They* were the same as when she left them in June last— *she* was wholly different; as loving as ever, nay, more deeply, truly loving, yet still a different being. There could not but be something both strange and sad on her return.

Thus she expresses her experience on this point in a letter, dated August 10, 1841:—"When I returned home, I felt as if I were a different being. Everything about me was the same, but all within me had undergone a change. Oh! I have had

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some sweet and precious hours! so sweet and so precious, that I have longed to leave this vain world at once, and to be with God,—to see him face to face,—to be with Jesus,—to be absent from the body and present with the Lord...I miss the sweet converse that we had in dear Kelso. Everything then excited me to greater diligence in seeking God; but I often find now, a lurking feeling, that so much diligence is not necessary. Will you pray for me that I may never grow cold?"

And again,—"I am afraid my friends will not think me a very pleasant companion, for how can I laugh and talk about trifles, when I so long to talk of Jesus?"

Again, in November 1841, she writes,—"And now I must tell you of my troubles. One thing is a cause of much distress to me, and that is my conduct with regard to others. I am always told that I ought to be cheerful, and enter into the *amusements* of those around me, that they may not think the change in me is for the worse, in place of the better.

Lately I have been trying to act thus; and the consequence to myself, is, that I have totally lost all my enjoyment in these things, that only a few weeks ago made me so happy. Is it not strange? I have no spiritual joy, no nearness to God, no realising of unseen things...Though I do speak and laugh with them, I have no interest in it. I have no interest in any of the things of this world; and yet no enjoyment of the things of the next. I have had many a conversation with \_\_\_\_ upon the subject. They tell me to laugh and talk and be happy. I may seem so, but in reality I am not. I think I go into extremes. One is to live so much, as it were, *in the other world*, realising its pleasures, feeling God near, and delighting in prayer, and reading and *thinking upon Christ* (oh! I love to do that!), that I long to be away and with *Him*; and thus I unfit myself for

other things, till I begin to think that I am very selfish in trying to make myself so happy; and then I go to the other extreme, get wretched, and care for nothing. Could I not join them? I am afraid it is only advanced Christians that can do that, for they are not so selfish as I am...Is it wrong to take no interest in this world, and to seek continually to live in the contemplation of the next?"

Had her change been a partial of a gradual one, the dissimilarity might not have been felt so much. But her conversion had been so sudden, one might say abrupt, the nature of the change had been so decided, so much the opposite of everything superficial or transient, that in the return to old companions, and even relatives, there was a shock distinctly felt.

It was a sharp trial to her. Yet she felt it to be wholly unavoidable. Unless she could put off the new nature she had received, or part with her new tastes, or draw a veil between her eye and the eternal kingdom, she could not be what she once had been. It was not that she *dared* not compromise; she *could* not. It was not simply that it would be sinful to re-enter the world; she *could* not. The depth of the change had made these things impossible. If the change, though real, had been more shallow and partial, there might have been struggles, and yieldings, and compliances, and regrets, and vacillations. From all these she was saved. It was not that she had torn out the world's joys from her breast; they had been resistlessly but quietly dispossessed, so that there was no longer room for them. It was not that she had succeeded in trampling out the "wildfire of the heart," as Whitefield called it; the blood of the sacrifice had quenched it. It was not that she had cast off the world; it had fallen off by the

very necessity of the new nature, in which it found nothing to which it could attach itself.

But, while all this greatly simplified her course, and freed her from those entanglements to which halfhearted discipleship never fails to expose the individual, it did not remove the pain arising in her soul, from the consciousness of the uncongeniality between herself and those whom she so truly loved. She met them as before, but there was a difference.

Could she fail to perceive and to feel it?

Besides this, there was the awful thought, that while *she* had thus been made partaker of eternal life, *they* had not. They were still in that world which she had left; and she knew that to belong to that world is death, and that the friendship of the world is enmity with God. She might bear taunts and coldness. She might submit to accusations of pride, or self-esteem, or unkindness; but how could she bear the thought that the everlasting welfare of those whom she revered and loved was still at hazard?

It was this that tried her so sorely. And throughout her life, this trial was always her keenest. Her yearning over unsaved relatives or companions, often rose to agony. That one whom she loved should be lost for ever, was more than she could bear to think of. Her new position in her circle is thus referred to by one dear to her "in the flesh," and afterwards yet dearer in the Lord:—"On her return it was very manifest that a real and decided change had taken place. It was now that she began that constantly kept up correspondence with J.W. which will best describe the progress of her soul, the trials she met with, and the battles which, as a faithful soldier of the cross, she had now to fight. One of her sorest trials

was that she stood alone and had no one to speak to or sympathise with her; and, to her affectionate nature, this must have been very painful. I had totally forgotten all I had learned in K\_\_\_\_, and had, at this time, a decided enmity to the truth. I remember yet the painful feeling which the sight of M\_\_\_\_ reading her Bible used to stir up. There was one spot in a little spare bedroom where she used to meet with God; and, go at what hour I pleased, there she sat with her Bible on her knee, poring over its contents. 'She is for ever at that tiresome Bible,' was my thought, but, fortunately for me now, I never gave expression to these feelings. One day she came to me with a book tied up, and inclosing the little paper which I sent you.[6] I opened the parcel eagerly, in the hope of finding a book congenial to me; and felt much disappointed that it was only a Bible. What a long-suffering God he has been to me! My beloved one did not go long mourning alone, however; for, about two months after her return from K\_\_\_\_, you came to Edinburgh and visited us. When M\_\_\_\_ told me you were coming, the mention of your name brought strange feelings to my mind, and I felt the instantaneous conviction flash upon me, that now was the time when Christ or the world *must* be chosen. The Lord inclined me to listen to you, and I believe, if I have found the Saviour at all, it was that evening when you spoke of him to me."

"After this, M\_\_\_\_ was most earnest in her exertions to win the rest of us to Christ, and we agreed to have a prayer-meeting for them every night, which we kept up as long as we were together. The Lord has answered many of these prayers of hers already, and I trust that he will answer them still, and bring those of us nigh who are as yet afar off."

Her anxiety as to the spiritual wellbeing of others, referred to in the above extract, is thus manifested in a letter to myself,

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of date Sept. 25, 1841:—"Do you think that \_\_\_\_ has really found peace? She often quite puzzles me. She is at times full of joy, and at others, again, she does not seem to know whether she believes or not. She appears to me to take her confidence too much from what she *feels*; and, therefore, when she does not feel, she begins to doubt. Perhaps you can discover her real state from her letters to you; and you would make me very happy if you would write a few lines to me, to let me know what you think of her. Oh, my dear sir, how anxious I am about her! She is very anxious about others, which surely she would not be, if she did not see the necessity of it herself. You will be glad to hear that our two friends, whom we spoke to you about, seem very anxious. One of them (who, I think, is most so) came to speak with us yesterday. She said she knew no one who would speak to her about these things, and she seems to dread the ridicule of her companions, if she were to become religious; and then, she says, she is so fond of the world, and that she has not strength of mind to give it up. But if she were once to taste purer pleasure, if she could taste and see that the Lord is good, she would not be so fond of the world, and would not find it so difficult to give it up as she thinks. She asked me for a book upon the *vanity of the world*; could you tell me of any that might be of use to her?...I have another favour to ask of you, that you would pray for my beloved little brother, who is away from us all. Perhaps we may never see him again on earth. Oh! pray that we may meet him in heaven. And will you ask God that he may meet with Christian friends wherever he goes, who will tell him about Jesus? Oh that I could *know* that he is Christ's! Then would he be safe, whatever happened to him in this vain world."

Some short time after, the relative referred to in the commencement of the above extract, having become a

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fellow-pilgrim with her on the way to Jerusalem, we have such a letter as the following, giving us a glimpse of their feelings and trials:—"I must tell you an interesting conversation we had. \_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_ were dining with us, and, after dinner, some remark of K\_\_\_\_'s about putting 'love' in place of 'charity,' in the 13th of 1st Corinthians, led to a deeply interesting conversation upon spiritual things. It is a very solemn thing for two girls like us to speak of these things before others; and very painful. They were all very angry with us; for they think we suppose none of the family is converted but we two. They say they cannot understand us at all; and \_\_\_\_ said, it was so strange to see two of one family thinking differently from all the rest; and when he said, Can you explain it? I said to him, Lay the case before God, and ask Him to explain it to you. I just fancied God opening his eyes, and *shewing him the reason*. Ah, he could understand us then! It was a painful scene; but I felt very grateful that we were permitted to speak for God before such precious ones. It is strange how unbelieving I feel at these times, and how *deserted*, as if I were left entirely to my own strength...I am always glad when we speak in that way, for it gives us an opportunity of bringing in a great deal of God's Word, and it makes them think of these things whether they will or no; and it does B \_\_\_\_ and me good, for it stirs us up, and makes unseen things more real. But I wonder when any of them are to be changed...The only thing that gave me comfort this morning was these simple words—*the God of truth*. But when the Spirit really applies them, they can feed the soul for a long time. Can't you trust the God of truth, my beloved one? Oh, yes; let us trust in him at all times. We shall soon see him face to face, and then all unbelief will fly away for ever. We cannot gaze on that loving countenance, and have another fear. Oh to see it now by faith! Jesus seems to be smiling on us both, even while I am

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writing to you. Oh to be his *only*, his *wholly*, his *now*, his FOR EVER! I was much pleased with what you said, about speaking to one soul every day. It would indeed be very blessed if we really did that. We are apt to say, that is too little; but, alas! if we look back upon our past life, how many days in which we have done nothing! Yes, we are selfish creatures; at least I am."

Thus her joys and sorrows mingled together; her hopes and her fears alternated. In the midst of much to ruffle and sadden her, she still held fast the cross. Though broken off from former friendships, and suffering neglect in many unexpected quarters, she found that the companionship of Jesus could supply every want, and compensate for every sorrow. Though oft "in heaviness through manifold temptations," she yet "greatly rejoiced" in the fellowship of her new-found Saviour.[7]

The following extracts from letters to her Kelso friend will fully unfold her feelings. They are miscellaneous, but not the less suitable for our object. We confine our selections in this chapter to the letters written during the five months succeeding her conversion.

"P\_\_\_\_, August 14, 1841...MY DEAREST J\_\_\_\_, I daresay you are astonished at hearing again so soon from me, but I cannot help writing, as I long to tell you of all God has done for me. At every new proof of his love and pity, after first thanking the Giver of every good and perfect gift, I long to tell you all the feelings of my heart. Oh! it is a delightful thing to think that God looks on you with love—that he teaches us to love him; but I need not attempt to speak of the gratitude I owe him for his rich mercy; when I think of all his unmerited love, I am lost in wonder and admiration: and then how I

hate myself! I have found a remedy for *pride*; *I think of Jesus!* that is enough, it lays me in the dust, and then I not only feel sorrow, but shame for my sin. Oh! how I grieve that I must still do nothing but sin against such a holy God! In everything I sin and come short of his glory; but, blessed thought! Christ made atonement for all sin—and, oh! does he not now look upon me in the face of Jesus Christ!"

"...There is one thing I wish to write about, for it appears to me so strange, that I cannot understand it. On Sundays, or after the Communion, or, in short, after any time when I have felt peculiar joy from a sense of God's presence, I am almost sure to be unhappy afterwards; now, why is this? I felt it both after the Communion in Kelso, and when I returned home. I was very happy at the time, but almost immediately after, the feeling changed, and my heart was restless and unhappy. I seemed to long for something, I knew not what; and it was the same last Sunday. It seems to me as if I had a Sunday through the week, and that Sunday was like a week-day! Now, should you not think that Sunday would be a day of peculiar enjoyment to me, when I may meditate on God and his love, read his own Word, and go to his house the whole day? Yet it is not so. I am sometimes frightened at the thoughts that take possession of my heart,—hard thoughts of God and a distaste of religion altogether. Surely God is not angry with me for having these thoughts of him, for he knows how I hate them, and how sincere my desire is to have very different thoughts of him. I am glad he knows all my heart, for then he knows how I long after him. 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.'"

"P\_\_\_\_, August 17, 1841..."MY DEAR MRS H., I cannot tell you with what pleasure I received your letter. My heavenly Father has been indeed abundant in goodness to me, in giving me so

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many opportunities of knowing more of Him, and of hearing His beloved name. His name ought, indeed, to be precious to me, and I humbly thank Him that He has made it so. How amazed I am that I could ever have had pleasure in anything apart from God! Will you have patience with me while I tell you of a thought that has taken possession of my mind—I know not how—I think Satan must have put it there to rob me of my peace, for it certainly does sometimes make me more miserable than I can tell you, and even with God's own promises before my eyes, I cannot get comfort? It is the thought that I am not in Christ, that I am not trusting to Him, and that, consequently, I ought not to get comfort from God's promises—that they are only for those who believe. Now, should you not think it an easy thing to know whether you believed a thing or not? and yet I find it often very difficult to know whether I do or not. Do not mistake me, do not think that I want to find anything in myself to lean upon for comfort; on the contrary, I want to *"know"* that I am not looking to myself, but to Jesus; I want to know that I am holding fast, for, till I know that I am doing so, I am in continual fear. Now, is it not strange that I should have these fears now which I had not at first? You say, get clearer and clearer views of Him who is the perfection of beauty. O my dear, kind friend, will you tell me how I am to get Clear views of Him? I am very stupid, very slow at learning, but, oh! I am most willing, most anxious to learn. These thoughts sometimes tempt me to despair, but having tasted that the Lord is gracious, I am *very* unwilling to think that I have not an interest in Him, to think that I shall not be found in Him. I must go on— I would die with joy this moment if I were *sure* that my hope was in Him. For what is life without Him? My dear friend, will you write to me as soon as you can find time, and tell me where the fault lies? it must be in me. Oh! tell me how to rectify it, and may God bless you for it! You must

forgive the shortness of this letter, for I cannot write to-day. There is only one thing now I want to ask your advice upon, and that is how I ought to study the Bible—I mean, in what order I should read it, and what parts I ought to read most."

"P\_\_\_\_, *September 1, 1841...*"...Sometimes, when I am sitting alone, I feel so happy that I can scarcely bear it; but, alas! how soon my joy is turned to bitter, yes, bitter grief, when the thought comes across me that others whom I love do not share it with me! I do indeed feel that the thought of one's own bliss is almost forgotten in sorrow for others. I most gladly agree to the proposal of praying for them; and, oh! if we should be heard! My heart thrills at the thought! Let us plead, again and again, the name so dear to God's ear, the sweet name of Jesus! I have often thought, in praying for others, that God has *promised* to give us whatsoever we ask in that name. Now, if we ask him for the conversion of any one we love, will he not grant our prayers? It appears to me that I ought not to despond so much when I have his own promise; and 'God is not a man that he should lie.'"

"...How I love the very name of a Christian! I have taken a great longing to know some of God's own children..."

"P\_\_\_\_, *September 11, 1841...*"...I cannot tell you the happiness I have had since I last wrote to you; I was then in grief about E\_\_\_\_, but, oh! how my blessed heavenly Father has enabled me to rejoice for her now! I trust she and I are now travelling together the narrow way that leads to life. I trust she is now one of God's children, and that nothing can ever pluck her out of his hand. I think I feel more gratitude when I think of E\_\_\_\_ than of myself; there is something so exquisitely delightful in the thought that God has called her to himself, that I cannot thank him, I can only weep, and my

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tears are tears of joy. Mr. \_\_\_\_'s has been a blessed visit to us both...E. and I can now speak together, for we are of one mind; we love the same dear Saviour. Have I not cause for gratitude? Should I not *love much*, and yet, is it not grievous that my heart is so cold? But I do not despair. Jesus can melt even *my* heart. I have been at times in a terrible state since I last wrote you, but I have now found peace, and I trust it will not again leave me so utterly as it did. I can hardly tell you the horrid thoughts I had; but the more sinful I found myself to be, in place of being the more grateful for a Saviour, I began to despair, and to think I was too wicked ever to be saved! I thought God *could not* love me; I felt as if he loved all the world but me; in short, I was miserable; —oh! may he grant that I may never feel so miserable again, and may he forgive me my wickedness in doubting his love!"

"P\_\_\_\_, October 19, 1841..."MY DEAREST MRS. H.,—I feel such a great desire to write to you, that I think I must obey the dictates of my heart, and try to write you a few lines. I wish I could tell you all I feel and all I have felt since I last wrote to you; but, oh! I have a cold, cold heart; I think nobody has such a cold heart as I have, for I am not grateful to my Father in heaven, and yet I have so much to be grateful for. Dear Mrs. H., I think one reason why I love you so much is, because I know that you love Jesus, and, oh! I should like to love him as much as you do. Is His not a sweet name? I sometimes say to myself, when I am cold and ungrateful, Jesus loves thee so much that He died for thee, and then I think about His love, His redeeming love, till I love Him too—I can't help it. Think of loving Him *always*, and without sin! Oh to be in heaven!—to see Him as He is! Can it be, that for vile sinners there is such blessedness in store?—wonderful love! I sometimes think that when I get to heaven I shall at first be contented with seeing Him, with gazing with

enraptured eyes at Him who died for me, and then that I shall be wishing for a look from Him, then a word, sweet and lovely as Himself, and then I will fly to Him, and never, never leave Him more!...When you write, speak a great deal about Jesus, and tell me, too, what a wicked, sinful creature I am, for, when I think about Him I forget that I am so vile, which I should not do, for I know I ought to feel great sorrow for sin. I do not hate myself enough. Dear Mrs H., is it not very delightful to think that our glorious Jesus has not knocked in vain at the door of R.'s heart? She has opened to that beloved Saviour, and I trust—why should I doubt?—she is now His own child."

"*November 5, 1841*...I felt great sweetness in praying for you all to our Father this morning, and last night I went to implore a blessing on you when I knew you would be at \_\_\_\_\_. Tell me when you write, if you felt God near, for I prayed so that you might; and, dear J\_\_\_\_, pray much for me just now, for I am very, very sad; I may say with truth that I go mourning all the day long; I tell God that I do so long to feel him near, that I cannot live without him, and yet I have not found him. I know that he hears me, but I cannot, oh! I *cannot feel* that he does; he seems so far away, and as if he were hiding his face. Perhaps it is his discipline, and that he is trying how long I shall persevere to seek him in the dark; if so, I ought to submit, and I do, but it is with sorrowing. Oh! if he would try me in any other way, I think I could bear it; but to withdraw *himself* is a kind of slow death, always dying, but never dead! Dear J\_\_\_\_, will you tell him that I have waited long? Tell him to smile upon me at last, to give me cause to say, 'I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry;' and pray that I may have deep convictions of sin, that I may *hate* it, and that I may have strong faith, for I have very little."

"...When I got your letter this morning, before I opened it, I prayed that if there was anything in it about the love of Jesus I might be enabled to feel it, for nothing seems ever to melt this desperately hard heart of mine. One thing *will* melt it—a sight of the Lamb in heaven! It will melt *then*, because I shall be like him, for I shall see him as he is; but he could melt it *now*, he might look upon me *now* and make me happy: oh that he would! Tell me if you are happy, and that will give me some happiness too. You can feel for me when I am mourning after God and not finding him. I cannot be cheerful and gay with others; I know I ought to deny myself for the sake of others; but there is no one on earth I ought to love like God, and I ought to grieve at his absence. Am I not weeping after Jerusalem's King? and should I not long to be *home*?...I am only afraid of *ceasing* to weep after Jesus! I would rather weep for *Him* than laugh with the world!"

"P\_\_\_\_, November 11, 1841...I hope you often think of me and pray for me, for, oh! I need your prayers; the oppressive load is still on me; I am scarcely, if at all, better than when I last wrote; I don't know what it is, I very often attempt to pray, but I have no comfort in it; sometimes, for *one moment*, I feel a degree of sweetness; but Satan comes immediately and takes it away. Last night I had the most extraordinary feeling of terror and misery I ever yet had. I had gone to the throne for some comfort (for I know that I can get *trite* comfort nowhere else); well, I did feel some nearness to God, and, about ten minutes after, Satan put such dreadful thoughts into my mind as made me think that I was lost. Then I felt as if I had been too presumptuous in striving to get so near to God, and that he was angry with me! I sometimes feel afraid of Satan; but, after all, he cannot

really harm me. I want to know all his wives, that I may not fall a victim to them."

"...Tell dear \_\_\_\_ that it will not be with my will, if I do not come Kelsoward with the spring flowers. What a long time it seems till then! When I think; that the leaves have all to fade, die, and fall; to be covered with snow, and the snow to melt, and again the leaves to begin to bud before I see you! But, after all, it *is* a short time, and it will pass at last: that is what cheers me often when wearied with earth's emptiness and with *sin*; that heaven *will* burst upon my view! *our* view! *Then* we shall see the wisdom and *love* that are displayed in all our dark and sorrowful hours; we shall *then* know how much we owe.' Oh that that may indeed be the end of all! I sometimes think how precious Christ must be in afflictions, for, when anything hurts you, do not your thoughts immediately fly to one who you know sympathises with all your griefs? What a heart must Jesus have!—no wonder the poor soul that feels he is far away is sick with longings for him! I had a letter from A\_\_\_\_ on Tuesday, and she will have my answer this morning. I wish I could write anything worth her trouble in reading it; but what can I write but sin? All I do is sin, all I think is sin; I am all sin, and Satan tempts me to doubt I am too sinful to come to Christ! Well, Mr. \_\_\_\_ told me one thing which I try to *holdfast*; he said, 'Trust God for eternal life, and if you do not get it, God would be untrue.' Now, it is impossible that God should lie, so that I mean to trust him for life, and surely I cannot perish. I want to begin a course of reading with you, if you have no objections,—I mean that we should take any part of the Bible you like to fix on, and let us read it *prayerfully* together, and tell each other any new views we may discover. Should you like it, do you fix the hour, and the part to read, and tell me in your next: and I should like also to fix another hour for meeting at *the Throne* together.

We might often meet in spirit though absent in body. Will five o'clock suit you? And don't you think, increase of grace to ourselves should be one of our petitions, and the other intercession for any one peculiarly dear? Let us then agree to plead together at five for our parents—plead you for mine and for your own, and I shall do the same; and let us remember the promise, 'If two of you shall agree as touching anything they shall ask,' &c. I have now proposed three times when we two can meet at our Father's throne,—ten in the morning, five in the afternoon, and at our hour for reading. I wish, my very dear J\_\_\_\_, you would propose another meeting to ask some other blessing; it will be doubly sweet, the one fixed by you; but is it not lamentable that we are so little sensible of the real value of the privilege we have, in thus being able to make all our requests known unto God? There must be much unbelief mixed with all we do, for, if we really *believed* that we should have all our petitions answered, should we not be more deeply grateful for our precious privilege, and more frequently and more *earnestly* plead the promises?...My wish is to get to the end of it (the journey). I do long to be done with sin, and to see the sweet face of Him who died for me, and for you, and for many others. "Will not that be a glorious day when we shall meet at the right hand of God, 'and hear the Lamb pronounce our names, with blessings on our heads'? I had much sweetness this morning in pleading for us all. I begin with your circle, and when I speak of you, I feel, indeed, that I am speaking to One who is the hearer and answerer of prayer, but I have no sweetness yet in praying for myself. I hope you pray for me. I am ashamed of the egotistical letter I have written, but shall send it nevertheless, because I don't wish you to think better of me than I deserve, for I know you will love me in spite of all. Believe me, my very dear friend, yours in the love of Jesus."

"P\_\_\_\_, November 18, 1841...MY BELOVED J\_\_\_\_, Many thanks for your letter. I was very happy to receive it. I hope in time to grow less selfish, and not to require of you to write so often. I am happier than when I last wrote to you. Thank our Father for His lovingkindness to a worm of the dust. I have more comfort in prayer, particularly since I have begun our five o'clock meeting. It is curious that 'I should have fixed the hour you had hitherto devoted to prayer yourself, but is it not strange?—two days ago, when I had gone at five, I felt it so sweet, and all at once I thought, I am sure J\_\_\_\_ is kneeling with me just now, and you really were. But we need not wonder; is it not the same sweet Spirit that tells both our hearts to retire from the world and be a while with our Father?...I do begin to feel again as if He loved *me*. And the first *smile* I got, after so long an interval of absence and sorrow, was so sweet, it melted my hard heart, and struck me with such remorse at having doubted His love. It is sad, very sad to sin against *love*. I hope you will write soon to K\_\_\_\_, for I don't think she is very happy, and I am sure I have a fellow-feeling for her, but I am a very bad comforter, particularly to her. I don't like to encourage her doubts, and yet I should like to give her some comfort, so do *you* write to her, and tell her much of the love of Christ, and of the love of Christ to *sinner*s, for I begin to think that we are often striving to get a title to His love, as if we were something besides sinners. Don't you think that we are often apt to forget that although we are *children*, we are still sinners? Oh! J\_\_\_\_, I see it is a harder thing than I had ever imagined to consent to be nothing and let Christ be everything..."

"I have been reading a short memoir of Mrs. Judson; how I envy her; the feelings she had about the purity and the *justice* of God! I too often think *bad things* of God; I really believe I am too proud to submit to his sovereignty, in calling

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some and leaving others. I cannot get it to agree with our freedom of action. It is terrible, the horrid thought I have about His being *cruel*; I know all is rightly and most mercifully ordered, then is it not strange that I cannot submit to Him in all things, and feel that He is right? Will you pray much for me, that I may be brought to *love* His holiness and His justice—pray that I may really feel and acknowledge that He would be just in condemning me? but is it not strange that I should love Him and yet not feel satisfied with all His character at the same time? If you understand what I mean, I wish you would ask Mr B\_\_\_\_ about it, and let me know what he says, for it distresses me *very much*, that I *cannot* think rightly of God."

"P\_\_\_\_, November 27, 1841...How I long for the conversion of my beloved\_\_\_\_! I think differently about her, fifty times a-day. Something at one time makes me tremble with eagerness of joy at the thought that our prayers are even now answered, and again my hopes are dashed to the ground; I fear I am too impatient, but I do yearn for her to *see*. But I *cannot* allow myself to believe that God will not answer our prayers. Oh! J\_\_\_\_, do you pray for her *believingly*?—Oh that I could say we were a *redeemed family*!—let us pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Do you think it is a token for good that lately I have seemed to *feel* what abundant blessings we might get, if we prayed *constantly* and earnestly for the Spirit? It seems as if something reproached me for making so little use of our precious privilege of *intercession*, and telling me that if I prayed much, much, that the blessing would come abundantly. Oh that I could! but my heart is ice. My precious friend, will you pray *much* for me, that I may be more *earnest* in seeking God, and in even *wishing* to seek him?—for I am shocked to find how little *real desire* I have for what I pray

for. Pray that I may have more desires after God and holiness, and more love to prayer and reading his own Word; for it seems as if the world were getting back my affections again. I thought my Saviour *Jesus* had all my heart, but, alas! I have been bitterly taught that my heart is more wedded to earth than I had ever imagined. I thought like *Peter* that I could die for Jesus, but I did not know myself. I wish I were with you, my dear J\_\_\_\_, to talk of our Beloved, for, oh! I trust I can say He is my Beloved, though so little, so very little loved by me; but, praise be to his blessed name! I love Him because *He first* loved me. Don't you love that verse? It is very precious to me, because it tells of *His* love, which must kindle mine—oh that it would! But what alarms me is, that I really don't seem to *wish* that it would."

"*P\_\_\_\_, 2d December 1841*...I am very glad that your Communion season was so precious to you. Oh that I had a heart to praise Him for His kindness to you! But I cannot. I never knew such a vile heart as I have. You remember I used to tell you of my intense horror of the place of misery; but I think now that the *sin* that is in it would be worse far than the torment of body; but don't think that I am growing better, and would not live where sin is;—I don't mean that: I mean that sin is so hateful as *against God*, that I could not bear to live where everything would be hateful to God; for, dear J\_\_\_\_; though I cannot do anything to please God, yet I do earnestly wish to be enabled to live to Him, and not to myself. To-day my heart was so grieved at sinning against my Father, that I did not know what to do for misery; but, oh! I hope I am forgiven. I wish I had even one little bit of love to Jesus; pray that I may. Oh the conflicts I have had with coldness and deadness of soul! I have just read your very welcome letter. I could not help crying for joy on getting it; and what made me weep still more is, that I cannot feel as I rejoice to

see you feel about Jesus. Oh that I loved Him! But it is not so much my love to *Him* that I want to see and to feel; it is His love to *me* that I want to believe, in such a way that would kill sin, and make me love Him *in return*. J\_\_\_\_, I will tell *you* the truth—I am not happy; my heart is so very worldly, and I think lately we have spoken so much of our own feelings, that it has just *deadened* me. I want to know and *to feel* the feelings of Jesus to me; your letter has, I trust, stirred me up to try to get a taste of His love...I see more and more how *unworthy* I am, but I want Jesus to love me. You do not know the delight it gives me to think that Jesus loves the *vilest*, because then I can put in my claim. Sunday is our Communion, and I want you to pray much for me, that I may go prepared. Ask two things—that I may go deeply, very deeply humbled for sin, my own *individual* sins, but that I may also go *rejoicing* in a sense of forgiveness, and that I too may *find Jesus* at his own table. I should like if you would ask that I might go with a *humble joy*. Satan once suggested to me that I was too presumptuous; but he has no need now. Alas! I do not live near enough. I know you were happy. I am happy at present in *your* love—oh that I were so in the love of Jesus! "

"P\_\_\_\_, 7th December 1841...What a wonderful conversion I\_\_\_\_ C\_\_\_\_ 's has been! She is so beautifully simple in all her views and feelings. How she makes me blush by her expressions of gratitude to God for having brought her to Himself, and the way she was brought, without any distressing fear or doubt—as she said to me to-day, 'I was brought in such perfect love!' Oh! is it not sweet to think of her! I would give a great deal for her confiding simplicity; but I am always in trouble about something or another. I am always asking, *why* is such a thing? but you know a little about my way, for we often conversed about things I did not

understand, or rather should say, would not *submit to*. Don't you think it must be pride which prevents me having this childlike trust that all is right? Whatever it is, I wish it were removed, for it prevents my gratitude flowing out towards God as it ought. I wish I could get over this spirit of inquiry about God's dealings with me...Have you continued as happy in the love of Christ as you were when you wrote? Oh! that name, Jesus! the chiefest among ten thousand! the altogether lovely! the Lamb of God! the Beloved! the Plant of Renown! the meek and lowly Jesus! the Man of Sorrows! That last title sounds to me almost the sweetest just now! I have written some of his lovely names, to try if it would melt my hard heart, and make me feel as if he loved me. I should like to sit at his feet and listen to his gentle voice, as Mary did of old. I told you our Communion was last Sabbath. Well, I felt so cold all the time during the prayers, that I prayed in *an agony* that Jesus would meet me at his table; and when I went forward, I had a momentary feeling of joy, a sort of bounding of the heart, that made me feel, that if I did not get quickly to the table, I should lose him; and, after all, when there, I could only weep. I felt, well, I am *safe* here, I am secure; not even Satan can pull me away from *this place*; still I could do nothing but weep. I could not rejoice; but they were not bitter tears, I think; but the sweetest feeling I had was seeing I\_\_\_\_ C\_\_\_\_ beside me. I longed to say to her, 'Here we are *together* at the feast of Jesus.' M\_\_\_\_, J\_\_\_\_, and E\_\_\_\_ had gone to the first table, and, not knowing if those around me were *sisters*, it was very sweet to have one whom I knew was a sister in Jesus Christ...B\_\_\_\_ and I had a long talk with dear \_\_\_\_ on Sabbath night. I had read aloud a very striking sermon on the necessity of being born again, and I think she must have been struck with it, for she began to speak to us, when all the others had retired. I think the Spirit is striving with her; but then Satan tries to take away the good seed.

God, however, is stronger than Satan, and must conquer in the end. We gave her text after text to prove that we *must* be born again, and you know nothing can resist the sword of the Spirit...But now have we nothing to say of our Beloved? What a long letter I have written, and the name of Jesus scarcely in it! How cold is my heart in talking of Him, the mention of whose name ought to make it burn within me!"

"P\_\_\_\_, December 16, 1841...I wonder why Jesus loves me; it must be because *He is love*. I would give the whole world to be able to love Him. I have been thinking a great deal about that sentence in your letter, where you say, 'If His names are so sweet, what must Himself be?'—what indeed? I often long to die, to go and see Him, and then to be like Him. Yes; it is the absence of all sin that makes Him so very lovely; He is, oh, yes! He is the chiefest among ten thousand—the altogether lovely. Then why don't I love Him, and shew my love by my works? It must be because I am so full of sin. I join in your desire to be holy—I don't like being so very sinful. Do you really think that I shall get to heaven at last? Oh! I tremble to think I perhaps may be lost. I wish I were sure. Do you know, sometimes, that it seems a more dreadful idea to *miss seeing Jesus* than even to be in hell? but I *must be in Christ*—I must just keep continually coming to Him and trusting in Him. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Blessed Jesus! He loves *you*: is it wrong to love Him for that?...I am invited to spend a week or two with \_\_\_\_\_. I am not very sure about going, for I dread getting ashamed of reading and praying so much, and you know how clever \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ are, and how weak and ignorant I am. Do you think it would be putting myself in the way of temptation? But then, I do not go in my own strength: in the Lord I have strength, and I think that I should have more strength given me on purpose, and God would put words into my mouth. I

must say I wish to go, for I think God might bless my visit to \_\_\_\_\_, and, dearest, you must pray much that it may be so, and that I might glorify Jesus by winning souls to him in that house...The night before last was the first time I could join you in prayer at five since my illness, and I felt it very sweet to commit all dear to us, to Jesus...Let us plead more and more! I have a growing conviction that my visit to R\_\_\_\_\_ may be blest to those at home, because I could write, and then you and I could pray for a blessing on my letters; and I think my own impression of eternal things would be deepened, and therefore I could write and pray more feelingly. Oh that Jesus would answer my prayers for them all! Amen."

"P\_\_\_\_\_, December 18, 1841...MY DEAR MRS. H.,—Thank you very much for your last kind letter. How differently I feel now, compared to what I did when I last wrote you! Everything then appeared so *sunny*: now I am very seldom happy. I remember in one of your letters you said that it was a very painful process the getting clearer views of Christ. I suppose I am going through that process, for I do not find everything so sweet as I did at first. One thing greatly vexes and grieves me, and that is, that I thought I had given my whole heart to Christ, but I find that I have not, for if Christ reigned in my heart, how would anything have power to vex me? If I had Christ, should you not think that I would not care so much to see that people don't care for me; or, still less, that I should ever give one sigh of regret to the world? I sometimes think that Satan is painting the pleasures of the world in flattering colours to me just now; but he does not succeed so well with me in that, as when he whispers that those whom I love don't love me so much now, and that I am vexing those for whom I would suffer anything if I could only get them to turn to Christ. Oh! these things make me fear I have not come to

Jesus yet, for would not a sight of Him make up for all?...I am afraid, dear friend, you will think this a very egotistical letter, but I certainly am very selfish—I see that more and more; I wonder any one ever thinks of loving me. I don't wonder there are many that I love, for they all deserve to be loved, but I have no loveable qualities; and there is another thing, I fear, will make you not care for my poor epistle—there is nothing about Jesus in it. Oh! to think of writing all about myself when Jesus might be my theme!"

"P\_\_\_\_, *December 27, 1841*...I wish I could love Jesus! This morning I asked him to take my heart, and reign there alone: and I think he heard me, for I felt a little, a very little, as if he were *near* me. I am always afraid of earthly rivals taking the place of Christ in my heart. I think I shall have many a painful struggle before Jesus reigns alone. But then I may love people *in Christ*, may I not?"

"E\_\_\_\_, *December 30, 1841*...Here I am still at \_\_\_\_'s. I have such a bad cold and cough, that I cannot go to P\_\_\_\_ to-day as I had intended, for this is the day we were to have set apart for prayer, but I hope I shall join you in spirit, though I cannot get away as much as I would like. Dear \_\_\_\_ and I had a short chat last night. \_\_\_\_ had gone out, and \_\_\_\_ herself said she wanted to speak *seriously* a little. I assented with joy, and she began by saying that I was going too far, and that these things should be kept sacred in our own breast; in short, she said just what I should have said myself a very short time ago. Ah, how humble I ought to be when I think who has made me to differ, and how *grateful!* I was thinking, this morning, before I rose, what a different life we should lead if we had continually in our thoughts the wonderful, the glorious prospects we look forward to. Oh! if we would ever realise the hope set before us, of spending an

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eternity of happiness and glory, an eternity *with Jesus*, how we should patiently bear, nay, rejoice, in all the petty cares and disappointments we meet with in this wilderness, this bleak waste! Yes, it is bleak and cold when Jesus is unseen! But though unseen, he is not always *unfelt*. Sometimes, when I cannot get to pray to him, or to read his Book, I think about him, and that, some day, I shall at last see him face to face, and then my heart bounds and dances with sweet delight, and I feel as if nothing were too hard to bear for his sake; and then, oh! don't you long to bring everybody to him! Oh! how sorry I am for those who do not know Christ! I want you to pray much for \_\_\_\_\_. I do not know why, but I feel so much more earnest in pleading for her than almost any one, I have such a longing for her to be brought. Would it not be very delightful, after all her trials, to see her rejoicing at the feet of Jesus, a humble, *happy* follower of the meek and lowly Jesus? Her very trials give me a ground of hope, for I think they are just so many knocks at the door of her heart, as if Jesus were determined to be admitted...I can sympathise with dear E\_\_\_\_\_ about the angels, but I wish I could feel more with you about sin; for I don't hate sin enough! Does it not shew how devoid I am of all holiness, when I can bear about, without much *groaning*, such a body of sin? Oh! how Jesus must have loathed it!—how his pure, spotless nature must have shrunk from such pollution! And yet did he not bear our sins? J\_\_\_\_\_, I wish I could live to His glory. I wish I could go about, as He did, doing good, and spend my life in winning souls to him. I do hate myself when I think that I never do anything for Christ. I might blush when I think of you going about speaking words for Christ, shewing sinners a complete Saviour; and I, what do I do for him? I wish you would tell me what to do. Here is a new year beginning. I should like to spend it *all for Christ*. I sometimes think I would rather wait a little longer on earth if I might be made the means of winning

souls to Him, than even to die now and go to Himself. Lately I have been so *sure* of God's love, I cannot think of him but as "love," and it is not so much Jesus as God the Father! It is so sweet to say, *my Father!* It is curious, the different things which come into my mind. You know that it is Jesus who gives confidence to the sinner in approaching God. Well, I had some time ago such delightful convictions of the love of God Himself. I was so persuaded that his name was love, that I thought it was dishonouring to him to plead so earnestly for anything, because that seemed as if he were unwilling to give it; and I *knew* that he was so very willing. I could not reconcile this; but then I thought—well, it is *because He is willing* that I do plead so earnestly with him. Sometimes I think I am ungrateful to Jesus in praying more to *my Father* than to him, and it is curious, though I pray most to God, it is always Jesus I *think of*, and long to be with in Heaven. But I must stop now and finish this to-morrow, for I want you to get it on New Year's Day."

"*Friday afternoon, P \_\_\_\_* ...My own beloved friend, I have just come to F \_\_\_\_ , where I found your letter. I have still such a bad cold, that even if there is church this evening I cannot go, but I shall try and get away at half-past six to plead with you all at our Father's throne. The subject is a very sweet one. How glad I am at what you say about *rejoicing in Christ alone!* I have done that much lately, and when I cannot see *my own* interest in him, I think, well, I must surely have come to him, else I don't think I could rejoice in him. Am I right in thinking that?"

'Oh that I had a heart to thank him! but, J\_\_\_\_, I have a wicked thought sometimes about God. I don't feel *satisfied* with him, till he saves *all I love*, as well as myself. Will you pray that this rebellious and wicked thought may be forgiven?"

I am sometimes ashamed of myself before God, but, oh! I have no sense of the *guilt* of sin...Thank you, dearest, for the chapters about the *sympathy of Jesus*. I shall read them often. I trust we shall all soon *rejoice together—all of us*; and let this be our prayer, that we may *all* be brought, ere another year be done. May Jesus bless you, and shew you his love. May he speak to your heart. Remember my beloved parents at five o'clock. Yours, affectionately."

These are specimens of her spiritual growth. How rapid it had been! How wondrously she had sprung up in stature, during these few months! How few among us have made the same amount of progress in the course of years! We seem to dream; she was awake. We loiter; she hastened onwards, with Jesus at her side, and the eternal glory in her eye.

## CHAPTER 6

### Progress in 1842-43

THOUGH all the true features of the new man came out at once, under the Spirit's hand, yet their development into prominence, and order, and expressiveness, was a thing of more gradual growth.

It is true that, in receiving the Lord Jesus as "our life," we pass at once "from death to life." We were crucified with him; we died with him; we were buried with him; we rose again with him; we went up with him, and are seated with him in heavenly places. It is not merely that we *ought* to die to sin, and live unto righteousness; but we *have died* to sin, and have been made "alive unto God" (Rom. 6:2-11); old things have passed away, all things are become new (2 Cor. 5:17). Such is the *new legal standing* into which we are brought. In believing on Him who died and rose again, we become so identified with him in his dying and rising, that, in God's sight, and in the eye of law, we are counted and treated as having actually ourselves died and risen.

Thus far our condition is not a gradual one; our standing in the sight of God is, from the moment we believed, complete, as to acceptance, for our identification with the Accepted One is complete. But progress in repentance, progress in holiness, progress in likeness to the Lord, is not a thing to be overlooked or swallowed up in the privilege of acceptance. Some, indeed, have so magnified a saint's standing and relationship to God, as to slight the importance of the inward work upon his soul. They have spoken of forgiveness, till they have actually trifled with sin. In their prayers they so give

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thanks for acceptance, as to make others suspect that they have ceased to feel themselves sinners, or that they think it unnecessary to confess sin before God.

Very different were the feelings of her whose life we are recording. Progress—*progress*—PROGRESS—this was her watchword. Forgetting the things behind, she reached forward to those before. Pervaded with a sense of the forgiving love of God, she bemoaned, night and day, the body of death which she carried about with her. An ever-deepening consciousness of sin was one of her characteristics.

But it is not for the purpose of marking *one* feature in her character that we have drawn together the following letters, written in 1842-43. Our object is to shew her progress in the various points in which we are to seek conformity to the image of the Perfect One. In aiming at this progress, she felt the necessity of being rooted and grounded in love. Thus she writes in August 1842:— "I wish you could write us a letter once a month, telling us of the love of Jesus. It is strange how difficult we find it to believe that love. I wish I could do as Jesus bids us, 'continue ye in my love;' but when I see myself so very full of sin, it seems impossible that God could love me; and hard thoughts of God come in to my mind at times, in spite of myself. I had been very unhappy before your letter came, struggling against sin, and unbelief, and coldness, and distance from God. But your letter has done me good, for I have been so full of joy, and have had a very sweet feeling of nearness to God lately. I liked much what you said about the gentleness and forgiving love of Jesus, and going to him in our coldest hours. What I want is to realise God's presence at all times, to live as seeing Him who is invisible. Oh! I wish you were here, that you might speak to me of Jesus...I hope you will come soon. We have no one to

speak to us as you do. How much we owe to you! You were the first who spoke to us of Jesus, the first who cared for our souls. How well I remember the first time you spoke to me! It was at the class. You said, Have you found peace?—are you happy? I said 'no,' then; but, oh! I can say 'yes,' now. I have a happiness which the world can neither give nor take away. It is strange what a difference I find in all my feelings;—one short year ago, all my happiness was confined to this world; now, this world is a wilderness, a place of sorrow and sin, hateful sin; and my happiness is all above, for Jesus is there. But I wish I loved him more, and lived more to his glory, and I wish I knew more of him. I seem to know less than I did at first."

In January of this year she thus expresses herself:—"I much wish that I were humble. I sometimes think it ought to make me humble to see how much pride I have, and then to reflect who is the creature that dares to say, I am proud,—I a poor, wretched, *very* sinful creature. I proud, and Jesus meek and lowly! I wish I could hate myself!...I really think I love him most when he is afflicting me. I sometimes have felt as if he were *beating* me, and that I was astonished that God should do it; then *restive*, and inclined to rebel; then got more and more resigned and subdued, till at last I felt convinced that it was the hand of love, and then I could rejoice...I think that Christ has been teaching me that I am *all self!* I have felt three sins to be very grievous lately, and these are, pride, selfishness, and unbelief. You will say, 'only three!' I know I have many more, but these I have seen most lately. I have been so convinced of unbelief, that I got quite frightened, and began to think I had no faith at all. Oh! how I have been trusting to my own strength! I tremble to think of it. No wonder that I have been burdened, when I have not been casting myself on Jesus, getting my strength from him. But he

has promised to give me all things, if I ask in his name, and I know that he will increase my faith. Oh! I cling to that with such joy! But there is one thing that I must ask you about, for I don't understand it; it is, that though at first I felt great distress at the conviction of my terrible unbelief, yet, after a while, I felt quite glad that I had seen it. It must be because I can now pray so earnestly, for more faith, whereas, when I thought I had it, I felt NO such need. All my prayer now is for faith; and I feel so very happy to think my prayer will be heard. I have much to say to you. Tell me when you are tired of complaints, and then I won't write any more. I always remember you and your people, and dear Kelso."

Without further introduction or comment, we now give extracts from the letters of these two years; they will be the best indications of progress. One or two are from Kelso, where she came on a second visit in the spring of 1842.

"*Kelso, March, 2, 1842.*—My own dear B\_\_\_\_, here I am once again in this sweet town. Oh that *you* were with me! My happiness is imperfect when I remember that you are not here to share it with me; yet our happiness will always be imperfect here below; when in the bright realms *above*, it will be perfect. To think that you and I shall stand *together* and see Jesus face to face! Only think of seeing HIM, the Beloved One! Does it not seem too glorious to be true? and yet it is true. The more glorious it is, it is the more like God."

"*Kelso, March 10, 1842.*—My own R\_\_\_\_, how glad I was to learn that you are happier! Jesus longs to make you happy. I think that you are likely to be much happier in your soul than I, because when we are surrounded by outward trials Jesus is far sweeter."

"*March* 11, 1842.—...Last night Mr. B. was speaking of the storms of this life, making us rejoice the more in the security of our Ark. How I wished for *you!* Let us praise Him, my beloved, that you and I are safe in this ark. How often I have rejoiced on your account, more even than on my own, I think! I am so happy to know that Jesus loves you, that He has washed you in His own blood, covered you with His own perfect righteousness, that He is sanctifying you by His Spirit—the Spirit that dwells in Himself—and that He will at last receive you to Himself, to dwell *for ever* with Him in His Father's house. If we oftener realised our glorious inheritance, how easily would all our light afflictions here be borne, nay, rejoiced in!—for 'we know, that if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him.' Do not let us wound our beloved Saviour by doubting his love. About Mr. Hay, J\_\_\_\_ says you should not meet him since \_\_\_\_ is so much against it. I am grieved about this, yet I think too it is a proof of the love of Jesus; for He seems, in thus removing every earthly prop, to wish to have you all to Himself, that you may find your *all* in Him. Still, my earthly heart is grieved that you should lose such a dear Christian guide, but I hope it may be only for a little time. Let us pray that, if it be for the glory of God, you may be permitted to meet him again. J\_\_\_\_ bids me ask if you are like the man in the parable *who sold all* and bought the pearl of great price. I am most grieved that you are not to write to Mrs. \_\_\_\_ again. What can be the reason for wishing you not to write to such a Christian? She will be *very* sorry about it. Does it not really seem as if God were taking away everything from us to give us Himself alone? And is not He enough?"

"*Saturday*...Pray much for me, dearest, that all my motives, in whatever I do, may be pure and holy. I have been praying, ever since I came here, that God would make me an instrument in his hands for promoting his glory whilst I am

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here, that I may be made useful, by his blessing, in bringing souls to Christ, that the worthless life which he has redeemed, may be spent in his service. Oh! join with me in this prayer!"

"April 1, 1842..."MY DARLING E\_\_\_\_,—I received your note this morning, and am grieved to hear that dear \_\_\_\_ is vexed about our letters; yet, after all, it may perhaps do good instead of harm, for she will see how anxious I am about their souls, and she cannot be angry at that. I asked our *reconciled Father* this morning, that it may work for good, that He would bless it to the souls of our beloved ones, and I feel *persuaded* He will hear my prayer. 'This is the confidence we have in him, if we know that he heareth us, we know that *we have* the petitions we desired of Him.' Let us copy the faith of Abraham, and, though our way seem dark, let us still trust in the *naked word* of a *faithful* God. Our loving Father may not *seem* to be answering our prayers, but they are all treasured up. Let us leave our prayers at his feet, and wait till he answer them, and, oh! I *know* that in his good time he *will* answer us. Let us, therefore, plead with him, my own beloved, that all our troubles may work together for our good and the glory of his own great name, knowing that our present light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and *eternal* weight of glory. Let us trust in the word of *Him who cannot lie*; and do not say you are not His...Abraham went out, 'not knowing whither he went;' let us do the same. We have left the world and its vanities; we seek a *letter country*, that is, an heavenly; but we, like Abraham, must trust in God, though our way be so full of troubles, so dark that we do not know where we are going. That *we* do not see the way, makes no difference in God's faithful promise, 'they shall *never* perish.' God knows the way, and He has promised to lead us and guide us *continually*. The way was all dark to Abraham, but he went

on as patiently as if it had been all light, trusting simply on the pledged word of Him who is the God of truth."

"J\_\_\_\_ sends this message to you: 'Best your whole soul on the arm of the Beloved, and you can never be lost. You have the promise of Him who cannot lie. Lay your head on the bosom of Jesus when it is aching with the sorrows and reproaches of this valley of Baca. It is a peaceful bosom, and will impart to you its own peace.'"

"P\_\_\_\_, *April 20, 1842...*"MY BELOVED J\_\_\_\_, I arrived here quite safely last night. I got very sick and faint after we had gone a few miles, but it went off again, and I was quite well all the rest of the way. God was careful of his child, though so undeserving of any of his love. Oh! what a God we have! I wish I could dive deeper into the ocean of his love. Oh! praise the Lord with me, my beloved! let us exalt his name together! feel in a strange way to-day. I feel as if God were so near, and yet I cannot come to Him. I cannot lay hold on Him. What a blessed life it must be to live very near to God, if *one moment* of communion with Him, one *felt* feeling of his glorious presence, is so full of the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory! I wish I lived nearer Him; but I am so cold, and so unbelieving, that if I don't get the answer to my prayer soon, I have not faith to plead and plead again till I prevail. It is now nearly four o'clock, and dear A\_\_\_\_ will be setting off to the class. Tell her I shall remember her, and that I hope she will think of me when she is walking up to it solitary. I had an aching heart yesterday when I looked at you for the last time—oh how desolate I felt! But, J\_\_\_\_, we shall never take *a last look* when we get to our *eternal home*. We shall meet in heaven, my beloved, and *Jesus* will be with us, and will wipe away all tears from our eyes. We shall then be both

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perfectly *holy*, we shall love each other with a holy love. O to be holy, to be emptied of self, hateful self!"

"Dearest R\_\_\_\_ was at the coach waiting for me; it was very sweet to meet her again; she, too, is precious in the sight of Jesus, for she is washed in his blood...It makes me sick to speak of my vile self—let us rather speak of Jesus, of our Beloved; yet what can I say? I have no words, glowing, burning enough, in which to speak to you of Him who is fairer than the sons of men. Oh for a beam from the Sun of Righteousness to enlighten and warm into life my dark, cold soul! Do you remember the two chapters we read together on Monday? I think He was with us that day. Do not forget next Monday at half-past two. We are then to read together again. Let us ask Jesus to be with us both, and the loving Spirit to take of the things of Christ, and shew them to our souls. I shall remember you and your scholars to-night at five."

"R. was telling me this morning about her district. I wish I were better, that I might go about with her, and try to do some good in this place; but I am in God's hands; He will make me well in His own time. Pray for me, that sickness may make me cling closer to Jesus. O that I felt *His* absence more, and that my heart were as sorrowful on account of sin as it is because I cannot see *you!* Tell me when you write if you are *rejoicing*. I think you were when I left you. You seemed to feel Jesus near. Tell me if He still gladdens your heart with His presence."

"*27th.*—Ask God to forgive my sinful fears, and to give me more submission to His will. I am grieved and ashamed when I think how unwilling I am to suffer illness when it is He who sends it; and how little He sends! How gently He deals with me, ungrateful worm that I am! I am still in a weak state; but

I think I shall get strength soon. Did you meet me at half-past two? I was at \_\_\_\_'s that day, and was afraid I should not be able to meet you; but I did, for it was curious that he and M\_\_\_\_ went out to walk at the very hour, and left me alone! I read our two chapters, and passed a very sweet half-hour."

"We had not time in Kelso to fix what we are to read together every Monday; I think, if you like, it would be nice to read Acts together, for I have not read it much, and I remember you saying there was a great deal of the gospel in it. Tell me if you would like it, or else fix any other part of our precious volume you like better, and let us read a chapter next Monday, at the same hour, and we can speak about it in our letters. I think we should have a short prayer before we begin to read, and ask that Jesus may be with us both. I wish, my beloved, you would ask for me a prayerful spirit, for I feel as if my heart could not pray—as if my prayers were shut out. I wonder when I shall get out of this dark, troubled state! Dear R. and I had a meeting on Sabbath. We remembered the school, and particularly you and your girls. Often the only happy time I have at prayer is, when praying for Kelso, and in asking Jesus to bless my beloved friend. E. and I were at *her district* on Saturday, and we spoke to *all* the people; but, oh! they seem very indifferent! One woman is just like your Grizzy, she assents to all you say, but it has not reached the heart yet, I fear."

"*April 30.*—R. has just come in from visiting her families; I \_\_\_\_ C\_\_\_\_ was with her. She told us all about her father, whom she seems to think much changed. He told her that his illness had been blest to him; is not that delightful? She reads a great deal to him, and he seems to like it very much. We must remember him in our prayers. Does it not seem strange that, when all my prayers of late have been that I might be

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enabled to be of use, God has laid me entirely aside, so that I can do nothing to promote His glory? Will you pray for me that He would sanctify all my troubles to me? I have a great deal to say to you, and a great longing to talk to you about Jesus, that name that sounds so sweet in a believer's ear; but I have already written too much, for I feel my back painful."

"*May 9th...*I remembered you yesterday, dearest, at your Communion, as you told me, and I hope my prayers were answered, and that you were happy, leaning on the bosom of your Beloved. It is a wonderful restingplace for a *sinner*, the bosom of the *holy* Jesus. Did you say, 'My Lord and my God'? My own beloved Lord!—oh! if seeing Him through a glass darkly is so infinitely blessed, so sweet, so very, very sweet, how shall we feel when we see Him face to face! The *man* Christ Jesus, the Man of Sorrows! O that I could love Him even a little!—but I would not be satisfied even with that; I want to love Him *much*, to love Him as He ought to be loved; *that* we shall not be able to do *till we are like Him*, when we see Him as He is. How we should long to bring others to this precious Saviour! I wish I could pray more earnestly and more believingly for others; but I have a cold, hard heart. I am sometimes tempted to doubt if even Christ can melt it. Pray for me, that I may have more love for the souls of others, and that I may continue to plead and pray for them, though I seem to get no answer to my petitions. I seldom feel as if there were any reality in spiritual things, unless I am alone in prayer to God. I feel exactly the opposite of what I did in Kelso; there I felt more *in the Spirit* in church, or with others, than when alone; whilst here, I come home hungering and thirsting for heavenly food, and never get better till I am alone with my long-suffering God. I am sure He is wonderfully forbearing with me! How I resist and grieve His Holy Spirit, and return all His love with ingratitude and sin!"

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"P\_\_\_\_, *May 23, 1842*...I have just been meeting you at the throne of grace, where I had much delight in pleading for great blessings for *you* and all in my native town. It is very sweet to pray for Kelso, to ask God to bring souls there to Himself, and to bless His own sheep. Tell dear Mrs. H\_\_\_\_, with my warm love, that I never forget her. I wish I could meet with you at her house to-morrow."

"I have had another attack of illness since I wrote to you. I am now, however, quite well, which I am almost sorry for—I was so very happy during my illness. Pray that I may come out of the furnace purified seven times. I am in great fear that my frequent illnesses are not sanctified to me."

"I have been very happy lately by seeing the freeness, the fulness of Christ to every one. I put in my claim as a guilty sinner, and I *know* He will not cast me out. How sweet He is! He is *altogether* lovely; *and He is mine!* Wonderful! Well may I say, *Why me, Lord? why me?* But we are always reminded that this is but the wilderness after all: there is no *perfect* bliss here."

"*Edinburgh, May 27, 1842*...I have so many things to speak to you about, that I hardly know where to begin; indeed I don't think I should write at all to-night; for I am so cold and lifeless, that I am afraid I shall infect you. When I found that I could not get to town to meet them all, I went and asked *Jesus* to be with them, and I think I never had so much sweetness in pleading for His presence before. I felt so *sure* that He was listening to me, and that He would answer my prayer; and I think He did, for I think K. got a blessing. How completely I enter into your feelings, in longing to have more *substantial*, more tangible views of Christ! I feel as if I had

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just *a little bit of Him*, and that little makes me long to know more of Him; to see more of His glory, His sinless beauty. Our holy Jesus! our lovely, lovely Saviour, why is my heart so narrow, so cold, that I can see or feel nothing of His preciousness! I remembered your petition, my beloved, and shall continue to plead it for you; but I often feel, in praying for you, that my views of heavenly things are so low and earthly, that I do not know what to ask for you, so that I tell Jesus that, and ask Him to give you all the blessings that are treasured up in Him, to fill you with His own fulness."

"Do you expect to go soon to London? I wish we might travel through the wilderness *together*, leaning on our Beloved, and *ever* speaking of Him. Oh! how much I cling to my own will yet, even when I know that His will is that alone which can make me happy! He sees what is best for me, and how, and in what situation, I can best promote His glory; and should not that be enough for me? I want now to speak to you about that part of your dear letter where you say you are afraid lest you should hinder the blessing to any of your pupils by pride or negligence. Now, my beloved J\_\_\_\_, if *you* feel afraid, how much more reason have I to tremble! *My* unfaithfulness is fearful; but, J\_\_\_\_, do you really think that will hinder God blessing any soul? Is there *the least chance* that I may come between any loved soul and salvation? Tell me about this in your next letter, for it has made me very unhappy."

"*Edinburgh, June 4, 1842*...I am confined to the house to-day with a cold, and I want to have a talk with my sister about Jesus, our beloved Lord. O that I could speak of Him! I have been a great backslider of late, I think; I have not lived near God or to His glory; the world seems creeping into my heart again. Is it not sad to think that any idol should fill a heart that has known Jesus, that has tasted that the Lord is

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gracious? I wish that, in *every* letter, you would tell me if you are happy in the love of Him who is altogether lovely, or if you are like Mary, who wept because they had taken away her Lord, and she knew not where they had laid Him."

"This morning, *at ten*, I had a strangely mixed time. At first I could do nothing but grope in the dark; my heart was sad and heavy, for God hid his face; but in one moment the veil seemed to be taken away, and my God smiled upon me, and I could feel that he was near. Oh, the bliss of that moment! I felt such delight in asking Him to look on me in Jesus, not to look at me at all, except in his beloved Son; for then, and only then, he can say, 'Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.' It is blessed, when you feel *very vile*, to hide in Jesus, and though still as vile as ever in yourself, to say, 'Abba, Father!' Don't you often feel disposed, when you have got hold of Jesus again, to say with the Bride in the Song, 'I hold thee, and will not let thee go'? In reading our chapter, the only part I could dwell on at the time was, 'this same Jesus.' It seemed so sweet to think that it is the same Jesus who was so lovely, so loving, so gentle, so full of sympathy on earth, who is now in heaven, 'the Friend of sinners,' pleading for them at God's right hand; that it is the same sweet voice that on earth said to the troubled sea, 'Peace, be still,' that now in heaven says, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.'"

"If you like, you may fix another day besides Monday, and we can read two chapters a week; the oftener we meet the better. I wish I were always 'In the Spirit.' Dear E. is to write you very soon. She is not strong at present; but I hope Summer will revive her. I wish she had more joy in believing. She never gets quite rid of her doubts, which is strange, for I, should have thought she would be so confiding. I had a long walk with Mr. Hay on Monday.[8] It is refreshing to meet a

Christian like him. We were at tea at Miss R\_\_\_\_ ; I like her exceedingly; but how can one help liking one who is washed in the blood of the Lamb, and sanctified by the loving Spirit? It is now nearly five o'clock, so I must go and plead with you at our Father's footstool. Oh for a spirit of prayer! My precious friend, farewell for a little! May Jesus be with you now and ever.—Your own "M\_\_\_\_."

"P\_\_\_\_, *Wednesday, June 4, 1842*...One would think we could never forget Jesus, yet how continually we do! At least I know I do. I have been thinking a great deal lately of being able to realise his presence *at all times*. I feel that I should be such a different being if I were to remember that his holy eye is ever upon me. How it would banish worldly, vain thoughts! I don't know if you feel this, but I find it so much easier to recognise God's presence in prayer, or in reading the Bible, than at other times throughout the day. I have been praying much lately for this continual dwelling, as it were, in Jesus' presence, and I want you, my beloved, to ask this for me at our ten o'clock meeting..."

"I am expecting my dear R. every minute. I wish she would come, for it is very lonely for me to be without her. How I love her! More than ever, now that she is a follower of the Lamb. She and I have many a sweet talk together, and at such times we always long to be *at home*. When are *we three* to have a meeting again, I wonder? To-morrow is my birthday, the first I have had since I knew the Lord, the meek and lowly Jesus. I should like it to be a day of much prayer and humiliation. Oh, to think that I have turned a deaf ear for so many years to the sweet voice of my Saviour! I am the very chief of sinners. I shall never cease wondering why vile I was chosen, and others, O how much more worthy, left! You

must remember me to-morrow, and pray that I may be *truly* humbled."

"P\_\_\_\_, June 15, 1842...I cannot tell you with what delight I received your dear letter this morning. The moment I had read it, I longed to go and answer it, to tell you all my heart; but I went first to plead for a blessing upon you, at the throne of grace. Do write again immediately, and tell me if you have again found joy and peace in believing. I am *sure* you have, for I had such delight in praying for every blessing upon you this morning, that I know God heard me, and will answer my prayer. wish I could tell you that I am still in the happy frame I was in when I wrote to you last; for I have had such a week of distance from God! Is it not a comfort to think that God's love does not change as we do? He is *the same*. He looks on His sinful children in the face of His beloved Son, and we are all fair in His eyes. Wonderful love! God loves with an untiring love; but I wish that the contemplation of this love would melt my hard stone of a heart, and make me cease from wounding Him by sin. I have seen myself very vile this last week; I have often groaned under the load of corruption in my truly desperately wicked heart. How this should make us prize Jesus, whose blood washes all this vile sin away! Would that we could always praise! I am very glad that the texts I sent were blessed to you. O that Jesus would give me every word I ever write to you! I asked Him this morning that He would teach me to write, and would bless His own words to you."

"I hope you meet me at five? It is a *beloved hour*. I wish I prized it more. It is curious that E\_\_\_\_ and I should have felt so much the same lately with regard to P\_\_\_\_ and M\_\_\_\_. We often think the Spirit is striving with \_\_\_\_\_. O that He would enable her to drive out His enemy and her own sin and let Jesus into her heart! I often think of how much she would

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love Him. I think love would dwell much in her heart. She is so like a follower of the Lamb now; what would she be if she knew Jesus, and loved Him from her heart? K. and I read a chapter to her and aunt every night before going to bed; and when aunt goes up-stairs, my darling M\_\_\_\_, with a kind of anxious, sweet look that she often has, says, 'I think we had better read a Psalm now.' How I love her when she says that! Don't you think it is a good sign if she is hungering for the Word! She is very fond of the Psalms, she thinks them so earnest. I have more hope in pleading for her than for \_\_\_\_\_ at present, for she seems as if she had been in some degree awakened; at least she seems to have a feeling, as if it were in spite of herself, *that all is not right*. Now, I don't think my darling \_\_\_\_\_ feels that at all; but with God nothing is impossible, and I am trying to hope against hope. We can but lay our prayers at the feet of Jesus, and we know, that 'whatsoever we ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive.' I was struck with what you said about going to God *downcast*, expecting and feeling that you deserved his frown, and yet getting his smile: it is what I have often felt, and I think nothing ever humbles me so much; yet it is strange, that notwithstanding all the cause I have to be humble, I am still proud! I am sometimes *ashamed* to confess my pride to God, it is so hateful; but, my own J\_\_\_\_, I must be thinking now of concluding, and yet I have so much to say to you. What a letter to send! I wanted to make it all about Jesus; but I can't speak of Him. I have lived far from Him lately, yet not too far for His arm to bring me back, or for His voice to say, 'Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.' Don't you often wonder to think what *the voice of Jesus* must be? On earth they wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth—what must it be in heaven! Fancy that voice saying to *you* (and how I rejoice to know that it will!), 'Come unto me.' I wish I could live more amid these unseen joys, that this

earth might fade from my heart. Will you pray for me, dearest, that I may live nearer God than I have ever done?—for I feel the world creeping into my heart; yet I trust I am grateful for this, that I find its pleasures *very* poor, after having tasted the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory."

"*July 6, 1842...*I wonder if we are ever to meet again to have a talk about Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood. O that I loved Him more! or even a little, for I sometimes fear I have no love to Him at all. I have been longing to get *a beloved letter from* you lately, to help and quicken my lifeless soul, for I think I have been declining in the life of God. I wish I could live *always* near God. It has been my prayer for a long time that I might continually feel that He was near to me, that I might live as seeing 'Him who is invisible.' It is strange the difficulty I feel in doing this. I sometimes think that I am an *infidel* half the day. If I really believed that a holy God was ever watching over me, what a different being I should be! O for the perfect love which casteth out fear! I feel it difficult to believe that God can love me, I am so desperately wicked, so awfully unholy; but then, the thought of my Surety, the Lord *my righteousness*, makes me rejoice, though often with trembling; for my faith is weak; but He says, 'to them that have *no might*, he increaseth strength.' What might we not get if our faith was strong! I was very wretched the other morning at prayer. I had gone with great reluctance, for I felt so utterly *dead*, that it seemed impossible I could ever be quickened. Well, the thought came into my mind, that although I was so cold, yet it was not for *my* sake, but for the sake of Jesus, His beloved Son, that God heard me. But oh! J\_\_\_\_, in place of that filling me with joy and confidence in pleading this all-prevailing name, I felt actually *unwilling* to be indebted for all to Jesus! My heart is worse than I ever conceived it possible that any heart could

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be! To think that after all the love of Jesus to such a vile worm, I should rebel at being nothing that *He* might be all! Pray for me, that my proud heart may be humbled. It were enough, one would think, to make me humble, to know that I am proud."

"*Thursday.*—I have very little, if any, life in me at present; but *Jesus is my life*; yet though I know that He is so, how little do I feel upon it! find it is so difficult to cling to Jesus, when I see myself so entirely empty; but that is the very reason I should cling to him the closer. You say, 'Is it not sweet to be nothing, that he may be all in all?' I trust I am beginning to feel more sweetness in that now. It is strange you should have said that when I had just been writing to you how differently I had been feeling on that very subject; but I hope that I *wish* to feel as you do, and that Jesus will enable me. He *will* bend and bring low my proud heart. When I think of *Jesus, my own* precious Saviour, I am willing, oh! more than willing,—I am *rejoiced* that He should be all, and I less than nothing. I cannot tell you the *litter* feeling I have, when I think that even for one moment I should so dishonour Him. I am grieved, my beloved, that you still complain of languor and deadness. I cannot bear to think that you are ever anything but *rejoicing*; but, you say, it makes Jesus the more precious, and I think if you feel that, you will soon be happy. *All* our happiness must come from Him. I am always happiest when I see and feel that He is lovely. I always remember you in my prayers, and seldom kneel at any time without mentioning your beloved name; but I fear I often do it very coldly. I have a very unloving heart; but then I comfort myself by remembering that it is for the sake of his beloved Son that God hears my prayers, and that, pleading *His* name, He will hear me, though I am ever so cold."

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"July 12, 1842...Are you not wearying of the wilderness, where you cannot love Jesus as you would long to do? I am so sorrowful when I think that it is always a struggle, a *fight* to keep my heart in the love of my God, to get my whole affections and thoughts fixed on Him who is so worthy, so infinitely worthy of our love. It is painful to be so earthly—so carnal. I feel so completely that earth is my native atmosphere; it is another nature to me to be spiritual. O for the time when the atmosphere of heaven will be my native air!—when this vile body of sin will be a glorious body, when I shall love Jesus without effort, without sin! Is it really true? But perhaps I have a long life in the wilderness before me ere I stand *faultless* before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy; and O that I could spend that life, that life which He has redeemed, to His glory! What can I do to glorify Jesus? I am so terribly useless! Do you think Jesus will not use me as an instrument in promoting His glory? I sometimes fear it, and it grieves me very much; yet, my beloved friend, Jesus knows that the glory would be His. It would indeed be an unspeakable honour to be the means, under Him, of bringing even one sinner to Him; but I would still be only the instrument. Oh that I were a more willing one! Will you ask this for me, for there are many whom I long to be brought? I have been alone here all day, and I have been trying to be all day with Jesus; but still my soul cleaves to the dust; I need the loving Spirit to quicken me. Do you ever *pray to the Spirit*? I generally ask God to send Him upon me; but to-day I prayed to the Spirit himself, and I felt it so sweet to ask Him to tell me about Jesus, *all about Jesus*; to reveal Him to me, to shew me His sweetness, His beauty, the freeness and the fulness of His work. How ignorant I feel myself to be at prayer! I never know what to ask for; but the Spirit has promised to help our infirmities, and Jesus tells us He can have compassion on the ignorant."

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"My greatest difficulty, and a great sorrow I feel it to be, is what I have often complained to you about, namely, *the different persons in the Godhead*. You will perhaps tell me not to be troubled about that; but *I can't help it*; and I am the more troubled that I cannot quite explain to any one what I mean. I wonder if any one ever felt so strangely as I do. I feel, when praying to Jesus, as if I wronged the Father, and did not care for His love; and then, when all my delight (as it often is) is to say, 'Abba, Father,' I am miserable by thinking that I don't love Jesus! What should I do?[9] I try to tell God, but I scarcely know how; but this thought often gives me comfort, *God knows all about it*. Still, I have had it a long time now. I shall remember you all at your approaching communion; I hope you will find Jesus sweet on that day. May you lean upon His bosom, as the beloved disciple did. What a happy resting-place! There are not horns there. O that I knew more of its bliss! When there, you have the peace which passeth all understanding; to be there is joy unspeakable, and full of glory. How lightly should all the sorrows of this life fall upon one who has found this sure, this sweet resting-place! Does it not seem as if *nothing* should ever make us sorrowful again, save the thought of piercing *this bosom on which we lean*? How continually I do that! If it depended on my thinking one holy thought, speaking *one* holy word, or doing *one* holy act, I could never see that face that was marred more than any man's, or lean for one moment on that bosom of love; but I rejoice to know that it does not depend on me; it is *all free* love, and for *sinner*s. I want to love Jesus, and I cannot! what shall I do? O that I were *holy*, that even here I could love Him a little! I fear, my beloved, that I have written a very egotistical letter, and yet I meant it to be all about Jesus; but I can never speak of His love without telling you that I long to love Him."

"July 28, 1842..." I don't think I ought to write to you to-day, for I am so cold; I am sure to freeze you. I don't think any one ever had such a hard heart, or such a dead soul as I have. Nothing ever seems to melt me: a sight of Jesus would; a single glance of Him who hung on the cross for vile sinners like me, would melt the ice; but I cannot see him; I cannot feel his love. Oh! if I could only lie at his feet, and weep tears like those shed by Mary Magdalene, how blessed, how happy should I be! But I cannot shed a tear; I feel as I could never weep again. I wonder what is the matter with me, for I was so *very* happy lately, and had such delight in prayer, and now I have none. O that you were here to pray with me! We have often rejoiced in God, in the smiles of our Father's face *together*; and now, I wish you were here, that you might speak to me of Jesus, till my whole soul melted. I am very unhappy, for I feel as if I did not care for Him, and as if He did not care for me, and yet I have been telling Him all this morning that I *cannot* be happy without Him, that *I will not let Him go* except he bless me; but I cannot find Him; my soul is quite dead. Surely Satan must be tempting me, and making me think hard thoughts of God! I hope *you* are happy? I remembered your petition yesterday, and hope you could wash the feet of Jesus with your tears. I think I would rather have Mary's place than *John's* to-day; anywhere near Jesus would be ecstasy. O that I could find Him! I would not let him go. What a hateful thing sin is! It is a bitter thing, for it makes God hide his face; it pierces the loving bosom on which we lean. O to be *holy!* It is, indeed, blessed, my beloved, to think that we have a *holy* home awaiting us. I wish I were there, for there is so little of God here, so little Holiness."

"May you be *much* blest at this Communion. May you weep with Mary Magdalene, whilst you lean with the beloved disciple on the gentle, loving, holy bosom of your own Jesus; may you say, with Thomas, 'My Lord and my God.' How I envy you going to a communion table! I long very much to go again, for it is long since I have been; perhaps I should find Jesus there."

"My loving Father, you see, never forgets me, though I am so often forgetting Him. I wish I never forgot Him, that I were *always* full of love to Him, *always* delighting in Him, *always* lived to His glory, *always felt Him near*. I wish it were always *summer!* I don't like when it is *winter* in the soul. Yet this serves to remind us that this is not our home; it is indeed 'polluted.' We must 'come up from the wilderness, leaning upon our Beloved.' Don't you wish you always felt that you are really a pilgrim? When shall pilgrim days be over, and all Zion's travellers be home? You ask me what you are to plead for me; plead for *forgiveness* for a cold, icy heart; plead for a heart *broken for sin*, and FULL of love to Jesus, and to those for whom He died. Plead that I may always realise His presence, that I may live as seeing Him who is invisible; plead that *everything, whatever it is*, that comes between my soul and God may be removed; plead for holiness, plead for the Spirit, plead for gratitude for a 'love which passeth knowledge;' plead for more love to poor sinners who know not God; plead for more love to God's dear children, and that I may be more like them. Will you remember all these petitions? How many wants we have! We are very poor beggars; but Jesus is rich, and loves to give. I feel that He is far more willing to give than I am to receive. How strange it is that I am not willing to be blest!"

"I want you to remember M \_\_\_\_ and me at eleven in the morning; for after I have met you at ten, I pray and read with her for half an hour. Pray for me that God would teach me to teach her. —Your own attached M\_\_\_\_."

*"August 1842...MY BELOVED FBIEND, —O that you were here to speak to me of Jesus! I read your precious letters, which are so full of Him, over and over again; but I can only weep, because He is not to me what He is to you. I wish that I felt Him as near and loved Him as you do. Does it not make you long to be with Him, done with sin and sorrow, and distance from Him, and to see Him as He is? Here, the moment *you* get hold of Him, almost before you feel that He is near, you lose sight of Him again; but *there* He will never be hidden."*

"I am so glad that you were happy at your Communion; you could not help being happy, for you got near Jesus. I don't know what has come over me, but I *cannot* write to you today. I think it is because I have so much to say, that I cannot say anything. I am in a strange state at present. I am sometimes so joyful and happy, that the very thought of Jesus makes my heart swell; and then, again, nothing seems ever to move me. What distresses me is my worldly-mindedness, that I cannot always realise heavenly things, or always feel God near. Everything on this earth is so dull, so tasteless, after tasting spiritual joys; and yet my heart cleaves to it in spite of me; and then, all I do is so polluted by sin. Oh! J\_\_\_\_, to think that a *holy* God sees my evil heart, and yet He does not hate me! I wish I knew something about God. I seem to know less every day. Is it not strange? Do *you* find that you grow in the knowledge of God? Is it not wonderful to think, that although He is so glorious in holiness, so perfect, so pure, so spotless, yet a vile sinner, laden with

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iniquity, may go to Him, to this glorious being, and call Him '*Abba, Father!*' O the unutterable sweetness of that name!"

"May Jesus bless you and make you joyful in Himself. May you rejoice in the Lord *always!* I am so happy and joyful when I think that you are His—that my own beloved is safe in the fold of the Good Shepherd, hidden in the clefts of the Rock, so that no storm can ever come near her! Oh to think that you shall *never* now be separated from Jesus! 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;' and even then He will be with you: 'when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;' *but I trust, my beloved, I shall pass the waters first.*"

"Am I ever to be done? I grieve to send you such a letter, with so little of Jesus in it; but you must forgive me: I cannot speak of Him, for I have an earthly tongue. Write soon to your unworthy but attached M\_\_\_\_."

"*P\_\_\_\_, September 5, 1842...*"MY OWN BELOVED ONE,—It was curious that you should have been thinking of that verse with me; but I was much struck with the different ways in which we had looked on it. In thinking of 'holiness to the Lord,' all your thoughts went to Jesus, while mine, as usual, went to my own vile self. For nearly a fortnight I could not realise the presence of God, or feel Him near, though I often cried to Him with *very* bitter tears. He seemed as far away as ever; but this morning *I found Him again.* I felt Him near, and my tears were sweet! Praise Him for it, dearest, with me; and ask that I may not again lose sight of Him. It is strange, when I cannot realise that God is near, I cannot pray for *you*; but whenever He blesses my own soul, then my heart *hastens* to ask blessings for my beloved friend, and I find it very sweet to plead for you. I want you to pray just

now for a dying young man, the brother of our neighbour's servant. He is dying, and, I much fear, unchanged. How calmly we can talk of these things! How little have I of the faith which is the evidence of things not seen! I cannot realise or feel his awful situation as I ought. B. and I have been praying for him, and sending him some tracts; O that they may be blest!...I have seen our Queen several times. She has much to draw her heart away from God. I fear I do pray too formally for her. Let us agree to plead together more with our hearts for her and for all dear to her."

*"September 20, 1842...I long to be free from sin; oh! it is loathsome, and yet I do not see it at all as I ought. But I must not trouble you with speaking of my sinful self; I want to speak to you of God, of our own sinless Saviour, but I cannot do it. O that I had you here to speak to! I long very much for you now; it will be so very sweet to speak with you of Jesus as we have so often done, and tell you all my sorrows. I sometimes wonder when I am to get right again, and get one sweet glimpse of Jesus. My soul has been so dark, and sorrowful, and heavy, for so long a time now. There seems a weight on my heart, and a veil over my eyes. I was happier a little while ago; but now I am as much cast down as ever. I long to begin the school; surely I shall find Jesus when speaking to little children of Him. In heaven He will never be away, or hid even for one moment. What if I should never get there? I am so very unbelieving, so unlike a child of God. You told me, in your dear letter, to go and weep with Mary at His sepulchre; it is strange that I had just been reading that very chapter! I could find no relief in any way, and at last I thought of the sweet chapter we have so often read together; but I could only weep, because I could not find Him. Yet you say He is always near. Do you know Satan sometimes tempts me to disbelieve His existence altogether! Is it not fearful?"*

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Oh! it is great agony! Do you think a child of God could ever have such a dreadful temptation? R. and I are quite solitary just now, and we have a great many very sweet *meetings* and readings together, and at such times we always remember our most beloved J\_\_\_\_, and my sweet native town. And now farewell. May your own precious Saviour bless you now and always. Your own loving M."

"P\_\_\_\_, October 6, 1842...I must tell you about our school, for that is certainly a great deal in my thoughts at present; and I know how much you will love to hear how we are getting on. Well, Tuesday was the first day, and B. and I opened it ourselves, as we did not like to ask any one in Mr. B\_\_\_\_'s place. I had fourteen little ones, and E. five big ones. We sung 'The Lord's my Shepherd'—as we had not got the other tune,—and then we prayed, and then divided our classes, and in about an hour we again assembled, and read a little bit of '*Glory*,' then a prayer, and they went away—and so ended our first day of school. E. and I sat down together at the fire after they were all away, for a long time, neither of us *quite* sure whether we ought to be pleased or disappointed. But, on the whole, we settled that we ought to be pleased, for, though they did not listen to us when we told them of Jesus the Good Shepherd with as much interest as we at first expected they would, still, they behaved very well, and were not at all noisy. We went a good while before the hour to get the forms placed, and the books in order; and when the first girl entered the room, and took her place, you would have been amused at the look, half *sheepish*, half *triumphant*, which E. and I gave to each other. To-day we were so amused;—one big girl came with the others, whom we had never seen before, and sat down very quietly beside E.'s class—and two little ones to T\_\_\_\_'s, and one to mine—and

when we asked them who they were, and who sent them, they told their names, and said their mothers sent them!"

"This is rather encouraging. One of mine is called Jeanie Deans! There is one of my class a perfect delight; I never saw such a sweet child in my life: she is lame, poor little thing! and she sits on a chair beside me as quiet as a little mouse. She is only five, and she can already say all the letters! Oh! I love to talk to her of Jesus; she is just like one of His lambs. I am so grieved that she is only to be with us for a few weeks. She lives in Edinburgh. I want you to remember her particularly in your prayers, dearest, and O pray that I may get words to speak to her!..."

"I am very, very sad and sorrowful; and yet, for all the terror I often feel at prayer, I am restless till I can get alone, and to my knees. Is not that strange, when very often I can do nothing but weep? I wish, my beloved, you would tell me what to do, for you have no idea of the misery I suffer. I think it is Satan tempting me to doubt if there is a God at all! Surely I am not believing him! Will you ask God to search my heart, and shew me my sins? for it must be my sins that make Him hide His face. 'He does not afflict *willingly*.' Oh, no; it is all my own vile self; but I want to know more of my own heart, that I may humble myself under His hand. O pray also that Jesus may reveal Himself to me as a Saviour, to save me from my sins, and that His chastenings may make me more holy, more humble, and more loving. It is getting late, so I must finish this letter; and, long as it is, I grieve to think that there is so little of Jesus in it. But I can't write of Him now, for I am quite cold and dead; and yet 'He is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.' He is our own precious and altogether lovely Saviour. Why do I alone see no beauty in Him, that I should desire Him? I want to say, with Peter,

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'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love Thee.' I sometimes think I do love Him a little. Surely Satan must be trying to pull me away from Him. Do you think so? If it is he—oh! he takes a *desperate* pull; but Jesus is stronger. I *must* trust myself to Him, and try not to fear."

"*November 4, 1842...*What a sweet season this has been at St Luke's!

I think many of God's children must have feasted on Sabbath. All I felt was a hard, unbelieving heart, and a body of sin. At the table we had a very beautiful address from Mr. Andrew Bonar from Revelation, 'Him that overcometh, I will make a pillar in the temple of my God,' &c. He said, 'It is sweet to have a father and an elder brother; we like to have a father and an elder brother; but nothing gives us such perfect bliss as to be able to say, *My God!*' On Monday I got most. Our own Mr. Bonar preached from this verse, 'As my Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love.' My whole heart was melted, in spite of sin and my cruel enemy Satan. What delighted me was the *unchangeableness* of Christ's love; and that, though our love gets cold, His never does; and though we are so unworthy, He still loves us;—and we are to 'continue in this love.' When we leave the table, we are not to go from His love; His parting address to His people, is to *continue* in His love. I liked when he said that, for I so often feel as if I did really leave Jesus in the church;—it is so difficult to feel His presence in the midst of a cold world that hates Him. My beloved J\_\_\_\_, to think that we shall dwell in this love during the long ages of eternity! I wonder we don't sooner weary of this wilderness. We had a very solemn meeting on the Sabbath evening. Mr Burns preached one of his awakening sermons, and then said that he would remain to pray with any who wished it, after the rest went away. He

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did so, and O how he prayed and spoke! His whole soul seemed to be yearning over sinners. He could not let us away, and again he said he would remain a little longer. We remained to the end, and I am very glad we did; it was just like Jacob wrestling with God. There were several awakened that night, I believe. When are you coming in? How I weary to see you! I have such a longing desire to kneel once more together at our Father's throne. We have often been blest when there together. But I feel that I must not long too much for any earthly blessing. I have too much self-will."

"P\_\_\_\_, November 23, 1842..."MY OWN BELOVED J\_\_\_\_,—I have often felt what you mention about telling God to look on His beloved Son. I sometimes feel so ashamed of myself, that it is a great delight to say, 'See God my shield.' Don't you often feel ashamed of doubting God's love? It is unmerited, entirely undeserved by us, and yet it is still so true that God *does* love us with such a wonderful love, that often I can only weep when I think of it. O for a heart to praise Him, and *never* to grieve Him by doubting such a heart of infinite love!"

"I can feel with you, my beloved *sister*, when you complain of a hard, unbelieving heart. I think I never felt my heart so hard as it has been lately. I am often astonished that *nothing* ever melts it. What I feel most just now is want of love to souls. I loved them far more at first. Is not that strange? Surely I am living very, very far away from God, otherwise I *must* by this time have got a little of His love even into my heart. What a sin this is! To see souls living around me without Christ, and not to feel for them! I am very much grieved about this. Will you ask that Jesus would make me in this respect more like himself? O that I could weep over perishing souls! There are many here to weep over. It is an ungodly place this. *The world* seems so stamped upon every

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thing here, that it is very difficult to live in it constantly, or even occasionally, realising the unseen world, where Jesus is loved by *unsinning* hearts. I was thinking last night of what a sweet expression that is, 'walking with God.' Should not you like to go through this wilderness walking with God?—*feeling* Him near? There is such a holy kind of feeling in being near God. But I need not speak so to you, for I know but little of this blessedness compared to you. I wonder if any one ever made such slow progress as I do. Do you remember that sweet part in *The Two Sisters*?— She seemed to be always lying on the bosom of Jesus, and now and then lifted up her head to smile on or to comfort those around her.' I am reading the book just now, and certainly never read anything to be compared with it. It often makes me sad to read it, it is such a rebuke to my selfish, worldly heart. We had Mr. Hay at the school last Monday. He spoke very sweetly to the children. I hope he will often come and cheer us on. Whom do you think he introduced me to? *Mr. M'Cheyne!* What a sweet countenance he has! He is exactly what I fancied *every* Christian to be."

"I went to hear Dr. Chalmers at St George's. It was a very fine sermon, but too learned for me. What an interesting time this is in Edinburgh!"

"P\_\_\_\_, December 1, 1842..."MY OWN BELOVED J\_\_\_\_, I have taken a longing of late to write to you, I scarcely know why, unless it be that I like to tell you all that *our loving Father* has been shewing his poor sinful children. How I do weary to talk with you face to face, and to hear you speak of Jesus, *our own precious, altogether lovely Saviour*, and to pray to Him together once more! May He bless you with His felt presence! I sometimes feel much sweetness in praying for

you; but it is not often that my cold selfish heart can pray aright for any one."

"M\_\_\_\_ has just taken the pen out of my hand to write you a few lines. She is a very sweet creature; I wish she loved Jesus. She is very kind to poor R. and me in all our troubles. None of them ever come from her. I wish you would write to her, and tell her that she should come to Jesus. I often think they are all far more like God's children than I am: indeed, I *know* they are; but this is my comfort, that Jesus died for the *ungodly*, and such am I. I have had much delight lately, in thinking about the faithfulness of God, perhaps because I have had only that to rest upon, being so utterly destitute of all feeling. Isn't it sweet to think of the 'Thus saith the Lord,' and to know that He *will* do as He has said? Oh! J\_\_\_\_, He is a wonderful God! I sometimes sit and think of everything till my head gets giddy, and it just ends in this: I am the chief of sinners, and know *nothing*, absolutely nothing of God. O for the simple confiding trust of a little child!"

"I have just returned from our school; they are all as careless as ever. I tremble lest my unbelief should hinder the blessing. I get more unbelieving, more heartless, about their souls every day. They could not have had a more hard-hearted, sinful, helpless teacher, than I; and yet God has placed me there; at least I trust He has. You must pray *much* for us both, particularly for me, for I am the most unbelieving. They are often a burden on my mind, but oftener I seem quite as careless as themselves, I cannot describe to you what I have endured, and still do endure, from infidel thoughts. I cannot realise or believe anything: it is *very* dreadful; it seems *strange* to speak to them about their souls! Surely it can only be *the "everlasting arms"* that are supporting me at this time. I would give much to have you for even one short hour to tell

me *that it is all true*. What can it be? His precious promise, 'Ye shall not be tempted above what ye are able to bear,' sometimes comforts me; and, then, God knows it all. I don't *feel* that He does, but I try to *believe* it."

"I am glad that you meet me at the throne so regularly. I almost always get at five now; but it is long, long since I have had a sweet time; it is all fighting with unbelief, coldness, want of desire, and sin, hateful sin, which at times seems to reign in me."

"No wonder that we mourn, when we lose sight of these glorious realities, so that to speak or write of them seems strange! It is a sweet fountain, the fountain of living waters. Why do I live so far from God, and therefore drink so seldom of these sweet streams! May *you*, my beloved, be hidden deeper in the clefs of the Rock that was smitten for you. Tell me, when you write, if you are happy; if all is light; it is horrible when all is *dark*. God is light; let us live near, *very* near Him, and then we shall not walk in darkness. What sweet meetings we shall have when you come! Oh, to think that, if God will, we shall meet so soon! I hope always to send you the money for the Jews, at least as long as I have any to send. All I have is God's; should it not be used for promoting His glory?"

"I often lament that I do so little in that way, but I have often not a penny to bestow."

"*P\_\_\_\_, December 10, 1842...MY OWN BELOVED J\_\_\_\_, I was trying to thank Jesus to-night for His love to you at His table; but my heart was cold. I have a hateful heart. I am very I much rejoiced to know that you are so happy; what a day you must have had! There is no blessedness compared to*

the joy that is *unspeakable* and *full* of glory; and then 'the joy of the Lord is your strength.' You will be strengthened now, my beloved, to work for Jesus, and you will find it a sweet labour to go and tell sinners of the love of Him who is filling your own soul with such a sense of its blessedness.[10] I daresay you have at this time been longing to see Him *as He is*. These tastes of glory make one long for that sweet home where we shall *for ever* drink of the water of life, of which a few drops fill us with such blessedness."

"I heard Mr. Islay Burns, for the first time on Thursday night, and this was his text: 'But now they desire *a better country*, that is, an heavenly.' It was a very sweet sermon, but very short, as he had to read a letter afterwards. I could do nothing but cry all the time, I had such a longing to be in a better country *with Jesus*. It is strange, whenever I feel the love of Jesus to one so awfully unworthy as I, it always makes me weep. Oh, J\_\_\_\_, what a being Jesus must be! But I know nothing of Him. I cannot feel, or see, or believe anything at present. I cannot tell you how I feel, I scarcely know myself; but I am so dreadfully unbelieving, I cannot realise anything; and then I have such a hard heart. My greatest comfort is in telling God to look on His beloved Son, and to look on me through Him. I want to be contented to be in darkness or light, in sorrow or joy, just as He pleases, so that I have *Himself*; if I could say, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am His,' I would wait His own time to get all I need; but do you know that when I spoke about this to Mr. \_\_\_\_ when he was here, he said, 'And yet the joy of the Lord is your strength?' and I have been troubled about it ever since. Does it not seem as if he meant to say, that I was wrong in saying I would try to be contented to be in darkness if that were God's will?[11] Mr. Hay came to see our children, and we had a conversation about the sad state of this place, and we

agreed to unite in praying for a revival here, and wish you to join us. We have not fixed any particular hour, as perhaps it will be better to plead for it when we feel drawn to pray. Our English minister is fixed here for seven years. E. and I felt so very miserable there last Sabbath, that we have determined not to go again, if we can help it. It was the Communion Sabbath too—what a different one from the one you spent! But soon this passing world will be done, and then eternity begins—oh! may it be to all 'Whom we love, an eternity with Jesus!'

"I have been thinking much of this verse—'God is love;' and I see I have never believed it. If I really believed that, could I have all the sinful, hateful doubts that my soul is filled with? How I pant for the blessed nearness to God, which you, my beloved, have been enjoying! I care for nothing when God hides His face; all is dreary and unsatisfactory. Last night I think I got a little nearness to Him, when E. and I had our meeting together, and it has made me to-day more impatient than ever at my distance from Him, and at my utter want of desire. E. and I have a meeting every night. We enjoy them very much. We ask for all the others, and for more grace to ourselves;—for *you*, and for all God's dear children. You must pray much for us both at this time—that we may be *consistent* and *decided* in following God, especially at this time, for \_\_\_\_\_ and all her family are to be here the end of this month. What *will* they say to our school? Both E. and I are rather in dread about their coming, we have so many troubles already; and we fear their arrival will increase them. But we must be strong *in the Lord*, and then we need not fear. Perhaps it will drive us closer to Jesus; and, if that be the case, then, welcome all the trials this poor world can inflict. Perhaps God will give us a word to speak to them. You must ask this."

"P\_\_\_\_, December 27, 1842..."MY OWN BELOVED ONE,—  
...How curious that He should have laid you on a sick-bed just after giving you such sweet discoveries of Himself at His table! Perhaps it was that you might not lose what you had got there, by mixing again in the concerns of this cold, God-hating world;—that on your sick-bed you might feast over again the blessedness you then enjoyed. I trust He has been *very* near to you all this time; but I long to hear that you are better."

"I wish I could write to you as you would like. I long to speak to you of Jesus, as I might speak if I were not the coldest, deadest being, who ever ventured to call herself a child of His. I often doubt if I am one. I cannot *feel* His love, and I cannot speak of it. It is still the same, although a poor worm like me—*a bottle in the smoke*—cannot speak of it. I shall give you His own words,—'My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand; His mouth is most sweet; yea, He is *altogether* lovely.'"

"Mr. Hay was down at the school yesterday, and spoke to the children; and little Robert P\_\_\_\_, whom I mentioned to you, seemed to be struck, for he began to cry; and when I asked him what was the matter, he said he was afraid of hell. I spoke to him about Jesus, and His love to little children; but he still continued weeping, so I sent him home to his mother. Ah, Jesus loves him with a tenderer love than even she does! I went to-day to his house, and had a chat with his mother about him, and read the third chapter of John to them. She is not a pious woman, but is a very pleasant person. Robert, poor little fellow! had got over his terror. We must ask that he may become one of the lambs of Christ's flock."

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"P\_\_\_\_, December 30, 1842...O that the Spirit would come and breathe on my dead soul! I feel, like you, that it is not easy to be contented when the light of *His* countenance is withdrawn. It is impossible to live to His glory when in darkness and heaviness. We cannot shew forth His praises when at a distance from Him; at least I feel it to be so. I often weary now for the time when we three shall stand *faultless* before the throne, with exceeding joy; and when God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and when the veil shall be taken away; when no sin shall separate between us and *our God*; when we shall no longer weep because we cannot find Him, and because we so *continually* dishonour Him; when He will no more hide His face, and when we shall no more wander from Him; when we shall see Him as He is, and *be like Him*. Like Jesus! Can you believe it? When you see such evil filling every part of your heart, can you believe that that heart will really be one day pure and holy? O for that time! It will be a wonderful change for mine, for it is the vilest of the vile. How happy they all are in heaven, because they see Jesus face to face, and because they *never sin!* Even here, when Jesus shines upon us, and enables us to feel Him near, and when sin seems a little subdued, even here we enjoy a little of the bliss of heaven. Are not you glad that it is the same kind of joy we at times feel here, that we shall have there, though in a wonderfully different degree?"

"Do you read our chapter in Acts now? It is sweet to be reading together, as well as praying together. I sometimes think I should have more peace if I read more; but I am generally more inclined to pray. Are you to have any meetings in the North Church this last week of the year?"

R. and Mr. Hay and I have agreed to read together the same chapter when it is striking twelve on Saturday night, and I

want you, my beloved one, to join us. Will you? We have fixed on the twentieth of John. Are you and I ever to fix on another, I wonder? And let us plead for each other, that we may live more to God's glory during the year that is so soon to come, than we have done this year. Oh, plead that He would bruise Satan under our feet *shortly*, and would take away all infidel thoughts. Let us plead that the joy of the Lord may be our strength, to work for Him throughout the year."

"My beloved sister in Jesus, I must finish this now, as I want to write a few lines to \_\_\_\_ about her soul. Farewell, dearest; may Jesus watch between thee and me, when we are absent one from another. Your M\_\_\_\_ —."

Thus closes the year 1842. She has now been a year and a half upon her pilgrimage. How eager her steps, how rapid her advance! Truly she hastens onward, as if she knew that her time was short! These eighteen months have done more for her than eighteen years do for many.

The year 1843 opens with the following glimpse of her pilgrim experience. In the beginning of January, she thus wrote to me:—"Your letter was most welcome, because it directed us to look for comfort *out of* ourselves. I, at least, find nothing but darkness and sin within...I so long to feel Him near and to be happy in Him, but I often feel as if he were frowning upon me and I am so miserable, for I now can have no happiness when far from God...I should be far on the road now, and yet I always seem either at the very commencement or else going back. I am afraid I am not earnest enough, I do not pray enough, nor do anything as I ought, and yet I call myself an heir of glory. I am afraid of myself. Oh! suppose I am not 'found in Him' at last! I cannot bear the thought. could not spend an eternity without Jesus. Ah, *that* should make me

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feel more for those who are living without Him in the world, and who, if they seek Him not here, *must* live for ever without Him. There are no more of *us* returning to God yet. Perhaps many might have been changed, if I had been more faithful and prayerful...We hear that we are to have Mr. M'Cheyne and Mr. Milne at the Communion. What a treat it will be to hear Mr. M'Cheyne again![12]...We often speak to \_\_\_\_\_, but we do not get on well; for we feel she needs to be roused, and then she gets angry, and says—How do we know that she is not right? We often long to *win* her to Christ, in place of alarming her to flee to Him; but when we speak in that way, she always assents to all we say, and says, 'Of course, there is nothing else worth but Christ;' but when we see she does not care for Him at all, we cannot help telling her, and then we get all wrong again. I think \_\_\_\_\_ does not mind us so much as she used; she cares more for parties than for Jesus. "I was much obliged to you for the tract about the second coming of Christ. I must study the subject from the Bible. Mr. Watson sent me your address about the Church. I want so much to know all about our dear Church. I am so glad that you are going out without being forced to go, for then you will shew that you are willing to part with everything for Christ. I longed to be a minister when I read it, that I might be privileged to suffer for His sake."

The remaining letters of this year we give without comment. They exhibit the same stranger-spirit, the same urgency of haste in passing on to the kingdom.

"P\_\_\_\_, *January 1, 1843*...MY DEAREST J\_\_\_\_, What a wonderful being God is! That is all I can say. I cannot speak of God now. But when could I speak of him—poor earthworm that I am? I had a strange time at prayer today. I felt such a satisfaction (I cannot say *sweetness*, for I seldom have a

sweet time now), just in the thought *that He existed*, that I could not pray. I tried to praise and thank Him for His loving-kindness, but my words were poor, and my heart was cold. I think Satan is very busy with me just now. He always finds *drumly water* to work amidst. I think I have seen a little of the monstrous depravity of my heart lately, but I greatly grieve that this does not make Christ precious. I long to get near God again. I cannot bear to have His face hidden so long from me. I should like to lay my sorrowful soul on His bosom, and call Him *my Father*, my God, my Saviour. How I do long for you to come, that we may together plead, and say, 'We will not let Thee go except Thou bless us!' I think I must not write more to-day. I shall finish this on Monday, if the Lord will. Is it not sweet to be in His hands? Let us both say to-night, 'Doubtless, Thou art our Father.' Are we not accepted in the Beloved? O that He were *more* beloved! May Jesus bless my very dear friend."

"P\_\_\_\_, January 23, 1843...MY DEAREST J\_\_\_\_, What distresses me most is that I cannot pray. I cannot realise God's presence, nor any spiritual thing at all. I feel as if I did not need anything, and I have not so much desire as I used to have. The throne of grace is now to me a place of great conflict and sorrow. I can seldom get my thoughts fixed *one moment*. They are *continually* wandering; and I have so little spiritual life or feeling, that the soul, and heaven, and hell, and God, seem *strange* sounds to me; that is exactly the word, they seem *strange*; when I think of people's danger, *my own danger*, the necessity of fleeing from the wrath to come,—it seems all strange, as if the words had no meaning attached to them, so that, when I go to pray, I repeat all these things as if it were mechanically, and often I can only groan in agony. Sometimes I am praying for an hour, and all the time can say little more than, 'Oh! have compassion upon

me; Lord, hear me! Lord, help me!' And I have been so long this way, that I am getting almost to despair; but I feel that nothing can ever drive me from a throne of grace, though I were to do nothing but weep at it all my life. 'To whom can I go but unto Thee?' Dear J\_\_\_\_, He *has* the words of eternal life, and I *must* go and plead with Him. But oh! 'I am weary with my groaning.' Will you tell all this to God? That is why I am so selfish as to grieve you by telling you how sad I am. Oh! the infidel thoughts I have! I cannot describe them to you. It is miserable to live so far from God. It is dishonouring to Him, and ruinous to my own soul. I have been thinking of not going to the Communion this time. What do you think? I can hardly bear the thought of not going, for I pant for near communion with Jesus; but I must not partake unworthily. You must ask that I may be guided, and that, if I am not His, I may be ere long; for I long to be His, His only, His *wholly*, and *His for ever!* We are to have Mr. M'Cheyne and Mr. Milne at St Luke's this time. Only fancy what a couple! It is to be on the 12th of next month. Do you think our dear minister will be in Edinburgh? If he does not, will Mr. M'Cheyne give E. and me the tokens? But I must speak to him first, for I am afraid to go in my present state..."

"It must be sweet to suffer for His name; but I don't think I have felt that sweetness, for it always seems my own sins that bring me suffering. I must shew you \_\_\_\_'s letter when you come. Do you know I feel as if I shall be *all right* again then? We must ask that our souls may be greatly blest, and that God may get glory by us. I long to read *the Word together*. I think I know the chapter our Bibles will open at! She wept, 'because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.' Do you think Jesus will come and say, 'Sinners!' and we will say, 'Our Saviour'? I want you to pray, especially at this time, for a dear child of

God who is in great darkness, \_\_\_\_\_, whom I wrote to you about. He is not going to the Communion; and I feel so much for him. It must be deep agony to stay away...I have never yet told you of our seasonable supply; well, it was this: E. and I are often sorrowing that we have so little to give to the poor people here; and one day we were sitting at our school fire, after our flock had gone away, speaking about many things, when a lady was announced, who said she had come to be a short while in P\_\_\_\_\_, and that she was very anxious to do something for the poor. She said she had heard that we taught some poor children, and that she thought we might direct her whom to assist! Well, we told her that we knew many in want, and, as she was afraid of her little boy getting disease from any of the houses, she asked us to give what she wished to bestow, as we thought best. She gave me eight shillings,—in the meantime, she said,—and then talked about the school, and seemed to take a great interest in it, and said she should like to give the children some clothes. Well, in two or three days she came back, and said she had bought twenty yards of tartan for frocks, and twenty yards of flannel, and six little shawls. We are now busy getting them all made. Wasn't this a very pleasing adventure? R. and I often wonder if she is a *Christian*; I think she must be; she is very quiet, and does not say much, but her actions speak for her, I think. She is very young, and a very sweet person. It is wonderful how God has raised up friends for us since we began our school. Do you think that a sign that it is for His glory? Well, getting all this assistance for our poor has enabled us to give the basket-money to missions; but I am disappointed, after all, that I have so little for the Jews, for many things have greatly reduced my little stock; but after this, I don't think I need distrust Him from whom *every* good comes. The \_\_\_\_\_s have been here some time now, and I am glad to say they have not discovered our school. They are very sweet girls, but, I

don't know how it is, I always feel so melancholy whenever I am with them. Oh! they are full of the world, this poor, vain world! It seems as if it would be *impossible* to speak of Jesus to them. I want to ask your advice about one thing. They are to have a small party on Monday, and I daresay they will be having more; do you think we should refuse to go? If it were a large dance, we would refuse at once; but they speak sometimes of having one or two, and making a dance among themselves.[13] They would laugh at us if we called this a *party!* and yet they will be waltzing, and dancing, and how can we go? \_\_\_\_ says we should go rather than offend them, and refuse to dance; but I don't like that way, for I don't think that it is the mere act of dancing that is wrong, but the whole spirit of the thing. I should like to be decided at once for Christ in everything. I wish I were with you, where you now are, at the Monday meeting. I asked that you might get a great blessing to-night. generally meet you at five now, but what an hour it is to me! Oh! where shall I find Him! Farewell, my beloved friend, may Jesus bless you this night."

*"Edinburgh, January 28, 1843..."*MY BELOVED FRIEND,—How shall I answer your most precious and sympathising letter? It was a perfect cordial to my poor unbelieving heart; it was so full of the love of HIM whose whole being,—whose very name is Love. I think God has blest it to my soul. After I read it, I went to *the throne* (that sweet Bethel for poor, weary, sin-and-Satan-tossed souls), and I cast my burden upon the Lord, and He sustained me. I went to God, not as a child or a believer, but as a guilty, polluted, hell-deserving sinner (though I do not, alas! *feel* myself this just now), and cast myself, and all my heavy burdens, upon His mercy, His love in Jesus; and I felt happier and lighter than I have done for many a day; but, oh! *I cannot* get rid of these awful thoughts;—it seems as if everything future were a blank—a

strange dream! My comfort is, that it *is* all *true*, and I pray and speak as if I felt it; but Satan must be very powerful, for I think he can make me believe anything. I shall not grieve you any more by telling about my trials; I shall rather tell you of my blessings, of the *free*, rich mercies that are so constantly showered down upon such a guilty rebel as I. We can *always* praise; we can praise Him that ever He taught our dead souls to seek Him; that ever He put one feeble desire towards Him in our cold hearts; we can praise Him for shewing us the vanity of everything but Himself.[14] Ah! and we can praise Him for the *unspeakable gift!*—'the new and the living way to the Father;' we can praise Him for *Jesus*—the *altogether* lovely—the Father's holy Child—the Man of Sorrows—our sympathising High Priest; and we can praise Him for the loving Spirit—the glorifier of Jesus: but where are we to end? No, we cannot end; *eternity* will be too short to shew forth all His praise. Oh! if ever I enter heaven, I shall be the greatest monument of free love there. I think I *must* sing the loudest song. Ah! why cannot I sing that song now? Since I cannot pray, I think I ought to do nothing but praise; perhaps this would open my heart to pray too. Won't it be sweet when we once more kneel *together* at the throne of grace? I long much for that time now,—and to read the Word too! O that I loved both more! What you said about the Communion was very sweet. You say, 'Go where you know He is;' that is what I long to do; but I am so unworthy; you don't know how vile, how unholy I am; yet Jesus knows, and does He not say even to *me*, 'This do in remembrance of me'? I have a curious feeling about going. I long and *pant* to go; my heart bounds when I think of it; but a fear comes over me when I think what I am. I am afraid that I shall be a Judas—a disciple outwardly, but not in reality. But Jesus still says—'Come.' He is willing, and I think I am too; at least I know that I desire nothing but *Him*. None but Christ, none but Christ; yet how

constantly I distrust His love, and how constantly my heart wanders from the Fountain to earthly cisterns! I am so glad that you are to have Mr. M'Cheyne at the Communion; may you be *much* blest.[15] You must tell me the Sabbath, that I may plead for you. Ours is on the 12th. You don't say if Mr. Bonar is to be in. I should like, if he does not come in, to speak a little to Mr. M'Cheyne when he gives us the tokens. We should be so glad if we could get him to speak to the children of our school; they could not *help* listening to Mr. M'Cheyne. He would tell them of Jesus in such a sweet way, that they would surely listen. But ah! Jesus himself must speak, or not a stony heart will be moved. His children's voices are often very sweet, but they are not like *His*; yet how often we let Him stand at the door of our hearts, and do not hear His voice! We are getting on very well with our school at present; that is to say, they attend regularly, and are sometimes attentive; but there is no moving of the dry bones yet; they are very careless when I am speaking to them sometimes about the love of Jesus; and when I hope they are listening, some one of them is sure to say something quite foreign to what I am saying. They often interrupt me by saying, 'Ma'am, the glass is ran out,' or something like that; but then I remember what God has to bear from *me*, and that makes me try to be patient with them. I have got much interested in my class now, which I am glad of. O to see them begin to seek after God!"

"P\_\_\_\_, February 14, 1843...I can think of nothing but the glad prospect of seeing you so soon. I cannot realise it at all; but I wish I could get over thinking of the parting again. It was cruel of you to mention that. I sometimes think that I would rather not meet than have another parting; but no, I would rather see you for half an hour than not at all; but *Jesus* orders all and so all is right. What a dreadful time I

have had lately! Satan seemed to have got hold of me; I could do nothing but groan; I could not even weep; but I am better now, not because I have said, 'I will not let Thee go,' but because Jesus said, 'I will not let *thee* go.' I cannot say I was very happy on the Communion Sabbath; I could only weep and long after an absent Lord. The ministers assisting were not very spiritual, except Mr. Milne, and we had not him at our table, so that it was quite different from our former seasons; but perhaps it was better that it was so, for both R. and I felt that we were more entirely shut in to Christ. Yet ah! my dear J\_\_\_\_, I had none of the blessed feelings you speak of. I prayed all the time for Jesus to come and make me FEEL His presence, but I only felt a hard wicked heart. Yet it is strange I could scarcely get myself to leave the table. I felt as if I had left Jesus there, and I wanted to get to them all, and *beseech* Him to come and fill my longing soul with Himself; but the longings I had for him were sweet. Oh! He is a glorious being, and yet He is also a loving, gentle, lowly being. Why don't we love Him more? and why do we so continually grieve him by sin? I wish I had more desires for holiness; I have often nothing but a longing desire for Jesus,—to be able to believe, and to feel His love, to live to His glory at all times and in every way. Mine is such a selfish love! On the Thursday we had a very precious sermon from Mr. Somerville of Glasgow. The text was, 'Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?' I wished for you all the time; I could do nothing but sit and weep, Jesus seemed so *lovely*, so *loving*. could gladly have left the body to be present with the Lord; it was almost *too much*. E. was beside me, and you know, beloved, how pleasant it is to have one with you who feels as you do. He was speaking of Jonathan, and he said, 'he thought that he was one of the sweetest lilies that grew in the garden of Jesus.' I thought it such a sweet expression, the garden of

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Jesus; and, in speaking to the unconverted, he said, 'Oh! will ye not come to this *willing, living, loving* Saviour?' I wondered they did not all cry, 'Yes, oh yes, I'll go to Him!' I felt so sorry for those who did not know Him. Ah! how little I feel that! I am often alarmed when I think how little I care for souls; I fear that I have not His spirit who wept over them. Will you ask that I may get more love to souls? On Friday we had another beautiful sermon from Mr. Davidson, about Jesus calling Zaccheus; and on Saturday we had Mr. Manson. It was a pity we had none of them at the Communion; but Mr. Milne was very fine; he seems full of the Spirit...I am glad you have heard from dear J\_\_\_\_; she is a very sweet, simple Christian: it is the grace I have least of. I feel it is the *enemy within* that troubles me most. I had a very precious season of prayer on Monday morning at ten; but oh! it was often a sore battle; but Jesus came at last, and all was light, all was peace. 'I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.' Praise Him for this with me, my beloved friend. But we cannot praise here, it will take *eternity* to do that. Farewell; may your own gentle, holy Saviour Jesus, your Saviour God, be with you and bless you, my precious friend! M\_\_\_\_."

"P\_\_\_\_, February 23, 1843...You will soon be here now: I can scarcely believe it, but I suppose it is true for all that; many a thing is true that my hard unbelieving heart finds it hard to believe. It is true that Jesus loves even me, the chief of sinners, and yet how many severe lessons it requires before I can believe that blessed, that wonderful truth, that the holy, sin-hating God, loves unholy, sin-loving sinners! 'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' 'Herein is love, *not that we loved God, but that He loved us.*' Yet I find it very difficult, when I feel nothing but sin continually filling my heart, and mingling with all I say or do, to realise and rejoice

in the *unchangeable* love of Jesus. But then He is God, not man; and it does not seem so wonderful when we think, not who is loved, but who it is that loves; and then He looks upon us in *the Beloved*; He looks upon His beloved Son, and then we are 'all fair.' We shall soon speak together of this Christ-like love, and pray that it may be shed abroad in our cold hearts (*mine* is VERY cold), and then we shall love Him who *first* loved us. E. and I were at a very sweet meeting at our kind friend Mrs. \_\_\_\_'s. It was a meeting of all the Sabbath-school teachers of two schools. Mr. D\_\_\_\_ was there, and conducted everything. There were more than thirty altogether. We first sung a hymn, 'O God of Bethel,' and then Mr. D\_\_\_\_ gave us a short address upon this verse, 'Search me, O Lord, and know my heart.' It was very beautiful and very striking. He said we should all ask ourselves, could we look up to a heart-searching God, and ask Him to search us?—he said, out of Christ no one could; but that, hidden in Him, we could come to a holy God, and say, 'Search *me*.' He then spoke of our motives in teaching. Was our single aim the glory of God? Did no other motives influence us? '*Ah!*' he said, 'I am sure there is not a soul in this room that does not quail when I put that question.' Mine did; I could hardly look up for shame; I felt confounded when I looked at my motives; there seemed every motive in my heart but the only one that should be there;—the glory of God. Is it not sad to think that low, unworthy, selfish, vain motives, should all fill the heart that should only burn with one desire—the glory of Jesus in the salvation of sinners? But He bears the iniquities of our holy things. 'His blood cleanseth from *all* sin.' O that it may cleanse mine! He then said, that making God's glory our sole aim, gave us steadiness in our work, for the motive would be always the same; he said we were so changeable, that one day we might go eagerly to our work, and the next we might be quite careless; but that, by continually desiring His glory in

it, we persevered, and that it also gave us strength for our work, because we cast the whole burden of it upon Him; that when we felt we were the mere instruments, that all our strength must come from Him; and at the end, he spoke so sweetly about Jesus; he said we should always take the Master with us, that, when surrounded with our scholars, we should realise the presence of our Master, who is looking on with satisfaction and delight. We then had a very sweet prayer, and separated...K. had a long chat with \_\_\_\_ about her soul. She gave her Mr. Bonar's *Way of Life* to read. You must pray for her and for us, that God would guide us in speaking, and that He would draw our dear \_\_\_\_ to himself. She is the only one of her family we have spoken to yet, and she takes it very sweetly. We have given her this sweet text: 'I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.' How differently some take your speaking to them from others! \_\_\_\_ is a great grief to us; she gets so angry, and we cannot help feeling anxious about her, she is so *very* delicate. Oh that she would come to Jesus! How happy she might be, if she had *Him* to make all her bed in her sickness! \_\_\_\_ is another burden to us; she says Mr. \_\_\_\_ wishes her to be confirmed, and yet she is quite ignorant about spiritual things. She has no thought about what she is called upon to vow in such a solemn way, and then she has no right to go to the Lord's table; for, alas! she is not His; her heart has not been given to Jesus."

"P\_\_\_\_, March 22, 1843...MY VERY DEAR MRS. H.,—...It must be a peculiarly sweet kind of love that binds one to a Christian. Think of heaven, where *all* are Christians! I sometimes long to be there! I am weary of this sinful, ungodly world, and still more weary of my own ungodly heart. I see nothing but sin and unbelief now; I cannot get near Jesus; I want to sit at His feet, like happy Mary, but I cannot

get near him. I cannot believe that He will look with love upon such a vile wretch as I am. I cannot believe anything. I often think I don't believe in anything beyond this poor world. I cannot see that they are *realities*, and yet they are,—*are they not?* Dear friend, do not be grieved with me for asking such a question, for my soul is in a dark, dark state. I often long to say to some one, '*Say to me that it is all true!*—that Jesus lives, and lives in our nature; that He does hear my feeble prayers.' Oh that feeling of *strangeness*,—that it would go away! I long for the simple faith of a little child. I got great comfort from the *rainbow* yesterday; there was a very lovely one seen here after a great shower of rain, and when I looked at it, I thought of *God's faithfulness*, and I could not but rejoice that though I do not believe, still He is faithful; He *will* do as He has said."

"*P\_\_\_\_\_*, April 4, 1843...We had a very nice day at Mr. Robertson's on Sabbath. We all went to the table, and to me it was the sweetest hour, I think, I ever passed. I found Jesus, and I was happy, unutterably happy. I thought I was in heaven; I almost *saw* Him! You must praise Him for this. I was cold at first, and could not get near, but I told Him I would not let Him go except He blessed me; and He did bless me, and then I *could not let Him go*. Don't you feel afraid when you have found Him, that He will go away again? I thought yesterday morning, on going up to my room, what should I do if I had not God? Fancy living *without God* in the world! but ah! how often I do that! I do so continually grieve Him away.

"*Saturday*, April 8.—I must tell you about our school. We have never been able to get another room yet, to our great sorrow; but we heard of one yesterday, which, I think, we shall get soon. I shall be very glad when we begin it again,

but I tremble to think how very unfit I am for such a task; but Jesus says, 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' and if I could only get out of myself into Christ, then all would be well. O to be able to say, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me!' If I only really felt myself to be weak, then I could say, '*I am strong*;' but I only say I am weak; I feel and act as if I were strong. Will you ask for me, dear friend, that Jesus would shew me my own weakness, and lead me to lean entirely upon Him? Ask that I may 'come up from the wilderness, *leaning* upon the Beloved.'"

"P\_\_\_\_, April 24, 1843...MY BELOVED FRIEND,—I had your note this morning, and am very happy to know you are safe with dear \_\_\_\_\_. I had much sweetness in praying for you several times on Thursday. I long to hear again from you, if you were enabled to speak for Jesus on board, and what you have been doing since you arrived. I am so happy in thinking of the liberty you have at \_\_\_\_\_ in reading the Word at any time. I hope you will have a *Peniel season* all the time you are in London. May you live in the sunshine of His countenance! 'In His favour is life.' I am sure you feel that to be true. If we have not His presence, life is only a misery, a dreary void. I feel a kind of persuasion that you will be greatly blessed in London, that your Father will give you much, of His holy, blessed presence. May it indeed be so, my own dear J\_\_\_\_...It makes us very sad that our \_\_\_\_\_ should have turned from us, but it is probably for our good. Poor K. is in great distress about it; but I have a far more severe sorrow, the hiding of my Heavenly Father's countenance, and my heart seems hardened to everything else. In your prayers for me, will you ask this for me, that God would shew me *what it is* that keeps me so far from Him, and that He would make me willing to part with it, whatever it is?...Have you written to \_\_\_\_\_ yet? I should like to write to her; but, as you will

perceive, I cannot write at present. Oh to get near to Jesus, that my cold heart might be melted and warmed!—there is no happiness, no joy, no warmth, but near the Cross. How our hearts freeze when away from Him! We went yesterday to Lady Glenorchy's, and heard Mr. Davidson. I like him very much. He preached on a favourite text of mine, Isa. 41:17. I am sure there was one poor and needy soul there. I felt thirsty for the water of life. I have been thinking of this verse. 'Unto you which believe He is precious,' and asking myself if I find Jesus precious, *and why?* Is it not your *poverty* that makes Jesus precious to you? Then He should be *very* precious to me now, for I am entirely poor, entirely empty, and yet I fear He is not. I feel Him more precious when He is *near*; now I should feel Him more precious from his having everything I need. Should I not? I am afraid often that it is only a *lovely picture, not a real Christ*, that I love."

"P\_\_\_\_, May 11, 1843...MY VERY DEAR MRS. H\_\_\_\_, I have often attempted to write to you, and failed, but this morning I asked Jesus to give me *every word* that I should write, so perhaps I shall be able. I should, if I trusted simply as a little child would do, to His help; but, alas! though I feel my weakness, I still trust to myself. Is it not strange? I wonder Jesus is not weary of teaching me, I am so backward and so *unwilling* to learn. Isn't it sweet to have such a teacher? I should like always to sit at His feet, like Mary, and hear His words: we should say to Him, 'Let me see Thy countenance, let me hear Thy voice; for sweet is Thy voice, and Thy countenance is comely.' How little I know of Jesus! Oh! if I knew more of Him, and knew Him better, I could not remain here any longer; but I am so earthly, I lie crawling on the earth, in place of mounting up as an eagle to His very seat. K. and I have been again feasted at the Lord's table. I can't tell you what I felt. I felt that I would not go away from

Jesus if the whole universe told me. 'To whom should I go but unto Him? He has the words of eternal life.' I felt all the time that I knew nothing of Him, and that I was the very chief of sinners; but I could not but trust Him; He was so lovely, so gentle, so kind, so winning, so gracious, so full of compassion even to me, so touched with a feeling of our infirmities.

Only think, our school-room is let for a year, and we are not sure if we can get another; and, besides, we can scarcely get any of them to come just now, for they say their parents are out working, and they must stay at home. Is it not very vexing? We are thinking of giving them up for two or three months during the summer, and not taking a room till the season here is over. What do you think about it? We are averse to give them up, but if we can only get two or three, and not even sure of them, it would be perhaps better to keep our money till the autumn and winter, when we could collect many more...I can scarcely get myself to believe that Mr. M'Cheyne is no longer a pilgrim on this earth—that he has reached *home*. We should not mourn for him indeed. Is he not seeing Jesus face to face? Is he not like Jesus *altogether*? But yet it is sad to think we shall never more hear him speak of Him whom his soul so greatly loved. I shook hands with him only once, and I shall never forget the sweetness of his look and smile. How I do pity his poor people!"

"*May 20, 1843...*I had a long letter from \_\_\_\_\_ the other day. I answered his letter yesterday, and had much comfort in writing to him. As I cannot give comfort to any one except from the Bible, I wrote all the sweet truths I could think of, and Jesus seemed to apply them to my own heart. I was so cold when I began, I could hardly write a word; but very soon such sweet texts came into my mind, that I could hardly stop. What an important time this is in Edinburgh at present!"

"Of course you know all about our dear ministers. Only think, E. was in the Assembly on *the* Thursday and saw them all go out! So we are no longer of the Established Church! Does it not seem strange? I almost envy the ministers being allowed to suffer for His name. I went to the Assembly at Canonmills on Friday, and, it was curious, it was the *London* deputation who spoke that day. I heard your minister, Mr. Hamilton, and liked him much. When I heard his name, I looked at him, and listened to him with peculiar interest, for I remembered he is your minister for the present."

"*Saturday.*—I could not get my letter finished yesterday, and I am not sure of being able to finish it even to-day; I am so often interrupted. We had Mr. E\_\_\_\_ to our meeting at Miss A\_\_\_\_'s on Tuesday. He is, I think, one of the most spiritual and lowliest of Christ's ministers. He prayed twice, and his prayers were very fine; but I cannot say I enjoyed the meeting, for I could not get near God all the time. I think I never felt so much my need of the Spirit as that evening. They seemed all in the Spirit but me,—and I was like a *stone*. Does not that shew how utterly vain the very best means are without the life-giving Spirit breathing upon the dead soul? Let us pray earnestly for the Spirit, dearest; and let us also remember yesterday's text; 'Quench not the Spirit.' How often I grieve away the Spirit by my sins! He is God, and not man, else He could not have borne so long with me. We are to have a Free Church here, I believe. What a blessing it will be for this place if we get a really godly man! You must ask on our behalf, dearest, that they may send us a true servant of God. \_\_\_\_ was telling me yesterday that the praying people here have been much stirred up to plead for this. I was thinking this morning that the best means for getting a revival here is to have a revival among God's own people. I

think they must be made to feel more the misery of those who are living without God in the world. They must have more love to souls, more yearning over them, and, above all, more desire that Jesus may be glorified by their conversion; and then they will be more in prayer for them, that the blessing may come. How little I feel for poor, poor souls! for are they not poor when they have not Jesus? I want you to ask especially for me, that I may have *much* love for souls, even though I should be made miserable about them. That would be infinitely better than being at ease when souls are perishing. And oh! *earnestly* ask that I may be delivered from Satan's temptations, for he puts such horrid infidel thoughts into my mind at prayer sometimes, that I can scarcely utter a word. Won't it be sweet when we have entered into our rest? when we shall have done with Satan, *sin*, the world, wandering thoughts, &c.; and when, in place of a heart filled with *selfishness*, and everything earthly and vile, our hearts shall be for ever filled with Jesus, and none else? Sometimes, when I can get no rest nor peace, and when I cannot even pray, I think, Well, it will soon be all at an end. I shall *at last* see Him whom my soul loveth, face to face, and never more, even for one moment, cease to love Him. But I cannot always get comfort from that, for I often fear I shall never get to heaven at all, I am so unlike Jesus here. It is near *three o'clock*, so I shall finish this after we have read our chapter *together*. May He 'open our eyes, that we may see wondrous things out of His law.' What a nice chapter to-day's is! particularly the 22d verse. Does it not mean the Word of God? that it shall continually be with us; or does it mean God himself? How sweet it would be if we could thus constantly realise His presence with us; that wherever we went, He went with us; that when we slept, He kept us; and when we awaked, He talked with us. I think we should never be unhappy, even in the wilderness, if we always felt Jesus near.

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It is not trials themselves that make us unhappy; it is *He* not being in them. The hardest trials and severest sufferings would scarcely be felt by us, if we always felt the everlasting arms underneath us; if we heard Jesus saying, 'Fear not, *for I am with thee.*' There is no sorrow like the sorrow of living at a distance from Him; of not being perfectly reconciled to Him; at complete peace with Him. Oh! to think how often we grieve Him by our abominable hearts!"

"P\_\_\_\_, June 23, 1843...MY DEARLY BELOVED J\_\_\_\_, Are you not astonished at my long silence? I have been again laid by my loving and faithful God upon a sick-bed, and am only able to-day to write once more to you, *my own friend.* What a blessed time the season of sickness is for being humbled in the sight of God! And He knows how much I need to be humbled; but oh! I greatly fear I have come out of the furnace unpurified. Is it not grievous, that I, by my own desperate wickedness, lose all the benefit intended by my merciful God? I have not glorified Jesus at all in this illness; I have been impatient, proud, unwilling to be humbled, filled with unbelief and hard thoughts of God, prayerless and thankless. What I am most grieved at is, the dishonour I have brought upon Christ's name by my unholy un-Christ-like behaviour during this illness. Oh! J\_\_\_\_, my darling M\_\_\_\_ will not be led, by seeing my good works, to glorify my Father who is in heaven;' she will rather be led to think that there is nothing in religion, when its professed disciples are no better (nay, even worse) during a time of trial than those who do not profess anything. Pray, dearest, that it may not be so; pray that I may not be a stumbling block before my dear M\_\_\_\_, or any of my dear family. I am almost ashamed of myself; I say *almost*, because I feel it takes a great deal to make me ashamed of myself; I am so proud. Will you remember me at a throne of grace, for I am sad and

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sorrowful? I can get no sweet sense of God's presence, or of His forgiveness; pray for me, that '*though my iniquities testify against me,*' that yet, for His dear Son's sake, he would 'receive me graciously, and love me FREELY.' I feel as if I could suffer years of pain, if I could get but one smile, one forgiving word, one compassionate look, from my God, my greatly insulted, but precious, blessed God. Oh! is it not AGONY to feel unreconciled to Him! But you never feel that, I trust. I remember you saying at Miss R\_\_\_\_'s that you never could fancy Jesus *angry*, but only grieved for your own sin and folly. And does He not say, 'Mine anger is taken away'? Jesus bore it, for it is written, 'Thy wrath lieth hard upon me;' and then, 'The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' These are sweet words for poor sinners; may the Holy Spirit apply them with saving and healing power to both our hearts!...Let us ask our God to give us a more realising sense of spiritual and unseen realities, and also more of the love of souls that Jesus has. It makes me ashamed when I think of myself compared to the very coldest and weakest of God's dear children. I do not seem to care for a single soul;—well, I must just lie lower before Him, and ask Him to put His own Spirit within me. I think this illness has been a very humbling time to me; it has shewed me how little, if any, grace I have. can see nothing but sin covering me all over. O for the blood that can cover even that! I read our chapter in Proverbs with you to-day; it is the 10th, is it not? I like the third verse, and also the twenty-second, but I have not time to write about it to-day, as it is time this was off. Now, do not be a *very* long time of answering this."

"I must tell you of a misfortune that happened to *our basket*. We had filled it with beautiful things, and gave it to a little girl to sell, and to our dismay she returned in a few days to say that she had sold nearly everything, and lost the money on

the road! We are greatly afraid it is all false, and that she and her mother have kept the money. If this is true, it is worse for the girl than for us; but still it is hard to lose all our little earnings, when we have so much to do with it." [16]

"P\_\_\_\_, July 14, 1843...Here is a verse for you that I have been thinking of to-day: 'Thou art all fair, my love.' It is difficult to believe that Jesus could say that of such sinners; but when it is His own beauty that covers us, we must indeed be '*all fair*.' Isn't it very sweet to think that Jesus gets all the glory? that we are nothing, and less than nothing, and that He is all in all? I think the happiness of heaven will be to see us all in our proper place, the dust, and, with *willing* hearts, to give Him all the glory. How sweet it will be to be free from all *sin*, especially selfishness, and with '*unsinning hearts*' to sing 'Worthy is the Lamb' throughout all eternity! Oh think, dear friend, that one day you will see Jesus, and be *for ever* with Him, never, never more to be separated!"

"P\_\_\_\_, July 20, 1843...MY BELOVED J\_\_\_\_, I remembered your request at the throne of grace, that you might have more of the presence of Jesus in private, and I trust that He has heard me, and that you are *continually* rejoicing in the light of His countenance who is the light of the world. 'Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed upon Thee, *because he trusteth in Thee*.' Let us only trust Him, and He will prove that He is the faithful God. I wonder we ever distrust the love of Jesus; it is different from every other love; for it is love to the *unworthy*. His love is poured out upon those who seldom return it but with coldness, ingratitude, and suspicion. He is a kind Master, ever ready to forgive, and 'who *upbraideth not*.' We are to celebrate His love on Sabbath at St. Luke's; you must ask that 'He may manifest himself to His people then, in another way than He doth unto the world.' I

am more afraid to go this time than I have ever been—I feel so very unworthy; but then I think that should not keep me away, for, however worthy I might be, that would give me no title to go; but still I am afraid of deceiving myself, by thinking that I am trusting to His merits, when, perhaps, I am secretly trusting to something in myself. I have much need to cry, 'Search me, O Lord, and try me.' Perhaps God is shewing me my sins, to prove to me that there is nothing in me in which I could trust. R. and I should be up at St. Luke's at this moment, but it is pouring such torrents that we dare not go; it is very vexing, I must say, and I am rather inclined to murmur at the disappointment; but I have two things to console me;—one is, that it is not man who prevents us, but God, and therefore it must be '*well*,' for you know 'He doeth *all things* well;' and the other is that it gives me an opportunity of having a chat with you. I want you to get this before Sabbath, that you may remember us then. I do not know whom we are to have; I believe it is likely to be Mr. Milne. Have you got any work to do for Christ yet? O that I had more love to souls! Mr. Robertson said a very sweet thing about that verse in the Song, 'Draw me, we will run after Thee;' he said it was not, 'Draw me, I will run after Thee,' but '*we* will,' &c.; as much as if to shew that we could not go to Jesus alone, that if He draw us, we must bring others with us. Did you ever think of it? B. and I continue to go to hear Mr. R., and every time with greater pleasure. I think we are very fortunate to be so near such a true servant of Jesus. I wish we had one like him here."

"*Edinburgh, September 15, 1843*...I have been thinking yesterday and to-day about that expression, 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.' I don't think I know anything at all about the love of Christ. I am so *carnal*; I have little relish for the things of heaven. I should be ashamed if *you* knew

how earthly I am, and yet God knows it all; but still He does not abhor me; He does not cast me away from His presence. 'I am *the Lord*, I change not.' My own friend, here is a sweet word for you, 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, *to-day*, and for ever.' Do write soon, and tell me something about Jesus, for my heart is so *very* earthly; tell me how lovely, and how precious, how *satisfying* you find Him; describe Him as the Bride does in 'the Song;' and then I shall be constrained to say, 'Where is thy Beloved gone, that I may seek Him with thee?' I want to get a sin-crucifying view, a world-crucifying view, of Jesus; I want to get nearer Him than I have ever done yet, for I feel more earthly than I ever felt before. Will you ask this for me? You might also remember my dear, dear P\_\_\_\_, *particularly*; for do you know, I sometimes can hardly pray for any one else. I have had great wrestlings in prayer for him for several days. O that the blessing would come! but I pray so unbelievably, I sometimes *pant* to speak to him, but I never have courage. I did speak a few words to him about the necessity of being prepared for death, when we were speaking about poor Mr. D\_\_\_\_'s death. Oh! to think of Mr. D\_\_\_\_ being carried off in two days! We heard of this a few days ago, and I have been asking that it may make my dear P\_\_\_\_ think. It is surely a good sign, that God has made me so anxious about his soul; don't you think so? I have sometimes *felt* God, our loving God, listening when I have been praying for him, and felt such humble confidence that I was asking according to His will. I am so afraid that I shall grieve away the Spirit, and then I shall not be able to pray for him, or have any desire for his soul. Oh! *why* is he not converted, when God is so willing and so able? Will you tell me, when you write, what you think may be the hindrance? And ask that God would shew me if it is anything in me that hinders this blessing."

"P\_\_\_\_, September 25, 1843...So, you are so fond of London! Well, I can't say I liked it. But you have had much of God's presence there, and that must make you like it. What should we do without God? I have not been able to realise His presence, or rejoice in the light of His blessed countenance, for a long *dreary* time. I know He is near me, and guiding my feeble steps; but I do not *feel* it. If it is such misery to be away from Him, even for a little while, what would it be to be separated from Him *for ever!* I sometimes think that there is some idol in my heart, that makes Jesus hide His face from me; or perhaps my earthliness and unholy walk has grieved the Spirit. It must be my own sin, in some way or other, that makes me lose sight of Him 'in whose favour is life.' Will you ask, my beloved friend, that He would search my heart, and shew me what causes me to go mourning all the day, in place of 'rejoicing in the Lord alway'? Your dear letter was blest to me, for it made me long more after Jesus. I was thinking of that verse lately, it seems so full, the last part especially—I wish I were doing it every hour,—'increasing in the knowledge of God.' It is in Col. 1:10. I know so little about God. What blessed *holy* knowledge! There is no knowledge to be compared to that,— 'To know Him is life eternal.' *Now*, 'we see through a glass darkly;' but when we are WITH HIM, 'we shall know even as also we are known.' We'll never have an unkind thought of Him. We shall, indeed, beloved one, 'stand faultless before Him with exceeding joy.' I think one of *my* happiest sights will be to see YOU there, and B. too,—dear E. I was thanking Him this morning for all he has done for my own B. It is sometimes very sweet to plead for *one another* at our Father's throne. Do you always remember five? I almost always get now, and I hope you will meet me. There is a nice verse in our chapter for last Saturday,— 'Cease from thine own wisdom.' It seemed to me such a sweet thought, that I was not to have any wisdom of my own, but to lie like a

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little child (who, you know, has no wisdom of its own), and leave *everything* to the infinite wisdom as well as tender love of my Father. But how far removed am I from such a childlike spirit! I think that is one cause of my dark, unhappy state, that I will always *reason*, in place of *believe*. But He has given the command, and He will give the power to perform it.—Your ever attached friend and sister in Jesus."

"P\_\_\_\_, October 11, 1843...MY BELOVED J\_\_\_\_,—Everybody is out of the house but myself, and I think the sweetest, and I hope, also, the most profitable, way in which I can spend my quiet time is in writing to *you* about the things which free grace has taught us both to love. I have not had an answer to my last letter; but I don't stand on ceremony with my own beloved one. How I do weary to see you, and to kneel again with you at the feet of Jesus! That is our happiest and safest place. I wish I loved more to be there; but my soul gets more earthly every day. How continually I abuse His loving-kindness! I wonder my heart is so desperately hard, as continually to pierce the bosom on which I lean. am greatly tempted to doubt my being a child of God at all. But I have been trying this morning to look away from my vile self to the Holy One, and to; trust in His infinite merits, even with the consciousness; of my utter worthlessness, which I feel very much just now. I like to see my sins, for I don't think I ever saw sin as I ought; but I must not add to their guilt by doubting the merits of the precious blood of the Lamb. He says, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin,' and I dare not doubt after that. But oh, it is difficult, as I daresay you well know, to come to God with confidence, when you feel that there never was such a sinner as you living. And then Satan tries hard to keep me away, and to make me think hard thoughts of God; but 'greater is He that is in me than he that is in the world.' I feel that if God did not continually draw

me back to Himself, I should never even have a wish to return. This text has been much on my mind lately—'It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not.' *His compassions fail not!* Isn't that fine? We soon weary of Him; but He never has, and *never will* weary of us. Is it not a very sweet text for to-day? I hope you have heard Jesus' own sweet voice saying to *you*, 'Fear not; only believe.' How are you getting on? You will be far beyond me on the road; *earth* keeps me back. I sometimes feel unwilling to forsake *all* and to follow Christ; but He will make me willing. You must ask that He may;—that I may 'count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' It is a sore struggle at times with such a carnal heart as mine. But He has promised that neither '*things present*, nor things to come, shall ever be able to separate me from His love;' and that I shall come off 'more than conqueror through Him that loved me.' Oh! J\_\_\_\_, when shall I ever forget myself? Never till that wonderful time when I shall cast my crown at *His* feet, and confess, with unutterable and unselfish joy, that Christ is all in all. Then we shall love Him *and one another*, with unsinning hearts." "P\_\_\_\_, November 14, 1843...MY DEAREST MRS. H.,—I am so unlike a child of God, that I often doubt my being one; but when I think of His free invitation, and of such a blessed verse as this, 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*, 'I can't help feeling as poor Joseph did; if Christ came to save sinners, *why not me?* I wonder if any one ever was so full of earthliness as I? It has been a great burden to me lately. When I long to be spiritual and holy, I cannot; I have such a vile body of sin and death, which is opposed to all that is holy. 'I find a law in my members, warring against the law of my mind.' Don't you often feel inclined to cry with Paul, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body

of this death?' What a wonderful love the Spirit must have that dwells in such *unholy* hearts as ours, at least *mine!* I think God is shewing me that there is really *nothing* in me in which I can glory. I always want to see something good in myself. I am *afraid*, when I feel that I am altogether unworthy; but then I have all the more need of Jesus. 'He came to save *sinners*;' that is my only plea. I was wishing this morning that I might be *entirely* devoted to His service. I long to forget myself, and to have no other wish on earth but 'to shew forth the praise of Him who hath called me out of darkness into his marvellous light.' Will you ask, dear friend, for E. and me, that we may do this? that we may shine as lights in this dark world? that everything we do may be done from a single eye to the glory of God? How holy and happy would this life be! The very wish I feel to be happiness, such as I never felt in anything in this world. Don't you feel, when you can sincerely wish to live but for Jesus, that the very wish is happiness? There is something very sweet in holiness; it is very painful to have such an unholy heart; but Jesus is able and willing to make it holy; and then, even though I were holy, it is not on that account that I am accepted, but '*in the Beloved.*' Don't you think that our unholiness should make us prize Christ more? I wish I were beside you an hour just now, that I might ask you about this subject, for I am so ignorant about everything, that I am afraid of trusting to myself; but you will tell me I have a Teacher who will never let me go wrong, if I trust in Him; but I am very unteachable. How much dear E. and I have to be grateful for! I feel this when I see all the beloved souls about us feeding on the husks of this world, while we feed on 'the finest of the wheat.' Oh, let us praise Him, and pray that His love may kindle ours, and may constrain us to walk so that *others* may be led to Him. I blush when I think how I dishonour Jesus by every look, and word, and action. I am glad when I think that you pray for us. Ask

this, and ask it constantly, that we 'may shew forth His praise;' not our own, but *His*. I am always wanting others to praise *me*. O to have no wish but that He may be glorified! I find it difficult to be contented, nay, happy to be nothing, that He may be all. Ask that Jesus would make use of us, that He would use us as instruments in His service in any way, only that He would do it."

"P\_\_\_\_, December 16, 1843...Your letter was blest to me, for it made me more desirous of being near Him, and like Him; and it also sent me to the throne of grace to plead for you. How ashamed I should be if you knew how cold and feeble my prayers for you are! You must ask that I may live nearer the Cross, and then I shall have my cold heart warmed. I have been reading the account of the deaths of several eminent Christians to-day, and I feel such a strange kind of longing, anxious desire for something, I know not what. I want to die like them, and to go to Jesus; but I am afraid I am not prepared to die. The other world is sometimes so near, that it is very solemn. Don't you sometimes feel your heart swell when you think of Jesus? I have felt His presence to-day, I think, but I don't feel peaceful or happy; I feel dissatisfied with myself; I long to do something for Christ, but I don't know what to do. I am afraid I am like the barren fig-tree; when I feel in this way, I generally go to pray, but something always tells me that I should not be praying, but working for Christ, and that it is of no use praying when I don't do any thing; this often makes me unhappy at prayer. Did you ever feel this? Perhaps it is a temptation of Satan to keep me from prayer.[17] There is one part of your letter I want to speak to you about. In speaking of God's love to you, you say it is '*in the Beloved.*' I wish I could tell you all I feel, dearest, but it is so difficult in writing. I want to know *how God looks upon me*. You know I am all fall of sin. Now,

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if I am in Christ, does He look upon Christ, and not on me at all? Should I forget myself, and think only of *what Christ is*? Is it a different thing, or is it the same thing,—trusting in what Christ *has done*, and in what He is?[18] I wish you would write me what *you* feel about these things, for I feel more *dark* and *ignorant* just now than ever I did. Is it right to say, I am sinful, but Christ is holy; I am unrighteous, but Christ is righteous; I am weak, but Christ is strong? I am in great fear that I have not right views of Christ, and I am afraid, if I die, that I may find I have been deceiving myself. You must pray for me, that God would enlighten my eyes in the knowledge of Christ; and if you are able, I hope you will not be long of answering this part of my letter, as I am in an anxious unsettled state. Remember I expect my usual *Christmas letter*. The first Sabbath after the New Year is our Communion, and I am anxious to get clear views before going...I see your birthday and mine are both on the Sabbath, so that, if we are spared, and in health, we shall spend them in *God's house*. Perhaps, J\_\_\_\_, it will be in the courts *above*; He alone knows. Let us leave the time to Him. But let us be prepared for the call; may the call to each of us be, 'Friend, *come up higher*.' Or perhaps we may spend these days *together* in God's courts below. Isn't it curious that R.'s text [19] (8th July) is a prayer, to which mine is the answer? I think it is very sweet. About our reading, let us fix Leviticus. I think it will be very sweet, and very profitable. R. thought of it too, and besides, it is *your* choice, and that is enough for *me*. O that it may be much blest to us all! May our souls feed on Christ! I rejoice with you, beloved one, in the sweet glimpse you had of our glorious three-one God. May you *often* 'draw water with joy out of the wells of salvation.' I can a little understand what you say about praising Him for what He is in Himself. I think it is the finest, holiest feeling we ever have, just to praise and thank Him that there is such a glorious,

*holy* being as Himself. I am very happy when I can feel this; but ah! it is seldom; it is a fine thing to be able *to praise*; it is like heaven, even than prayer; if we praised more, we should not so often have to complain that we cannot pray. Mr. R. says, Praise clears the breast for prayer."

"May the everlasting arms be underneath you this night, my precious friend, and may the everlasting love of Jesus fill your whole soul. O to be able to tear every other idol away from our hearts, and to receive Him as our *all in all*, our satisfying portion!"

*"Monday, 18th.*—I must finish this letter, but I have not much heart for it; I feel completely burdened with a load of sin, and I can't see Jesus bearing them all away. I sometimes weary very much for that time when I shall be free from sin, and when God, our own tender, loving Father, will 'wipe away all tears from our eyes.'"

"How differently God treats us from man! R. and I have a hard time of it often. But how grateful should we be that we are counted worthy to suffer shame for His name! I trust it is in His cause that we suffer. But I am afraid that I too often cause His name to be evil spoken of. What a dreadful thing to bring reproach upon the name of Christ, to wound Him in the house of His friends! What a long-suffering God we have! I was rejoicing this morning that the gospel of Christ humbles the sinner, and brings all the glory to Him. I am glad it humbles us, for the dust is the fittest place for us. 'God be merciful to us, *sinners!*' It is fine that we can say that. Should not you like to have *Mary's place*, sitting at the Master's feet? Oh! it is sweet, when the heart is wounded by the unkindness and harsh words of man, to think of the tender, holy love of Jesus to us, unholy sinners. When we ask wisdom, He gives it

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us liberally, and '*upbraideth not.*' O that, being forgiven much, we loved much! Will you pray for my beloved R. and me, that we may be enabled to 'walk wisely towards them that are without;' and that we may not dishonour Christ in any way, but may 'let our light shine before men, that they, seeing our good works, *may glorify our Father* who is in heaven'? We have many troubles, and our sins bring us into many more (at least *mine* do); but *He* has said that He will deliver us out of them all. How selfish of me, to be thinking so much of my own sorrows, in place of feeling for those who have not Jesus to comfort them at all times! But my selfishness is intense!...I don't quite like one part of your letter—where you say that every sin lessens our weight of glory; for then I don't think I shall have any left when I reach heaven; for I never do anything but sin. There is *no good thing in me at all*. However, if I can get to heaven, I shall *see Jesus*, and *be like Him*, and oh, I trust, *be near Him*; and what can I need more?"

"P\_\_\_\_, December 23, 1843...MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I have entirely lost sight of Christ, and I am sorely tempted to give it all up together. I am often, for hours, in agony at the throne of grace, and come away as miserable as I went. And I do not feel sorrowful, as I used to do, at the sight of my sins; but I feel angry, angry with myself, even with God. I can see nothing but sin, and Jesus frowning upon me; and then my heart is unwilling to be humble. I want to be humbled, but still my heart will rise against it. And then, when I pray so earnestly, and Christ seems never to mind me, I am tempted to have unkind and angry thoughts about Him. What am I to do? You will say, if I am not a child of God, go to Him as a sinner. But I cannot go; I do not know how. I do not know what believing in Jesus means. I am quite dark; and oh! I am afraid, unwilling to learn. Our Communion is to be soon, and I

dare not go in my present state; and I am afraid to stay away. I am utterly cast down, cannot see, or feel, or believe anything. I wish *very much* you would write me a letter, telling me about Christ, and about the way of salvation, for I am as ignorant as a heathen. I know *nothing*. Oh, dear friend, tell me about your precious Lord, and *how I may come to Him*; and I will pray that He, who knows my case, may give you a word in season to my weary, guilty, sad soul. I sometimes think I shall be in hell after all, and see you and J. W. in heaven beside Jesus. But no, I could not stand that. I must be there too. But oh! I am so *full* of sin; you don't know my heart at all. When you pray for me, will you praise Him too on my behalf? for surely, though my unbelief prevents me seeing it, I have much for which to praise. Why has He ever looked upon me at all? I have no claim upon Him. I never sought Him. Yes; I can still praise. Even as I write, my heart seems to soften a little. Tell me how I can get to Him. I long to have her place who sat at His feet, bathing His feet with her tears; but I do not know how to go, and I am afraid. I am so vile. Are you to have any additional prayer-meetings at this season? I am glad our weekly meeting is on Christmas-day, for I find that the worldly doings going on at this time have a very hurtful effect upon my soul. I sometimes find that half an hour's worldliness drives every spiritual feeling from my heart. We have a prayer-meeting in the Free Church here every Wednesday evening. I hope you will sometimes remember us on these evenings at the footstool."

Such are some specimens of her first two years' correspondence after her conversion. We find in it striking progress. It shews us the resolute "pressing forward." Her hope has anchored upon the kingdom to come, and her eye is on Jesus. In spite of the flesh, the evil one, the heart of unbelief, the taunting world, she struggles forward. In much

loneliness, and weariness, and grief, yet with strange joy, and quiet rest, and heavenly fellowship between, she walks with God. The way is not smooth; nor is the sunshine always on it. But she faints not, nor tarries. Nothing can daunt her, or turn her back. She has counted the cost, and she is willing to pay it when demanded.

## CHAPTER 7

### Conflicts

M\_\_\_\_\_ knew that, in leaving the world, she was not at once passing into THE BEST. She had found rest in so far as the knowledge of God's favour gives rest to the weary even here. She rested on the Restingplace. She had "peace with God."

But still there was trouble. "Innumerable evils compassed her about," and she could say at times, "I am so troubled that I cannot speak." It was not the trouble arising from uncertainty as to the way she was pursuing, or as to the character of that Saviour on whose cross her eye was resting. But it was trouble arising from the "flesh," the "old nature" within, and from adversaries on every side. Thus, though there was peace with God, there was, in other respects, unceasing warfare. For the Church is not an army on parade, but on the battle-field. She knew this, and set her face to it. At times the battle was sore, seeming, not seldom, to go against her for a time, as if the enemy prevailed. Yet she did not yield, though she was ready to faint. She put on the whole armour of God, that she might war a good warfare. She faced each enemy as he came up, though with fear and; trembling. Whatever it might cost her, she would not retreat, nor throw away either sword or shield. There were fightings without, and fears within; but she kept the field, and ceased not till she overcame.

Her conflicts with herself may be seen in such passages as these:—

"December 27, 1842...I always meet you at ten and five; but it is often a hard battle. Sometimes I do nothing but weep the whole time. How is it with *you*? Is Jesus still near, still precious? Ah! He is near, even when you don't feel Him! I would give worlds to *feel* Him near. I pant for Him at all times. Does not your heart feel desolate when He hides His face?"

After this, she wrote thus to me:—"I have such conflict in prayer, that I often go with dread. Sometimes I do nothing but weep; and they are not sweet tears, such as it is sometimes a relief to shed; but they are *bitter*. I wonder what is the matter. I never in my life experienced so much agony as I have for the last week...My love is fallen very cold; but there is nothing that gives me any joy but Christ; and He will teach me to love. I would not go back: to the world and Satan again—no. Even suffering with God is more glorious than an eternity of the world's joys. 'Whom have I in heaven but *thee*? Oh, is it not ecstasy to tell God that?—that you don't want anything but Himself—that He is your portion?"

To her friend she wrote:—"I have great conflicts in prayer just now. think Satan tempts me much. Every day he tempts me to think there is no God at all. But still, I am never so happy as at prayer. I feel so sorrowful,—such a void in my heart, that it is ecstasy to go and throw myself at the feet of Jesus and weep there. It is sweeter to weep at the feet of Jesus than to rejoice in all the pleasures of the world." And elsewhere to the same friend:—"I have not had a happy time except a short while on Tuesday, in the evening. I am sorely tempted by Satan in many ways, especially by infidel thoughts. I feel as if Jesus had left me, and Satan got entire hold of me. I cannot describe to you the painful longings I have at times to feel Jesus near me, and to know that He is

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love. I think I would be contented if I could get but one feeling that He is love, into my heart. It is great agony to feel as if He were frowning on me. I think it is a little hell within me. O to see Him face to face, and never more cause Him, by my sins, to hide His blessed countenance from me!"

In a letter to myself she says:—"I cannot by any means get near God, and you know no one can live far from Jesus who has ever felt the blessedness of being near Him. I only know what it is to miss Him, not to feel Him near. I cannot realise His presence, and yet I do so long for it. When I am praying I feel as if I were repeating strange things; as if my own words seemed strange to me. I wonder if any one ever felt as I do, and what they did. Often, in speaking to people, I do not believe what I am saying. Is it not a wonder that God is not tired of me? In spite of all that Satan says, He must be a long-suffering God, for He still bears with me. Why cannot I believe that He is love, and lean on Him and be at rest? One reason I want to be at peace with God, and to be delivered from Satan's delusions, is that I may feel for others, and be able to pray for them, and to speak to them, really believing that they are in danger. I cannot glorify God in this state, and what is the use of living if I do not live to Him?"

Again, in her diary, she writes:—"Wednesday, 6th.—Have passed a very miserable day; I cannot get near Christ, and I cannot pray, and I cannot speak for Him, or realise spiritual things at all. Have been meeting my beloved friend at the throne of grace (five o'clock), and am greatly relieved in my soul. At first I was almost in despair; I could not pray; I could hardly even get the luxury of tears. I have wept so much lately, my tears seem dried up; but at last I was enabled to rest my weary soul on the faithful word of a faithful God; and I have found that a *sure foundation*. I have not found joy

yet; but I have found *peace*, the peace that Jesus alone can give; *His own peace*; precious peace; sweet peace; it indeed 'passeth all understanding.' Had much delight and some earnestness in pleading for my dear E., that Jesus would bless her, and make her a blessing where she now is."

"*Thursday, October 19, 1843.*—Had a painful season this morning; had a sight of my sinfulness and misery in going away from Christ, and longed to be received back again."

"*Saturday, 21st.*—I felt this morning more than ever that religion must be all or nothing. I had a time of agony to-day. My corruptions seemed to rise up as if they would overwhelm me. I wrestled for an hour, with strong crying and tears; but I could not find relief. I longed for a broken heart; but every moment it got harder and harder. I had such angry, hard thoughts of God, and I could not feel humbled. This passage melted me a little, 'Will He plead against me with His great power? no, but He would put strength in me.' This promise was fulfilled to me; for though I could not say I have found Him whom my soul loveth, yet He gave me strength to continue to plead with Him. I found a sweet peace, a resting of this weary soul of mine upon Jesus, my God, in pleading for my beloved family, and in committing all our concerns to Him; and I feel peaceful and happy in the thought that He would direct everything for the good of our precious souls."

"*Tuesday, November 5.*—Let me record the loving-kindness of the Lord. I had a sore battle this morning with unbelief and Satan's fiery darts; but Jesus at last appeared for my help, and my soul returned to its quiet rest. Blessed be His name for ever. I can say, I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."

"*Friday, 22d.*—Had a sore time this morning, battling with sin. I cannot get rid of it, and I cannot see Jesus bearing it. I am dark and sorrowful. I am bowed down greatly. I go mourning all the day."

"*Tuesday, December 26.*—It is very strange,—for some time, since I have been trying to give myself up more unreservedly to God and to His service, I have been so unhappy! I feel as if Christ were angry with me, and I cannot get rid of this feeling. Perhaps it is the enemy making a more vigorous effort to keep me back from Christ, when he sees me trying more earnestly to be *entirely* His. My consolation is, 'Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.'"

"*April 1, 1844.*—Felt great desires for spiritual blessings, but very unbelieving. Lord, increase my faith! I have been in deep, deep waters for long now; I cannot tell what I feel. God knows it all, and He alone can help me. O that I could trust Him! I feel such a hard heart. It will *not* melt. Have been looking at Mr. M'Cheyne's life. It seems very lovely. O to be like him!—no, rather, to be like Christ!"

"*November 13.*—Am not nearly so happy as I was, for I have not such a clear sight of the finished work of Christ as I had. But I humbly trust God is carrying on the work in my soul; and He has promised to carry it on to the end. O that that time were come! I am weary of this body of sin; but I thank my gracious God that I *am* fighting, and that I do not fight in my own strength. I think He is teaching me that when I am weak, then I am strong. Glory will make up for all we suffer here."

Her affection for relatives and friends was of the intensest kind. She might say:— "To be beloved is all I need, And whom I love, I love indeed."

From this loving sensitiveness many of her conflicts arose. "I have often prayed to God that He would make me love you less," were her words to a dear friend in Christ. Coldness or neglect pained her sorely. To this she was much exposed, from her peculiar position among friends, and her steadfast consistency of character. They who had loved her, sometimes looked coldly on her, because of her faithfulness, her decision, and her preference of the closet's solitude to all earthly companionships. She felt this most keenly, and was only comforted by remembering for whose sake it was that she was thus disesteemed. A conflict of this kind the following passage brings out:—"I sometimes think I am getting silly, when so many trifles give me pain; but, oh! it is no trifle that has made me wretched all this day. I think there is a struggle going on in my heart betwixt Christ and \_\_\_\_\_. I cannot tell you the agony I have at times when I think she does not love me. Oh! what shall I do? Must we love Jesus better than our own? Of course we must.

I know it; but still it is hard to bear."

Again she writes:—"My beloved \_\_\_\_\_, I have been much harassed of late. We have suffered a small martyrdom, I think. You who have such precious privileges, and so many to join with you, cannot conceive the inexpressible delight I feel at the idea of being free to read, pray, speak, and think about Jesus. And to hear Him preached, to speak for hours with you, my beloved one, oh! it is too much happiness! And then to pray with you for others!"

Another sore conflict which she had to endure was respecting a peculiar kind of preaching, which had greatly perplexed and darkened her. She thus wrote to me, in January 1842:—"I have been wishing to write to you for some time, but was prevented by your saying in your last letter that I should go more to God with my difficulties. I must, however, write to you, for, even if you don't answer me, it is a great relief to write, as I am in very great distress. I shall tell you the reason. I had a conversation with Mr. \_\_\_\_\_. I forget what he said at that time, but tonight I went to a meeting of his, where he spoke a great deal of people getting a false, delusive peace...What alarmed me most of all, was his saying that a man that does not see himself to be deserving of hell, has no right to think himself saved. He repeated that three or four times, insisting upon it. Now I felt that if that is the case, then I am lost, for I cannot see that. I know it, for God says it; but I cannot *feel* it, I cannot *see* it. Have I, then, no right to think myself saved?...I have been, and still am, in great distress. My mind is in a complete chaos. I try to tell all my difficulties to God, but I get no comfort; for I am frightened now, that I am not humbled enough; for Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ seems to think it pride to say you have peace, without being *completely* humbled. He has driven me from my compassionate, blessed Saviour. Last night I was in such agony at the thought that I had not come to Christ! I long to go to Him. My whole heart burns for Him. What shall I do? Oh! what shall I do? Will you write to me, and tell me, not *how* I am to believe, but *what* I am to believe? The Bible says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Now, what is believing on Jesus Christ? Oh! tell me, tell me! put me out of this misery, for I can hardly bear it. What can Mr \_\_\_\_\_ — mean when he says it is not enough to believe that Christ died for our sins? He appears to be deeply humbled on account of sin himself; but is it not the sight that he has had of Jesus that has

humbled him? Must we be thus humbled *before* coming to Christ? I should be inclined to come to Jesus and tell Him that I *am not humble at all*, but that I bring my heart to Him that He may humble it; and casting myself thus upon His mercy, am I not saved?[20] Mr. \_\_\_\_ says the way of salvation is this;—to go to God, *feeling* that you are a lost sinner, and pleading His promise in Isaiah 43:25,26; and that God will justify you. Now, if I do not *feel* that I am lost, and that I deserve hell, what am I to do? Wait till I do? I think that would be making a Saviour of our humility. He seems to be afraid that people don't feel sin enough, and that they are not humble enough. But I think he might leave that more to God. It is seeing that we have nothing to do but to accept salvation, that really humbles. I liked the other way of preaching the truth much better, because *it always drove me from myself to Christ*. I could then *cling* to the cross. *Everything in me drove me to Christ*. But now I am afraid. When he spoke of that man not having saving faith unless he *saw* himself deserving of hell, I was afraid to cling to the cross, for, oh! I have a proud heart!...Surely that preaching must be bad which drives from the Saviour. My whole heart melts when I think of Him; and, oh! am I not *His*?

Shortly after, she thus wrote to me:—"I was *very* glad to get your last, for I greatly needed it. I wish I could tell you that I have again found peace; but I think it has been too severely shaken to be easily restored. Yet at times I am happy; but it is only for a moment. There is such a weight of sadness on me that I cannot shake off. I am trying to be patient, but, oh! I fear much more will be needed before I learn submission. Mr. \_\_\_\_ has done me one good thing at least; he has made me search my heart; and oh, the sin, the fearful sin that is there! I never saw myself so sinful, so utterly without any good thing, as I do now. Did you ever feel what it

was to be sick at the sight of yourself? No. You are not like me. We are all sinners, I know; but there never was one like me. Oh, is it not blessed, most blessed, that God not only gives us forgiveness, but *makes us holy*? That is my longing desire—to be holy; but I fear it shews much unbelief to be weighed down by a sense of sin, because we know that Christ's blood cleanses from *all* sin. Should not our sins make us cleave the closer to the cross, where they are all washed away?"

There is such a thing as "making sad the hearts of those whom God has not made sad;" and such seems to have been the case, so touchingly narrated in the above letter. God overruled it for blessing, but that did not make the evil the less, nor alter the responsibility of those who were the instruments. To preach the law, man's pollution, the heart's deceitfulness, the difficulty of being Christians, and the liability to selfdeceit,—is this all that is meant by searching and faithful preaching? Alas! and is the cross of Christ not the grand touchstone for deceived souls? Law will not do, terror will not do, man's tests will not do. It is the uplifted cross that sifts, and tests, and undeceives. It is the preaching of Christ that shews men whether they have received Christ. Man's wisdom suggests the experiment of hiding the cross and exhibiting only the law, in order to arouse and alarm; but the result, in such a case, is only to harden and anneal; or if any conscience be disquieted, it is not that of the sinner or the slumberer, but only of the sensitive and tenderspirited believer. Those who try to humble their hearers by some legal method of their own, are fostering the very sleep and self-deception which they mourn over, and furnishing food for that self-righteousness which nothing can extirpate but the cross.[21]

M\_\_\_\_\_ on one occasion thus described the difference between the two kinds of preaching:—"When I hear \_\_\_\_\_, I am ashamed to believe; when I hear \_\_\_\_\_, I am ashamed *not* to believe." Again: "When I hear \_\_\_\_\_, I am afraid to come to Christ; when I hear \_\_\_\_\_, I am afraid to stay away from Him." And again: "\_\_\_\_\_ makes me ashamed of my faith; \_\_\_\_\_ makes me ashamed of my unbelief." Again: "I think that every one who really believes, finds it difficult enough without his making it more so." And again: "Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ hardly preaches about Christ's love at all; and I am sure that nothing else ever will draw a sinner; does he not say, I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me?" Once more: "Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ spoke of Christ being so precious when we were humbled for sin; but I could not help feeling Him precious, though I am not half humbled enough."

She was also a good deal troubled in spirit by the doctrinal controversies as to the atonement and election, and the Spirit's work. "I am troubled about doctrinal points," she writes, "*I am so afraid of getting into error.*" Into error she was never allowed to be led one hair's breadth. She held fast the Father's electing love, the Son's redeeming work for the Church, and the Spirit's work in all its fulness. God, not man, had taught her these; and in her own experience she found how true they were! God kept her in all her perplexities on the right hand and on the left; and in her we see the exemplification of a statement which old Fraser of Brea makes in reference to the errors of his day, and those by whom they were adopted:—"I never," says he, "knew any extraordinary tender walker (with God) that stumbled into these." [22]

Throughout all her letters, the intimations of conflict may be traced— conflict alike with error and with sin. For she saw in both of these her enemies—enemies of kindred character;

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and both she dreaded, the former no less than the latter. The spirit of the age makes light of error, as if it were not sin. Even some who call themselves Christians, have lost their *dread of error*, and hurry on from opinion to opinion, exulting in their freedom from old fetters and trammels, reckoning themselves peculiarly honest and unprejudiced. Alas for truth in such a case! How can it be reached? Alas for the *love* of truth! How can it exist where there is no fear of error? The love of *opinion* grows rank, but the love of *truth* has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. The love of opinion is but self-will, pride, and lawlessness; its fruit *must be* error, for "with the lowly is wisdom." The love of truth is the offspring of a will co-ordinate with the will of God. The former knows nothing of the inward conflict; the latter knows it too well. To side with God for righteousness and for truth, necessarily, in such a world as this, involves warfare. Nor is it the warfare of a day, but of a lifetime. He who has found it otherwise, and has had no occasion for "the whole armour of God," would do well to conclude that Satan still counts him as one of his own.

## CHAPTER 8

### Labours and Longings

IN her diary we find this entry: "I am distressed that I have nothing to do for Christ. I seem the only useless Christian in the world."

Yet all the while she ceased not to pray for souls, and, according to her opportunities, to labour for them. All her letters (very unconsciously on her part) bear testimony to her zeal and fervour. She could not be idle. When she could not speak, she could write. When she could not write, she could give or send a tract. When she could not do even this, she could pray. In one of her letters she thus speaks:— "I am unhappy when I think that I am of no use in this world, and that all God's children are working for Him except me. I often think I am the barren fig-tree; and that Jesus will say, 'Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?' I do not know yet in what way I can work for Christ; but I have laid my prayers at the foot of His cross; and I know that God will answer them in His own time and way; not for my sake, or on account of my prayers, or my earnestness; but for the sake of Him who died on that cross for such vile sinners; and I know that God, who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, will with Him freely give us *all things*. Perhaps He may give me an opportunity of writing to some beloved one about their precious soul, and about that Saviour who is so willing that all should come to Him that they may have life; or, perhaps He may enable me to speak for Him to poor, perishing sinners here. I feel so happy at the thought of living for Jesus. I do not know what has given me such an ardent desire to be

enabled to do something for Him. I wish I were a man, and then I would be a missionary!"

In every direction she looked round for labour. She could not rest if she were not doing something for Him who had bought her with His blood. Wherever she went, though but for a brief sojourn, she could not be idle. When she visited Kelso, she sought a district to labour in, or some souls to watch over and pray for. Almost all her letters give proof of this. One will suffice at present:—

"*Kelso, May 22, 1844...MY DARLING E\_\_\_\_\_*, Mr. Bonar has given me a district, and I go nearly every day to speak to the people, and to read to them, and give them tracts; and I cannot tell you what delight I have had in it; God enables me to speak to them so often, and to pray with them. Will you pray much for me that I may win at least *one* soul? But I want to get many more than that. I shall tell you more particularly about some of them, that you may pray specially for them. There is one old woman, very self-righteous, about whom I am very anxious; for I think God is opening her eyes to see that she has been all wrong hitherto. have sometimes such nearness to Jesus, and such sweetness when I am praying with her, that I am sure He is there, and that He is dealing with her soul. I feel it sometimes very solemn to speak to her, she is so attentive, and so desirous to hear; and the light seems to break in upon her every now and then; but she is still dark; she is not yet willing to come as *an empty, sinner*, and God alone can make her willing. Oh! ask that He would!

"She said yesterday, that she never had felt before as she does now, that she sees she is not right, and that she can get

no rest. Oh, I am glad she can get no rest till she finds it where alone it is to be found, in Jesus, the sinner's Friend."

"There is a sick girl, too, to whom I often speak, but I have not much pleasure in it, for she is not anxious; but God can and will bless His own Word. Pray for her also. She has a sister, a Christian, which must be a great blessing to her. There is an old woman, also, about whom I am anxious, for I don't think she knows Jesus; but there is another, and oh! what a darling she is! a real child of God! If you only saw her face when she speaks of Jesus,—it beams! I said to her, 'Do you love Jesus?' She said, 'I canna love Him weel enough;' and when I spoke to her about the hymn I sent you, and said, 'I shall read you a hymn about the Pearl of greatest price,' she replied, 'Ay, He is that!' She seems to dwell much upon this, that it is God who must first love us, else we would never love Him. She always says, 'My love is so cold, He must draw me with the cords of love.' In speaking of the sufferings of Jesus, she said, 'Isn't it *woesome*?' How I did long for you to come into the room beside us! I wish you were here with me; how exquisite it would be to go to the district *together*! I am going very soon again to see her. You must remember her, too,—this aged sister in the Lord. She can scarcely speak, she is so old and frail; but it is all the sweeter to hear her speak of Jesus with such stammering lips."

"It is a very solemn time this. There is something so strange and so new in it all, that I can hardly stand it often; and then Satan is so busy with me; but Jesus is stronger than all. It is curious how simple the way of salvation seems to me when I am speaking to others; it seems so free; there is really *nothing* between us and Jesus but our own unbelief; we *won't* trust Him. Oh! we are great wretches!"

"How grieved I shall be to leave all these souls! I think my heart will break. But there are souls in P\_\_\_\_\_ as precious as those here."

"We had a lovely sermon on Sabbath, from Mr. Lang, on this verse—'I am the way, and the truth, and the life.' It was *all Jesus*, and very precious it was to my soul. *Jesus* is the way,—not our faith, or our feelings, or our anxiety, or our *deep work*, or anything in us or about us, but simply Jesus; He is the way to the Father, and He alone. Oh, it is a blessed way! You and I don't want any other way, do we, R\_\_\_\_\_?"

In her own neighbourhood she visited most faithfully; not needing the invitation or urgency of others, but herself eagerly planning and carrying out labours of love. In the Sabbath-school, in the cottage, on the highway, or wherever she could find or make an opportunity, she laboured joyfully and untiringly.

In the month of August 1842, she and her sister devised another work, which she thus refers to in one of her letters:—"We wish to begin a little school for poor children; what we need is a little money to hire a room, and purchase a few books for them. We want to take about a dozen, and teach them to read, and tell them about Jesus."

The plan here devised was vigorously carried out, in spite of many hindrances and disappointments. In October 1842, she wrote thus to me:—"I must tell you how we have come on with our school. Yesterday was the first day. R. had all the big girls, and I the little ones. We got on creditably;—how I wish you had been with us! It was so sweet when we all sang together 'The Lord's my Shepherd,' and then knelt down to pray that the Good Shepherd would teach us to feed His

lambs. We must not rest till each child can say 'The Lord's *my* Shepherd,' I am rather ashamed of some in my class, for each day two or three of them have begun to cry to get home; and I have to send them away in a great hurry, lest the others should follow their example. I am going up to Edinburgh next week to get a few lessons at the Infant School. I find it a very difficult task to make them listen. I am rather disappointed, for I thought it would be so sweet to tell them about Jesus; but they don't understand, poor things! Some of them are very ignorant. They seem scarcely to have heard of God at all." Many (it has been said) "only work enough to prove that they are unwilling to work." It was not so with M\_\_\_\_. Her whole soul was in her work. She neither lingered nor trifled. Not much, indeed, lay in her power. She had no one to direct her operations, or to encourage her under disappointments. She had no one to lean upon, or to aid her. Yet she pursued her solitary path of doing what she could for souls that she saw to be so precious, and for a Master whom she loved so well.

"I have got fifteen poor families," she writes, "that I give tracts to, and R. has got twelve. You must not forget to pray for them. They are all careless, I fear; but we must go on speaking to them, and praying for them, and we have God's promise that His word shall not return void. That promise is a precious one; and don't you think that we should *always* expect that His word, spoken in faith, will be blest?" She could not rest satisfied with want of success. Her heart was set on serving Christ and saving souls. When one plan seemed to fail, she tried another; when one door was shut, she sought entrance at another. Nor could failure and disappointment dishearten her, however sorely they troubled her. Finding, for instance, that the children whom she had undertaken to teach, remained unimpressed, and were

sometimes very unruly, she speaks thus with mingled faith and sadness: "It is a hard trial to our patience; but we must persevere, trusting that God will bless our otherwise vain labours. He has more to bear with from us than we shall ever have from these poor things." And then she adds: "E. and I have adopted a plan, to see if we can do them some good. We keep in one girl by herself after the rest are away, and speak with her for a little. Perhaps it may make an impression on them. We kept one of the worst to-day."

In thus labouring for Christ among the young, she thus expresses her sense of responsibility in the work:—"I have been rather frightened lately, when I think how responsible we shall be for them. It is a solemn thought that such ignorant and sinful creatures as we are, should take upon us the care of so many precious souls; but I think we must trust the more entirely and unreservedly to Him who has said, 'Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.' You must ask Him to perfect His strength in our weakness, that we may be increasingly fearful of ourselves, and confiding in His strength. I never felt so weak or so sinful as I do now, when I have more to do than I have ever had. I often get discouraged, till I remember that I am but a tool in His hands, that His is all the power, and, oh! that His is all the GLORY. I like to think of that, and to know that Jesus will be glorified, though I be humbled in the very dust. One thing encourages me, and that is, that I have always had so much sweetness in praying for our success; but still I get terribly distressed when I think that perhaps, through my sin, any of them may be lost. How sweet it would be if we were to meet them all in heaven!

Our districts get on pretty well; all the people listen to our poor words. One woman was affected even to tears. I like her very much. She is one of *my people*, and her little girl is to be

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one of my scholars. There is another of mine whom I should like you very much to speak to if you were here. She is an old woman, which should make us more anxious about her. O that I were taking you to see all our poor people! That would be a happy day. I often think of you at prayer-time. O that there were an altar erected to God in *this* house! The young man I wrote to you about is dead. How glad I am that Mr. Burns went to see him! They say he prayed just before he died, and then fell asleep, and died quite calmly. Oh, if he fell asleep in Jesus! There is something unspeakably sweet in the thought of falling asleep in Jesus—in the Shepherd's arms."

Most diligently did she prepare *beforehand* for her work. Unlike too many Sabbath-school teachers, who seem to think that they can just go at once to their class and talk to the children, without the trouble of previous preparation, she sought most conscientiously, both by prayer and study, to fit herself for teaching her little ones. She felt that she must be *fitted* herself, ere she could pour out even so much as a drop upon others. She went first to God to be taught, ere she ventured to teach others the things respecting Him and His Son. She grudged no pains in qualifying herself. She prayed, she read, she wrote, she made inquiries, she went to other schools and teachers;—all for the purpose of fitting herself for instructing her little ones.[23] We may insert here one or two specimens of her preparations. Here is one of her simple addresses:—

"My dear children, there is a beautiful verse in God's Holy Word I should like to speak to you about, for a little. You will find it in John's Gospel, in the eighth chapter, and at the thirty-seventh verse:—'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' It is Jesus, God's dear Son, and the Saviour of poor sinners, who speaks, and He is telling *you*, and every

one, that if any sinner on earth, even a very little child, comes to Him to be saved, He will in no wise (that is, not on any account) cast them out. I want to shew you, dear children, from the many sweet stories in the Bible, that Jesus is true to His word, and that He never has, and never will, cast out any who come to Him; and oh! as you read about those, some of them children like yourselves, who have sought and found Jesus, pray to that kind Saviour that He would make you also willing to come to Him, and if you go, you are assured He will not cast you out."

Here again is a hymn which she wrote for them in the end of 1844:— [24]

#### NEW YEAR'S HYMN

"With rapid pace another year  
Has gone into the past;  
Eternity will soon be here;  
Time will not always last.

And this new year we now behold,  
Will just as quickly fly;  
Our life is like a tale that's told;  
The youngest soon must die.

Then let us not too fondly cleave  
To any earthly joy,  
The dearest ties we ever have,  
Death will at last destroy.

Let Jesus all our portion be;  
He never will remove;  
None satisfies the soul but He;

How precious is His love!

Dear children, seek the Lamb of God—  
"The Life—the Truth—the Way;"  
He'll wash you in His precious blood;  
Oh, do not stay away!

He bids you come, for, hear His voice, "  
My son, give me thine heart;"  
Oh, may you make the happiest choice,  
And choose the better part!

This year will be a happy one,  
If Jesus is your friend;  
And when your years on earth are done,  
Your joys will have no end.

Then Jesus face to face you'll view,  
And join the saints above,  
Who sing the song that's always new—  
Praise to redeeming love.

In reference to her labours of love, it may be as well to introduce here some extracts from a special journal which she kept:—

*"November 12, 1845.—Journal of my district.*

I have determined, by the grace of God helping me, to keep a regular journal of the precious souls in my district, that I may notice how the work of the Lord is prospering in it; and O that, each time I go near them, I may go, feeling my own utter weakness, and he strong *only* in the Lord, and with a vivid sense of the awful state of those who are without Christ!

also believing the love of Jesus to their souls, and His great desire to save them, and His ability and willingness to do them good, even through me, who am so unworthy."

"Had great desires in prayer this morning that I might have an open door to many; and the Lord graciously answered my prayers, for I was enabled to speak a word from God to several. O for the Spirit to bless His own truth!"

"Spoke in particular to one woman, Mrs. C\_\_\_\_, with great earnestness. Spoke about the conflict. She seemed to feel she had not known anything of this, so that I was enabled to press upon her this mark of a Christian, the two natures warring together. She has been under a gospel ministry, and knows a good deal (head knowledge!), but said she knew that there must be more than that. Spoke to her next about the love of Jesus, and the joy she would give to all heaven if she turned to Him. She seemed quite melted, and wept a good deal. O for the Spirit to shew her Jesus! I yearned over that soul, and must never lose sight of her now, nor rest till she has come to Christ."

"*November 27.*—Mr. George Hay came down to have a meeting here. He visited several of our people, and then collected them in Mrs. C.'s room, and addressed them. Only a few came, however, but *their* souls are precious, and if even one be brought to Jesus by means of this dear servant of His, our meeting will not have been in vain. He spoke about the throne of grace and the throne of judgment, Heb. 4:16, and Rev.

20:11. He said it was at the throne of grace that we got the passport to pass from the throne of judgment to the throne of glory. The people were very attentive. O that the great day

may shew *much* from this day's labours, and that even here we may see many turning to Jesus in this barren place!"

"*Dec. 9.*—Gave thirty tracts to-day. O for a blessing on them! Felt very dull and lifeless in giving them. Lord, shew me how sinful this is! Spoke a few words to Mrs. H\_\_\_\_ again, who said she felt comforted by our conversation last time, and wished to see me again. To God be *all* the glory. Spoke to \_\_\_\_ and her old mother. Alas! they seem quite careless. I wonder what fruit of these feeble efforts I shall see in glory!"

"*Dec. 13.*—Gave twenty-one tracts to-day. Spoke again to Mrs. C. She got a little angry; but I was not sorry, as it shews that the truth has touched her conscience. O for the life-giving Spirit to open her blind eyes! Went to Mrs. P. She gets on well. She and Mrs. S\_\_\_\_ are the only two I have any comfort in." [25]

"*Dec. 17.*—Mrs. P\_\_\_\_ called last night, to say that her husband wanted to see me; so I went down to-day, and had a long talk with him. He seems wavering between the world and God. O that he would choose the better part! This is a very interesting case."

"*Jan. 3, 1846.*—Attended the monthly tract meeting, the first of this year. May this be *a fruitful* year, wherein many souls shall be brought to Jesus; and may a double portion of the blessed Spirit be given to His own children! And may we who are tract-distributors know ourselves the Saviour of whom these tracts speak; and may we never rest satisfied till we have *every* soul in our districts brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd!"

"*Monday, 5th.*—Spoke to Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, who says she is not satisfied with her state. I am glad of it, if she is not yet 'born again.' Find it *very* difficult to speak to her. How ignorant I am! It makes me very sad to go to my district and see so few caring for Jesus and His great salvation; and then, as a natural consequence of this carelessness, what misery there is amongst these poor people! O for the love of Jesus, the tears of Jesus, that I might yearn and weep over these poor wandering sheep! have no conversions yet to record. Lord, why is this? Perhaps I am seeking my own glory: perhaps I am wishing that souls might be converted because it is *my district*. O for a single eye and a single desire for the glory of Jesus! Give me this, Lord!"

"*Tuesday, 13th.*—Gave the rest of my tracts. In the morning, at prayer, had the most earnest longings and yearnings after the souls in my district I think I ever had. Wept almost in agony over them, and felt as if it were a burden too heavy for me to bear. Pleaded with God that nothing could be done for them unless He did it."

"*March 12.*—Gave twenty-six tracts to-day. O for an outpouring of the blessed Spirit on my own dead, careless soul, and also on these poor souls in my district! I am anxious to form a 'maternal meeting' amongst the mothers in my district. These meetings have been much blest in other places, and why not here? Mrs. P.'s house would be a nice place to meet in. Mrs. H., Mrs. C., and another with whom I had a talk to-day, would probably join; and though they do not care about their own souls, yet, in seeking the souls of their children, they may be led to think of their own. Spoke very solemnly to Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_. She does not seem at all anxious. Alas! what a state to be in, and how many in this place are in

this state!—on the brink of hell, and not anxious about their condition!

May the Spirit arouse them, for He alone can."

"*March 26.*—Had a little encouragement in my district to-day. Went to Mrs. P., who said that her husband, after telling her about some business being settled, said—'But I have better news than that to tell you! Miss \_\_\_\_ has been here, and spoke to me about my soul, and my heart just seemed to burn within me, and (she has *almost got me to turn.*) O that he would be not *almost*, but *altogether* persuaded to turn to God! I am very hopeful about that soul. It was very encouraging to think that he feels that the good done to his soul is better news than the settling of his worldly concerns, especially when he *must* be anxious about these, as they are so gloomy at present. But we must tell him to *press on*; he is not safe till he is *in* the Ark."

"*September 23.*—Have been ill, and therefore not able to give my tracts so regularly. O that I could see more fruits of all my labours here, poor and unworthy as my efforts are! E. and I are seriously thinking of going abroad as missionary teachers. May the Lord guide us in this great matter! Had a conversation to-day with Mrs. H\_\_\_\_. I do think she is inquiring the way to Zion. P\_\_\_\_ goes on well; but I am not satisfied as to his being really 'born again,' and without *that*, nothing will do—'Ye *must* be born again.'"

Another way in which she laboured for Christ was by trying to bring friends into contact with those from whom some blessing might be expected. By inducing them to read some quickening book, or listen to some faithful minister, or converse with some pious friend, she hoped to win them to

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the Lord. And no opportunity did she let slip of thus serving Christ. Instances of this will be found elsewhere. Here is one in a letter dated July 27, 1843:—"This will be delivered to you by \_\_\_\_\_, a friend of mine, whom I am very anxious to introduce to you, in the hope that you may be able to speak to her about her soul, during her stay in Kelso— dear Kelso. I trust that her visit there may be as much blest to her as it was to me. I am *very* anxious about her, and her dear little boy who is with her; and I will make no apology for writing to you about them, as I know that you will not be grieved to have another soul to speak to about Christ."

Very frequently did she write to myself and others about those whom she loved, entreating that prayer might be made on their behalf, or asking advice respecting them. As a specimen, the following is given, written a few months after her conversion:—

"P\_\_\_\_\_, *December 4, 1841.*—MY DEAR MR. BONAR, You will be astonished to get another letter from me so soon; but I shall make no apologies for troubling you again, as I know that what I now write about will, from its importance, plead my apology. You perhaps remember a young friend of ours that we often talked to you about: I. C\_\_\_\_\_. She has been here today, in much distress about her father, who has had a stroke of palsy. The doctor says he may die in a moment, and I\_\_\_\_\_ is, as you will believe, very anxious that he should be roused to a concern about his soul. You may perhaps wonder that we trouble *you* about everything; but we have really no one to give us any advice, and we know you are willing to help us. I said to I\_\_\_\_\_ that I would write to you about her father, for she says that he has read your sermon about Christ subduing the soul to Himself, and he seemed to like it...From what she says, he seems to be only a *very little*

anxious, and is trying to get peace from his own endeavours. She says that, if you have time enough, you would perhaps write something for him that would alarm him out of this fearful sleep, and then we would pray that it might be blest to him. Oh! when I think of the immense value of even one human soul, I get quite alarmed at the cold way I am writing to you...Pray for him and for his daughter, that she may be enabled to speak to him. Do you think, when you answer this, that you could give her some advice as to what she should say to him, and what books she should read to him? It would be very delightful if you and the many Christian friends you have would join in prayer for him, that he may be brought to Christ. I wonder that we are not more anxious about the souls of others. Does it sometimes overwhelm you when you reflect for a moment on the immense value of a soul? I wish you would pray much for me, that my icy heart may be melted into love for souls; for I have many precious ones to pray for...Tell me, when you write, if you remember my beloved brother, R\_\_\_\_, who is at Hudson's Bay. I long to know if you pray for him...I wish I could tell you that \_\_\_\_ — had found peace; but she is still in much darkness...I think everybody is in earnest but myself. I wish you would say something that would rouse me out of this dead state. Do not spare me. I want my pride and self-love killed. May Jesus fill your own soul with the peace that passeth all understanding. I pray every night and morning for you, that God would make you very happy, and that you may be the means of bringing many souls to Christ. Always pray this prayer for me, that I may love souls."

Here is another instance, in a letter to her friend:—

*"Dec. 29, 1843.—MY BELOVED FRIEND,—I sit down to finish this letter;*

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may the Lord enable me to write! I have been asking that He would give me a message to your soul. I hope you will get a blessing in the reading of our chapter to-day. I want you especially to remember dear \_\_\_\_\_ in your prayers, for \_\_\_\_\_ has been writing to him about his soul, and he sent an answer this morning so full of the pride of intellect; ah! he does not know yet that he must 'become a fool, that he may be wise!' Perhaps you will think this a very bold step of \_\_\_\_\_, but I do think she was right; what does it signify what he thinks of us if he is brought to Christ? I was reading the first of John, where it speaks of Andrew telling his brother Peter that he had found the Messiah; and it is added, '*And he brought him to Jesus.*' Why may not we bring one to the same loving Saviour, who is as willing to receive him as He was to receive Peter? I have written also to \_\_\_\_\_, so you must be sure to pray for a blessing upon these feeble efforts, my beloved J\_\_\_\_\_. I spoke to \_\_\_\_\_ that night when I was so happy; I felt such a longing to bring her to Christ, that I thought my heart would break if I did not speak: it was long before I could, but I prayed for strength; and I spoke at last, and asked her if she loved Jesus, and if she was 'born again.' She could not be angry, for she saw I spoke in love; but she seemed very much annoyed, and I left her, and went to pray for her. What a blessed refuge *the throne* is! E. and I are both feeling just now the necessity of being *entirely* God's, of forgetting our own ease, and everything about ourselves, and seeking to live to God's glory. I feel that I am only half a Christian. I try to remember *your* wants, particularly as you ask that your languor and deadness may be removed. I *often groan* under that; it is very painful; but still 'we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' Oh! if we could only believe the love of Jesus! I don't think any of His children have any right idea of the love that *fills* His heart.

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O to have it 'shed abroad,' to have it filling our whole souls, and transforming us into His own holy image! Oh! if I could only believe that *Jesus loves me!* Do you think He does? Just say *yes*;—it is awful unbelief to doubt it; but still I long to hear Him say that He loves even me. I was telling Him this morning that I did not want to see my love to Him, but only His to me; it seems to be all I need, and all I want to have—His love 'shed abroad in my heart.' May you be filled with it, beloved one! I must finish this letter afterwards, as it is nearly *three*, and I must read our chapter *with you*. May the Spirit breathe upon it! Did I not tell you about M. C\_\_\_\_? She was an old schoolfellow of mine, as careless as myself, and about a year ago, when she came to live in Edinburgh, I went to see her sometimes; but I felt unwilling to go, for I could not speak to her as I used to do. Well, one day \_\_\_\_ told me that M. had been made one of Christ's sheep, and that she told them that she had been keeping away from me on the very same account! Was it not curious that each of us thought the other did not care? Little did we think how happy we should be to meet. She is a very dear girl, and a *staunch* Christian. "

From the moment that her eyes were opened, she saw the danger of those who are still out of Christ.

Her love of friends did not lead her to think or speak smooth things respecting their spiritual condition. "It often startles me," she once wrote to me, "to think how few of all those I know are Christians." She saw that they were unconverted, and she knew that if they remained so, they must be lost. She did not try to persuade herself that *perhaps* they were Christians after all; and that perhaps *they* might be right and *she* wrong. She felt that if the Bible were true, *she* was right, and *they* totally astray. She did not say, They are older than I am; they think themselves Christians; others think them

Christians; what right have I to think otherwise? She did not say, They are my friends, my kindred, my dear ones; is it not cruel in me to form harsh judgments respecting them, or to allow such a thought to enter my mind, as that they are on the way to death? No. She looked at God's Word, and she read, that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature" (2 Cor. 5:17). How could she doubt that, however dear to her, they must be lost if not made new? And how could she believe them to be "renewed in the spirit of their minds," when she saw no fruits of holiness, no love to Christ, no forsaking of the world, no delight in prayer or the Word of God? She could not be mistaken. These dear ones of hers—dearer now than ever—were still far from God; and to blind herself to their sad condition, was only to increase their peril, by throwing away the opportunity of attempting to save them. She dared not say that conversion meant less than God said it meant; nor that sin was a less evil than God said it was; nor that the world was a less enemy than God declared it to be; nor that the certainty of a Christless soul being lost was not so absolute as God had proclaimed it. Not daring to say these things, she saw that her part was to set herself in good earnest to win the souls of these erring ones, by faithfully warning them of their danger, and pointing them to the same cross where she had found shelter. The most refined cruelty of which she could be guilty, would be to make them believe that there was little difference between herself and them, and that possibly their danger might not be so great as some in their sternness supposed. She resolved to be *faithful*, though she might be called proud and presumptuous. Souls were precious, time was short, life was speeding away; she must be faithful to their souls. And the Lord blessed her faithfulness. No doubt she suffered for it. She was spoken of as unkind, and stern, and proud; but she did not turn aside. Her eye was single. Her views of eternity were vivid. Her love

to the unsaved was intense. Her consciousness of the joy of being "in Christ," and her estimate of the misery as well as danger of those who are out of Him, made her thus fervently long for the salvation of all whom she loved. It was one of the most marked features of her piety. She could not walk in light, and leave others, uncared for and un-prayed for, to go on in darkness. The more she learned to rejoice in Christ, the more did she mourn over those who knew nothing of this joy.

Thus she writes, chiding herself for indifference in this thing:—"I had great sorrow this morning, amounting to agony, by finding that I have so little love for souls, so little desire that they may be saved, and that they may have the blessedness I have had, in knowing Jesus. I could hardly bear to think that I did not love souls, especially those precious ones who ought to be so dear to me. How vile this shews me to be! And this makes it worse, that I should not desire that Jesus should be glorified by their conversion. I wonder why I have not more of the mind of Christ about this yet."

Again: "Felt great joy and much earnestness in pleading for \_\_\_\_\_. It was the same yesterday. I can hardly stop praying for him. Surely God intends good to his precious soul. He cannot have given me those desires, without meaning to satisfy them. They are the 'unutterable groanings' of his own Spirit. O for more faith! I feel as if God were willing to grant me all my requests, if I could only believe that He would. I try to look at His almighty power and wondrous love, in place of dwelling upon the greatness of the thing I ask for, the conversion of a soul that has long resisted all the drawings of His Spirit. I like to think of this precious Scripture,—'Is there anything too hard for the Lord?' That is a wonderfully sweet verse to me just now, when Satan and my own unbelieving

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heart try to persuade me that his heart is too hard to be melted. No, mine is harder; and praise be to Him, for He has melted mine. Oh! I wish I could tell \_\_\_\_ how much God loves him, and wishes him to be saved, and how happy he would be if he were God's child. I must seek for opportunities of speaking to him. I must watch unto prayer."

Again: "Had some earnestness in pleading for my beloved \_\_\_\_\_. I felt more than ever I did that it is God, not I, who is anxious that he should be saved. Oh, no, there is no good desire in my cold, selfish heart. To God be all the glory."

Again: "Had another wrestling time at prayer for my beloved \_\_\_\_\_. E. and I had a meeting together. Felt drawn again to plead. When will our prayers be answered?"

Again: "Got a bitter disappointment to-day. I had been visiting a girl of fifteen, in the prison, and was very anxious to get her into some institution when she came out, and was engaged the whole day in trying (and at last succeeding) to get a ticket for her admission into the Shelter, when she refused to go! I tried for more than an hour to induce her, but all in vain. How terribly I felt it! It was very humbling to me. It shews me, however, that God alone can turn the human heart; and oh, if He has touched *mine*, I need never despair of any."

In a letter she thus speaks: "I think at times my heart will break altogether, when I look at my beloved \_\_\_\_\_, and think I can do nothing for him. May God help me! for this is the sorest trial I have ever had...Blessed Jesus! He *cannot* be unkind; He cannot err! What sweet rest that thought gives!"

"Prayed this morning (June 10, 1843) that I might have love to souls. O that this prayer were answered! I feel it very

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painful to have such a selfish heart, with no love to any soul but my own, and no right love to my own either."

In another place she thus briefly but lovingly records the conversion of a friend:—"Nov. 7.—Had a very sweet letter from M.C. She is now a pilgrim on the road to Zion!"

In regard to another friend, over whose soul she yearned, she thus speaks:—"Wrote a long letter to dear V\_\_\_\_, beseeching her to come to Jesus. O that the blessed Spirit would open her eyes to see her need of a Saviour!" And again: "I long to tell \_\_\_\_ how lovely Jesus is; but I am so fearful and so unbelieving. O for a bold yet loving spirit! May Jesus himself give me grace to speak...*I have spoken*. I told her I had found a treasure in Christ, and asked her if she too had found Him! But, alas! she seemed very much annoyed by my speaking to her, and said she had the Bible to tell her about these things. I must not despair, but pray that even this feeble effort may be blessed to her soul."

"Jan. 8, 1844.—Read Mr. Hamilton's tract, *The Prison Opened*, and had a very sweet taste of the sweetness of the love of Jesus, in reading it. Prayed earnestly for dear \_\_\_\_\_. I long for her to taste the sweetness of His love."

"May 11, 1844.—Wrote to M\_\_\_\_ about the hiding-place! May she find it. Had a meeting with my beloved J. at five. Felt dead, but thirsty; and, oh! *very sinful*. I should like to get my heart cleaned out. Alone a little after tea. Had much sweetness in pleading for my darling R. May the Lord himself bless her, and be her everlasting portion!"

"20th May.—Wrote to \_\_\_\_\_. May the Lord give the letter His blessing! Again at my district. Great desires for Lizzy, and

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much liberty in speaking to her, and praying with her. Spoke to several others."

"2<sup>lst</sup>.—Went to my district. Spoke again very solemnly to Lizzy. She says she feels differently from what she did; that she sees she is not right, and that she can get no rest. May the Lord open her eyes to see a *free* Saviour."

"A letter from dear R.M.G. has been brought to Jesus. Another soul brought to Jesus!"

"Went to visit Mr. Hay's grave. Alas! it was a sad visit. I think this has been one of the saddest days I ever passed. We spoke a few words to a man there, an infidel. O that the Holy Spirit would send home the Word to that soul! We shall know in eternity, if not here."

In a letter she thus expresses herself:—"I pray for *you* as earnestly as my heart of stone will allow. I like to tell God to bless you, to pour out His Spirit upon you; to bless you in every respect, in yourself, your dearly-loved self, in your dear family, in your scholars, in every way. O that He may answer all my prayers for you! I know He will. His name is Love...How is dear \_\_\_\_ getting on? Tell her, with my kindest love, that I had great delight in pleading for her, last Wednesday, at four o'clock."

At another time she writes:—"I saw my dear R. yesterday, and was delighted to hear that you had written to her. I think she would not be so doubting if she were not so much with poor \_\_\_\_; but they always speak together about *themselves*, instead of speaking about Jesus; and then they get into doubt and darkness. Dear \_\_\_\_, I cannot tell how my heart sometimes rejoices when I think of her being a follower of the

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Lamb, and that we shall be with Jesus in heaven together. And you, my dear J\_\_\_\_, *you* will be there also...Will you pray for me, that I may have an opportunity of speaking a word to dear \_\_\_\_? for he is a great burden on my mind just now; for I think I should speak to him when I am here; and yet I have never been able; and I think it is because I am not *willing*. Oh! it is grievous that I always consider *myself instead* of those I love...Will you also remember dear V\_\_\_\_? Tell me about Mrs. O\_\_\_\_ when you write. Is she really anxious? How blessed it would be! I should like very much to write to her, but I am so totally unfit; still I don't feel easy till I have done so."

"E\_\_\_\_ tells me that Mrs. \_\_\_\_ is anxious; how glad we ought to be! She says I should write; which I should like to do; but what could I say? But then God would give me words. I am glad you wrote to dear \_\_\_\_; poor thing, she is in a sad state. It is curious, I could not speak to her now about believing; she seems to me to be taking Mr. \_\_\_\_'s way, and making herself more humble first. I wish she had peace; and I do think we need not *wait*, if Jesus is willing to receive us. Write to dear K. when you can, for she has not much peace either. L\_\_\_\_ is anxious; but only a little, I think. Pray for her; and write her a rousing letter when you have time. I wish I could get a word spoken to dear \_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_; I get alarmed when I think that I know their danger, and don't warn them. But I find it so difficult to realise their danger. Do you feel that? Pray that I may be enabled to speak, if it be for God's glory; and that I may be shewn *when* to speak. I wish \_\_\_\_ would write to you. I don't know what to think of her. She is anxious at times, and then it wears off. She puzzles herself about being born again. I don't think she can have come to Christ yet, from all she says. It is very difficult to deal with

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her, for when she is anxious, she says, 'Well, but what more can I do but read and pray?'"

*"Jan. 3, 1842.—*What a solemn day the last of the year was to me! \_\_\_\_ and I were sitting alone in the drawing-room, just as the clock struck twelve, and another year commenced its silent course.[26] I could not resist saying a few words to him, and I asked him if he was born again. We did not speak much, for I was so agitated that I could scarcely speak. He laid his head upon mine, and I saw the tears falling fast. He said it was a serious question, and seemed to think it would take a long time to answer I said,—'Suppose God does not give you a long time to settle it?' I have written to him, telling him more of what I wanted to say; but, somehow, I have not courage to give it to him. Pray that God would bless it. I hope you will soon write to dear \_\_\_\_\_. She says she will be delighted to hear from you, all about yourself and all her friends in Kelso, but that, for anything else, she has her Bible to go to. I tell you this that you may know how she feels, and act as you think best. It might do harm to force the subject of religion upon her; it is very difficult to know how to act; but God will guide you, and then you cannot go wrong. I am going to \_\_\_\_ on Wednesday. Will you plead that I may have an opportunity of speaking to my dear \_\_\_\_\_, and also to \_\_\_\_\_? for she is often a great burden on my mind. I wish you would tell Mr. B. and Mrs. H. her case, and ask them to pray for her." [27]

In August 1842, Mr. M'Cheyne, Mr. Gumming, Mr. Somerville, and myself, visited Newcastle for the purpose of preaching the gospel. That visit was not un-blest. Souls were saved, and Christians were aroused.

In it M\_\_\_\_ took a deep interest, and in reference to it she thus writes: "I long to hear more about your visit to Newcastle. I hope many poor wanderers have been brought to the fold. It must be very delightful to be enabled to go and tell sinners of Jesus. I have been praying that you might win many souls; that Jesus would teach you to speak, and incline many to listen to His message of love and mercy. I wish I had more of the spirit of prayer. It is so sweet to plead for others. I hope you remember poor P\_\_\_\_. We need your prayers." And is it not thus that ministers are blest? Is it not from the closet of the obscure believer, of whom they may never have heard, that the cry goes up which is to draw down the freshening rain? Do ministers sufficiently urge this upon their people? Do the people rightly discern their awful responsibility in this thing! "Thousands and thousands of prayers were put up for me," says Whitefield; and was this not as much the secret of his success, as his own prayerfulness and spiritual fervour? Moses may marshal the host, and Joshua may lead on the array; but there must be Aaron and Hur upon the hill. Intercession for ministers must be more fervent and real. "Brethren, pray for us!" We need your intercessions. We expect them. We charge you, by all that you owe to us, to yourselves, to the Church, to the world—not to withhold or restrain them.

Such were the ways in which the new life came forth. The warm zeal, the tender pity, the decided action, the faithful love, the bold energy, were not of man, but of God. She did not work in order to get the credit of working, nor from any bustling activity of nature, nor because led by the example of others. Her zeal sprung from a holier and diviner root. The same Holy Spirit that had drawn her out of the world, wrought in her to compassionate and to plead for that world, out of which she had been drawn. In all her labours she acted

as if from irresistible impulses within. It was not a question of *duty* with her; it was a matter of simple *necessity*. She could not do otherwise. The mother does not weep over the coffin of her first-born because she *ought* to do so. She cannot help it. The brother does not shield the sister in the hour of danger because it is his *duty*. He cannot but do it. So was it with M\_\_\_\_. In regard to the unsaved around her, the question of *duty* never came up at all. Why? Not because she was not alive to the call of *duty* when it came; but because the strength of the new nature carried her far beyond it. It was not so much *conscience* as *compassion* that quickened her. Love hurried her on. She spoke, and wrote, and laboured, and prayed, because love would not let her do otherwise. God owned her love, and gave her souls for its reward. And so is it always. The most bustling works of *duty* may be barren; but the activities of *love* are vital. They bear fruit for eternity.

## CHAPTER 9

### Progress in 1844-45

"THE whole life of a man," says a writer of the seventeenth century, "is a continued conversion to God, in which he is perpetually humbled under a sense of sin, and draws nearer and nearer to God, with more fervent faith and love; and daily walks closer and closer with the Lord, endeavouring at perfection."

The above sentence might be taken as a true description of M \_\_\_\_ 's life. The tossings to and fro which the good man refers to as his own experience, are largely exemplified in hers. There is a firm holding fast to the anchor which is fixed within the veil; and yet what strainings of the cable, almost at times to breaking! What driftings hither and thither, as for as the cable would allow!

Whilst not resting on what she felt, but on what her Substitute had felt for her, she yet cannot be satisfied without feeling towards Him all that she ought to feel; and the conflict between these two states of mind is often painful, nay, agonising. She knows that her peace is to be built, not on her love to Him, but on His to her; yet she longs to love with her whole heart; for she sees how worthy He is of all her love. Hence the flowings and ebbings, which the following letters so artlessly narrate. Every change, or shade of change within, she notes; and as she notes it, so does she carefully and accurately describe it to her friend. Perhaps there is too much of this; nor have we thought it needful to give such passages in full; remembering John Livingstone's resolution—"Finding myself sorely deserted, I made a promise to God, not to tell it

to any but to Himself, lest I should seem to complain, or foster misbelief in myself or others."

There was in her at all times an *intense fixedness of eye upon the Cross*. When some mist or cloud threw itself between her and that polestar, she still kept gazing on the spot from which her star had disappeared, persuaded that it would soon shine out again undimmed. It was just such a star as her darkness needed; and she knew that nothing could pluck it from the firmament. In it she found light, and guidance, and hope, and healing, and gladness.

The letters which follow in this chapter are addressed to more than, one individual, as the initials both of person and place will sufficiently indicate. They are given in the order of *date*, without any notes or explanatory comments. They unfold the writer's spiritual state and progress, which is the main object of their insertion. They are very vivid reflections of M\_\_\_\_'s mind, exactly revealing her feelings and her doings, without colouring or exaggeration. Not one word is written for the sake of effect. When she *spoke*, it was always to tell, simply and truly, what she felt; and when she *wrote*, it was with the same truthfulness and simplicity.

There is great singleness of heart and purpose manifested in these letters. They contain no references to passing events; and even personal or domestic circumstances are only introduced, in their bearings upon that eternity towards which her eye so intently and so fervently turned. With what solemn steadfastness of purpose she pursued her heavenward path; with what zeal she laboured for her Lord; and with what willingness she bore His cross—the reader will discover in these letters, which mark her progress in the years 1844 and 1845.

"P\_\_\_\_, February 14, 1844...MY OWN DEAR J\_\_\_\_, Since I last wrote to you, the Lord has again laid me on a sick-bed, and I was very nearly being 'absent from the body,' I trust to be '*present with the Lord;*' but you need not be alarmed about me, for I am now nearly well."

"This last illness of mine shews me how in one moment we may be taken away. O to be always ready for a dying hour!—to be '*found in Him!*' Then, come the summons when it may, we are ready. I often think how much need I must have of our Father's *loving rod*, for I am so often laid low. Will you ask that this chastening may be for my profit, that I may be partaker of *His* holiness? But I must tell you how I got ill. About a fortnight ago I had such a severe 'fit of toothache that I was obliged to have a tooth taken out; I got it out on the Monday, and it stopped bleeding for two hours, but about three o'clock it began bleeding again, and from that time till nearly ten on Tuesday night it bled violently. Only think of me bleeding for thirty hours! The doctor could not stop it for some time, and I got so weak with loss of blood and want of food and sleep, that I nearly fainted, and poor R. had to go at ten o'clock at night with the doctor to E\_\_\_\_, to bring another doctor, for the one here said, if it did not stop I might sink in a moment, and that I would not survive another night. I did not know there was any danger, or I should have been alarmed. E. did not tell me till next day, when I was out of danger. It makes me start when I think how nearly I was entering on the unseen, realities of eternity. O that the worthless life that God has spared may be spent in His service! Pray much, dear one, that this illness may be blest. I am very much afraid that I, in my folly and desperate wickedness, may let it pass unimproved. I have not had the presence of Jesus in this illness;—scarcely at all; indeed that

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has been my greatest trial. It has been a fortnight of great bodily weakness, and *very* great depression of soul, but still 'He doeth all things well,' and in His own time the light will arise; but I wish the time were come *now*. I am trying to pray that this illness may be blessed to my dear M\_\_\_\_, for I have several times had an opportunity of speaking to her about the necessity of being prepared to die, and of illness being sent to lead us to God; and I want you, my own friend, to ask that I may not let this precious season pass, but may seek her conversion *in earnest*. Perhaps this may be blessed to her more than to me; if Jesus is glorified, that is enough."

"We had a very precious sermon from Mr. Moody Stuart on the Communion Sabbath, about the 'sure foundation, the *tried* stone.'

Neither K. nor I had joy, but we both felt more, I think, than ever we did, that Jesus was a *sure foundation*, and that we could trust Him in spite of all our want of feeling...Mr. M. said in the morning that the Father was telling us all to look at Jesus, '*Behold*, I lay in Zion,' &c. He said, Many of you may be looking at other objects, but this is the one object to which God directs you to look—*Jesus!* I thought it so sweet to be told that we *might* look at this glorious object, and that we were to look at nothing else *all the day*. Oh, that we should ever look away! I did not find Him at the table, and I thought my heart would break but at last I said, Glorify Thyself, though I should be in darkness, and I felt comforted. I am a dog, and unworthy of the children's bread; but yet you remember that 'the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from *their* master's table.' To get the lowest place in heaven is a wonderful place for one who deserves the lowest place in hell! Did 'the Beloved' meet *you* at His own table? J. I long to hear all about it."

"*Thursday, 15th.*—MY DEAR J\_\_\_\_, I must finish this letter by degrees, for I am too late for this day's post. I would rather speak to you than write, but still I am very thankful to be again able to address you in any way...Our dear minister has returned from the country, but has not been permitted to preach; however, he expects to be able once more to tell of Jesus next Sabbath; but he seems learning to say, in the sweet but *difficult* language of yesterday's text, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' I sometimes think God is preparing him for His service in heaven, rather than for work here, for his conversation is literally in heaven; he speaks more of that than of the wilderness...I was very glad you liked the notes of the sermons. I shall try and take some more on Sabbath. I never write anything but for you, for I think it better to feed on them at the time; but if God blesses anything I write or remember to my beloved one, I would write all the time. Oh! J\_\_\_\_, won't it be sweet when Jesus leads us by the green pastures and by the still waters? I remember, when you first spoke to me in Kelso, you said, M\_\_\_\_, won't it be blessed? I did not think so then, and would not listen to you; but I think I would now: *whose* is the praise? Is it *yours*? is it mine? No; to Jesus be all the glory and all the praise...I have been learning nothing lately but the evil that is in my heart; and I am beginning to see that though a painful, yet it is a very necessary and a very *loving* lesson; loving, because it makes Christ more precious. Last night the thought struck me all in a moment, and as if a voice had spoken it, how very precious Christ should be to His people; they get *all* from Him, and through Him; how they should love Him! And my heart rejoiced at the thought that He *must* be so very precious to us; and then for *one moment* I got a bight of this precious truth, *the truth* that He had *done all*, and my weary soul *rested*, and no words can tell the blessedness of the feeling

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that resting gave. O that we could *always* rest on this lovely One, and not be continually coming and going, seeking rest and finding none! And O that all the world knew this rest!"

"P\_\_\_\_, Feb. 22, 1844...MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, I have been long in answering your last sweet letter, but since I received it, the chastening hand of my Father in heaven has again been laid upon me; yet it was all in love, and I feel I needed all He sent me, for I am very, very unlike any one of Jesus' dear 'little ones,' far less am I like Jesus himself. You must pray, dear friend, that every sight that God gives me of my utter unworthiness may make Jesus more and more precious to me. I have been thinking much lately of this verse, 'To them who believe, *He is precious,*' and I long to be able to say, Jesus is precious to me. God has been giving me lately greater desires to know Jesus, and to feel His precious-ness, and to feel my entire need of Him, and my entire dependence upon Him, than I have ever had, and I cannot doubt but that He will satisfy the desires He has Himself given. I feel my utter *ignorance* of Jesus and His finished work so much; I seem to know less about Him than I did at first; but one thing greatly rejoices me, and for that let us praise Him, that He is shewing me and making me *feel* more than ever I did *my need of Him*. I sometimes find it so sweet, I cannot describe to you how sweet, to ask the Father to reveal the Son to me—to *tell me about Jesus*. I think *then* He really smiles upon me. I have very little joy, or even peace just now; but sometimes God gives me such a desire to learn about Jesus, that the very desire is very, very sweet. I should wish to speak about Jesus with you, but everything I say seems like hypocrisy; and yet all I can say of *Him* as being the lovely One is true, though I don't feel it so. Let us have a pen-and-ink talk about our Beloved, in spite of Satan and a cold heart. Can you always say '*my Beloved*'? I still tremble to do it; but

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we need not fear when we think how kind, how gentle, how tender He is. 'He can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, for He was in all points tempted like as we are, *yet without sin.*' Oh! I am so *very* glad He is without sin; if He had even one taint, we could have no hope; but is He not 'the Lamb without blemish and without spot'? Is He not 'the *Holy One* of God'? Even the devils confessed that He was; and does not the Father—(*His* Father, and *therefore ours*)—say of Him, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;' and could God be well pleased with anything that was not *perfectly* holy? It is difficult to realise it. *We* are so unholy, we cannot understand how any one can be perfectly faultless; but let us be exceeding glad that it is true, and also rejoice to know that when we shall see Him as He is, *we* shall be holy too; you, and my beloved J\_\_\_\_, and I, poor sinful I, shall one day stand '*without fault*' before the throne of God.' Isn't it wonderful? I shall be very glad when the journey is all over, for I cannot stand my earthliness any longer, it is so painful."

"E\_\_\_\_, April 4, 1844...MY DEAR FRIEND, I am quite solitary now, as my darling R. has gone for a month to the country. I hope the Lord will be with her, and enable her to win souls where she is...We saw our dear Mr. \_\_\_\_ in Edinburgh, and had a nice chat with him, and a prayer with him. He spoke to J\_\_\_\_, which I was very glad of. He gave us each a text on going away. Mine was such a sweet one, 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' Oh! should that not make us redouble our diligence in the Lord's work, that the time is so short? What have I done for Christ since He called me"! *Nothing!* I was speaking to a poor old woman to day—one of God's children—who is in great darkness, owing to her disease, and she said, 'Oh! if I only had strong faith;—but I must just *creep in at His feet*, and surely the precious blood which has washed thousands can wash me.' I was helped to

give her many sweet texts; but I was struck by seeing how plain it is that *He* alone can make His Word *food*; for, after all my texts, she still stuck to one, which, she said at the beginning, gave her comfort, and it was this: 'None is able to pluck them out of my hand.' It is strange how loving Jesus appeals to me when I speak to others about Him; and yet I cannot feel that He is love to me. I had a very sweet time at prayer this morning while confessing sin; the love of Jesus in forgiving my vile, vile sins against light and against love, appeared so wonderful, that I could not stand it; my hard heart melted, and I would not give the sweetness of the tears I then shed for a world of this world's joy. I could only say, 'Truly, Thy name is Wonderful.' When I get a sight of Christ's willingness to forgive and receive His backsliding child again, without *one* word of upbraiding, it almost breaks my heart. Oh! how this tender, forgiving love should make us *hate* sin! but yet I don't hate it; no, I have often loved it. I am reading a very delightful book just now—Memoir of Mr. M'Cheyne. It is very beautifully written by Mr.

A. Bonar. Oh, what a Christian he was! It is humbling to read it. I have finished the first volume, and have begun the second to-day. Have you seen it yet?"

"P\_\_\_\_, April 20, 1844...Friday is the earliest day I can get, so on that day, 'if the Lord will,' I shall have the joy of seeing you once more. Friday will soon come, and on Sabbath we shall *together* sit at Jesus' feast of love. We shall do this in remembrance of a love which many waters cannot quench...I expect to be greatly quickened, and made more alive to *unseen* things. We must ask and *expect* a blessing, and let us ever remember that He is more willing to give than we to ask."

"*Kelso, April 27, 1844...MY DARLING E\_\_\_\_, When I arrived here, I saw J\_\_\_\_ coming to meet me. We went together to Mrs. H\_\_\_\_'s, and had a talk, and then prayer. On Saturday there was a meeting in the evening, and Mr. A. Bonar preached on 'He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.'* He said that Jesus suffered and obeyed for us in infancy, in youth, and throughout His whole life; so that we should take *all* our sins to Him, pleading that He has atoned for them all. He said that on the judgment-day the Father will turn to Jesus and say, 'Thou art all fair;' and then that Jesus will turn to His people, His own Church, and say, 'And *thou* art all fair.'"

"I got more comfort from that sermon than I got all the Sabbath, for I was not happy then. Our Mr. Bonar said in his prayer, 'Let us forget that we are in the world; let us forget that there is a world altogether.' O that we could!"

"Mr. A. B. preached on Monday night upon 'having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.' He said we were to enter into the holiest, and never to come out; that there is nothing said in the Bible about coming out; we are to abide there; we are to carry on our worldly business in the holiest of all. I wish we could banish every idol from our hearts, and be filled with the love of Jesus. How Jesus loves you and me! I am *sure* He does, so do not let us grieve Him by putting anything else into our hearts besides His blessed self. Let us say, 'What have *we* to do any more with idols?' J\_\_\_\_ and I have our meeting every day at five, and we always remember you. Pray for me, for remember that I cannot get on even here if the Spirit do not come to me. I have been twice to see old Miss D\_\_\_\_ ; she is a more wonderful Christian than ever. She said to me, 'Satan has been telling me that the Bible is a fiction, and that Christ is a

fiction; but I told him that he was a fiction only to hell;' and then she said, 'Oh, Christ is a Jewel! I am always asking to have that Jewel.' We spoke about getting near Christ in heaven, and she said, 'We shall each get a whole Christ, and a whole throne to ourselves.' She said, too, that there is *a war* in heaven; the redeemed tell each other their history, and each says he is the greatest debtor; and then they always end with, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty.' She said that if we were oftener to tell one another what God has done for our souls, we, too, would end with, 'Holy holy, holy!' She cannot read now, so she wants me to go often down and read to her. You must pray that it may be blest to both of us."

"Here is a verse I have this moment made for you:—

"Soon we shall be at rest,  
The painful struggle o'er;  
We'll see Him whom our souls love best,  
And never gnerere Him more."

"Now good-bye for a little.—Your own loving M\_\_\_\_."

"*Kelso, May 13, 1844...MY DARLING R\_\_\_\_, I have just received your dear letter, and hasten to answer it. I praise our God for what He has done for you; I praise Him for making you more entirely satisfied with Jesus. There is no one like Him. His love is unchanging, and that we cannot say of the love of any other in heaven or on earth. I think God is evidently weaning you and me from things below, and though it may be painful just now, like the plucking out of a right eye, yet we shall one day *together* praise Him for all His dealings. We shall praise Him for every pang. Not one, we shall then see, could have been spared. Oh, I don't know Jesus at all! Will you pray, dear R., that my visit here may lead me nearer*

Jesus; that it may lead me to make Him my all in all, my Beloved? O that I could lean my weary sinful heart on that bosom which never beats but with love unutterable to poor degraded sinners! He loves sinners; and *you* and *I* are sinners; let us put in our claim as such, and say, 'Jesus, my own Jesus, thou lovest sinners, thou lovest *me*;' and do not let us doubt it. What a heart Jesus has! No human being would bear with us as He does. Earthly friends look coldly on us when we slight their love; but, after we have tried every earthly cistern, after we have 'played the harlot with many lovers,' Jesus says, '*Yet* return unto me.' It is wonderful! Surely the love of Christ passeth knowledge."

"J\_\_\_\_ and I have had some sweet meetings together. At five yesterday it was peculiarly sweet. God seemed so near while J\_\_\_\_ was praying, that after she was done, I could hardly speak; I felt afraid to disturb the sweet calm the presence of Jesus shed over us. On Sabbath evening Mr. Bonar preached on this text, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' He said the reason that the earth was so miserable was, that there were so many wills; but that in heaven there was but *one will*, and that one *God's*. O that my will were conformed to His in *all* things!"

"I have got a district here. R., dear, pray for me that I may be enabled to speak to the people in it, and that during the short time I am here I may win some souls. Oh, if I could win but *one!* Pray, pray for the Spirit, the life-giving Spirit, to water the seed sown by such a feeble hand!"

"*Kelso, May27, 1844...MY DARLING R.,* I got your letter as usual, on my return from Mrs. H\_\_\_\_'s meeting. O how I longed for you to be with us! \_\_\_\_ prayed, and I always enjoy it when she does, for she has such a sweet, confiding spirit."

She prays like a child pleading with a tender and loving father; and the nearer she gets to Him, the more confiding she becomes. You see what a loving Being *our* God is, for the nearer we get to Him, and the more we know of Him, we are the less afraid. *His perfect love*, shed abroad in our hearts, casts out all our fear."

"I see more and more (and perhaps this is the blessed lesson I am to learn here) that it is our simply looking to Jesus as *ungodly, empty* sinners, that is to make us what these dear friends here are. Let us look at Him too, nothing doubting, and we shall grow as they do; there is nothing to hinder it. None of our outward trials need hinder it; on the contrary, they are the means of growing in grace. They lead us more to Jesus; and everything that does that, whatever it be, is a blessing. Oh! pray that I may come back to you more emptied of self, and more filled with Jesus, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

"*Kelso, May 1844...MY OWN DEAR R\_\_\_\_*, I was *so* glad to get your letter to-day. I do think God is weaning you and me from everything but Himself. Let God's will be done; oh, let His blessed, *loving* will be ours! I think He sees that we do not find *all* our happiness in Himself, and He knows, as you say, that no other joy can fill us, and He therefore, in mercy and tender love, takes away from us our broken cisterns. Let us, as dear Mrs. H\_\_\_\_ prayed this morning, be always drinking at the well of free grace; let us trust to the *steadfast* love of God; let us get our souls filled with that love which many waters cannot quench, and we shall have no relish for earthly things."

"I do not feel happy in my soul just now. You must pray that the Spirit would come to me, and shew me Jesus; for oh, I

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am such a dry branch in the midst of so many *living* branches!"

"*Kelso, June, 1844...MY DARLING E\_\_\_\_\_*, I intended to have written to you sooner, but I could not, for I took such a longing to go and speak to old Lizzy, that I could not do anything else. Oh! R., I never yearned over any soul as I do over hers. If you only saw her, old and frail, and blind both in body and in soul; weeping when I speak to her of Jesus, and struggling, as it were, to *see*,—it would melt a heart of stone."

"I have been about two hours with her to-day reading and praying, and urging her to come to Jesus. She says she has been very miserable and anxious since I came to her, and that she is now much happier, and has no fear. I wonder if she has really come to Jesus! I said to her, 'Do you feel happier now?' and she replied, 'Oh, my heart just burns within me!' She says that Jesus is all love together. *Surely* she has seen Him! She asked me to-day to give her one of our hymn-books, that she might read it, and think of me when I should be away; so I shall take her one tomorrow. I told her that I should probably go home in a week, and she said so sorrowfully, 'And will I never see you any more?'"

"I could not stand it, and we both wept together. How sweet it would be to meet her before the throne! Is it not worth my coming here, if I win a soul to Jesus?—here, where I first cared for Him myself! Last night, at the prayer-meeting, Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ came and sat down beside me, and said, 'I am so glad to become acquainted with another lamb of the flock; it is some one more to pray for, and to love.' Was it not kind of her? She went with me to some of *my* people, and spoke very

sweetly to them, and prayed with them. I wish I had such compassion for souls as she has!"

*"Kelso, June 6, 1844...MY DARLING E\_\_\_\_, Your tidings about illness have made me sick at heart. My only comfort is this, 'He doeth all things well.' This is a heavy trial. May it lead us closer to our loving and holy Saviour; everything is a blessing that does that. I have sometimes such sorrow, that I wonder my heart does not break; yet I feel that it is well to be tried, for I am led more to Jesus then. Sorrow has often driven me to Him, when I might otherwise not have felt so much need of Him. I think I have learnt many a valuable lesson in this place. I cannot tell you all in a letter, but if spared to meet, I shall tell you much. Everything seems to make this Scripture ring in your ears and mine—'Cease ye from man.' I don't think we have either of us found our all in Jesus, and I don't think He will let us alone till we do. He will prove to us that all else is an empty cistern; and it is a difficult lesson to learn, but a needful one. I was thanking Him this morning for every pang that has ever passed through these weary hearts of ours. Oh! R., it will soon be over, and then we shall be where Jesus is all in all, and where there shall be no more sorrow nor sighing nor sin. Mr. Bonar spoke last night from this verse—'And to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant.' He said that the name by which Jesus is known in heaven is, 'The Lamb that was slain.' In heaven His praises are sung as the Lamb that was slain. The Father looks upon Him well pleased as the Lamb that was slain; angels praise Him as the Lamb that was slain; and the redeemed praise Him as the Lamb that was slain for them. And then he spoke about the freeness of the gospel, 'the new covenant.' The Father says—'Are you satisfied with what Christ has done?—then come! There is nothing for you to do but to draw near. Jesus has done all, and the Father is satisfied; are you? Is it not simple? I was*

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thinking this morning of what Mr. Robertson once said at a communion, and it seemed so comforting:— 'Looking to yourself, how can you presume? Looking to Jesus, *how can you doubt?* You; should go to the table on Sabbath, my beloved, 'looking unto Jesus,' and then you can have no doubt. I shall meet you there in spirit. I have been asking that His banner over you may be *love*. Would it not be sweet to spend our lives in the service of Jesus, and then to spend *eternity* in His blessed presence? I am going to see Mrs. \_\_\_\_; O that I may be able to speak a word to her soul! I shall not likely ever see her again. Ah! when I hear she is dead, how I shall wish I had spoken! Mr. Bonar called to-day, and he says he is hopeful about my old Lizzy. Is not that good? I have no more to tell you, so I shall stop.—I am ever your own dear M\_\_\_\_."

"P\_\_\_\_, June 15, 1844...MY OWN DEAR J\_\_\_\_, I arrived safe in P\_\_\_\_ and once more sit down to write to you...I saw J\_\_\_\_ in Edinburgh before I came down; she is pretty well. O that she knew Jesus, the sympathising Jesus! She would be happy in the midst of all her trials. Pray, dear, that E. and I may be enabled to walk wisely, faithfully, and lovingly amongst them. O that I could only care for their souls! R. and I want to get more of the feeling of *pilgrims* than we have ever had; it would be blessed if we were not of the world, even as Christ was not of the world...We ought to thank our loving Father for permitting us to have so many sweet meetings as we had, for I am sure God has often met with us when we have been *together*. We must meet now in spirit, and oh, I trust Jesus will always be with us! I thought of you and dear Mrs. H\_\_\_\_ to-day at eleven, and asked that you might be *much* blessed...I wish I could write you a letter *full of Jesus*; but oh! I have such a cold heart, and I know nothing of Him. I do long to know Him, to be intimately

acquainted with Him! I long to be *at home*; this earth seems sometimes like hell. I cannot stand it. No one cares for God, or speaks of Him, or seeks to glorify Him. I wish Jesus was glorified. I shouldn't care for myself, I think, if only He got the glory due to His holy and blessed name. I *must* live for Jesus, and I *must* live near Him, else this earth will indeed be a wilderness. R. and I had a very precious meeting last night. Jesus was very near; and oh! He was so loving, I felt as if I could not have any fear. His perfect love cast out all our fears."

"June 20, 1844...DEAR B\_\_\_\_, I have often, often thought of you since I left, and fancied us together in our little room, where we so often met our holy Saviour, and had such sweet communion with Him and with one another. This is Thursday, and I think I see you all in the dearschool-room, you and dear, dear Mrs. H\_\_\_\_, and my beloved; and, in short, I just wish I could join you. Last Thursday, at this hour, I was there too. You must ask for me that I may improve all the precious, privileges I then enjoyed. I do not feel eternal things so near here as I did in Kelso. I often felt in a heavenly atmosphere, and I almost felt, when I arrived here, as if I had come out of heaven; but I have Jesus wherever I go, and He is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and *for ever*.' Is it not blessed to think that He never changes? *We* often change, and when we do, we are apt to think that He changes too, but that can never be. He loves us with an unchanging love, with a love that can *bear rejection*. I am often with worldly people here, and it is so refreshing, after so much worldliness, to get away to the throne of grace, and tell Jesus that in Him alone is there any real joy or peace. What a place heaven will be, where there will be nothing but Jesus, where there will be no need of the ran to lighten, for the '*Lamb* is the light thereof,' and where we shall for ever sing, 'Worthy is the Lamb!' That is the *new*

*song* which we shall sing in heaven; but we must learn it on earth. Do you remember how you used to say you wanted to sing it *now*? Dear friend, I hope we both find it sweet to say, even now, 'Worthy is the Lamb;' not *we* are worthy, but *He* is worthy. Let us plead the worthiness of His own Son with the Father. Looking on us *in Him*, He sees no iniquity in us. He says, '*Thou* art all fair,' and then we can call Him 'Abba, Father.' When you go to see dear old Lizzy, ask her, from me, if she can say 'Abba, Father' yet. I hope your visits will be blest both to her and you, for I find I often get good to my own soul when speaking to another about Jesus."

"P\_\_\_\_, June 23, 1844...MY OWN BELOVED J\_\_\_\_, To-day E. and I have a very quiet house, as they are all from home but ourselves; and I am glad of the quiet opportunity of having a talk with my own sister in the Beloved. I only wish my heart were in as quiet a state, calmly resting on the bosom of *my Lord*; but many a storm Satan and sin raise in this weary soul of mine; yet, beloved one, is it not sweet to think of that voice which, though so small and still, can hush to silence the wildest storm, saying, 'Peace, be still'? O that I only knew Jesus *really* and truly! It gave me much pleasure to hear about Mrs. B\_\_\_\_. I have been thanking God on her behalf, and praying that the child may be His child. It was very kind of her to think of me at such a time...I thought my heart would break when I turned and gave you my last look. O *to lie away*, where partings will never be known, nor sorrow of any kind! I sometimes think there is really nothing else but sorrow here. There is one sorrow that we three used to share together in that dear room—that so few whom we loved cared about Jesus. I wish I could pray more and more believingly for them; but I often get hopeless, when I see no change whatever. The world is much in their thoughts, too, at this time, owing to \_\_\_\_'s marriage; everything is *the*

*world.* They never ask, will Jesus be at it? Poor \_\_\_\_\_, we must remember her much at this time. I wish, dear, you would ask for K. and me, that we may not be carried away by the worldliness around us; for oh! I feel, at least, how soon spiritual things fade away, and worldly thoughts fill my heart. We took M\_\_\_\_\_ with us to church on Sabbath, and we had a most beautiful sermon from Mr. Robertson in the afternoon on this text: 'Wherefore, He is able to save them to the uttermost,' &c. It was all Jesus together; I just wondered why everybody did, not come to such a Saviour—so able, so loving, so tender. Surely such sermons will be blest. This is *Tuesday*. I had immense pleasure in remembering you all at the meeting this morning. You must tell me, when you write, how you get on at these precious meetings...But I am getting away from *the Master* to the servants, and that won't do. Do you remember Mr A. Bonar saying 'Master,' so often? He is a sweet Master; and I should like to sit with Mary at His feet, and learn of Him who is meek and lowly *in heart*. So you still have your text—'Many waters cannot quench love.' It is a wonderful text indeed. am glad you find it so supporting. I wish the Spirit would write it on my heart also...And now, my own beloved one, may Jesus be with you, and shine into your soul at all times, and fill you with the love which many waters cannot quench."

"P\_\_\_\_\_, *July 23, 1844*...MY OWN BELOVED J\_\_\_\_\_, You must ask *this*, that Satan may not be permitted to make me give up praying, for I sometimes think he will. I am so tempted at these times, that I dread when the hour comes. How sinful to dread going to speak to Jesus;—to dread going to tell our merciful High Priest all my sorrows, when He says, 'Fear not, *it is I; be not afraid.*' But I think that Satan does us good, for he often drives us into the fold when we would not go of ourselves...Oh! J\_\_\_\_\_, my beloved one, there is nothing in

this world like the presence and the favour of God—'our own God.' 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy, and in Thy favour is life.' I often think, if I were not so slothfill, I should have more of heaven on earth than I have. I have not *self-denial* enough. I want to be an '*uncommon Christian*;' but then I forget that we can only be that by *uncommon* effort. Not that anything we do has any merit; but then we cannot get the blessing unless we use the means; and I am often unwilling to do that. I am too lazy; I should pray more, and read more *searchingly*, and deny myself in many ways,—by rising earlier, by avoiding useless conversation, worldly company, and many things which are hurtful to the soul. I think we might grow more. What a dishonour I am to Christ! His love must be *free*, or it would never reach me. How glad I am that you have got *my* district! it is so sweet to think *my people* will now have you visiting them. You will have my poor petitions, my beloved, that your labours may be blest; *your* district has always a claim upon me, and now it will have a double one, and you will be *obliged* to go to dear old Lizzy. Oh! I am so glad. You *must* win that soul, and I won't be *jealous* if she is *yours*. May the Lord go with you *always*; may you always say, 'Come with me, my Beloved;' and you know if you *ask* you *will receive*. You must always tell me how you get on. The old woman who lives above Lizzy was ill when I left; is she better?—and the sick girl, is she alive yet, poor thing?...E. and I went to hear Mr. B. on Monday evening. We met E\_\_\_\_ and her sister there. Miss M\_\_\_\_ tells me she is still seeking Jesus. Oh! J\_\_\_\_, that *you* and I could tell each other such glad news! *None* here are seeking Him. I fear I am guilty of their blood, for I neither pray for them nor seek their conversion as I ought. O for the Spirit! What a difference it makes when the transforming Spirit of Jesus comes to a soul! I often wish, when I see the fine showers that make all nature look so fresh, and make everything *grow*, that the Spirit

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would come into my soul like 'showers that water the earth.'...E\_\_\_\_ tells me that Mr. Hay has got a charge. I hope he will be blest, and made a blessing to those to whom he is going. He will be zealous and faithful, I am sure. As a minister, he is one of Christ's own chosen ones, so that he *must* be blessed. I wish I could take your text, 'Be not faithless, but believing.' What wonders we might do if we had but faith; we could say to *every* mountain, 'Be thou removed,' and it would be done. I sometimes despair of ever being able to do anything; but with God *nothing* is impossible. What a blessing it is that we are *helpless!* That may sound strange, but only to those who do not know the blessedness of leaning all their weight upon, 'the mighty God.' Jesus says, 'Ye can do *nothing*;' therefore He *must* do *all*, and then He will have *all the glory*; and I am sure *that* is a sweet thought."

"The last sentence in your dear letter was very sweet to me: 'He will never fail you.' It's like a *rock* to lean on. Oh! J\_\_\_\_, I shall be glad when the fight is all over, and when we are all at rest; then we shall never have another unbelieving thought, nor a single thing that will vex us in any way, when we shall stand in the sea of glass, and feel for ever the calm of a *pardoned* breast!—there is nothing *calm* here...And now, once more, farewell, my beloved friend; may the strong arms of Jesus be ever underneath you, and hold you up at all times."

"*August 6, 1844...MY DEAREST B\_\_\_\_, 'Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord!' That was all they needed to make them glad, and that is all we need, just to see Jesus. We often look into our own hearts to try to get materials to make us glad from them; but we can never succeed; it is the sight of the heart of Jesus that makes us full of joy.*"

"We look into His heart, and see that it is full of love even to the chief of sinners, and when we believe that love, we cannot help being glad; and if we always did this, we should always be glad; but, alas! we are always looking at ourselves, and then I am sure it is no wonder we get dark and sorrowful. In our own hearts we see nothing but sin and ingratitude to Jesus, notwithstanding all His love to us, and then we get discouraged, and think Jesus cannot still love us; but we forget He loves *sinners*; that is our claim upon Him, that we are sinners, and that He died for sinners, so that our sins should humble us, but never make us afraid to go to Jesus, and say to Him, 'Lord, thou lovest *me*.' Truth, Lord, I am a sinner, but Thou lovest sinners.' 'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' From the beginning to the end of our journey, all our boast must be the *free* love of God, all our trust must be in that; and it is that *alone* which will ever give us a real heart-hatred of sin. How can we sin against *free love*—unmerited love! I think that just in proportion as we dwell in the free love of our 'Wonderful' Saviour, we shall become holy. When we are doubting His love, we cannot desire to be holy; we cannot get on in anything. I remember, a long time ago, our dear minister saying that it was easy to *doubt* and sin, but that we could not *believe* and sin; and I feel it is true. Is it not strange that we will not believe in God's free love! He does not want anything from us but just to trust Him, and then we shall get on; but we refuse to do it, at least we refuse to do it *entirely, unreservedly*, in the face of all our sins."

"P\_\_\_\_, August 19, 1844...I hope you had a sweet day yesterday in God's house; it is the sweetest place on this sorrowful earth when the Lord makes His presence felt;' but it is dreary without that. Oh! think what a place heaven will

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be, where there is *no need* of a temple—where we shall have Jesus himself, and therefore shall need no ordinances to bring Him near; we shall not even need the sweetest of all ordinances, His own Supper, in order to *remember* Him; for how can we forget Him when our eyes shall never for one moment be off His blessed face? Ah! *my eyes* are often off Him now, and then I always get into sin. I am not getting on, dearest; but I won't write about myself, for it would only make you sorrowful, and I like you to be glad...I told M\_\_\_\_ what you said about *slight illnesses*. He is, indeed, a God of infinite love, and it is a very grievous thing to think how continually we doubt that loving heart. I remember a time when I thought I could never distrust Him; but there is a wonderful change now, for I feel as if I *could not trust* Him. Is *this* getting on?...It is very painful to feel dead in the midst of such proofs of love; but it is blessed to know that it is not *our* love, but the love of our Master, that is to serve us in the end, and to feed our souls. Even now, our feelings are really *nothing* such as we *ought* to have. How much we ought to feel!—but there is no merit in our feelings. Christ is *all*—we are *complete* in Him. I had no joy either; I felt scarcely anything till we were singing the hymn at the end, and then I felt it was sweet to praise Jesus, and thought how much sweeter it would be to praise Him at the table *above*. *You* will be there, too, my own beloved, and *that* is a sweet thought."

"September 3, 1844...MY DEAREST B\_\_\_\_, I have taken a great longing to know more about our dear Redeemer; for, though it is very strange, I seem to know less of Him now than I did at first. It is said, 'To them that believe, He is precious;' but oh! dear friend, I do not find Him thus precious. I wish, when you write, you would tell me what makes Him most precious to you, because I often think that I just love Him because He is such a loving, kind, *holy* Being, not

because of what He has done for me, and that often troubles me. Does it ever trouble you? But I daresay you won't understand what I mean, for I seem to be like no one else. I do little, little for Jesus, and I seem to do less every day. O to be a *living, fruit-hearing* branch! I think if I were to die now, I should be ashamed to look at Jesus, after living such a useless life. Will you pray for me, dear friend, that I may get a double portion of the life-giving Spirit? How blessed it will be when we shall not have to complain any longer of a *cold sinful* heart, and when Christ's blessed face will never more be hidden from our view! I am often weary of this earth, but I am more weary of myself than of anything else. Ask Lizzy, with my love, if she can say, 'One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, *now I see.*'"

"P\_\_\_\_, *September 17, 1844...*I often long now *to be away*. Whenever I get the least glimpse of Jesus, everything else appears so poor, so vain; but I very seldom behold Him. I am generally in great heaviness; I don't understand it. J\_\_\_\_'s text has been very sweet to me. It is sweet to think that Jesus *must* give the power to obey every command He gives, so that when He says, 'Be strong,' we may rest assured He will make us strong. There was another blessed word I got today. 'Wait, I say, on the Lord; be of good courage, and he *shall* strengthen thine heart.' It is very blessed when you can, in some measure, plead His own pledged word and say, 'Thou hast said it, and therefore thou *wilt* do it.' Why do we find it so difficult to believe that God will do anything for us, when we know what He has already done? Oh, it is strange! He has given Jesus, and the greatest blessing we can now ask is as nothing in comparison. I feel as if He could not do such things for *me, a poor sinner*. If it were for *my* sake, I might despair, but you know it is not my vile name I plead with the Father; it is His, whose 'name is as ointment poured forth;' it is the

sweet name of our sinless Jesus that I bring. Why, then, do I doubt?

E. and I were in town last Sabbath, and heard Mr. Charles Brown all day; it was all Jesus together. I am very fond of him. I wish we could always go to hear him, for our own minister is so often prevented from preaching by illness. But Jesus knows what our souls really need, and 'He will provide;' if our Heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of things for our perishing bodies, and has told us not to be careful, but trust it all to Him, surely we may apply this to spiritual things which He knows to be so much more needful. You must join us in praying, beloved one, that if we leave this place, we may be led where we shall hear one of His own people...Could we but see God's loving design in all our trials, how we should praise Him! All His aim is the salvation of our precious souls, and His own glory therein; and should we not *believe*, though we cannot *see* as yet, that all is love, pure, unmixed, unmerited love? I am very much interested just now in \_\_\_\_\_. He is very ignorant about God and eternal things; he often says he cannot understand a thing; he seems not to know anything about God's dealings with the soul, or about the way of salvation. I had some interesting conversation some days ago with him about *the gospel* (O that he knew it!); and when I, in my poor feeble way, tried to shew him what the gospel was, he said he did not understand me at all. How true it is, that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God!...Write soon, and tell me if you are happy in the love of Jesus."

"P\_\_\_\_\_, *September 27, 1844*...MY BELOVED FRIEND,—This is the third time I have addressed you since I got your letter...E. and I have just been calling on two of God's dear children (O how I love them all!—there is nothing like a *Christian*). There

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are a Mr. and Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, very pious people, which is not often the case amongst the rich. They have taken a house here for a year, on purpose to do good; and he has a meeting every Sabbath evening. You must pray for a blessing on our intercourse, my own darling...We met another child of Jesus today—how old, do you think? Ninety! She is a dear old body. We are to go and see her often. I sometimes think there are more of the Lord's hidden ones in this place than we think. Will you plead with us for a shower of the Spirit to give efficiency to this new means of grace? Without that he will labour in vain."

"P\_\_\_\_\_, October 8, 1844...MY BELOVED J\_\_\_\_\_, This morning I felt a little happier than usual, and felt the Word come to me with some sweetness, when E. came into the room, and said, 'To-day's text is, They shall sing in the ways of the Lord;' and it seemed the very text I should have chosen. Would it not be sweet if we could always *sing, sing praise*, as 'the beloved M'Cheyne' says? He is singing now, and he will never cease, day nor night. Ah! he has no vile body of sin and death to damp his joy or to make him sing less sweetly: he sees Jesus, and he is *like Him*, and he needs no more to make his cup run over throughout eternity."

"Do you ever feel this, that the bare thought of God makes a thrill of gladness to run through you? I often wonder if it is a right feeling to have, for it often damps my gladness when the thought comes across me,—but am I interested in Him? Do I feel grateful for what he has done? And I know I am not grateful as I should be at all; still I cannot help being happy when I think of Jesus, whatever becomes of me. Oh! won't it be blessed to see Him glorified as *He ought* to be? served without sin by all His people? Won't it be sweet to see every one bowing at the name of Jesus? One thing I know, I could

not spend eternity away from Him. I would rather be absent from *you* for ever, dearly as I love you; but my heart is very deceitful, and I may be deceiving myself. How awful that would be! I am most afraid of my *feelings*, for they are naturally warm, and I may think that that is *grace*; but then it is not *natural*, alas! to love Jesus; and He alone, I think, can have taught me in any measure to do it."

"*October 25, 1844...MY BELOVED FRIEND,—*Your last letter made me very glad. I cannot bear when any of Christ's dear people are not rejoicing in Him. It is our own sin when we are not. The sun is always shining brightly, though our sins may raise up a cloud that hides Him from our view. Is it not wondrous love in Jesus, to choose you and me when many better than we are left out? I often say, 'Why *me*, Lord? why *me*? I am getting on very slowly, if at all, in the divine life."

"How ashamed I should be if you saw my heart! and yet Jesus knows it all; but if I be indeed washed in His blood, He sees no spot even in *me*. Oh, I sometimes have such a happy feeling coming up in my heart when I think of Jesus! This has been a sweet verse to me often: 'They looked to Him and were lightened;' just as if whenever we felt sorrowful we thought of Jesus, and immediately were lightened. We have much to make us sorrowful here, but we shall never know sorrow in Immanuel's land.

shall be so glad to see *you* there. You will never come *there*, and tell me you are not so happy to-day! You will *always* be in *His* presence, and in that blessed presence is 'fulness of joy.'"

"*P\_\_\_\_, October 29, 1844...What a day we had on Sabbath! I can hardly write to you, I am so very, very happy. Will you*

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praise Him for me, for He has indeed put 'a new song into my mouth.' I feel as if this were a new world altogether: everything breathes *love, unutterable, wondrous love*. I think, if ever I tasted the joy that is *unspeakable* and full of glory, it was on that blessed day; and ever since, I cannot pray, I can only *praise*. And yet I cannot praise. Oh, help me! I seem to hear nothing but Jesus saying, 'I loved thee, and gave Myself for thee.' The truth about our precious Saviour is so new, so fresh, and so inexpressibly sweet, I wonder the whole world does not believe. Jesus is indeed *all*; and the Father is *satisfied* in *Him*, and with all who come by Him. The Father seems to love me, because He loves His own well beloved Son."

"Don't you remember how I was always saying that I did not know Jesus at all, and that I was sure I always went to the Father without Him? But now, how different! Jesus is *all* to me. Oh! J\_\_\_\_, is it indeed true? I can say, 'who loved *me*, and gave Himself for me.' Oh, praise Him, praise! What can I do for His glory? I can do nothing but say, 'Here am I, Lord; *send me*.' It is so sweet to think of Jesus standing in my room and being my righteousness, my wisdom, and my strength! How I *longed* for you on Sabbath! What have I been doing for three years? I never felt as I do now. Surely it is not a delusion! Satan often makes me afraid; but Jesus is mine, and he cannot hurt me now."

"Will you pray *much* for me just now? I am almost afraid of the state I am in; and I am so afraid of going back, and I am afraid of being uplifted; and, oh, pray that I may walk worthy of such a Saviour! I wish *very much* that you would write to me *very soon*, and tell me what I should do. I seem in a kind of dream."

"We heard Mr. A. B. on the Saturday, and liked him very much. It was the same text he had for one of his table-services at Kelso—'If there be any consolation in Christ.' He said there is nothing so certain as that there is consolation in Christ. Mr. Moody Stuart's text was Isaiah 4:2, about Jesus being the Branch. It was what he said about that, that gave me such peace, and such sweet, sweet views of Jesus. He said, that the Father, as it were, tasted the fruit of the glorious branch, and that He said, '*It is enough, I am satisfied.*' Oh! darling, is there not *peace* in it? And does it not make Jesus precious? O that He were more precious to me! I need again, I am sure, to beg your pardon for such an egotistical letter; but I *must* tell *you* what the Lord has done for my soul. Goodnight, my beloved; may Jesus ever be near you, and say to you, 'Fear not, I have redeemed thee.'...I have such yearnings to be a real Christian; but it is difficult; the *old man* is very strong...How soon the time will come when we shall never again have to complain that we are cold and lifeless! The minister at our table spoke about this text—'What! could ye not watch with me one hour?' He said it is but one short hour, and then we shall be in Immanuel's land. We have a great work to do, and oh, what a little time to do it in! 'Let us, therefore, not sleep as do others.' I should like if I could really live for eternity. Eternity is everything. I wish, with you, I could get deeper views of sin; but just now I can see nothing but that Jesus is perfect, and that He is all in all; and yet it is a sight of Jesus that shews us our sins. I know little of anything; but Jesus is my wisdom. Do you know, He seems *a new Jesus* to me? and yet He is not new. O to be kept from dishonouring Him!...I have written such a long letter, that I have hardly left myself time to speak of *our* district. O that Lizzy would really come to Jesus! Tell her from me that God is satisfied with His beloved Son, and that He requires nothing from her but just that she bring Jesus in

her arms, and plead His name, and she is sure to be accepted. Don't think that I am so conceited as to pretend to tell you what to say to her; but I want to send her a message, for I do love her. How I should like to accompany you on your rounds once more! but I must follow you with my poor prayers. I am much interested in your meeting; remember the sweet promise—'Where *two* or *three* are gathered together, there am I in the midst.' May you see much fruit, beloved one!—Ever your loving friend."

"P\_\_\_\_, November 6, 1844...MY BELOVED J\_\_\_\_, I feel how much grace I need at present; there is so much of *the world* going on amongst us, that it is very difficult to realise *unseen things*. I often find this line of a hymn coming into my mind—'O for a closer walk with God!' I am afraid of getting like those meant by the thorny ground hearers; so many earthly things come in to choke the Word. O for grace to be kept from falling! but 'He is able to keep us from falling;' blessed be His holy name! I often wish I were safe in heaven; but that is sinful; He can keep me as safe in the wilderness as He can in heaven, if I only *lean on Him*; and then I ought to wish to bring sinners to Him. O that I could!—what can I do? I long to be a living disciple, but I much fear I am a fruitless one...I am not so happy as when I last wrote to you; but Jesus is still the same, and His work is as precious, and as sufficient in the Father's eyes, as it ever was. We must not depend on anything in such poor changeable creatures as we are; but when we do get a sight of Jesus, it is terrible to lose Him again. How blessed it will be when we shall never for one moment have His face hidden from us!"

"November 22, 1844...MY BELOVED\_\_\_\_, We have only a few letters to write now, dear friend, and then we shall meet, *never* more to be separated, in that blessed place where we

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shall not need to write, for we shall see one another face to face. Perhaps we may have that joy once more even here, but, oh! everything here is alloyed. Even at the communion table we are reminded that we are still confined to this body of sin and death. I was, as you supposed, *very* happy at the table, and my joy came from a very blessed view the Lord gave me that Jesus had done *everything*, and that the Father is now well pleased with *all* who come in the name of His dear Son. I cannot describe to you what I felt, but it seemed something I had never seen before; and oh! it was so sweet, and it made Jesus so very precious, and everything seemed to breathe *love*. It was a very wonderful time. I think many must have got a blessing that day. Jesus was evidently set forth crucified in the midst of us; and He *was* with us. 'The doors being shut. Jesus came in and said, Peace be unto you!' You say truly, the peace is not *ours*, and, therefore, we cannot impart it to another. It is *His* peace. Does He not say, 'My peace I leave with you, *my* peace I give unto you'? O to be filled with this peace, 'which passeth understanding!' What must heaven be, when a *drop* of it is so sweet, so filling! This is heaven—this one sentence—'*So shall we ever be with the Lord.*' Don't you think so? I often wonder what sort of a place it will be; but Jesus will be there; *I know He will*, and that is enough—that makes it heaven. His presence would make hell heaven, I think, but He is not there, and therefore it is *hell*. Should we not long to see brands plucked out of the burning? Should we not seek and pray that sinners may be saved from hell, and brought to heaven, where Jesus is? How little I care for souls! That often makes me fear I am no child of Jesus, for if I had His Spirit (if I have not his Spirit, I am none of His), should I not, like Him, weep over sinners? Pray that I may be like Him in this, and pray that I may be made useful wherever I am. I have *much* to do, I do not need to go and

seek work; but I am idle, and slothful, and selfish. O that it could be said of me, 'She hath done what she could!' "

"What a sweet thought that is, that we are not our own! How happy we should be if we could always carry it about with us, and how *holy*, too, for we could not sin so often if we thought, I belong to a holy God, and my Father loves to see His child becoming daily more like His dear Son, my Elder Brother. K. was saying yesterday that it was curious to notice how like people got to one another, when they were much together. That shews us that if we were more with Jesus, we should grow more like Him. 'Beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image.' And then, think of this wonderful verse, and can you help bursting into a shout of joy?—'*We know* that when *He* shall appear, *we* shall be *like Him*, for we shall see Him as he is!' No wonder that, when we are presented *faultless* before the presence of His glory, it is with *exceeding* joy! Oh! how we should *yearn* over a blind perishing world! Let us agree, dear friend, to pray particularly for missions at our Saturday meeting; and, oh! ask that I may be forgiven my awful neglect in this matter. E. sends this text: 'For yet a *little while*, and He that shall come will come, and *will not tarry*.' "

"P\_\_\_\_, December 5, 1844...MY BELOVED J\_\_\_\_, How differently do I feel now from what I did when I wrote to you! My joy is all away now; but Jesus is still the same, and He still says, 'Look unto me and be ye saved;' 'I will in no wise cast out.' Blessed words! they have given peace to many a weary soul."

"December 11, 1844...MY DEAREST FRIEND,—You ask me if the friendship of Jesus is not worth having, even if it terminated with this life. It is indeed; it is the only real

enjoyment in this life to 'know Him,' and the more we know of Him the more we desire to know; yet I think we should be sorry to part with Jesus at death—don't you?—but, ah! if we are His, that will never be the case; death, which separates us from all else, only unites us to Jesus, *never* to part again! I am often much cast down just now; joy never lasts with me; I often feel constrained to say, 'I have no might against this great multitude that is come upon me, neither know I what to do, but mine eyes are unto Thee.' Do you remember what Jonah said?—'All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.' He was in great straits, yet he said, 'Yet will I look again towards Thy holy temple.' To whom can *you* and I go but to Him? 'He is a very present help in every time of trouble.' It is blessed when we can hope *against hope*, and, in spite of everything, cast ourselves on Him, and say, 'Thou hast said, him (*any* "him") that cometh unto me, I will *in no wise* cast out.' Oh! these words are a *rock*. They are an answer to Satan and to the world, and to the whole host of our enemies put together (and I believe these are not a few); they cannot answer these words, 'Him that cometh to *Me*— the *Me* is such a sweet word—and then, 'In *no wise*.' I am very fond, too, of that part where Jesus says to the poor trembling woman, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.' Oh! it is the frankness, the tender love of the pardon, that makes the command sweet, 'Go, and sin no more.' We find, then, that 'His commandments are not grievous.' I want to love Jesus more, but I cannot; will you ask Him to teach me to love Him? I am afraid often I am not one of His, but he says, 'Come, and I will in no wise cast out.' Oh! when shall I be any better? Do you ever feel like Jeremiah, who, I think it is, says, 'Thy words were good, and I did eat them'? They are just like food sometimes, and they give you such a holy boldness in pleading. I sometimes feel just as if Jesus were smiling on me, when I bring His own words to Him in prayer,

and say, 'Lord, Thou hast said this, do as Thou hast said.' I wonder we are ever unhappy when we have always such a God to go to, and such exceeding great and precious promises to plead; but, oh! our desperate unbelief; it is this that spoils all. 'Lord, increase our faith'—should that not often be our prayer? R. and I are to be at a family meeting on Friday; will you ask, dear, that we may be there for His glory? and to-morrow week we are to be at the marriage of a dear friend of ours—a child of Jesus. You must remember us all on that day also. Give my love to dear old Lizzy, and tell her Jesus says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' I love her soul much, but Jesus loves it far more. Let her choose Jesus this day, that she may serve Him."

"P\_\_\_\_, January 25, 1845...It is curious that I really get more ignorant about spiritual things every day, instead of knowing more! But perhaps that is to humble me; perhaps God sees that even a little grace would make me proud. Alas! how I stand in my own light, and by my wickedness prevent even a loving God from filling me as full as He longs to do! How sweet it would be to kneel *together* once more! But we must not quarrel with God's providence; its designs are as loving as the designs of His grace are; all is right on His part, only we are blind. O for a simple childlike faith;—to trust Him entirely, and to trust Him at all times! May He give us both this grace! There is a very nice family here, that I have known for some time, a man and his wife, and some little children; very moral, but not pious; and I am very anxious to try to get up *a little meeting* at their house once a week. I mean to read a chapter, and, if God enables me, try to say a few words about it sometimes, and begin and end with prayer. I shall only have one or two poor women besides the woman of the house. I have told the woman to have only one stranger the first day, in case my courage fail, but I may get more in time.

I wish I saw how *really* weak I am, for then I should be *obliged to* lean on God. Will you ask this for me? I don't want you so much to ask that I may be able to speak, as that I may be humbled, and then there will be less danger of there being so much of myself in this thing; perhaps the best thing would be, that my mouth be shut, then I might plead with Him to speak. I know you won't forget me. I intend to go on the Wednesdays at three in the afternoon. Remember also our classes on the Sabbaths at four; for, now that it is getting lighter, we intend to take a class each...I sometimes feel such a longing desire to be made of *any use* in this world; but then, again, I am damped when I remember how very unworthy I am; I can scarcely believe God will use me. Is it not wonderful that God works by such beings as I? that He does not say, 'Stand back, I can do without you!' And so He could; He does not need worms to aid Him in His mighty plans, but still he condescends to use us; and I wish he would use me, and make me willing to work...How is Lizzy now? Is she born again yet? Tell her from me Christ says, 'Ye *must* be born again.'—Farewell (I hate the word), and believe me your loving friend."

"P\_\_\_\_, January 28, 1845...MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, I should not have answered your welcome and kind letter *quite* so soon, but that R. and I are very anxious that you should join with us in praying about a minister to this place, for they are, I think, just about settling; and, oh! we are so afraid lest *man* should have the choosing, and not God. Oh! will you pray for us, dear Mrs. H\_\_\_\_ ? for it is a most important time this, so much depends on our getting a real man of God. And will you enlist *all* our praying friends on this behalf? 'Pray *for us*'—that is all I seem able to say. I feel it is in God's hands. It could not be in better; and I am sure He will hear the cry of His poor needy children in this place, and also the sorrows of

Christless souls here, and send one whom He will own and bless. It is not so much on R.'s account and mine that we are so anxious, for we are but two, and there are so *many* here needy, like us; and there is much sorrow to us *individually*, connected with our getting a godly man here, because then we shall have to leave our dear, dear pastor,[28] who has fed us with the bread of life for two years now; and although we leave him to come to our church again, and to many advantages connected with having our church so near, still it must be painful to leave one we have liked so much. This is another proof that this is not *our rest*—it shews we are in the *wilderness* still. O that I were like a pilgrim!...I have been ill again with my side, and had to put six leeches on; it is not well yet, either. Pray that this pain may be sanctified. It troubles me most when I kneel, which makes it more a cross, as I always feel that I need all my strength then. We have been reading *The Night of Weeping*, by Mr. Bonar. I may have many instructors in Christ, but I have but one father, and he is my spiritual father. May his own God reward him.—Farewell, my very dear friend, and believe me ever yours affectionately in the love of the only lovely One, Jesus, God's dear Son, and our dear Saviour."

"*January 31, 1845...MY DEAREST \_\_\_\_\_*, I daresay you will be thinking me very ungrateful for being so long in answering your *two* last letters, but I assure you it is not want of *love*, but want of *time* and want of spirituality that often prevents me writing when I would wish much to do it. I am not getting on in the life of God, I fear, and I am afraid of infecting you with my deadness. But oh! dear friend, it is my own sin if I do not get on; it is no want in Jesus. By the bye, I want to ask your prayers for one thing just now. R. and I are writing some more little hymns for a book, and I am very anxious that you should pray for us, that we may be enabled

to write them, and that they may be blest to some souls; for, remember, God can bless the feeblest means; and be *sure* to tell *no one* about it. I would not have told you, but that I want your prayers; and, dear friend, remember our Sabbath classes also, and our tract giving; and when you write, tell me what you want us to ask for you particularly, and we will remember it at our Saturday meeting.

"*Monday, 3d February.*—Do you feel this, that when you are for any time with worldly people, you lose sight of spiritual things almost entirely? I feel this very painfully, and I often say to E., who feels in the same way, How are we to live in the world, if one day with them puts us all back? And then I feel so guilty, as if Christ were angry with me; and when they speak about worldly things, and say, What is the harm of them? I begin to think there is not so much harm in them, and I cannot speak for Christ, or feel spiritually at all. I have been thinking a good deal tonight about poor old Lizzy. I am anxious about her, that she should come to Jesus, if she is not already His. Oh! tell her to delay no longer, but to come *now*, for 'all things are ready.' Tell me about her when you write. How I should like to see her again! and sit beside her in her little room, reading the blessed Bible to her. I wonder if I shall ever do that!"

"*P\_\_\_\_\_*, *February 10, 1845*...MY VERY DEAR MRS. H\_\_\_\_\_, It is indeed a sweet kind of love, the love of Christians to one another. I hope I am a Christian, and I am sure of this, that I dearly love all God's dear people. I am grieved to hear you have been suffering so much from your head. I wish I could bear the pain for you; but that would not do you any *real* good. We never get one pain too much to bear, for it is the hand of our *Elder Brother*—(what a thought, that He is really that!)—that applies every stroke, and He never does, and

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never will, afflict any of His children *willingly*. It is all for our profit, that we may be partakers of *His* holiness; and I am sure it is worth suffering anything, in order to attain to such a glorious end. And then, is it not written that it is a *light* affliction, and that it is but for *a moment*? And then follows the 'exceeding and *eternal weight* of glory.' O that the end were indeed come! I am afraid, dear friend, that I am too impatient. It would be right if I longed to be with Jesus, but I fear it is more a feeling that then I shall be done with sorrow...The furnace He often puts us in is, I humbly trust, purging away our dross, and oh! not one particle of the pure gold, if there be indeed any, will be lost. Jesus is sitting watching the furnace; may He be with us in it! O that we may come forth as gold, prepared and fitted for the Master's use! I am sometimes, indeed always, cast down by seeing in me no growing likeness to Him—no fruit of my trials; and they are pretty severe. Is it not strange? Surely I must be more than usually earthly. Jesus has more trouble with me (if I may use the expression) than any one of His children. How kind it is in Him to have anything to do with me at all! I think I may say—'And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry; For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.'

Blessed be the Lord, who *daily* loadeth us with benefits.' We were yesterday once more permitted to sit down at the Lord's table, and remember His dying, yet never-dying love; and a wonderful day we had.

Jesus was evidently in the midst of us. It was very solemn and very sweet...How slow I am to learn that *all* my strength, *all* my righteousness, and *all* my holiness, in short, that everything I have, is in God! but I feel *He* is teaching me step by step. I am indeed a very *babe*, but He will, *I know*, He will teach me all I ought to know. And I just feel willing to be in

His hands, and say, 'Lord, do Thou undertake for me, do Thou perfect Thy strength in my weakness, do Thou make me all Thou wouldst have me to be.' I am not my own, I am His, and has He not a right to do as He will with His own? Yes, He has; and can we not trust Him? I am a poor helpless worm. Isn't it a glorious life the Christian's? Oh, what an aim his is!—God's glory. What strength he has!—God's strength. What a Saviour he has!—God's dear Son. What servants he has!—angels. What a work is his!—winning sinners to God. What a home he is looking forward to!—God's house. And what a portion he has!—*God himself*. And is all this *yours* and *mine*? Our song should indeed be *loud* and *sweet* even here. But oh, how loud, how sweet, will it be in heaven! 'Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.' Christians should sing so loud, that the world would hear them, and perhaps they might feel a longing to learn such a sweet song too. If we were always shewing forth the beauty of our God and King, they might be led to say, 'Whither is thy Beloved gone, that we may seek Him with thee?' What do we more than others in shewing forth His praise!"

"*February 17, 1845...MY DEAREST \_\_\_\_\_*, I am quite well now. O that I could spend my strength in Christ's service! I am an awful sinner, and I am often afraid I am too bad ever to get to heaven; but it is very wrong to think in that way, for Jesus says, 'I came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance.' Yet it is very difficult, when you see your sins, to believe that Jesus still loves you. I know this is pride, abominable pride. The true humility is to consent to be saved just as a sinner. Dear friend, I feel very sorrowful to-night on account of my sins against such a loving Saviour. I just think I have no right to speak about Him at all. O that I could hear Him say, 'I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins!' Don't you find that it

is an *evil* and a *bitter* thing to sin against God? Whether do you see more of its *evil* or of its *bitter* nature? I am often troubled in confessing sin, by finding that I feel more the *pain* it gives myself than the dishonour done to God. Do you feel this? It is right to feel sin painful, and I wish I felt it more so, but we should think more of its dishonouring and grieving God. I do earnestly long to be a *real living* Christian, it is so sad to be only half alive. I think you and I should *agree* not to rest satisfied with a low state of grace. Let us pray for one another, and stir one another up in our letters. I fear I shall only do you harm, I am so utterly unlike one who has been made *alive*."

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Jesus has been teaching me many lessons lately; it should make me very humble to think how many chastenings I need; but I deeply feel I *do* need them, I have never had a pain too much; no, 'He doth not afflict willingly;' it is all for my profit, 'that I may be partaker of *His* holiness.' O that I saw more of it in me! Any trial, however severe, is blessed if it leads you closer to Jesus, and shews you more of His heart, which is all love together; and, as you say, it is very sweet to have Him dealing with us in any way. I have been much drawn to prayer for my dear parents since I have been ill; perhaps God has laid me low for this reason among others, that being so much with them, and witnessing their tender care of me, I may be led to feel for their souls. Dear friend, will you ask that my poor prayers may be answered, and my weak efforts blest to these precious souls?"

"P\_\_\_\_, February 28, 1845..."O the precious soul! what can you give in exchange for it? How trifling all our earthly concerns often seem to me! I sometimes wonder when I see grave and learned men taken up with what seems so childish

in comparison with eternity. How strange, that God should choose the weak things of this world! It sometimes staggers me, and makes me unbelieving; but that is because I am so blind and foolish. I am often very unbelieving about them all, for none of them are beginning to care, as far as we can see; but still we must pray on, and never cease till our breath goes, and our *praising days* begin, never to end. O for a praying heart! I was thinking to-day how sweet it would be if all my members were employed in His service. I should like if my tongue were always employed in commending Him, my eyes to behold no face but His, my ears to hear no voice but His, my feet to go on no errands but His, my hands to be employed in no work but His, and my heart filled with Himself. O how contrary to this is my real state! May I be humbled on account of my shortcomings."

"*March* 3...I want to tell you what a sweet time I had this morning in praying for your family and mine, for I think we should encourage one another by telling when God seems to be saying, 'Pray without ceasing; ask, and ye shall receive.' What a mighty weapon prayer is! No wonder, when it moves the arm that moves the world. I cannot tell you how sweet it was to bring them all to His dear feet, and to say, 'Lord, they are even now *dead*, but lay Thy hand upon them, and they *shall* live.' Do not cease to wrestle, and ask that I may be taught, too, to pray, and *we shall prevail*. I know we shall. It is for His glory, and will He not glorify Himself? And then, why are they all alive now? Does not that very fact seem to have a voice, and to say to us, that our very hearts may leap for joy, '*As I live*, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in their death, but rather that they should turn and live?' He has not cut them down, because He is too anxious to save them. I don't much mind though *we* are not the instruments. He will employ those who will bring most glory to Him; and is not that

enough? It is sweet to *roll* ourselves on the Lord, and to say, 'I know that Thou wilt do all things well.' I wish I could *praise* Him, but I haven't a heart to do so. I am so cold, so selfish; I seem to take everything as my right. But He *will* teach me, He will humble me, and I am just glad to lay myself at His feet, and say, 'That which I know not, teach Thou me.' I feel as if I had just begun to learn. I cannot say the A B C in the divine life yet. We have had no more *battles* since I last wrote; it is curious I never feel as if we were going on right when they are all kind. I am afraid lest we be trying to avoid the cross; but the best way is to seek humbly and prayerfully to do our duty as far as we see it to be God's way, and to leave all consequences to Him. I wish I could 'cease from my own wisdom.' I had a sweet dream last night. I thought I had gone to Kelso to spend the day, and we had such a sweet time together; it was more like heaven than anything here; for there seemed to be no *sin* in anything we did, or that was going on around us. All seemed to breathe such a quiet sweet air: the only sorrowful thing was, that Mrs. H\_\_\_\_ was very ill. I thought she was entirely confined to bed; yet she, too, seemed so sweet and happy. I often wonder if we ever can learn anything from dreams. It is sweet to think that heaven, with its quiet green pastures, and its still waters, and its 'Lamb as it had been slain,' is no dream. No! It is the greatest reality there is. The love of Jesus is no dream. It is too often but as a dream to me. O for more faith! All my cry just now is for faith, strong faith, giving glory to God."

"Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ seems to me to be wrong in making so many Christians think they should not go to the Lord's table. At the last communion, some of them did not go forward, even some of his elders. I get frightened when I think of my going, and so many of His people staying away; but still I just cling to this, that it is not *us* God looks at, but Jesus. He says of Him,

'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' What should we do without Him to hide in? It is a sad world this; how few care for Jesus, and how different His own people are from what they ought to be! At least I know I am...It is a blessing it is no *sin* to be poor. Jesus was poor, He had not where to lay His head...Do you still take from eight till nine on the Saturday nights? for that is my hour with B\_\_\_\_. You will get this as you go to the Tuesday meeting. It is curious, I often am happy on Tuesdays at prayer in the morning, and then I recollect that you are all meeting together at our Father's throne; and I think perhaps you have been remembering poor me, and it is a sweet thought. I have communion with you in that way. Farewell, my beloved friend. Here is a verse for you—'God is love.' O that we could enter into it! God is love, and He is love to *me*; nothing but love, infinite, undeserved, unending love. His *nature* and His *name* is LOVE. What a God we have! What short returns do we make! Alas for *me*! I love but little in return."

"P\_\_\_\_, March 26, 1845...MY BELOVED FRIEND,—Nothing for a long time has given me such delight, as hearing that we are perhaps soon to meet; that will indeed be a happy moment. I wish it were come. I have been twice laid up since I got your last letter, or I should have answered it sooner. I do wish these illnesses were improved by me. I had a sore throat which ended in one of my usual fainting fits. I have been thinking it must be for some end that I am so often tried, though my illnesses are slight, and I feel so anxious they should answer the very end for which they are sent. Oh! pray that they may. God seems to be shewing me my heart at present, and it makes me very miserable to see it, for I think He cannot look upon such a vile wretch as I, for I am really that. Don't you sometimes feel ashamed and grieved, to be always going to God, and saying, 'Lord, I have sinned'! I felt

that very much to-day. I am *always* grieving my kindest Friend, and He is *always* forgiving me, and I can scarcely stand it at times, it is so wonderful. Why does He love me? I cannot tell. I shall know, when I get to glory, all about it; but in the meantime, I wish I could sin less. Oh! if I could be only one hour without sinning, how glad I should be! But this should make Jesus more precious. O that it may! I had a wonderful time at prayer in bed this morning. Jesus' love seemed indeed to pass all knowledge. I thought He said to me, '*Thou* art all fair, my love.' I cannot describe the sweetness of the words, 'my love.' Don't you feel that you would be ashamed to speak of God's loving you, if it were not in His Son? All! that's the glory of it all! But why do I speak of it? What do I know? I sometimes think I should give up speaking or writing about it at all, I am so mean, so vile. O for a clean heart!"

"P\_\_\_\_, March 1845...I long ardently to be *away*, to know something of that love which passeth knowledge, for here I do indeed see through a glass *darkly*, but *then* it will be *face to face*. What a thought! I think *that* will be 'the exceeding weight of glory' spoken of, seeing Him who is '*altogether* lovely.' O to live a more heavenly life on earth! I often fear I am on the broad road yet, I am so unlike one who is but a stranger and pilgrim here. Is it not strange I don't get more assurance? My dear friend, I fear you will think me too egotistical, but the reason is, that when I quit my vile self, which I am always so glad to do, and speak of Jesus and all the glorious things of another and a better world, something within me seems to check me and say, 'You are a hypocrite; you have neither part nor lot in this matter;' and I fear it is too true. But I won't vex you with my sinful doubts, only, when you write, ask that God would give you a word in season to a weary soul...I should like to have a talk with \_\_\_\_

again about our Elder Brother. What a thought, that Jesus wears, and will for ever wear, our nature! There is none like Jesus! What a precious privilege, to be allowed at any time, and at all times, to pour out our hearts before Him! It is often a relief to me just to kneel down and say, 'Lord, I thank Thee that Thou art;' O that I could add, that Thou art mine! Should I never get any more from Him than I have already got, I have matter for praise through all eternity. I deserve nothing, and if I do get to heaven at last, I think I shall be the greatest wonder of mercy there; I shall have the lowest place; I think I should be ashamed to see myself in any other. There is one man I am very anxious about here, will you remember him? I spoke to him the other day about his soul, and he seems anxious, but he has strange views, and won't go to any church; however, I have got him persuaded to go next Sabbath. Poor man, a woman next door tells me he is so miserable sometimes, that he often comes to her house, and, without saying a word, seizes hold of her Bible, and reads a verse, then stands thinking over it, then goes away again. He said to me with a kind of despairing feeling, that he thought of joining the Unitarians, who deny that our blessed Jesus is God. He asked me to go to see him again to-day. O that Jesus would speak by me!"

"*April 1...MY BELOVED J\_\_\_\_*, I have not been well enough to finish this till now, but I am *quite* well now. O that all my pain may be sanctified! I despair of ever getting any better. I wish I could see myself *complete* in Jesus. I am ashamed when I think of what I am, so *proud*, so vain, so foolish, and self-willed. All I want is, that Jesus should be glorified by me, and then it matters little what man thinks of me; but my fear is that I dishonour Him."

‘Sometimes eternal things seem so real, so important, that I gaze with wonder to see so many never thinking of them all. I wonder they do not feel as I do, and I wonder I feel so little. It is a strange life this, but it is a glorious one, and the end of it is glory. ‘His rest shall be glory’ (Isa. 11:10, margin). “

"I have sweet news to tell you about our congregation at M\_\_\_\_. E. and I have been feeling for some time a great desire for a revival amongst us, and your letter about Jedburgh made us doubly anxious, and we thought what a delightful thing it would be if we could get all the praying members to fix an hour for us all to plead for it. We spoke to a dear Christian, who joined in our plan with all her heart; and she introduced us to two more Christians in the congregation, who have agreed too, and she is to speak to all the other female members, so that we shall soon, I trust, be praying at the same hour for precious Jesus to come into the hearts of His enemies amongst us, and win them to Himself, and draw His own closer. One is Mrs. D\_\_\_\_, and she seems just like the dear one of the same name in Kelso. She said she had been long wishing it, and was so struck when Mrs. W. spoke to her about it...Besides our separate meeting, we are to have a monthly meeting at Mrs. D\_\_\_\_'s house at three o'clock the first Friday of every month; so you will remember us on Friday, our first meeting: eight of us have also fixed an hour for prayer, at six in the morning every Monday and Friday. We had our first, last Monday, and it was very sweet to have such a quiet morning hour. Our dear minister is very wonderfully quickened just now, so that we all feel there is the greater call for us to pray for a blessing, when God is so anxious to bless, as He shews He is, by stirring His servant to such earnestness in seeking to win souls. O that we saw many seeking Jesus! I trust K. and I shall get great good from

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our monthly meetings with such Christians. How much my poor soul needs it! I feel very humbled in the midst of them."

"P\_\_\_\_, April 18, 1845...I am at this moment alone here. They are all in E\_\_\_\_. I wish I could spend the day with God. I feel I should improve a quiet time like this; but oh! *wearry, weary sin*; the 'old man' is still very strong in me. I cannot tell you the longings I have to be done with this body of death, and to have a body like unto *His glorious body*. O for the time 'When I stand before the throne, Dress'd in beauty *not my own*.'"

'We met a dear old Christian the other day, past ninety! and she was always singing—

'Oh! to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!'

She has begun the chief note in the new song even here."

"*Edinburgh, May 1845...MY DARLING E\_\_\_\_*, I have been constantly thinking of you since you went away, and wishing you were back; and oh! I *do* wish we were both at our Father's house in heaven, for this is a dreary, sad world!"

"I have been reading some of Mr. Baker's letters, and one remark he makes I liked very much. He says, 'You must go to Jesus *for* those things which we are very apt to think we must bring *to* Him, such as deep repentance, love to Him, delight in God,' &c. It is a difficult thing to be a real Christian; and I think it is difficult, just because we are so proud, and have so little simplicity. We won't learn of God; we often want to teach ourselves, or to learn of God but *in our own way*.'"

"I am up to-day, and much better, though the pain is not yet away. It is sweet to know that I am in a Father's hands, and that every pain will work together for my eternal good; but as yet, I see no effect of my many illnesses in making me more holy; I am no better than I was. Oh, pray that Jesus would draw near, and draw me near to Him, and make me holy *as* He is holy, and *because* He is holy! It is sweet to me at times to think of Him as *my Elder Brother*; it brings Him so near to ourselves.

You and I shall never regret our choice in taking Jesus to be our Saviour, our all in all; and yet it is not we who chose Him. He says, 'Ye have not chosen me, but *I have chosen you.*' Blessed be His holy name for choosing such a creature as I!—and I am so glad He has chosen *you* too! Let us give Him no rest till He gather us all into His fold."

"When you see my old \_\_\_\_\_, tell her to pray for me that Jesus would give me the victory over Satan, who has long tried me with a sore temptation. I could not explain it to any human being, but He knows it all. O for faith to trust Him! What do you think of old Lizzy? Tell her from me to beware of resting short of Christ. Perhaps God has sent you to speak the word to her that will be blest; Jesus walked till He was weary just to convert one soul."

"We are thinking of letting our house, and going to some country place, and I want that you and I should pray about it, for it is of importance what minister we all hear for two months. We are told, 'In *all* your ways acknowledge Him, and *He will* direct your path.'" I do love you, and am glad that we shall spend *eternity* together. May Jesus shine on you for ever!—Your own loving M\_\_\_\_\_."

"P.S.—Mr. Robertson preached on Sabbath, and I *must* give you one sentence from his sermon, as it suits you and me so exactly. It was this: 'It would not be safe for you to be without sorrow, till you are without sin, God must have the *whole* heart, and it *must* come to this at last, that you cry, None but Christ, none but Christ! and oh! if the loss of *a creature* draws you closer and closer to Jesus, can you then say, 'All these things are against me!'"

"P\_\_\_\_, June 7, 1845...Oh! Jesus is truly 'Wonderful!' I sometimes think, Well, I *will* trust Him, let Satan and my own evil heart say what they like. Oh, that we should for one moment distrust Him,—that we should not place *unlimited* confidence in Him! He is worthy, yes, He is worthy! He is a *faithful* God; we shall be more than satisfied one day that *all* His dealings with us, His poor, weak, guilty children, were right, and that they *all* spoke but one language, and that *love*. O for a praising heart!"

"P\_\_\_\_, June 1845...MY DARLING R.,—I have been seeing little Helen, and she is very ill. She has no decided complaint, but just seems wasting away, as many of the poor children here do. I scarcely knew her again, she is so thin and altered; but oh, she is patient and sweet! I do hope she is one of Christ's lambs. You must not forget to pray for her, and ask that I may have a message for her every time I go. She is very fond of the Testament, and even sleeps with it! She says she loves it *because it speaks about Jesus*."

"I must tell you a very striking and sweet answer to prayer which I had yesterday with regard to her. As I was returning home, after having seen her, I kept saying to myself, 'Oh! if I could only afford to pay a doctor for visiting her!' for Mrs. P\_\_\_\_ does not like to send for a doctor, when she is not able

to pay him. Well, I asked God just at the moment to send me some money, if it were for His glory: and when I got home, mamma said to me, 'I gave R. some money when she went away; here is the same for you.' Was it not very striking? Could we really learn to trust God, I believe we should get many prayers as wonderfully answered; and my prayer was so unbelieving too, for I really did not expect to get it so soon answered. "

"I had a sweet time this morning, in feeling my *utter helplessness*, and lying at Jesus' feet, at His disposal, and telling Him that He knows that without Him I can do *nothing*; and that therefore He *must* help me. Oh! He seemed sweet, sweet! When I can get a glance at Christ, I could give up *anything*."

"I had a talk with \_\_\_\_\_ this morning. It began about our many trials, and in speaking to her about having Christ, and the certainty that He would never forsake me, but enable me to bear all trials in His strength, I got great comfort to my own soul. I *said* these things at first, rather than *felt* it; but as I went on telling her many sweet texts, they came with power to my soul, and I felt in a small degree that Jesus would really keep you and me, and enable us to glorify Him before them all. I went to see dear old M\_\_\_\_\_ yesterday. She is very feeble now, and still dark in her soul; but she said one sweet thing—'Oh! if I only had *strong faith!* but I must just creep in at His feet, and surely the precious blood that has washed thousands can wash me!'"

"Dear little Thomas has departed, I trust to be with Christ, which is *far better*. He died during the night on Tuesday. The last text I gave him was, 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' His mother said he

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often slept on that verse. He sleeps in Jesus now, and how sweet his slumbers are!"

"How are you *getting on*? I am grieved to hear that you do not feel our Beloved near; but He *is* near nevertheless. He says, 'Lo, I am with you *alway*? I went to Mr. Drummond's lecture yesterday, and was greatly refreshed. In speaking of the trials of God's children, he said, 'Jesus sits watching the furnace, *longing* for the time to bring them out. He does not *afflict* willingly, but He *relieves* willingly.'" He is trying your faith and mine, dearest, that it may come forth as gold. Mr. M'Cheyne, in one of his lovely letters, says, 'The way to be saved is to know the heart of God and of Christ; see John 17:3. If you only knew that heart, you would lay your weary head with John on His bosom. For *one* look at yourself, take *ten* looks at Christ. Look at Rom. 15:13. You are looking for peace in striving, or peace in duties, or peace in reforming your mind; but ah! look at His Word, "The God of hope fill you with all peace and joy in believing." All your peace is to be found in believing God's Word about His Son. If for a moment you forget your own case *altogether*, and meditate on the glorious way of salvation by *Christ for US*, does your bosom never glow with a ray of peace? *Keep that peace; it is joy in believing*. Look as straight at Christ as you sometimes do at the rising or setting sun. Look direct to Christ.' Is not that fine? I do think that when *we* get to heaven (wonderful! but not more wonderful than God giving us Jesus), we shall be amazed at the simplicity of what it is to *look to Jesus*. Let *us* look, and never mind our own feelings at all. Don't you feel lighter even in thinking about it? I do. I think I go wrong in looking for the *effects* believing must have, instead of looking and trusting. If I were to look and trust, I *could not help growing*. Remember, 'the everlasting arms' are always

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underneath, so that, however low we may fall, they are still beneath us, and in His own time He will raise us up. "

"Good-bye. I wish you were back again, I long so for you. May Jesus be with us both, and say, 'Peace be unto you.' A smile from Him is worth a world. Once more, good night.—Your own...2 Cor. 5:7 M\_\_\_\_\_."

"E\_\_\_\_, July 8, 1845...Can you believe that our dear Mr. Hay has really left this sad world? It is sweet to think he is in glory; but it is a sad trial to those that are left. My heart bleeds for his poor \_\_\_\_\_. May the Lord be her husband!...Mrs. A\_\_\_\_\_ has gone to Jesus; she died the same day as Mr. \_\_\_\_\_. Be sure, when you write, to tell me all about his death. How strange it sounds to say that word in connexion with him! Tell dear \_\_\_\_\_ I long to write to her, but that I am so poorly, and so utterly downcast in soul, that I have no heart to do it. I am afraid it is sinful to be so sad and cast down about anything; I should think more of what a dear minister once said, 'Whoever goes, Jesus stays; whoever dies, Jesus lives!' The Lord liveth."

"P\_\_\_\_, August 4, 1845...MY BELOVED J\_\_\_\_, He is infinitely worthy to be trusted. I am ashamed when I think of all my perverseness and ingratitude! Surely, I should trust if any should; for, oh! he has been a kind Master to me. I often wonder how He can be so gracious and loving to me, when He knows how ungrateful I shall be to Him; but 'He is God and not man.' It is a very blessed thought, that every trial is to make us more holy, and that all things shall work together for our good; but I do not think I am growing in holiness at all. I do not profit as I ought under the trials He sends me. It makes me very grieved often to think how *very* little I am the better for all His chastenings; it is terrible to come out of

the furnace *not* purified. Will you pray for me, dearest, that *not one* trial may be unimproved by me?...We went to visit the grave of our beloved friend...I can scarcely believe he is really gone; I never felt a death so much. I feel as if the world had got a darker hue since he left it. Can you believe he is really away? 'He has seen Mr. M'Cheyne now,' and he has seen *Paul* and *John*, and, above all, he has seen Jesus! We should not wish him back from such a sight as that. Everything says to us, 'This is not your rest.' We must arise from the dust, and raise our *whole* souls to eternal realities. We must set our affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Don't we profess to call Jesus our treasure? then let our hearts be where our treasure is, and that is in heaven. We need many a lesson before we become obedient children; but, blessed be His name, though we weary of His correction, He does not weary of correcting us; and well for us He does not. What should we do if He said of *us*, 'They are joined to their idols, *let them alone*?' Anything but that, would you not say? We shall thank Him for them all one day, and say, 'I know that in faithfulness thou hast afflicted me.' Will you pray also for our Sabbath classes? I feel very much how unfit I am to be a teacher— unfit in every way—and I am so grieved when I see none of my scholars turning to Jesus...  
\_\_\_\_\_ would feel dear Mr. Hay's death much. How strange it sounds—*dead!* Ah! well, 'it is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good.'"

"*August 12, 1845...MY DEAREST FRIEND*, I have been thinking much lately of living to God's glory. Do you remember the verse which says, 'This people have I formed for myself, they shall shew forth *my* praise!' It is not *our* praise we are to shew forth, but *God's*; we are not to seek great things for ourselves, we are to seek God's glory *supremely*; and that is what I fail in so much—I seek *self*

terribly. I have been praying a great deal for a single eye; it is so very sinful to be seeking or wishing our own glory or happiness instead of God's glory; *our* happiness should be in glorifying God. What a sweet heavenly life we should lead, if we thought only of God's glory, and forgot our sinful selves! If God's will were ours, our will would not be so often crossed. But this is hard to flesh and blood: blessed be God, it is not impossible, for 'with Him nothing is impossible,' and He is able to subdue our stubborn wills to His. What holy peace we should enjoy if we would just lie at His feet, and say, 'Lord, do as seemeth good unto Thee!' I don't understand God's way with me at present, but I know it is all right, and if I do not see it clearly now, I shall one day say, 'He hath done all *things well*.' What about old Lizzy? Has she found Jesus yet? Tell me about her when you write, and *do* write soon. I am grieved, dear friend, you have so many troubles. 'Look unto Jesus,' Cast them *all* upon Him, and He *will* sustain you. Think of this sweet verse—I think it is "almost my favourite of all in the Bible—"They looked to Him, and were lightened.' We cannot look at Jesus and be heavy-hearted any more, at least *while we are looking*. As you say, if we realised more of His presence, we should not be so often troubled."

"P\_\_\_\_, August 18, 1845...Pray that God may send you here if it be for His glory. I trust I should not wish even you here if it were not His will. Oh, it would be sweet to have no will but His. I have been thinking much lately, that it would not be an impossible thing even to *glory in tribulation*. The great thing is to see the hand and the heart of Jesus in any trial; and then it is not only borne with submission, but with gratitude. It is easy, and sweet, too, to trust Christ when all is as you like it; but there is a more solid sweetness in trusting in Him, and clinging to Him, and *loving* Him, when He is trying you with a sore trial; it is *very* sweet to thank Him for afflicting

you, and saying, 'I know that in faithfulness thou hast afflicted me.' No affliction, certainly, is joyous, but grievous; but I think when you see Christ's hand in it, and feel that it is for your *real good*, you will not quarrel with it, but say, 'Good is the will of the Lord.' It is good to be tried; it makes this world much more a wilderness, and this life more like a journey. We feel more that our real joys are above, where Jesus is. O for a pilgrim's heart and a pilgrim's life! But it is nearly *midnight*, so I must stop. My pain is not away yet, and I intend to try leeches again; but I hope still it may go away without. O for sanctified pain! It is sad, sad not to turn any better under the heavenly Physician; it is not His fault, but the fault of His unworthy patient, that prevents a speedy cure."

"P\_\_\_\_, August 25, 1845...MY BELOVED FRIEND,—This is but a *wilderness* world, after all. I am beginning to long to be *at home*. Oh! I am so weary of *sin*;—sin, *always* sin. O to be holy as Christ is holy! and that is *perfectly* holy. It is only when we see Him as *He is* that we shall be like Him."

"Salvation would be to me no salvation at all, if holiness were not included. Jesus does fulfil His precious promise that sin shall not have dominion over His people, but if it does not reign, it rages terribly in me. Mr. Robertson said yesterday, in his sermon, 'God's answer to all our *hard* thoughts of Him is, I have given you my Son; and His answer to all our *high* thoughts is, Ye have crucified my Son.' What delighted me more in the sermon was this, that when we come to Jesus, He made us holy as well as forgave us; and the very thought of being made holy seemed to me so sweet, that I could scarcely bear the joy it gave me. How kind and how lovely Jesus seemed as my *Sanctifier*! I think I said to Him from my heart, 'Yea, mine own God art thou!' I was very happy all Saturday and during church on Sabbath, but I have been

sinning very much since then, and Jesus is not so near, nor so sweet. Ah! that shews He is a holy Saviour, for He turns away from the least sin."

"I often notice how soon and how terribly I sin after a time of joy. How ungrateful that is!—how black sin is then! Ah! I see I need grace for joy as well as grace for sorrow. What a blessed thing it would be if we had no *idols*, if we had no aim, no desire but to glorify Jesus and to do His holy will! But *self* comes in, and many other idols—at least I find it so; I seek great things for myself. Do you find it difficult to be willing, *really willing*, to be *always humbled* and laid low, and to see that you are utterly worthless and despicable, and that it is only on account of another that God can have anything to do with you? I sometimes find it very sweet, but at other times my pride rises, and I am unwilling to be *always* in the dust — *always nothing*. What a warfare it is! I am often 'faint,' yet God, my 'wonderful' God, keeps me still 'pursuing;' and, oh! I trust, since He has begun the good work in me, He will not leave it off till it is *finished*—till I, even I, am 'faultless before the throne.' O to be there! and to see you there, my most beloved, 'without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing,' and join with you in the sweet, sweet song, 'Worthy,' yes, 'worthy is the Lamb that was slain for US!' I shall see you clothed in His beauty, and glorify God in you. It will be *all Jesus* there. No self, no sin, no idols, but Jesus will be all in all. 'Amen! Even so, come, Lord Jesus.'

I wish I could see you face to face, that I might speak of the Lord's dealings with my poor soul, for they have been very wonderful lately. I don't know when that will be, but I am quite satisfied that He will permit us to meet in His own time, and when it will be more for His glory; and it would not be a sweet meeting if any other hand than our Father's brought us

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together. I have been going on frowardly in my own way lately, but God has most graciously shewn me my wickedness, and has brought me back in some degree to Himself, and made me more willing to say, '*Not* my will, but Thine be done.' I had been thinking that such and such a thing would make me happy, and I sought it in spite of God. What a sinner I have been, and am! but He has now taken away the idol—He has made it bitter to me; and now I see His way is the best, and the *happiest* too; and, dearest, will you pray for me, that I may not be allowed to take my own way any more in anything? Are not these wonderful words?—Thou hast played the harlot with many lovers, *yet* return unto me, saith the Lord.' God's way is so much the best in everything, I am *determined*, in His strength, to trust Him for everything. He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Let us trust Him when we cannot see plainly the love of His dealings with us, and we shall see it in His own time—if not here, yet *yonder*. Our path in life may be a solitary, and a painful, and a trying one in many ways—we may be despised and overlooked, *but He* will never forsake us, nor withhold *one* good thing from us; and all these things will most assuredly be for the good of our souls. Then let us sing— 'The way may be rough, but it cannot be long, And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!'

I speak in this way to you because I want you to praise Him for me, and to pray that I may have grace given me to trust Him to the end. O that I saw *all* we love seeking this gracious One! I am not hopeful about \_\_\_\_\_ just now, which is strange, when I feel I can trust Him more about myself; but I see no signs of life yet. Perhaps God's time has not come; we must continue to pray, and 'hope against hope.' We are very anxious about dear \_\_\_\_\_ just now, but he seems to *hate*

when we mention the subject. O that Jesus would reveal Himself to him, and he could not kelp running after Him!"

"P\_\_\_\_, *October 6, 1845*...I am to be busy this week giving my tracts. Pray for a blessing on them, and that I may have an open door to speak to many souls. I intend to go and get a quickening from \_\_\_\_\_. I am glad to say that at present I have more desire to stay here and win souls to Jesus than to be *away*. Mr. Robertson spoke of that yesterday, and said that we should not desire *perfect rest* till we had served God all we could here. I am going to-morrow to see the old man at N\_\_\_\_. Ask words for me, and the blessed Spirit to carry home the sweet message of mercy to that soul. How sweet the sound of a free salvation is when you feel that you are the chief of sinners!"

"P\_\_\_\_ *October 15, 1845*...We had a nice day yesterday. I did not get much from man; but I had a sweet time at the table. At first it was mingled; a painful sense of sin—*sin against love*—and a sense of the love of Jesus, too; but in a little while I cannot tell you what a sweet; calm, happy feeling of *peace* came over my whole heart. I felt that Jesus had come near, and that He loved even me; and I tried not to think of my wretched self, and gave myself up to the blessedness of *being* the Lord's. I was almost afraid to breathe, lest it should all go away."

"P\_\_\_\_, *October 25, 1845*...There is but one who can give even a drop of comfort at a time like this, and to His effectual sympathy and *tender love* I have been unceasingly commending you; and I do feel persuaded He is *very* near you. O that he may say to your very heart—'*It is I*, be not afraid!' I pray that you may see *love*, divine, holy love, in this stroke; and oh, may the 'exceeding great and precious

promises' be more precious to you now than ever!...Mr. A. Bonar said in his sermon—'The Father's bosom was the shore to which Jesus always swam in all his temptations.' He left that bosom to win for poor sinners the crown of glory; and, now that He has gone back, He tells us that we, too, may find a refuge there; for that *in Him, His God is our God, and His Father our Father*...We cannot but weep at such a time, and Jesus wishes us to weep. He wept himself at the grave of Mary and Martha's brother, and He has the same heart still. Farewell, my beloved friend. I commend you to Him who can bind up the broken heart and heal *all* those wounds.—And, praying that you may grow much in the knowledge of Jesus, I am your very attached friend."

"P\_\_\_\_, *October 30, 1845*...My beloved J\_\_\_\_, night and day you are in my thoughts. I have, indeed, been in the furnace with you; but what good will that do you? None. But there is One with you who can and will comfort and bless you. One like unto the Son of Man is *very* near you...'He doth not afflict willingly;' and 'in *all* your afflictions He is afflicted.' He is our blessed Head, and He feels when any of His members are touched. 'He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye.'...The other day I heard just as it were a voice in my heart, saying, 'Do not grieve, it is I who am smiting her, and it is for her eternal profit.' cannot tell you how it comforted me. It was *Jesus* who had drawn near, and said, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? Thy friend is safe, for *my hand* holds the rod.'...In a few short years we shall be in Immanuel's land. One tie less to earth is another tie to heaven. You will feel earth more a wilderness now than ever; and don't you remember what Mr. M'Cheyne said?—'Christ is never so precious as when the world is one vast howling wilderness. 'I will allure her into the wilderness, and will speak comfortably to her, to *her heart*.'...I wish I could write

something that would comfort you, my own friend, but I am but a broken cistern; but Jesus is a full fountain, and His fulness is for you. Here is one of the drops of that fountain—'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith *your* God.' Again—'Give ye them no possession, I am their possession.' Ah, the Christian should want nothing here, he has *all* in God. I am ashamed to send such a cold letter, with so little in it of our wonderful Immanuel; but you have Himself to go to, and He is always full, always ready and able to bless you."

"P\_\_\_\_, November 12, 1845...I am glad you have such friends as \_\_\_\_ with you. Jesus himself, when in His agony, went to His dear disciples for comfort (oh! how like '*the children*' he became!), but He found no comforters. Blessed Jesus! what He suffered that His people might spend an eternity without a single pain! I feel as if my cold earthly words would just annoy you. When you get *near*, will you remember my poor soul? not that I may be happy, but that I may glorify Jesus. This morning everything seemed swallowed up in the one thought of *His* glory. O that the world knew Him! My heart is pained just now with the thought that so few know Him—that so few see any beauty in Him, and that even His own people see so little...It was very sweet to me to hear our truly 'wonderful' God is sustaining you; while He is making your cup of sorrow full, He is also making your cup of consolation to run over; if your afflictions abound, may your consolations much more abound. The tempest makes us run quickly and closely to the shepherd's side, when fair weather might tempt us to wander.—Praying that the God of *peace*, and *love*, and *hope*, and *consolation*, and *all grace* may be with you, and manifest himself to you, I am," &c.

"P\_\_\_\_, November 24, 1845...My heart rejoices in the midst of its sorrow when I hear how kind the Lord is to my dear

friend, in supporting and comforting you while suffering under His hand. I try to give thanks to *our* God on your behalf. We are told to weep with those that weep, and to rejoice with those that rejoice: will you let me weep with you, my own friend, and rejoice with you too? It is painful to be so far separate; but this is *His* will who doeth *all* things well, and we must not think any of His commands grievous...How soon we shall know all we now see so darkly! I often wish that time were come, for I do nothing but dishonour Jesus, and I am so often mourning without the sun; but still I think I should like to live even many years here yet, if I could win any to Jesus. Ah! I think He will need to cast me into many a furnace before my dross is purged away. O for a willing heart to all He calls me to bear! O for a childish, simple faith—to be Christ-like! Truly 'in this tabernacle we groan, being burdened.' How different we shall be when we walk with Jesus, and with each other, by the still waters and the green pastures! O that the well of water which is even now within us, if we are Christ's, would spring up more and more, and cheer us on our way to Immanuel's land,—that it would also flow out from us, giving life to many dead souls around us!...G. H. took R. and me to visit a poor dying girl, whom he found a rejoicing Christian, and who, he discovered, had been brought to Jesus by his own brother about a year ago. She said, in speaking of God's mercies, 'Yes, and they all come to us streaming with the blood of Jesus.' She takes great delight in speaking of Mr. Hay, and said, 'He will have a *heavy crown*, yes, he will have a heavy crown.' Is it not sweet to go to a dark corner like that, and see such a bright light shining to the glory of Jesus, who hath called her 'out of darkness into His marvellous light!'...O that we could find many (and be followed by many) in glory who had been led by us to the foot of the cross!"

"P\_\_\_\_, December 1, 1845...He does indeed bring good even out of our evil. I am so glad that *everything* will be for His glory; even our sins, in the end, are the means of making His blood more precious, and shewing how glorious He is in subduing them all, and thereby He gets glory...*Ask* for me, that I may *so* see myself that I may not be able any longer to dishonour Jesus, by trusting to anything in me at all. O that I could glorify Him, by trusting Him even in full view of a deceitful and *desperately* wicked heart! And oh! how worthy He is to be trusted! how tender, how wise, how loving, how wondrously long-suffering he is! I feel as if He were more amazingly loving in saving such a vile creature as I, than in saving any of His people. He alone knows what I am, and I do greatly wonder He does not abhor me. I trust I am really His. My own blessed Saviour! does He really say to *me*, 'Come unto me'? Oh! I shall be glad, glad when I lay down this body of sin and death, and *never, never* sin...I had a very nice time to-day at my district. Jesus gave me a word to one poor woman, and she listened very attentively. I must not lose sight of her; I feel greatly the need of the Spirit when I go amongst them. What a wonderful thing it is, that we should be allowed to go and tell sinners like ourselves of such a glorious Saviour!"

"I think I never feel so happy as when I am going from one poor wretched dwelling to another, trying with stammering, and alas! most sinful lips, to tell about the Lamb of God. Oh! it is glorious work; it is angelic work, and yet it is not given to angels, but to sinners...Have you seen \_\_\_\_ lately? I was sorry to hear of a dance she had been at. Poor — — ! I fear she has not given her heart to Jesus yet."

"P\_\_\_\_, December 17, 1845...Do you not long for the time when we shall never part from each other any more, and

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when we shall meet, too, with beloved brothers and sisters in the Lord, even now with Him, and even now talking with Him of the decease which he *did* accomplish at Jerusalem? Blessed, glorious Jesus! I wish I knew Him! How like the wilderness this world has seemed the few last months even to me, though I have not been in such a hot furnace as you! Heaven seems more *real* than ever; and it is good to feel this. We should not feel at home here...Perhaps we may see few more years come in. O that this one that is so nearly here were to be spent more to His glory by all His children! Mrs. D\_\_\_\_ wants me to visit at the House of Refuge. What do you think about it? I am afraid I at least am not capable of such a work. There are children, and sick people, and old women, all needy souls. It would be pleasant work to go and tell some of them of the Lamb of God, who can take away all their sins; but I fear my unfitness. Pray about it; and, oh, pray for *three souls* in my district, whom I am particularly anxious about! God knows all their cases. One is B\_\_\_\_'s father. O that I could win this soul to Jesus!—*not I*, but that He would use me as the unworthy instrument, if that be for His glory. The other cases are women, one self-righteous, the other very ignorant. I feel very much just now the need of the Spirit to bless my .poor efforts; but He *will* come if we pray for Him, and I am sure there is great *need* of Him here. There are many means, but as yet little blessing. I often wonder why this is the case; but still it is encouraging, and matter for praise, that there are any even a little moved. But I must finish. May He who never slumbers nor sleeps watch over you this night."

"P\_\_\_\_, *December 29, 1845*...I must write you a few lines to-night, as I want to have a chat with you, before this year passes, never to return...There is nothing worth living for in this sad world but to win souls to Jesus...I like what you say

about Jesus having compassion *on the ignorant*. It came home to me, for I am more truly ignorant, and I am worse than only knowing that I know nothing, for I am often tempted to think that I know something. I cannot tell you how sweet I felt what you said about that. Surely, Jesus will look with great compassion on me! We must plead much for one another during this approaching prayerunion. It is sweet to think there is to be one...What a world this is! We are really getting deeper and deeper into the dark wilderness. May it make us long for the cloudless day, the sinless eternity, to which all God's saints are hastening. And oh, may the Sun of Righteousness arise, even now, with healing in his wings, and may *that sun* never set!...I have begun to visit at the House of Refuge. Oh, think if we could win jewels for the crown of Jesus out of that place! E. and I went for the first time on Friday last, but we were very *new* to it, and we did not speak to many. One woman, however, we are much interested in. Pray for her. I went again alone to-day, and saw her, and had a long talk. I am *determined* to win that soul. O that I may not seek my own glory in it! I then went to another room in the hospital, and read and spoke to a great many old and sick women; I cannot think how I had courage to do it. Surely God strengthened me. Oh, it is glorious work! There is nothing makes the world disappear like speaking to souls about Jesus. Eternity seems everything; and then how humble you feel that He should permit you to speak to sinners for Him! I could scarcely stand it. Ask for me that God would strengthen me, and teach me, and give me love to souls for His sake, and that He would give us souls in that place. O that the Spirit would come down! Mrs. H\_\_\_\_ gave me a sweet word of encouragement about it; I am sure God gave it to her, for it came to me with such sweetness and power—'He that goeth forth and weepeth, *bearing PRECIOUS seed*, shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his

sheaves *with him!* Let us plead the precious promise in His name in whom all the promises are yea and amen, and we shall not labour in vain; let us take it as our motto-text for our districts, in all our efforts; but oh! what efforts mine are! poor, weak, sinful, feeble; but through Jesus, they are mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. I am glad we have been sent to the Refuge; it is so sweet to go from one sick-bed to another, stammering out some words about the Heavenly Physician...And now farewell for the present. May you be filled with the peace that passeth all understanding, and may you in body, soul, and spirit be preserved blameless to the coming of the Lord; and oh! if it be His will, may you and I meet again even in the wilderness, to talk together of all His wondrous works, to tell one another what He has done for our souls, and to exalt His name together. Dear Saviour! glorious Immanuel, I wish I knew Thee better, and served Thee better. I wish *much*, you would pray for me, that if I am spared to see another year, I may spend it *entirely* for God, and with God. I do wish (if I know myself at all) to live as a child of light, as a pilgrim travelling to another land; but if it is only wishes, that is of no use. How grieved and ashamed I am, when I think of all the sins and shortcomings of this past year! Will you ask forgiveness for them all, and also that I may overcome, through Christ, *all* my sins and temptations, particularly *slothfulness, selfishness, worldliness, and desire for my own glory?* I have many, many more than these, but I seem to see these particularly. Pray that they may *really* be overcome; and pride too. I sometimes fear I shall never get over my sins, for I see, when I look in, I am *intending* at some future time to be better, and to live really as a child of God; but then I see I am always putting it off, instead of beginning *now*. Oh! I am weary of myself at times, but, thanks be to our wonderful God, He is not weary of me,

and He will perfect the work He has begun. O that the next year may truly be a *new* year with all God's dear children!"

## CHAPTER 10

### Features of a Saint

LIKENESS to her Lord in all things was what M \_\_\_\_ ever sought. Over her unlikeness to Him she mourned. Becoming less and less satisfied with herself, and more and more satisfied with Him, she could not rest with anything save conformity to His image. Daily she looked to Him, not only that she might draw fresh peace, and healing, and strength out of His fulness, but that she might become like Him in all things. "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, she was changed (transfigured) into the same image from glory to glory" (2 Cor. 3:18). She walked in the light of His countenance, and she found holiness as well as gladness. Fellowship with Jesus she proved to be as purifying as it was comforting. Losing her resemblance to the children of this present evil world, she grew in conformity to the children of the kingdom. She had taken the family name, and she could not be content without the family likeness. The lineaments of the Elder Brother were traced more and more legibly upon her day by day.

Some of these features we will now draw together, not grouping them after any special order, but bringing them out with sufficient distinctness to make them perceptible, and illustrating them by extracts from her diaries and letters. We make no attempt at an artificial exhibition; we do not try to colour, or soften down, or flatter; we give her own words—words written in most cases in the closet, under the eye of God alone, and evidently expressive of her genuine feeling in its various moods—shady or sunny, hopeful or depressed, buoyant with victory or broken down with conflict.

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*Sense of Helplessness.*—Her impulsive fervour of character and resolute energy of action did not lead to self-dependence, or, as it is the fashion to call it now, to "self-reliance." Her strength, like her life, was "hid with Christ in God." It was not strength acquired by self-exertion, or *deposited* in her by God. It was strength for the occasion, or the day, or the trial—strength drawn out of another by faith, she herself remaining helpless as before. It was strength in weakness—strength corresponding to her infirmities, and which led her to glory in these infirmities that the power of Christ might rest on her. As it was to another's righteousness that she was indebted for her acceptance, so it was of another's strength that she availed herself in all that she did for God.

"I have had," she writes, "I think, but one feeling this morning—a feeling of utter helplessness. I went to prayer this morning with no desires, no faith, no power, no strength at all; and I felt very miserable at first; but I was enabled to cast myself upon the almighty strength and the unchanging love of my own compassionate Saviour, and there I found rest. I think God is answering my prayer, that Jesus may be made precious to me, by making me first feel my own weakness. I must first be emptied of myself before I can be filled with Jesus. It is a painful way; but if it makes me prize *Him*, it is worth bearing (and a thousand times more) all the sore trials I have ever suffered. How blessed it would be if I could see myself entirely helpless, that I might trust altogether to Jesus! How sweet it would be to come up from the wilderness LEANING upon the Beloved! O Jesus, wean me from self, from self-will and selfishness in every form, from sin, from earth, from every earthly idol, and fill my *whole* soul with Thyself. Amen, Lord Jesus!"

It was thus that God led her on—making her feel that *self-reliance* is as incompatible with the work of the Spirit as *self-righteousness* is with the work of Jesus. Again she writes—"I feel my utter weakness and helplessness more than anything else just now, I think. Oh! may it make me prize *His* strength the more, and lead me to trust *entirely* to Him who is the mighty God!" *Lowliness of Spirit*.—One was sometimes led to think that she undervalued herself too much, as it led her to lay undue stress on the opinions of others, and to distrust her own judgment entirely. An extreme like this is not without its danger; for it sets aside personal; responsibility before God, produces vacillation of opinion and action, and hinders that manliness of decisions which holds fast that which it has received. Though occasionally, however, deferring to others who ought rather to have been taught by her, and thereby involving herself in perplexity, M\_\_\_\_\_ held fast her faith and hope. Yet while doing so she speaks thus of herself:—"Make me willing to be esteemed as vile, and worthless, and mean (and what am I but that?) among all who know me, if only Thou art glorified. What a wretch I am, to feel so unwilling to let others despise me, if that would bring glory to Jesus! Oh, if I could only be willing to lie down and let others walk over me to Jesus, if it be only by that means they can come to Him! If He is glorified, what does it signify if I am despised? I had a letter from S\_\_\_\_\_ which hurt my vile pride. O Jesus, give me grace to win this soul to Thee!"

"I hope God will hear my prayers for her" (a friend for whom she often prayed), "for the sake of His dear Son, though I think my prayers are more full of sin than anything else I do. Do *you* find that?"

*Decision and Earnestness*.—She had left the world at once. She never looked behind her, but fled precipitately from it, as

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if fearing that it might pursue her, or that she might be tempted back again. Like Christian, with his fingers in his ears, running from the City of Destruction, so did she run. She never stayed to calculate the consequences, nor give an opportunity to the seducer to overtake or ensnare her ere she left the region of vanity.

Thus she threw herself beyond the reach of many a subtle snare, and saved herself from the pain of many a trial that might have arisen from attempts to lure her once more into the net. Her decision at the outset made every one feel that such efforts were hopeless. No friends, however dear, could entertain the hope of inducing her to set foot again within the circle of vanity. *They* might go to her; but *she* would never again rejoin them. And though, doubtless, some of her trials did arise from her decision, yet how many were thus warded off, and how much of her spiritual progress may be ascribed to this calm firmness of purpose! Vacillation at the outset, if it does not quite drag the soul back into its former worldliness, most sadly retards progress in after life, and is the unconfessed cause of many a wretched stumble.

As she had left the world with an energy quite her own, so she threw herself with her whole soul into the embrace of her Lord. She was in earnest. Yet her earnestness was not of that false, sentimental, or self

righteous kind, so much in fashion. The word "earnestness," so common amongst us, deceives many, both those who think that they possess the quality, and those who admire it in others. It forms one of Satan's most cunning traps for the unwary. By means of it, he is cheating thousands out of their divine inheritance, making them think that they are religious, and that their earnestness is such a goodly thing before man,

and such an acceptable thing in the sight of God, that they are really entitled to claim heaven, whatever their opinions—nay, whatever their life may be. Earnestness, with many, covers every fault, and beautifies sin, error, folly, Popery—nay, even infidelity itself.

But the earnestness of which we speak was that of one whose whole soul had become engrossed with the mighty things of an eternal heaven and an endless hell, who had sought and found forgiveness, and acceptance, and joy, and heirship through the great propitiation, and whose heart had gone up to Him in whom centred all created and all uncreated beauty. It was the earnestness of a justified soul—the earnestness of one who had got a glimpse of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Of this earnestness we need give no particular specimens; it is transfused through all she wrote and did.

*Longings to be Holy.*—To be holy, was the burden of her prayers. "Oh, when shall I be holy?" is a frequent interjection in her letters. To use Christ, not merely for pardon, but for getting rid of sin, was what she sought to do. To anticipate a *holy* heaven was one of her dearest joys.

"I have been very unhappy," she writes; "I have seen my sins so much, without seeing my Saviour, that I am often terrified, and cannot pray. My heart seems quite frozen; and oh, at times, the grief I am in, at the bare possibility of not getting to heaven at last! It is not so much the being for ever *happy* that I long for, as the being for ever *holy*, and with those who are holy. I long sometimes to beseech God not to send me to hell, for there are none holy there, none who love Jesus. Oh, if it be misery to live with worldly people on earth, what must

it be there! I wish I were holy! Don't you long for it also? But then you are not like me; you are not *so perfectly sinful*. Dearest, will you pray much for me, and pray that my hard heart may be melted?"

"*October 12, 1842.*—When you remember me in your prayers, will you plead for *holiness*? for, oh, I am 'sick of sin! Don't you sometimes feel as if everything around and within you, as if the very air you breathe, were all full of sin? I often long to feel one holy thought or wish; but I long in vain."

And in these longings to be holy, how strongly did the new nature manifest itself! There was something about them so fervent, so intense, so irrepressible, that we are made to feel that the spring within, out of which they poured themselves, must have been of no common depth. Is the average of the age's piety at all like this? A correct religious deportment is one thing, and holiness is quite another. There may be a fear of acting inconsistently, and yet no desires to be holy as God is holy. There may be the dread of a woeful hell, and yet no longings for a *holy* heaven. Such extracts as the above may lead some to re-examine the nature of their piety, and to re-question their claims to discipleship. Their religion may pass just now unquestioned, nay, honoured, for this is *man's* day; but God's day is at hand;—will it stand the sifting then?

In these warrings against sin and desires after holiness there was evidently a deep and solemn joy, though the strife was desperate, and, in the course of it, anguish not seldom poured in upon the soul. The consciousness of not being wholly in conformity with God himself was bitterness; yet the longing to be so was in itself joy. The feeling that she was at one with God, in her desires to be like him, drew her into a

nearness of fellowship with Him, which lighted up each cloud through which she passed.[29]

*Tenderness of Conscience.*—Through the blood of sprinkling her conscience had been pacified. The sight of the great sacrifice had removed her guilty terrors. What the knowledge of God's free love had done for her *heart*, that the knowledge of the cleansing blood had done for the *conscience*. For the "purging of the conscience" cannot be effected by the knowledge of Divine *love* alone. Nothing but the sight of the *blood* can do that. In the blood we see the life of another taken for our life; and *recognising* this substitution, we get the benefit of it in our consciences; for thus that which troubled them is taken away. We see the wrath that should have smitten us passing over to another, and exhausting itself on him.

But that very process by which her conscience was pacified gave it a sensitiveness which no mere dread of wrath, no threatenings of the fiery law, could have done. Her natural conscience had been sensitive, but her renewed conscience was still more tender—tender in small things as well as in great things—tender as to a straying thought no less than a froward step. It is the tender conscience that is speaking in the following passages:— "29th.—Spent a day of sin and worldliness in Edinburgh. Alas! how often do I spend such days! And yet, when I came home and went to prayer, ashamed and afraid, I had such a wonderful, such a melting season as I have not been blest with for a long time. O the wonderful forbearance and forgiveness of God to such a vile wretch as I am! I could not think of my sins; I could do nothing but praise Him for His love. When I thought of the sinful day I had passed, I tried to confess my sins, but could do nothing but praise. O that I could cease sinning against

such love! O that I could cease piercing the bosom on which I lean! but when I would do good, evil is present with me."

"16<sup>th</sup>.—Last night I dishonoured Jesus by yielding to an unholy temper. How sinful I am! To think that I, who call myself the friend of Jesus, should behave as one of His enemies! This occurrence has, I trust, been sanctified to me. It has shewn me how keenly the unconverted watch every action of the Christian. It shews me how prayerfully and how holly I must walk. It has led me more to the throne of grace."

"9<sup>th</sup>.—This morning I had a painful yet sweet season at prayer. I had committed sin, the night before, by giving way to angry feelings—a sin, alas! I often commit; and this morning my whole soul was melted with grief at my desperate wickedness in sinning against so much love. My heart felt breaking as I wept before Jesus. I think He has forgiven me; but I cannot forgive myself. My sins seem all the more vile, the more they are pardoned."

"November 22.—M.C. came to spend the day with us. I grieve to say we were full of levity and folly all day, and in the evening we went together to the throne of grace and confessed our iniquities to our injured God and Father, and I trust were forgiven. It was a solemn meeting. We had never all prayed together before, but none of us seemed to mind the presence of the others. We were so ashamed before our God, of the way in which we had dishonoured Him, and brought reproach on the name of Jesus. I thought my heart would break as I thought of how much I had grieved the heart of Jesus, and been a stumbling-block in the way of others coming to Him."

*Separation from the World.*—In M\_\_\_\_'s case there was no looking back on Sodom, no thought of returning whence she had come out. There was no coming and going between Egypt and Canaan, as if there were some neutral region which she might occupy, or as if God had not defined the boundaries between the realm of darkness and the kingdom of His dear Son. Her coming out from the world, as we have seen, was complete. She did not hanker after it. She did not sit down to calculate how many of its gaieties were harmless, and how many were harmful, that she might still indulge the former while keeping aloof from the latter; she did not try to persuade herself that the world was not wholly evil, and that worldly people might be Christians after all. She saw that if the Bible wore true, there were just *two* classes of men—those that are of God, and those that are of the world; those that are from beneath, and those that are from above. There was no third party, half-earthly and half-heavenly. She might yearn over the world, but that would not make it less "the world;" that would not lessen its danger, nor alter God's condemnation of it.

She not only "came out," but she was "separate;" she "touched not the unclean thing" (2 Cor. 6:17). She "hated even the garments spotted by the flesh" (Jude 23). She saw that it was an unholy world; a world that sought its own pleasures and honours; a world in whose gay haunts God was not; a world with which her new nature could have no sympathy; a world whose society no holy soul could enjoy; a world whose tastes and habits were totally uncongenial with hers: she saw these things, and she quietly but resolutely withdrew from all its vanities. Nay, more, she sought to win others to the same separation, for she could not understand how it was possible for a man to be a Christian, and yet join with the world in its dance, and song, and sport. Hence she

never hesitated to warn or to counsel those who walked in worldliness, and yet named the name of Christ; and she sought, by all means in her power, to draw the poor worldling out of the deadly snare. She knew what the world was, and she shunned it as a fatal fascination. She remembered how it had once stood between her and God, how it had done its utmost to shut out the glory from her eye; and she sought (if one may so speak) to be avenged on it for its enchantments.

Thus she writes to her friend, not long after her conversion:—  
"I went to Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, but had not an opportunity of speaking to either of them. I doubted the propriety of remaining, for I was very unhappy. I could not pray, nor do anything. Oh! it is terrible to live with those who do not seem to care for God at all! Pray much for my dear \_\_\_\_\_ who lives with them! I shall tell \_\_\_\_\_ what you say about 'the line between the world and Christ.' I sent my letter to dear \_\_\_\_\_. He wrote me a very kind answer. He was not angry at my writing, and says he hopes it will have the effect of bringing us both nearer to God. He says he may perhaps write again on the subject: he has not yet, so I am thinking of writing to him again, and speaking to him about the love of Jesus, and the happiness of having found Him. Do you think I ought? But I hope to have opportunities of *speaking* to him, which would be much better. But O how Satan tempts me at these times to think that *there is time enough!* I always seem to realise the things of eternity at these times less than at any other: do *you* feel that? I am *very* glad you are to write to \_\_\_\_\_. told her about being *wholly* on one side or the other. I also told her *your dream*. She did not say anything. I wish she *knew Jesus*; she would make a very sweet follower of the Lamb. Dear friend, shall your dream really come to pass? Yes, I trust it will. Oh! shall *you* and *I really* be amongst the green pastures, by the still waters, with Christ, seeing Him as He is, and being like

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Him? It is more like a *dream* than a *reality*. *You*, I have no doubt of; oh! I hope I shall meet you in heaven! It seems too glorious for *me*. I hope I shall welcome you to heaven, for I **MUST** go *first*; and I hope I shall die in Kelso, with you beside me, saying, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; take her to Thyselself!'"

*High Aims.*—She sought not "great things" for herself, and yet she was ever aiming high. She "coveted the best gifts." She was not content to stand upon the low level or to live at the low rate with which most are satisfied. She was ambitious of an honourable place among the children of the King. Thus she tells her aims:—

"Have just finished the *Life of J.B. Taylor*. What a wonderful Christian he was! And it has stirred me up to be what he pressed upon everybody—to be 'an uncommon Christian.' But oh! I have an evil heart of unbelief, and great earthliness and corruptions to struggle with!"

"*Dec. 30, 1844.*—I should like very, very much to be a very spiritual Christian. But it is written, 'The diligent soul shall be made fat,' and I am far too slothful. I wish I were in heaven. I cannot stay here any longer. It is so miserable to be a half-and-half Christian, a lukewarm believer, if there can be such a thing. Don't you long for the rest in Immanuel's land?—for its golden streets, its pearly gates, its eternal sunshine, its green pastures, its still waters, and its sea of glass, and, above all, the unveiled face of Him who alone makes our heaven below! I often wonder that we can remain so contentedly here, absent from the Lord."

*Love to the Scriptures.*—It was intense. "Every word of God" she set above all price. Her reading of it was thorough, not

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superficial; systematic, not desultory; continuous, not fitful. Though she had her chapters or her verses that she seemed to joy in above others, yet it was the whole Word that she searched and fed upon, delighting to link all with "the Beloved One," and feeling that of each part He was the centre. She eagerly laid hold of any text that might come from the lip or pen of a friend, and treasured it up. If you had lighted up a new star before her eye, you could not have given her half the gladness which seemed to kindle within her, when some new ray fell upon a passage and gave her a fresh glimpse of the things within the veil. She generally placed a text at the head of every letter, that those to whom she wrote might have a message from God ere they read a word of hers. In a similar spirit she thus wrote to a friend:—I cannot tell you how delighted I am that my letter was so much blest to you; it is the only letter I ever sent off to you with any satisfaction, because there were none of my words in it, and I felt so happy at the time in thinking that my beloved one would get one letter from me that might be blest to her." Elsewhere she thus writes:— "The text that the blessed Spirit sent home with power to my heart this morning, was this—and oh, it is a very precious one—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

In her diary of June 1843, there is the following entry:—"I have had a long time of reading to-day; I don't know how it is, I can do nothing but read His holy Word. I have no heart for anything else...R. and I saw Mr. B. the other day in Edinburgh. He gave me this text at parting—'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' I felt as if he could not have given me a sweeter. O how sweet *eternal day* will be after such a long dark night!"

In a letter to a friend, she writes—"Have you thought of what part of the Word we shall read together on Saturdays? Shall we read the 21st of Revelation next Saturday? and by the Saturday after, I hope to have heard from you. I was glad that you settled that we should devote last Saturday to confession, for oh, I feel I have been VERY guilty in the little profit I have got from such a sweet portion of God's sweet Word; how prayerlessly I have read it! how little I have meditated upon it! how little I *have fed* upon it! how little I have praised God for it! Let us agree, dearest, to read this in a very different manner. I have thought of a plan that might make it, by God's blessing, very profitable to us; I want us each to *write down*, after we have read the chapter, what particular verses have struck us, and what we think about them, and what has been most blest to us, and then, WHEN WE MEET, we can compare notes, and see who has most to praise Jesus for. Do you like this plan, and will you agree to it?"

*Thirsting for God.*—"I prayed this morning," she records on July 31, 1843, "that God would in mercy remove everything that comes between Jesus and my soul, and that He would shew me what prevents the light of His countenance shining upon my soul. Perhaps it will be painful to flesh and blood to have this prayer answered; but I am in the hands of One who doth not 'willingly afflict,' and I have no fear. All I want is to be weaned from this sinful, sorrowful world, and to have Jesus for my all in all."

"A remarkable feature of her Christian character," writes her friend, "was her misery when she could not realise the presence of God. Life seemed a burden to her if she had not the light of His countenance continually. One day she came to me in an agony of mind, begging me to pray with her, for she

had been long praying alone, but could not find God, and she could not live without Him." In a similar strain she thus wrote to her friend on recovering from a sharp illness:—"It is strange that I have not felt my Father's presence so much during this illness as I did the last; the first day it was the sweet Sabbath-day. I could only repeat to myself the name of Jesus, and I felt it very sweet to lie and think about Him. But I was soon too ill even to do that. At one time I almost forgot God. Oh, I have been very wicked! Will you pray for me, dearest, that God would forgive the sins of the last week?" In August 1841, little more than a month after her conversion, she thus wrote to her friend:—"I should like to have God always in my thoughts, dwelling in my very heart. I cannot bear to pass a day, nay, not an hour, without some token of His presence. I cannot live a stranger to my God."

*Fellowship with the Saints.*—Whatever there might be of natural selfishness in her character, as she often complains, it did not check the outflowing of her sympathies towards others, nor her desire to receive sympathy in return. In the days of her vanity this had been the case, and afterwards it came out still more fully. Her new nature went forth in quest of congenial fellowship. It was not merely that she wanted some to love; she wanted some into whose bosoms she might pour her griefs and joys. Hence she sought with such eagerness the company of saints. In every one who knew the Saviour whom she loved, she found not only a friend, but a relative. Nor did she hesitate to claim kindred in such cases. Poor or rich, it mattered not to her. They were members of the one household, and that was enough. She could speak to them of her beloved Lord; she could join with them in the hope of the inheritance; she could respond to them in their feelings as to the loneliness of exile here; she could try to bear their burdens, and ask them to bear hers in return.

The reader may get an insight into this feature of her character from such a passage as the following:—"How glad I was to get your dear letter! you make me wait too long for them. Don't think you can't give me comfort. The very sight of your handwriting is enough to cheer me. I am sorry to write to you just now, because I feel so sad. I am afraid I infect you. Many outward things vex me, and then I have not much comfort within; but I have more than I deserve; and this encourages me—Jesus is the same. Though I change every moment, *He* is the same yesterday, today, and for ever. I don't think I shall be right again till I am with you. You cannot imagine how I long to see you, and tell you all my griefs. You will say, Go to Jesus, and tell *Him* all. Yes, but Jesus himself went to His disciples in His distress; and I am sure, when we are together, Jesus will be with us to bless us. How slow the time goes! It seems to creep. And yet, how it will fly when we meet!"

Her intercourse was truly *Christian* fellowship. She had no relish for anything else. Narrating, in a letter, the circumstances of a walk with a friend, she sums up simply and touchingly thus—"We spoke about Jesus till we longed to be with Him."

*The Appreciation of the Blood of Christ.*—However much the *love* of Christ might cheer and gladden, it WAS the *blood* alone that could give peace. The love might touch the *heart*; but the *conscience* needed the blood, for it required something to tell it that the awful penalty had been exhausted—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." To know that there is a substitute; that he has met the law's inexorable demands, by giving it a veritable *life*; and that, by so doing, he has made the removal of our guilt a righteous transaction,

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never to be reversed, nay, irreversible: this is what the *conscience* needs, and without this it cannot have peace, for the thing which caused its trouble—namely, its sense of *guilt*—would remain untaken away. It is the blood alone that can "purge the conscience from dead works to serve the living God." M\_\_\_\_\_ felt this deeply, for her conscience (as we have seen) was tender in the extreme. The mere incarnation of the Son of God was not enough; there must be suffering and death. "Not without blood" is a verse to which every awakened conscience responds. Hers did most cordially respond to it, as, for instance, when she thus breathes forth her desires,—*"O to be ever washed in this blood! It both cleanses and destroys the power of sin. I asked God to cover me all over with this precious blood, and He did it. And oh, what a wonderful tide of unmerited love He poured in upon my glad soul! It was almost too much. Oh, if the drops are so sweet, what must the ocean be!"*

*Trust in Christ.*—She leaned on Christ himself, for she saw in Him one who was entirely worthy of her fullest confidence; and her soul was satisfied with His work, for she saw it to be altogether complete and suitable. It was enough for her. Her conscience needed nothing more to pacify it than the knowledge that "He had finished transgression, and made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness." "I am trying," she writes in January 1842, "to trust Christ for *everything*, for I have nothing myself at all; at times not even a desire; yet He will not be weary even of me, for He is long-suffering and abundant in mercy." Again she wrote on September 4—"Yesterday was the communion at Mr. Robertson's. I had less joy than ever I had at any communion before, I think; but I felt I could *trust Christ*...I did not feel Him near, but I trust I felt Him precious, as the Saviour of sinners, even the chief. I could trust my soul to Him for time

and for eternity. 'It is finished' was all my plea, and I felt it enough. God is satisfied with the work of His beloved Son—why should not I be satisfied too?" Again, in August 1842, she wrote to me—"I have never forgotten one thing you wrote to me some time ago; you told me to go more to God with my difficulties, and less to man. I daresay I should not have done so, if I had had man to go to; but lately I have had no one but Jesus to speak to, and I have found it often very blessed to tell Him all my troubles. But still it is sweet to meet with a child of God; so you must not be angry with me for wishing it so much; but you must pray for me that I may not trust too much to man's words, but that I may live more upon the Word of God."

In another letter to a friend in Kelso, she speaks more at length:—

"*September 23, 1844...MY DEAREST B\_\_\_\_, I often find it difficult to believe that Jesus forgives *freely*. I am always wanting to bring something as a price—either my repentance, or my tears, or my prayers, or something else—anything but *free grace*. I suppose one reason is, it is so humbling to human pride to *be freely* forgiven; and another, because we do not know God, we do not know how immense His love is, and how it glorifies Him to forgive 'without money and without price.'* Dear friend, you and I 'have *nothing* to pay.' Let us allow Jesus 'frankly to forgive us both!' In the chapter I was reading this morning, Paul says, 'I am nothing:' surely we may say that too. Nay, he gloried in his infirmities, that the power of Christ might rest upon him. Christ's strength is made perfect in our weakness—the weaker we are, the more Christ is glorified in holding us up; the more sinful we are, the more He is glorified in cleansing us from all sin, and in delivering us from its power; for He says, 'Sin shall not have dominion over

you;' so that, though sin may *rage*, it cannot *reign*; and the more ignorant we are, the more He is glorified in teaching us (O how slow He finds me in learning!); so that, whatever we are, however low we may have sunk, if we only put ourselves in his hands, He will get glory to himself by us. How glad that thought makes me, that He gets glory from *me*! Paul says, 'When I am weak, *then* am I strong.' Don't you often find how true that is? When you are weakest in yourself, then you find that you get on best, because you lean more on His strength. If we would *trust Him entirely*, how fast we should move! He tells us to 'trust in Him at *all times*'—it is easier to do this sometimes than at others. What low thoughts of the *Mighty God*' that shews us to have! as if He could not help us in the greatest difficulty, as well as in the least! How we shall wonder at our unbelief, when we reach that blessed place where we shall never, never doubt Him again!"

"I secretly rested," says an old minister, "after I believed, in the *act* of faith, rather than in the *object* of faith, and drew comfort from this more than from the object, Christ holden out in the gospel." Though perhaps this might occasionally be a snare into which M\_\_\_\_\_ was led, yet it will be evident that this was not her tendency. The *object* of faith had, in her eye, assumed such a place, that she seldom turned in to think about her own act of seeing. Engrossed with the Lord himself, she had no time to scrutinise or analyse the mental process through which she had thus become absorbed in the vision of His glory; or when at times He seemed absent or hidden, she was so bent upon regaining the sight of His excellency, by *thinking about HIMSELF*, that her own actings of faith and love quite fell put of sight. Engrossment with the person of her Lord kept her from thinking about herself, save as one that infinitely needed Him. She knew that to look at Christ was to have peace with God; but that to *look at her act of*

*looking*, was to look away from Christ, and that to continue thus looking at her own act of looking, would inevitably be to fall from grace (Gal. 5:4). Nor would it avail her to have "begun in the Spirit," if afterwards she should seek to be "made perfect by the flesh" (Gal. 3:3).

Desires after Christ, and Attachment to His Person.—Letters and diary are alike full of these. They are the sun light of every page. With Him, all was noonday; without Him, all was midnight. At one time, when feeling that her soul was dried up, she writes—"O for John's place, leaning upon the breast of Jesus! I was telling Mr. Robertson that I could not praise Him for anything, and he said, 'Praise Him that you are miserable without Him.' This is, indeed, matter of praise. O how much worse should I be, if I were *happy without Him*? But I must seek to be happy with Him, and *in Him*. I read a chapter from Matthew to dear J— \_\_\_\_\_ to-night, and then prayed. I was much helped in prayer. I did not feel happy, but I felt softened and peaceful, and a sweet feeling that Jesus was listening."

"I miss \_\_\_\_\_ greatly, but I must go the more to Jesus. Ah! He *must* be my *all in all*. All I need is treasured up in Him; all I want for time and for eternity; and He himself is my blessed portion. O for a single eye to God's glory! that is what I want. O Jesus, *mine own God*, give me this! How precious Jesus seems to-day! I long to bring the whole world to Him...Make me instrumental in leading *many* souls to Thee, blessed Jesus!...I was a little happier this morning at prayer, while giving myself *entirely* to Jesus. It seems so *very* sweet, the idea of being Christ's servant. It was a very holy, happy feeling; and *I could not help* praising Him for it. It is sweeter to praise than to pray."

"*Oct. 28.*—E. and I had a wonderfully sweet meeting to-night. Jesus was evidently with us, causing our hearts to sing for joy. We were so happy that we could not help singing, and we sang together the 23d Psalm."

"*Oct. 31.*—Had a very sweet season in prayer this morning. It was *all praise*. I could do nothing but praise. I felt as if I were really standing before the throne, singing the new song. Jesus was *very near*, and unutterably precious...O for many such seasons! and O for a heart to praise! I felt each person of the blessed Godhead precious. The Father's love seemed so full in giving Jesus; and Jesus seemed so precious; His love passeth knowledge; and the Spirit seemed so full of love, in lovingly dwelling in such a heart as mine. It was a melting season. O that I could shew forth His praise—that I had a heart and a tongue to tell to all around what a dear Saviour I have found!"

"*Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1844.*—Had a sweet season at prayer this morning, in thinking of the Father's well-pleas'dness with His beloved Son. It is very sweet to think that Jesus is glorified in our salvation, that He gets *all* the glory."

"*Saturday, 17th.*—Had a few minutes of very great sweetness this morning at prayer. I never feel such solid joy or peace as when asking the Father to reveal to me the Son, and to enable me to make Him a whole Saviour, not a half Saviour. It would be so very sweet if I could only get my wicked heart to trust *all* to Jesus, and to rest my weary soul on the precious Scripture, 'It is finished.' I got a sight of that truth for a moment the other night, and it was unutterably sweet."

"I wish you were with me to-day, that we might speak together of the love of Christ, 'which passeth knowledge.'" I

had a very wonderful taste of it this morning; it was all praise together. What a wonderful Saviour we have! isn't He very precious? I could hardly stand His love this morning, it was so very, very sweet, and so undeserved by me. I never had such a foretaste of the blessedness of heaven before; I felt as if I were really standing faultless before the throne, singing the *new song*. How my heart longed to praise Him as he ought to be praised! but I could praise Him for the glad hope, that perhaps very soon I should really praise Him even as *He* deserves to be praised. It will be sweet to cast our crowns at His feet, and give Him *all* the glory. O to be rid of this body of sin and death,—'to see Him as He is!' for then 'we shall be *like Him*. I am very unlike Him now, but yet he loves me; I *know He does!* and He will teach me, even me, to love Him; to say with Peter, 'Lord, thou knowest all things, *thou knowest that I love Thee;*' but oh, what a poor love mine is!— I am ashamed of it. I wish you would plead this precious promise for me— 'This people have I formed *for myself;* they *shall* shew forth *my* praise.' I wish I could forget myself and think only of Jesus. O that I longed more to bring sinners to Him! When He drew so near to me this morning, I tried to pray that you might drink deeper and deeper into His filling love; you know more of it than I do. You are not so full of self or unbelief as I am; but all the glory is His; He is more glorified in some than in others; isn't it sweet to think that He gets all the glory, and you and I none? Every feeling of love we have He gave us; all our natural feelings are enmity; isn't it wonderful? Are you happy in His love?"

*Prizing the Mercy-Seat.*—It was the "seat of mercy," the "throne of grace" to her. She prized it because she felt she needed it, and because the grace that was dispensed there was just the grace which suited her case as a sinner. And it was what she saw of grace in that throne that emboldened

her to come, with every sin and burden, at any moment, in the assurance that from such a place no one that was willing to be indebted to grace alone would be sent empty away. Of it she speaks thus:—"This morning had a cross, which again led me to the mercy-seat. Oh, what a place it is! How grateful should dear R. and I. be, that we have been led to feel its preciousness!"

To this mercy-seat she carried every burden, as well as every sin; every perplexity, as well as every fear. Most implicitly did she trust her God and Father, and with most childlike openness did she unbosom her heart to Him:—"I asked that He would lead us to choose a residence where He would bless our souls. I asked nothing for us all but that they might be born again. I asked that wherever we went He would go with us. I pleaded the precious command, 'Be careful for nothing.' I have committed my way to Him, and I *know* that He will be faithful to His word and direct our steps. I asked Him also to guide B. and me with regard to the church we should go to, and I know He will lead us in a right path with regard to this also. Oh, what should we do without Him! 'Hold thou us up, and we *shall* be safe.' I think I was made willing with regard to this matter to say, whatever way we are led in, '*Thy* will be done, not *ours*.' I asked with regard to this, and with regard to where we may go to live, that He would *not* grant us our wishes if they were not according to His will. All my prayers, O Lord, are before Thee; oh! grant me a gracious answer, for Jesus' sake. I thought of this verse to-day— 'Continue in prayer, and *watch in the same*, with thanksgiving.' I must *watch* for the answer to these petitions."

"*Thursday, November 2.*—Had a letter from \_\_\_\_\_, fixing every Thursday between eight and nine for herself, D\_\_\_\_\_, T\_\_\_\_\_, E\_\_\_\_\_, and me, to meet at the throne of grace. I went

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to meet them this evening, and found it very sweet to plead for each other."

"*Saturday, December 2.*—The first day of the Prayer Union. It is a sweet thing to think that so many of God's children are pleading together at the same hour. O that there may be a great blessing!"

"*26th.*—Have just had a very solemn and *very, very* sweet season at the throne of grace. I had not so much joy as a sweet, sweet kind of holy fellowship and communion with Jesus. Oh! it was blessed; I cannot tell how blessed! I felt I was so wonderfully happier than the worldling. I longed to tell all what a happy, happy life the Christian's is. I had much pleasure in praying for my beloved sister M\_\_\_\_, and I *felt* I was heard. He will answer my prayer in His own time."

"*Oct. 18, 1845.*—I have been trying to learn to pray anywhere, even not on my knees, as I cannot go to a cold room. O for a praying heart! Am in great trouble generally about getting a room to myself for prayer, and was thinking how God could bring much good out of this evil both to me and to others. Was thinking that my dear friends, from the very fact that there is so much trouble and work about getting a room for E. and me, might be led to think, Do *we* as earnestly feel the need of a room for prayer?"[30]

In a letter to me, August 1842, I find her writing: "There is one thing I want you to pray for E. and me; it is, that we may not be interrupted or hindered in our hours for reading and prayer. Will you ask this for us? I think they are sometimes vexed with us for being by ourselves so long, and yet I feel that I do not take enough time. I have often so much to ask for, that I could remain all day. But there are so many

worldly things for us to do! I wonder how Christians can find so much time for all these worldly duties, and yet be so much in prayer. I am afraid we do not redeem the time as we ought. Will you tell us about this when you write? but especially pray that our Father in heaven may shew us where we have gone wrong, and enable us to amend it."

There is something touching in the above extract. What longings for fellowship with God, and yet what a desire to discharge all needful duties! What desire to be alone—to have hours, nay, days of prayer! And yet what unwillingness to do anything that might annoy others! The worldly or the formal see nothing but selfishness in this love of being alone; and they are often more roused to anger against the religion that shews itself in this solemn way, than against that which is ever working and bustling. The reason is evident. The man that is much with God in secret is, by the very fact of his going alone to meet with his God, a far more unambiguous witness for God than the man who merely says or does religious things. And, besides, the impress of God is more legibly stamped upon him, by the closeness of his contact with Him whom he goes alone to meet.

Let us hear her again, as she refers to this her place of glad resort:— "What should you and I do if we had not the mercy-seat to go to *at all times*? It is the sunniest spot on this dark earth. I have felt very happy in the love of Jesus these last two days. This morning I could hardly leave the happy spot where I may tell Him all I feel, and ask for all I need. We shall not find even eternity too long to praise Him. I do not forget *you* there. I was so hurried, that I forgot to tell you in my last letter how much I have been helped in pleading for you since you went away; asking that you may be enabled to speak for Jesus where you are. We must pray *much* for each other just

now, that we may be brought nearer to Himself, and have no desire, no wish, but to be enabled to live to His glory. How far short of this do I live! I think there never was such an *unChrist-like* Christian as I am. I was asking much this morning that I might realise more the things that are unseen. Oh, if we could always remember that we are only strangers and pilgrims here, we should think more of our home in heaven, and care less for the things of earth. We must not live like those who 'mind earthly things.'"

"How little worldly people know what they lose by not caring for eternal things! I think, if a worldly person tasted for one hour the unutterable joy and the sweet peace that Jesus gives His people, they would never care for earthly things again, at least they would not make them their all as they do. I sometimes long to tell people how happy they would be if they would come to Jesus, and how Jesus longs for them to come. I have had great delight for several days in praying for my dear, dear \_\_\_\_\_. I think God must have special thoughts of mercy towards him just now. He cannot have given me these desires for him without intending to grant the prayers He himself has put into my heart to pray for him. Let us plead for him *together*, and for our sweet \_\_\_\_\_ also. How I love them both! and I delight to think that God loves them *far more*. Perhaps some day before very long we may all be kneeling round the throne of grace. What a happy, what a wonderfully happy time that would be! We must give Him no rest till He has made this family a praise on the earth."

"*January* 10, 1846...I have not much time to write to you today, but I am anxious to write during the Prayer Union week. How soon it passes away! I think that you and E. and I should keep it another week. It would be very sweet, and Mrs. H\_\_\_\_\_ and B\_\_\_\_\_ would join us, I hope you have

enjoyed this Prayer Union.[31] I have not had much enjoyment myself, but I have at times been *very* happy to know that so many of God's dear children were uniting together to ask *great glory* to be given to Jesus, by the conversion of many sinners to Himself, and by the increased sanctification of His own elect."

*Enjoyment of Communion Seasons.*—With her eye not upon herself, but upon her Lord and His cross, she went to His table. There she found Him whom her soul loved; or, if she did not find Him always as she desired, she rested on His promise. Thus she tells her experience:—

"*Sabbath, Oct. 29.*—Had a very sweet sermon from Mr. Moody Stuart. I think I never before had such a clear idea of *believing* as I had while he spoke. It sometimes seems so simple, and Jesus seems so worthy to be trusted, that I wonder I ever can doubt. But all my happy feelings left me at the table. I could not find Jesus, yet I *knew* He was there. Perhaps I was seeking *feeling*, and not Jesus. In the evening, Mr. Burns preached the sweetest sermon I ever heard him preach—all about Jesus; and, oh, He seemed lovely—yea, He is *altogether* lovely!"

"*October 1844.*—E. and I. have just come down from the communion at St Luke's. It was the most blessed one I ever had; the fragrance of it is with me yet. I never had such a view of Jesus before. God shewed me that the work was finished—that He is well pleased with His beloved Son—that He is satisfied. And, oh, the joy that this light gave me! I never felt anything like it before."

In the anticipation of a communion season, she thus writes to a friend, in February 1842:—"It ought to be a delightful

Sabbath, with Mr. M'Cheyne and Mr. \_\_\_\_; but what is all that, if Christ be not there? What is the Sabbath without the Sabbath's Lord? Blessed Jesus! Pray for me, that I may find my Beloved at His own table. Pray that, if I may not have the place of the disciple whom Jesus loved, I may be permitted to bathe His feet with my tears, to sit at His feet and feed on the crumbs that fall from His table. Oh, how justly might He spurn me! But He will not, for He came to save sinners; therefore, He must be my friend."

Of this season, she afterwards wrote thus:—"I should have been at this moment hearing Mr. \_\_\_\_, but I am so very tired with a long walk, that I think the next best thing I can do is to write to you, my dearest friend on this earth, this dreary wilderness, where we are still present in the body, but *absent from the Lord*. And what a Lord! the Lord of Glory! *Jesus*, in short—that is the sweetest name."

"I have so much to tell you about yesterday, that I scarcely know where to begin. What a day we had! How I longed for *you!*...The sermon in the morning was by Mr. M'Cheyne, from John 4:10—Christ and the woman of Samaria. He said this verse shewed three things—*1st*, That Christ cares for *individual* souls. He spoke a great deal of His love in thus caring for *each soul*; but it would require Mr. M'Cheyne himself to tell you all he said about that. The only bit I remember is the last sentence, when he said—'This is wonderful, but *it is like Christ*—the more incomprehensible the love, it is all the more like Jesus.' *2dly*, Jesus saves the worst. When He plucks brands from the burning, He generally chooses the worst. *3dly*, Jesus can bear long with stupidity and ignorance. Again and again this woman shewed her ignorance, and yet Jesus did not turn away. And, oh, the way he spoke of this! 'If thou *lcnewest* the gift of God!' If thou

knewest the beauty that is in it, the peace, the joy! I wish you had heard him. I did not write that down; I could not for listening. But his table-service was the finest of all—I never did hear anything like it. Oh, how he spoke of Jesus! He told us to make use of a sacrament time to ask Him for everything. He said—'Tell Him all your wants—tell Him frankly. Ask Him for *yourself*, for *your friends*. Lean upon Him *entirely*. Those are happiest who lean most upon Jesus. Be like Jacob, go halting through the wilderness, leaning upon your *Beloved*. Doubting believer! ask Him for perfect peace, perfect love, which casteth out fear.' He spoke also of there being times when Jesus is *peculiarly* near, at communion seasons especially, and also at times of revival. He said—'When you see many fall down at His feet, you may be sure the 'King of Glory' has come in. It is the voice of the Beloved, the step of Jesus. "

"I did not feel near to Christ; and what was it all without that? I felt a degree of *peace* in going forward to the table, which I have not felt for some time, but I did not feel joy. When I took the wine, I asked Jesus to wash me in the blood of which it is a type; and I think He heard my prayer. It is curious that I so often feel such peace at the thought of going to the table—a sort of feeling as if Jesus was there, and that I *must be safe there*; but, when seated, I generally feel only a kind of restless longing after something that eludes my grasp; and sometimes all I feel is a total want of gratitude for the love which is there so evidently set forth. One thing I must tell you, that Mr. M'Cheyne said in his prayer—'Give us to mourn the sin of *piercing the bosom on which we lean!*' None ever did that as I have done! He said also—'Give us to know Him as we have never known Him yet; to love Him as we have never loved Him before; to *hide in Him* as we have never yet done! We thank Thee for giving us only *Thyself*.

We shall praise Thee better at the *table above*. 'He spoke of Christ being *our peace*—that He would be our peace even in *eternity*. He then said—'If your eyes have seen Him, if your hearts have loved Him, this world will be a wilderness to you. You are looking on a *brighter world*.' Either he or Mr. \_\_\_\_ (I don't remember which) spoke of the believer longing to be with Jesus, his faith to be lost *in sight*. He said— 'Think of your *own pastor*. It is sweet to think that he, though absent, remembers you, and bears you on his heart; but you are not satisfied with that. You would not be contented with a letter from him; you want him to return to you. So it is with the believer. He knows that his Lord never forgets him, that He continually intercedes for him; but still he cannot be happy until he sees Him face to face, till he knows as he is known.' Oh, don't you feel that?"

"I was interrupted last night when I had got thus far, and have not been able to get a word written today till now; but I have been with you in spirit *at our Father's throne*, and asked for you all you wished in your *dear* letter this morning. I am beginning to feel as Mr. \_\_\_\_ said on Monday. I am not contented *with a letter*, I want to see *yourself*. The longings I take to be with you are quite painful. I wish I could be a comfort to you; but we shall speak together about Jesus, and that will comfort you. It is strange, we really seem to *read* together, as well as *think* together; for the chapter you mention in your letter about Jesus stilling the tempest on the lake, and being asleep when the storm arose, is the very one I was reading last night, which gave me such comfort that I said, 'I must speak about this to J\_\_\_\_ when I write to her again.' He said—'Peace, be still! and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.' Is it not beautiful? Don't you think you see His *holy*, calm, sweet countenance as He said simply, 'Peace, be still'? And there *was* peace, all was immediately

still. On Sunday evening Mr. \_\_\_\_ preached on Psalm 69:20. It was about the sufferings and sorrows of the blessed Jesus. He spoke about what Jesus must have suffered, at the contrast between the *holy home* He had *wittingly* left, compared to the sinful, miserable world He came to. He said—'How He must have longed to be back to the holy, blessed society of heaven! And then, when He came only to bless and to love, He found nothing but hatred. He longed for *friendship*, and yet He said—"When I looked for comforters, I found none." I felt very miserable when he was speaking—it is so terrible to think that Jesus suffered all that, and for such hard-hearted wretches, too! but I felt glad when I thought it is all over now; He will *never* be sorrowful again; the Father's Holy Child is now in His Father's bosom, and never, never will His blessed head feel a thorn. Yes, it is now *finished*. He is now seeing of the travail of His soul, and perhaps the day is near when He shall be *satisfied*. What a day that will be! Shall *you*, and I see Jesus face to face? Is it not like a dream? But, oh, it is true!"

On the 1st of May 1843, she gives her friend the following sketch of a communion season in Edinburgh:—

"The feast is all over now; and it truly was *a feast*. What a day Sabbath was! It was 'the house of God, the very gate of heaven.' What a pity a communion Sabbath is not as long again as an ordinary Sabbath! We had Mr. Somerville at our table, and I never experienced anything like it. The first words he said were, 'I feel certain that Jesus is looking upon this table. I feel He is in the midst of us,' and I am sure He was. B. and I were at the fourth table, and he served the third also; and what, think you, was the subject?—'*Woman, why weepest thou?*' How sweetly he spoke about that! He said, 'What a wonderful sight was this!—a poor trembling woman

and two bright glorious angels on the one side, and Jesus himself on the other, saying, "Woman, why weepest thou?" He said, 'Perhaps there are some here to-day, weeping because they cannot find Jesus. Ah! He is not far away. He is often nearest when you do not know it.' I was sorry R. and I were not at that table, particularly as it was *my text*. But ours was even finer. The text was, 'My dove, that art in the clefts of the rocks.' What a Saviour we have! He is so tender, so loving; He is truly 'touched with a feeling of our infirmities.'...Then, at the end of the service, he spoke about this:—'When he putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them.' He said, 'I am loath to tell you to go from the table. I daresay many of you are saying, "I should like to stay a little longer." You have been in the sheepfold, dear souls, and you do not like to go back again to the wilderness; but it is Jesus who puts you forth, and He goes before you. He puts you into the wilderness again, that you may learn your own helplessness, and His strength. But He does not *drive* His sheep. No; He *leads* them, and He always goes *first*. The world thinks that God's people are in bondage. But no; they are free. They are not driven; they are led. They follow the Lamb, because they love the Lamb, and would be miserable if they did not follow Him.' Oh! I did feel loath to leave the table; but Jesus went with me, and He is 'the same *yesterday*, today, and for ever.' When we left the church, and walked along the street for a little, I felt almost in heaven; and my dear E. enjoyed it so much too. O for a heart to praise! When the bread and wine went round, I am sure Satan was near, for I got such a fright when I found myself so cold and dead; but I asked Jesus to lead me away from my dark heart, and to enable me to look out upon Himself, and He did it; but how polluted all I did, and thought, and felt, was! Yet, if we are in the clefts of the Rock, all our vileness is hidden, and only the perfect beauty of Jesus seen; and then we know that 'He

bears the iniquities of our holy things.' I often longed for you to share our feast, and remembered you at the table. I wrote down some sweet bits for you when I could; but I could do nothing almost but weep; it seemed to me so wonderful, that *such* a Saviour should think of us at all; and He seemed so *winning*, so gentle, so full of compassion; it was almost *too much*. I felt that I knew nothing of Him; but I hope he will teach me, for He has compassion *on the ignorant*."

*Views of the Way of Acceptance.*—Her resting-place was the work of the Son of God, complete in all its parts; needing nothing in the sinner to make it more sufficient or more suitable. Thus she went at first to the Father through the Son, and thus she continued to go to the last. But, like others, she sometimes got into perplexity on this point; and forgetting to hold *the beginning* of her confidence steadfast, she lost her consciousness of reconciliation.

"21st Sept. 1843.—Went to Mr. Robertson's to-day, and had a long and, I think, blessed conversation with him. God enabled him to shew me that I have been making the Spirit's work within me my ground of confidence in place of the work of Christ. I see I have been trying to come to God as *a Christian* in place of as *a sinner*. Mr. R. said I should put it down as a settled point, that I am *always* to come to God as a *sinner*, with no good thing about me at all, and plead that Jesus died for sinners. What a happy, peaceful, God-glorifying state I should be in if I always went to God in this character! I will do as Mr. R. says—in God's strength. I am determined always to go to Him *as a sinner*, and I know that 'He receiveth sinners.' This, then, is a settled point."

*Spiritual-mindedness.*—To follow Christ, to be like Christ, was what she sought with the whole vehement energy of her soul.

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To mind "heavenly things" was her aim. To be unlike the children of this world, and to be like the heirs of the world to come, was the thing which she saw to be so infinitely desirable, and which formed the burden of her pleadings with God. Thus she writes:—"R. and I went to Miss R\_\_\_\_'s, where we had a meeting. I think God was with us. I had a great longing to be spiritual—to have God *in me*. At prayer I was enabled to cast myself upon Him, and felt as if a load had been taken from my heart. I did not feel so much joy, as a sweet peace filling my heart, and taking away all my angry, unholy feelings. Had a great desire to live to God's glory. Asked this for us all. I think our kind God and Father led us there to-day. My soul was much refreshed. Oh! to think that, when I see spiritual to be so infinitely preferable to earthly things, I am so eager in the pursuit of these trifles!"

"22d—I asked this morning for spiritual-minded-ness, by *whatever means*. O that this prayer were answered! I am weighed down by sin, and earthliness, and selfishness. O to be holy! I do long to be holy! I hate sin. It is indeed an evil and a bitter thing to sin against God! But I am afraid that I think more of its *bitterness* than of its *evil*; but this only shews how entirely destitute of good I am."

*Views of Sin.*—Conviction of sin is not a pre-requisite or a preliminary to salvation; it is part of the salvation itself. The possession of it does not qualify us for coming to the Sin bearer; nor does the want of it disqualify us or make us less welcome to Him, or warrant us in standing aloof. To say, I must repent before I come, is to say, I must begin salvation, and then come to Him to carry it on and consummate it. If my sense of sin is not deep enough, instead of making this a reason for standing aloof from the Son of God, I am to make it an additional reason for going straight to Him, as one who

needs Him more than others. Thus M\_\_\_\_ acted, and in so doing her sense of sin deepened and grew more intense. Thus she writes:—

*"June 9, 1843.—*This is my birthday. Have I grown in grace since last year?...What a precious day this has been! At prayer this morning, I had such views of my exceeding sinfulness, that I was almost in despair. I thought God could never pardon such a being. But soon He led me to the Cross of Jesus, and there I saw all—even *my* sins—borne by Him 'who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.' Oh how precious it was to feel that God could love me in spite of all my sins! I am always trying to come to God with a price in my hand; but Jesus shews me I must come as an empty beggar."

*"Oct. 24, 1843.—*E. and I came to town for a week to attend the Communion at St Luke's. Went in the evening and heard Mr. W. Burns. I think I never heard him so searching before. I felt as if he spoke every word to me. My heart seemed as if it would break with sorrow at the remembrance of all my sins. I think I never saw myself such a sinner before...He spoke about holiness and purity of heart, and said that the next best thing to being perfectly holy, was to be perfectly ashamed of our unholiness."

In September 1844, she wrote to a friend thus:—"My dearest B\_\_\_\_, I am very, very unlike one who calls herself by such a glorious name as a child of God. How precious should Jesus be to such sinners as we are! I am ashamed when I think that Jesus sees all that is in me. I cannot get rid of sin at all. It pollutes all I do, and think, and say. And then I am not humbled under a sense of my utter unworthiness."

In her conflicts with the evil within, thus she speaks:—"Aug. 30.—Had a severe time of wrestling this morning against my corruption and deadness. I have such painful longings to get near Jesus, but He seems so far away!"

*Reality in Divine Fellowship.*—"I was an hour upon my knees before I could utter one sentence in prayer," was her expression one day in conversation with a friend.[32] And why this strange silence—this want of utterance? Because she knew too well what prayer consisted in, to speak words without meaning, and preferred to be dumb before Jehovah rather than mock Him with *unfelt* utterances. Prayer was not prayer to her, unless it brought her into conscious contact with the living God. If it was not the interchange of feeling between her and the Christ to whom she had given her heart, it was nothing. Brought up amid "forms" of prayer, and accustomed, in so far as she prayed at all, to pray by book, she, from the time of her conversion, laid aside all such helps. Of the arguments for or against set forms, she knew nothing, nor ever thought of knowing. She felt that *she* must tell God what *she* wanted; that no other could tell *her* wants, or sins, or fears, or griefs, or trials; and hence she laid aside these forms simply as one who felt that she needed them not, and that they did but straiten and impede the outpouring of her soul to God.

Her letters in almost every page reveal her longings for or enjoyment of Divine fellowship. The following extract, though not exclusively on this point, will illustrate this:—"I have been reading over one of your letters, and there is something in it I must ask you about. You say—"When you see you need any grace, ask God to give it you, and *to forgive you for not having it.*" Now, is it our fault if we have not grace? If I could think that, then I should indeed see my sinfulness; for I seem

never to have anything I ought to have. Will you tell me about this when you write again? for it has often troubled me. I have thought sometimes when praying for such and such things, I wonder if I am sinful in not having them already; but I think of so many things that continually puzzle me, that it would be endless to write them all. I want to ask you about one thing, however, that I can never do—and that is to search my heart! I don't know how you set about it, and perhaps that is the reason I see so little of my sinfulness. Don't your thoughts either wander away to this world and vanity, or else *to Jesus?* and then, oh! how can you think of yourself? Do tell me about these two things in your next letter, which I wish I had. I had a curious kind of feeling on the last day of the year; I must tell it you. It was after dinner; I had gone to meet you at our Father's throne, and I had not much delight in prayer; but when I came into the room again, I could not remain. I felt an almost intolerable longing after something, I knew not what; I could settle to nothing; so at last I went to my own room; but I could not pray, for I felt as if God had called me to *speak to me*, in place of me praying to Him! I was *wretched*, yet *happy*, till I thought of what Samuel said, and I knelt down and said, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' And, oh! I felt so *tremblingly* happy, I thought God was actually in the room, and yet I had no fear. I did not feel my need of Him, but I felt that He had a message to my soul, so that I could not rest till I knew what it was. Oh! if it was to tell me to speak to my darling \_\_\_\_; and you know it was that night I spoke to him. I have been thinking of what Mr. B. said about glorifying God; it was indeed very humbling to *me*. O that I could glorify Him! But what I feel most at present is *want of desire* to do or feel anything. I prayed this morning a great deal for *sincerity*. I feel convicted of sin in that respect; for if I *really* were anxious for spiritual blessings, surely I should pray more

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earnestly for them. But I am sometimes frightened to pray; and just now a feeling of depression seems to weigh down my heart, and at times I cannot speak to God for weeping...O the glorious time when we shall *never* be separated, in another and happier world, when we shall be for ever with Jesus! I wonder if we shall remember the time when we wrote and spoke together about Him on earth. I wish I were more like Him, holy as He is holy. Will you pray that I may have longing desires to be holy, and that I may feel more my load of sin?"

Thus it was that she shewed, not only "whose she was not," but "whose she was." Neither in the positive nor in the negative features of her character was there any ambiguity. That she "was not of the world" was evident; but equally plain was it that her "citizenship was in heaven." The family likeness was too plain to be mistaken. Her unhesitating mode of action in everything that might discredit the name of Christian, or compromise her own character as the bearer of that name, might offend. It would be imputed to the proud assumption of a claim to higher spirituality; and the lukewarm, the half-hearted, would feel as if reproached. Yet there was nothing of assumption about her, no self-complacency, no love of singularity, no wish to cast reproach upon one human being. Unconscious of doing anything but simply following the Master, and bearing His cross, she could not but be surprised that her conduct should draw attention, or seem strange to any who bore His name.

There was nothing artificial about her piety, save as it was manifestly the workmanship of a *Divine Artist*. In this sense it was truly *artificial*; but, in every other, natural,—natural in its air and tone and complexion—natural in what it did and what it left undone. Her religion was not that of imitation. It was

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the unbidden growth of the new nature within,—not the result of outward appliances, or skilful efforts to do as others did, or to feel as others felt. That new nature, fostered, as it had been imparted from above, shot up into vigorous growth, and shewed itself in the fruits of the Spirit. She was healthful in her piety, for she was "rooted and grounded IN LOVE" (Eph. 3:17), and the growth of such a soil was not likely to be stunted or sickly.

Her intercourse with the world, though uncompromising, was ever gentle and affectionate; for she felt that as she differed on so many *vital* points, there was the greater necessity for not differing on smaller ones. Her intercourse with Christians was that of one who realised the oneness of the brotherhood, and to whom the "fellowship of the saints" was no unmeaning term of courtesy.

It may also be noticed here that her thoughts went often up to the *angels*. She used to speak of them, and to express her gratitude towards them for their acts of condescending love to the "redeemed from among men." She remembered that they were "ministering spirits," who, as Baxter says, "have charge of us, and pitch their tents about us, who bear us up, who rejoice at our repentance, who are the witnesses of our behaviour, who behold the face of our heavenly Father, who convey our souls to heaven, who will come with Christ in glorious attendance at the great and joyful day." [33]

To "the whole family in heaven and earth" (Eph. 3:15) her soul went out, realising her kinsmanship with all;—with the redeemed in virtue of a common brotherhood in Christ, and with the angels in virtue of a common fatherhood in God. Thus, taking in the whole circle in heaven and earth, she was brought under the moulding influence of those manifold

objects on all sides, the contact with, or contemplation of which, is designed, so specially by God to promote our holiness, by assimilating us to what we behold. Each part of the new nature thus got hold of something congenial, and was expanded or elevated or purified. She longed to be holy, for all with whom she was to spend eternity were holy. Her "faith grew exceedingly," and her "love abounded." The fruits of the Spirit hung ripely on her branches.

## CHAPTER 11

### Progress in 1846-47

IN M\_\_\_\_'s course there was no lingering. Her face was Zionward, and she tarried not by the way. She might feel weary, she might stumble, she might be torn with the briers of the wilderness, but she did not turn aside. Jerusalem was in view, and so she pressed on.

In her experience as a saint, there is a manifest advancement. There are still fluctuations in it; but, on the whole, it is steadier; the flow is longer than the ebb. She is evidently gaining ground, though she grieves over the slowness of her progress. The cross brightens on her view, and sheds its radiance more steadily upon her path, with less of distance or of cloud between.

The feelings which that experience unfolds are maturer and less impulsive, though still as warm and fresh. Her fellowship with the Lord is more constant and unbroken.

There is also a greater vividness in her anticipations of the eternal kingdom. She speaks more than ever as a stranger; and there is at times the expression of a *home-sickness* in her letters, which seems almost like the presentiment of her nearness to the country she so desired to enter. And, with these home-longings, she breathes out the feeling of quiet loneliness, as if she were becoming more and more acutely alive to the un-congenialities of earth—more and more lovingly sensible of the affinities between her and heaven.

Thus, for instance, she wrote, towards the end of 1845,— "How sweet it will be to speak together again about 'the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off!' Don't you often long to be *at home*, free from sin, sorrow, pain, and everything that makes earth the wilderness that it is? Mr. M\_\_\_\_ spoke so sweetly on Sabbath, about this verse,—'The wayfaring man, *though a fool*, shall not err therein.' It exactly suited me. He said the world erred in this way, for they were not wayfaring men, but the believer was; he was journeying on to his home, and the way was so plain, that, even though he were a fool, he could not err in it...I need not tell you the great delight it is to me to have my beloved \_\_\_\_ with me once more. It was very sweet to meet in the wilderness. How much sweeter still it will be to meet in glory! It will then be with 'exceeding joy,' for we shall be 'without fault,' and we shall see Him who is 'fairer than the children of men,' and we shall *all* meet then at our Father's house— *His* and in *Him* our Father. O to be 'made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light,'—to be holy, as Christ is holy, and 'perfect, as our Father in heaven is perfect!'...O for an open mouth,—to be always at the Rock, that there might be in me a well of water springing up into everlasting life, and flowing as rivers of living water, giving life to all around me! How much grace Jesus is able and willing to give me! I am not straitened in Him, but in my poor wretched self. O to be done with self— with a vile body of sin and death! Don't you long for the unsinning heart, for the glorious body like unto His glorious body, and to know even as we are known? I know nothing of Jesus at all; and yet how glorious He is, how worthy of being known, and loved, and praised, through all eternity! He is all-glorious—all-powerful—all-loving. His power is boundless, His love as boundless; audit is all for poor sinners like you."

But we shall leave our readers to gather from the letters in full the state of her feeling and experience. We give them, as before, according to dates:—

"P\_\_\_\_, January 10, 1846...How you humbled me, my darling friend! If you only knew this desperately wicked heart of mine, you would not think I had any real desires for poor sinners! I have seen a little at prayer this morning of what I am; and I am ashamed and confounded when I see how almost entirely I desire *my own glory* in *all* that I do; and I earnestly want you to ask this for me—that I may see the sin of it, and that it may be *rooted out of me*. I think I never long for my *sinless* home so much as when I see, that even in working for Jesus I am putting forward myself. I get alarmed when I think how I may win souls by holding forth ME in place of Jesus. I wish I were holy; I wish I had pure motives—that self were forgotten, and Jesus everything! But I never find it thus with me, and I am very, very sad about it. Don't you weary to have a single eye?...I sometimes feel when I *really* begin to pray, as if I should need to pray all my life, and do nothing else, there is so much, and so many, to pray for. To-day was for all God's dear saints. Surely there will be a great blessing after so much prayer, and united prayer, too. We have had three prayer-meetings this week, I am happy to say. One was our meeting at M\_\_\_\_: it was very sweet. Then we had our usual meeting at Mrs. J\_\_\_\_'s on Tuesday, and another at her house on Thursday...I am often comforted in seeing the love of God, even when I cannot see my own interest in it. It is unutterably sweet and refreshing to think there is such a being as Jesus. This verse has often given me great joy—'I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore;' but yet, as James Laing said, 'I should like a taste myself.' have not time in this letter to tell you about my district people. I shall write again

about them. I shall only say, *pray for them*; and oh! *pray for me*! I am very anxious about a woman and a young girl whom I had a long talk with. I am longing for some of them to come to Jesus...May God, even your own God, bless you, and make you a blessing."

"*Monday*.—I have been giving myself anew very solemnly to the Lord this morning. O to be *His alone, His entirely, His now, and His for ever!* Seek for me, for I am utterly weak. I am going to my district now. Pray for me and it: it weighs heavy on my heart. Pray that I may feel more and more that it is *His work, His cause,* and that He alone must have all the glory; and pray for *conversions,* for I feel as if I could not bear any longer to go among so many dead souls, hurrying to ruin, and a Saviour all ready to save them. Do write soon, and say something to encourage me, for my hands hang down, and my knees are feeble, and my faith is very weak. Let us plead for one another, that we may draw many to Jesus.—Believe me, ever your own sister in our sweet Lord Jesus."

"*P\_\_\_\_, January 31, 1846*...Ah! my beloved one, these trials often give me a sight into the dark caverns of my heart, and shew me how much I have been seeking self, and my own glory, in place of the glory of Jesus. I often think if I were more intent upon the glory of my beloved Lord, I should care less about whether unworthy I were treated well or not. I am weary of myself at times. I do wish I had a single eye to the glory of Jesus. How often, too, in feeling envious at others having so much more grace than I, do I shew that I am not aiming at His glory; else I should rejoice at His being glorified by the holy walk of any one. How these things should lay me in the dust, and keep me there; and how precious should it make '*the only holy One,*' the fairer than the children of men,' and how it should make me long for the time when I shall be

like Him, when I shall stand faultless before the throne, dressed in beauty not my own! and yet, with all the sins that cleave to us, is it not a sweet service, the service of Immanuel? O that I had more faith to trust Him entirely, however dark things appear!—and they are often dark: they are dark at home, dark around me, and dark in my own soul; but the night is far spent, the day is at hand, even a morning without clouds. O to be ready for that day!...The pain in my side is never away. I had to put leeches on again. Will you seek that I may get patience to bear it? for it is very trying to be so long in this state. What vexes me most is, that it comes on worst when I am at prayer; and then it prevents me doing as much as I should like, going to the House of Refuge, and to my people here; but it must be good for me, else I should not have it. Perhaps it is a thorn in the flesh which I am always to bear...I fear I have no new cases to tell you of in my district. Pray for it and me, and ask that God would shew me *why* He does not bless the means. Perhaps He honours me so little because I honour Him so little. I should like to leave this dry land altogether, and go abroad as a missionary. I want to go to Africa, and tell the poor negroes there is One who loves them, degraded though they be. But how am I to get? R and I are very anxious to be missionaries, and we often pray that, if it be His will, the way may be opened up; but ah! fear I am not fit."

"P\_\_\_\_, *February 12, 1846*...How many proofs of love my loving God is still giving me, in laying His hand so often on me! He is *determined* to make me holy, and, oh! I do love and bless Him for it. I want you to join me in praying that *all* my pains may be sanctified, for they have not been so yet; and oh! I am anxious that God may get His own way, and not give me mine. I have many a sore heart for sin, but I am glad, glad that I do feel sin a burden. We should be glad that

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we are in the fight, terrible though it often be. You speak of sin getting the mastery—ah! dearest, you *cannot*, I think, know the struggle I have with it, I am so very vile. Oh! pray for me, that I may hear the rod, and Him who appoints it."

"P\_\_\_\_, February 19, 1846...I don't want you to be alarmed about \_\_\_\_\_, for she is not materially worse, only she does not get any better, and she complains more constantly than she used to do; and the reason why I tell you about her is, that you may join R and me in praying, yea, in wrestling more anxiously than ever, for her precious, precious soul. I think I could almost part with her, if it were to Jesus. There is much that is encouraging about her; and oh! how much to be grateful for! She reads a great many of the good books we put in her way, and you know how much she knows in many ways: I mean she sees in a measure the necessity of thinking of the soul; but oh! she is dark, dark, I fear, about the way of salvation. She does not see how it is *entirely grace*; and I feel how utterly weak we are to help her; but *He can*, and *He will*, if we ask Him, for He tells us to pray for one another, and He knows *we must* pray for one so dear; yet we are not to seek it for her sake, but for His glory; that is what I feel so difficult. Will you ask for E. and me, that we may have a single eye to His glory in this thing? I know the great love *you* have to \_\_\_\_\_, and I feel it a great relief to tell you all our sorrows, knowing that you will hear them before our Father's throne. Yes, and there is One on that throne who bears them all on His heart; and I often thank Him for even these sore trials, though *grievous*, most grievous, at present. Your letter has been matter of comfort to R. and me,—specially as it shewed us that, without knowing our increasing anxiety about \_\_\_\_\_ —, you have been feeling, as we do, the necessity for *double* exertion on their behalf. We are *most glad* to join with you in setting apart a day for special prayer for \_\_\_\_\_; and let

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us ask for praying hearts and a single eye. We have fixed *Friday first*; and if that day will suit you, you may either write a line to say so, or, if you have not time, we shall understand that that day will do. We shall try and get as much of the day as we can, and will remember them *particularly* at *ten* in the morning, and at *five*. I often am almost in despair about them; prayer is so long of being answered; but we must wait on in faith, for, as you say, God is *almighty*, and He is much more willing that they should be saved than we are, and it is He who has given us all our anxiety about them. I often think the cause why our prayers have not yet been answered may be *in, me*. I wish you would pray for me, that I may walk more consistently before them— that I may *win* them to Jesus. Oh! J\_\_\_\_, I wish I were not a daily dishonour to Jesus I cannot tell you the sorrow I feel, that, in place of growing and adorning the gospel, I am backsliding fearfully. *I know* I am. I am not half so anxious, or zealous, or prayerful, as I was at first. The world is coming into my heart again. Ah! it is this makes me long often to be at rest; done with sin; done with a sorrowful, God-dishonouring heart, and a God-dishonouring world. But I don't think I'll be *ready* for a long time. O to be made *meet* for the undefiled inheritance! to be done with deadness, and coldness, and selfishness, and distance from Jesus! to see Him as He is, to sit at His feet, and say to Him, 'Jesus, my redeeming God, I shall *never* more grieve thy heart by sin again!' We shall say that in heaven; we cannot say it here; and it is this that makes life often so bitter. But how little of my sinfulness I see! I feel its bitterness a good deal, but I do not see its *guilt* enough. Ask this for me too. I will tell you a dream I had the night before last. I dreamed that I was in India, and I thought I was so enchanted to be there, for I thought, now I will go and speak to *multitudes* of poor heathen, and win them to Jesus; but, to my dismay, I found we were to leave next day, and I cannot

tell you the agony I suffered when I found I could not remain to work amongst them. I said to E., 'Oh! think of Dr. Duff and all the missionaries being up the country there, and all the poor Indians, and we cannot get to them!' And we never did get to them, for I awoke in all my misery about it. I often think I should like to go abroad, but for leaving \_\_\_\_; oh that I saw her in Christ, and \_\_\_\_ too! I could leave them then. I wish I saw the way opened up for us to go somewhere; there is so much done at home, and they need people more abroad; only I have two strong obstacles in the way,—first, these dear souls in \_\_\_\_, and then I fear, indeed *I know*, I am not fit to be a missionary. Well, we are all in His hands; let Him do as seemeth Him good; let Him choose our inheritance for us."

"P\_\_\_\_, March 10, 1846...I am strong in body just now, but my poor soul seems famishing and faint. I wish you would ask for me that I may be *greatly* quickened, for I need it. I sometimes get alarmed at the dead, unprofitable state I am in; and I am grateful that I have life enough to feel that I am dead, and light enough to see that I am very dark. It is a great mercy, and one I ought to be very grateful for, but I want to *press on* to higher and higher heights; I want to be an eminent Christian, that is, one that glorifies Jesus much, and I am often much discouraged in seeing how far behind I am. O for a single eye! self does so pollute all I do. Will you pray for me, my *dearest* friend?"

"P\_\_\_\_, March 23, 1846...I am *very* much tried and tempted in my soul just now. I sometimes feel as if sin and Satan were just I *raging* against me; but, praise, *eternal* praise to Jehovah Jesus, I shall one day be, through Him, more than conqueror. He is teaching me my own weakness, and it is a painful lesson for a proud heart to learn; but I humbly trust

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He will teach me also where my strength really lies, that *in Him* I have strength, for is it not written, and it is a wonderful verse, 'In Him are hid the treasures of wisdom and knowledge?' and 'In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead *bodily*.' Oh! that word *bodily*! To think that He wears *our* nature; yes, *our* Redeemer was 'made in the likeness of men.' I talk to you of these things like a poor *babe*, as I am; but in glory, I shall know even as I am known."

"P\_\_\_\_, April 14, 1846...I have been confined almost entirely to bed since last Monday week, with a severe attack of rheumatism over my whole body, and pain in my side, which has ended in sciatica, so that at present I cannot walk across the room but with difficulty; it is very painful at times, but I am very thankful that I am not always in pain, as I might be. How kind and gracious, God, my *own* wonderful, loving God, is to me! Oh! ask that I may see *love* in all His dealings with me, for I am very apt to doubt His loving heart! It takes a great deal to subdue me, but 'He is able to subdue all things unto Himself.' My heart bounds at the thought of meeting you once more; but I do not know what to say about it; the time is drawing very near, and the doctor says he cannot say I shall be able to walk in a fortnight. It is a sore disappointment, when Mr. A. Bonar is to be there. I must go to the Fountain, now that the streams are dried up. God's dealings seem strange just now! I had settled all I had to do—go regularly to the Refuge, give away tracts, get a Sabbath class, &c.—when, all at once, I am shut out from them all, and, instead of doing my Master's work, here am I laid up, fit for nothing! Oh! pray for me that, since I cannot *do* His will, I may glorify Him by *suffering* it. Ask that I may not come out of this furnace till *His* time come. Ask for a humble submissive spirit, and especially that I may have the

spirit of prayer given me, both for myself and others, that I may be enabled to pray for those to whom I cannot speak. "

"*Kelso, April 1846...MY BELOVED R.,* Although I have just come here, yet I sometimes think I cannot stay away from you any longer! I often think of the few *bitter* moments we had in yon little room before I left. And yet there was sweetness in them too, for I knew you had Jesus, and that He loved you, and would take care of you. Cleave to Him in all your griefs, and you will find Him sweet. He wishes you to find *your all* in Him. I like the verses you sent me very much, particularly the last one— 'Think what Father's smiles are thine, Think that *Jesus* died to win thee— Child of heaven, canst *thou* repine?'

It is wonderful that He should love sinners so much!"

"Last night we were at \_\_\_\_'s. I learnt the last verse, and repeated it to myself all the evening, that, though my body was there, my heart might be above with Him who is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. I wish my heart were more there. How my soul cleaves to the dust! I may well cry, 'Quicken me, O Lord!' I have not felt God's presence lately; and this morning, when I was thanking Him for all His temporal blessings, I burst into tears as I thought, 'What is it all, if my Father hides His face?' I long to live *near God*, to hide deeper in the clefts of the smitten Rock. O to delight myself in God! that would be heaven upon earth. I wonder when *our Father* will call us *home*! O to be *for ever* with Him, with the meek and lowly Jesus, with Him who once wore a crown of thorns, but who now wears a crown of glory! Don't you long to cast yours at His feet? I have sometimes great longings to be away; but often Satan makes me not so anxious, by telling me that I am not *a child*, and that I shall

never get to Jesus; but Satan is a liar, and we must not believe what he tells us. We must rather believe what Jesus himself says, and He says, 'Ye shall never perish.' "

"*P.S.—Pray that I may win old Lizzy to Jesus. Oh! when will glory dawn?*"

"*Kelso, April 18th...I cannot tell you the grief your letter, telling me you are not to come here, gave me. My only consolation is, that it is not His will that you should come at present. You would not find it an Him if you came without being sent. Oh, no! I feel that very much, even though I am here, that it is the wilderness still, and, sweet though the Lord's hidden ones here are, He is the sweetest of all himself. There are many fair lilies in His garden, but He is the fairest of them all. 'He is fairer than the children of men.' The Rose of Sharon is the sweetest flower in all the garden of God. I hope I shall see much of its beauty here, and bring back with me a sweet fragrance of the Plant of Renown. Will you pray that it may be so? Now that you are not coming, I must be doubly anxious to bring home the 'fragments' to you. O that Jesus would fill me while in this place, that I may return to you and all with a blessing! To glorify Jesus, that is everything.*"

"Little W\_\_\_\_\_ is dying; Mrs H. told me such a sweet anecdote of him. She was sitting beside him, and he said, 'You have a great many rings.' She replied, 'They are all presents—I never buy jewels.' He then said, 'There is one jewel you have which you got for nothing.' 'Is that your mamma's ring?' she asked. 'No,' he said, 'it is Christ I mean, the pearl of great price.'"

"I had such a conversation with my dear old Lizzy to-day! Oh, pray for her, and for a blessing on my visits to her. I think my

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heart will break if she does not come to Jesus before I leave. How full and free He seems when I speak to her! Blessed Saviour, and blessed work! To think that *we* are called to it! I must stop now. Pray that I may win souls to Christ here—especially old Lizzy. Your own M\_\_\_\_\_."

"*Kelso, \_\_\_\_\_, 1846...To-morrow is Sabbath, the day of peaceful rest. Oh, think of the time when there shall be nothing but Sabbaths, one endless Sabbath of blessedness and holy joy! I wish you had Mr \_\_\_\_\_ to-morrow; but you have Jesus, and that is far better than any on this earth. Though you have not the channels for the living water to pour into your soul, you have the fountain itself, and that is ever free and open to every sinner. Only go empty, and Jesus will fill you with His own fulness; the less you have the better, you will be better able to contain the treasures that are hid in Him.*"

"I have been praying ever since I came here that God would make me an instrument in His hands for promoting His glory, whilst I am here; that I may be made useful in bringing souls to Christ; that the worthless life which He has redeemed may be spent in His service. Oh, join with me in this prayer! I am often unhappy when I think that I am of no use in this world. When I think that all God's children are working for Him except me, I think that I am the barren fig-tree, and that Jesus will say, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?' I do not know yet in what way I can work for Christ; but I have laid my prayers at the foot of Christ's cross, and I know that God will answer them in His own good time and way, not for my sake, or on account of my prayers and earnestness, but for the sake of Him who died on that cross for such vile sinners. I feel so happy at the thought of living for Jesus. I do not know what has given me such an ardent desire to do

something for Him. I wish I were a missionary...That the Lord may be your Shepherd, and that you may never want, is the prayer of your own affectionate M\_\_\_\_\_."

*"Kelso, May 6, 1846...I gave what you sent me to a poor child who is dying. Oh! R, if you only saw her! she is a real child of God. I must tell you all about her, for I am greatly occupied about her."*

"We used to say that we had never seen a pious child, but I have seen one at last. The first day I saw her I wanted to take an angel's office, and carry her in my arms to Jesus! J\_\_\_\_\_ and I heard that she was ill, and Mr. Bonar said he thought there was real grace in her, and off we set to see her. She is about eight years old, and is dying of water in the head. She suffers a great deal, but her mother says she is very patient. She sometimes cries out when we are there, 'Oh! mother, my head!' Poor thing, I am so sorry for her! She has turned quite blind, too! One day she said, 'I am blind, mem, but I can see Jesus with my heart.' Wasn't that sweet? I asked her what she saw in Jesus, and she replied, 'Love.' M\_\_\_\_\_ said to her, 'There will be no sorrow, no pain in heaven;' and her answer was, 'No, mem, all love.' I wish you could see her. But you never will, till you meet in glory. But I won't tell you anything more about her at present, for I have a plan about her. I have written down all the sweet things she said, and I want Mr. Fordyce and Mrs. H. to write some nice remarks about her, and to make a little book of it; it would be so useful for children."

*"Kelso, May 1846...I wish I had as ardent a desire for communion with Jesus, our Beloved, as I often have for fellowship with His dear people! Pray that it may be so, and that I may have far more desire for Him, and His love 'which*

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passeth knowledge.' I took a longing to see you just now; but, as I could not, I went to tell Jesus I wanted more of Him; and oh! He is sweet! I fear I know Him *very little*, if at all. I am so unwilling to submit to His will, not to say in all things, but in anything! O to be able to say, 'My soul is as a weaned child!' When I think how soon we are to part—to say that bitter word, *farewell*—I fear I am not like a weaned child; but He says, 'Be careful for nothing.' It is sweet to tell Him all our heart, and to ask Him to *comfort* and *sanctify* us! He is a blessed God! How He bears with His poor, silly children! Our God *is very pitiful*, and of *tender* mercy. He *never* turns a deaf ear to any of our complaints, though they are often *very* foolish. He notices when His people are sad, and He draws near to comfort them, saying, 'Why weepest thou?' He knows why we weep, but He wants us to tell Him; He knows what a relief the very telling Him of our griefs will be. It *is best* to speak of Himself when we meet, and not outward things. O to know Him as a living Saviour, living in me, the hope of glory! O for a joyful hope of coming glory! Do you remember the *home-feeling about heaven*? But I must stop, or I shall think I am at P\_\_\_\_\_ already."

"E\_\_\_\_\_, June 11, 1846...I feel now that we are absent the one from the other, when I have to write instead of speaking to you face to face; but this is His will whose meat and drink it was to do the Father's will, and it must be our will too...I felt I was meeting you in spirit very often during the journey yesterday, especially about *five*. Jesus was very tender of His poor, sinful, sorrowful child, for He drew near to comfort me many a time after I had left you. I thought my heart would break! How I longed for our holy home where I never should say farewell—when we should be *with the Lord* together *for ever*! I must now get the closer to Jesus...I feel so drawn just

now to all who love Jesus. It is a strong tie, the tie of grace that binds believers to each other; it can *never* be broken."

"P\_\_\_\_, *June 15, 1846*...May we both lean our *wearry* souls on the bosom of Jesus, and may we find it a *very sweet* resting-place! Yesterday was our communion at Musselburgh. I felt for a short time at the table, as if alone with Jesus. It is almost too much to think about the love of Jesus! I cannot stand it at all, if I feel it even a little. We shall need glorified bodies to hold the fulness of His love. It is sweet to get away from the world for a little, and sit under the shade of the 'Plant of Renown' with great delight. I could not help *groaning* when I heard man's voice again, and thought, oh! I am in the wilderness still! We shall never say *farewell* when we meet in glory."

"P\_\_\_\_, *June 17, 1846*...It is a week to-day since we said earth's bitterest word, farewell, and it seems like ten years. I wonder how much I have done for Jesus in that week now gone; with all its sins and opportunities of glorifying Him—sadly and sinfully lost—gone never to return. I am often afraid to write to you—I am afraid I write you *lies*! Do you remember what Mr. W\_\_\_\_ said about that? I hope you will send me sometimes the *Thursday night's* notes. How often we have feasted on them together! how often we have walked into the house of God in company! Shall we walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem together? I am sometimes afraid;—yet this is sinful; Jesus surely is able to carry me *all* the way. I wish I knew Him better; His name is '*Love*,' and His name is '*Wonderful*;' but my name is *unbelief*, and I cannot—no, I should say, I *will* not, trust Him. I could trust you—I could trust you with anything; and can I not trust *Jesus*? What a heart is mine! He gave a proof (another among the multitudes He is for ever giving) of His love to this

family, for He sent our dear minister with a sweet message of love to dear \_\_\_\_\_ to-day. He spoke of this verse,—'We have known and believed the love which God hath to us.' He said that made all the difference between a converted and an unconverted man—the simple belief of the love of God; and yet, to make that difference, it required the mighty power of God. He would have given much to convert that soul, but he was powerless; yet God works by means, and we must plead, my beloved, that His message may be blessed. He seemed to be blessed in speaking of the love of God—his whole soul seemed to be in it; and you know where he got the love—he got it where the beloved disciple got his; and if He can fill a human heart so full, what must His own infinite heart contain!...Do you think I should print my little book? I think our dear little Mary's love to Jesus, and, above all, the exhibition of His love to her in the perfect peace He gave her, may draw some young heart to Him...Tell me if your *den* is a Bethel to you, if Jesus draws near and says, 'Peace be unto thee.' I am so glad when I think you are quiet there alone; yet not alone, because your Father is with you. My only drawback is, that I cannot come gently to the door, slip in, and join you at His throne, to bless Him for all His mercies to us, His poor silly sheep. We must be content that we excel in spirit for the present. My frequent prayer is, that our separation may lead us nearer to Himself. You must ask for me that I may often,—*always* have *Mary's place*, as I have a good deal of Martha's work to do. Oh to be *at home!* or to have more of a home-feeling about heaven even on earth!...You have One who never wearies in caring for you, who watches over you *at all times* with an intensity of interest and love such as never dwelt in a human bosom till the 'Word became flesh.' How deep, how pure, how holy, how unwearied, how unselfish, how God-like, is the love God bears you! I am glad you are loved thus by One so glorious, so

lovely. Do you remember the sweet chapter we read together at our last five o'clock meeting? It was all about the altogether lovely One. O that I could trust both you and myself with Him without a fear, a doubt, a murmur, or a suspicion!"

"P\_\_\_\_, June 26, 1846...Our minister was inducted yesterday at two o'clock. What a solemn service it was! [33] Do you know I cannot understand my feelings about him. I feel so drawn to him, and yet I have never heard him preach. I felt so much all the time of the service, my heart was quite melted; and I felt, surely this man is *a gift from Christ* to us, and I *must* love him. Do you think Christ gave me these feelings towards him. R. did not feel as I did, for she said she had never heard him; but neither have I, and yet I felt as if I loved him so much. I felt as if it were to be the beginning of *good days* to poor P\_\_\_\_. O that it may be so! The Master was very near to us yesterday, I think; *surely* He has sent this man...Tell me what you feel about going to London; I hope you won't go; and yet, if it be for your good, we must, as you say, seek what our Father's will is. How difficult I find it to bend my stubborn will to His! but there is *nothing* too hard for the Lord. What a comfort it is to think that! How my heart went with you when you wrote that you want to be stirred up to *start anew*! It is indeed a weary thing to be a *half* Christian. For the honour of our Master, we should indeed seek to be a 'peculiar people.' We have just been reading the 24th Psalm; Jesus has such a beautiful name in it—*the King of Glory*: What a title! The followers of such a glorious King should not be like the world, who are His enemies. My *precious* friend, when you are pleading for yourself to be stirred up, remember your poor friend—pray for your blind child, that she may really *see*. I have sometimes great longings to get on, but they have never been answered yet. I

should like to be a '*song*' Christian, but I am not one yet, / fear. You ask me if I have been learning anything lately, the question humbled me greatly, but I am so glad you put it, for I trust it will make me *search* and see what state I really am in. You must often put *questions* to me; I like so when you tell me what you feel, and ask me how I am getting on, for it *alarms* me out of my too easy state; you must always tell me what the Lord is teaching you, and it will encourage me more and more to follow on to know the Lord. I feel, like you, a good deal of what I am, but I do not see Jesus as I ought; I should like to be *intimately* acquainted with Him. He is too much as a stranger to me; and yet, I feel that none but He can satisfy my soul; none but *the living God* can satisfy *a living soul*. But is mine a living soul? Yet surely a dead soul could not long for Jesus as mine often does. I will try, my own friend, to lay all your wants before Him, who *can* and *will* supply them all. I sometimes greatly love to pray for you, especially at our *own* hour; but I should blush if you knew how little and how feebly I pray for you. I am so glad you want to have an additional hour for prayer. Oh! beloved, let us *besiege* the throne; we have great need—I have, at least; and we have many to pray for. The hour R. and I have thought of, is from *three to four on Fridays*; tell me if you like that hour, or fix any other you like; perhaps you may think an evening hour will be less interrupted; and don't you think we should make our own families, Kelso, and P\_\_\_\_, the chief things to pray for? Let us seek grace for ourselves and one another, that we may glorify God in the midst of them; let us plead for them, and let us plead for the places we dwell in, that Jesus may dwell in them, and revive His work in the midst of them."

"P\_\_\_\_, June 29, 1846...How unlike the love of man is God's love! No earthly friend would have pained you all at this time,

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but we have a *kinder* Friend above. He wounds that He may heal; He lays low, that He may raise up again; He smites in love—mysterious, wonderful love! 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.' A weight of glory will make amends for all the trials of the wilderness. God will not let any of you forget that it is *the wilderness*. Oh! what a weeping world this is! but faint not, beloved friends, all tears will be wiped away in glory."

"P\_\_\_\_, June 11, 1846...I sometimes feel solemn when I think how the Lord is dealing with us in both our families. There is such love in His taking to Himself those who are ready to go. I dread the king of terrors coming here, for so few are ready to meet him as a friend sent to bring them *home*...I need all your sympathy at present, for this is a very tried house. Dear \_\_\_\_ has been very ill, again; I had little hope of finding her alive on our return; and oh! the agony about her *soul*! I could think of nothing but that; yet, thanks to our wonderful and merciful God, we found her a little better...I cannot tell you what a solemn feeling I have about all this. How unspeakably important the soul seemed last night! I feel as if anything could be borne, if the soul were only safe. The Lord is speaking very loudly to us all, particularly to dear \_\_\_\_; and I write to ask you to join us more earnestly than ever, that it may be sanctified. Did you join us at three yesterday? I was with \_\_\_\_; I read her the whole of 'Mary standing at the feet of Jesus.' It was *very* sweet to myself, and dear \_\_\_\_ seemed quiet and solemn. How I *yearn* at times over them all! but there is One who yearns far, far more. O to see them all at His feet, in His arms—yea, in His very heart! 'The advancing footstep of a sinner to the Altar, is a sweet sound in our Aaron's ears.' Do you remember that, beloved?...We are so cheered about \_\_\_\_\_. O that *my* old Lizzy and the old man at W. H. were gathered in too! Jesus has a *large heart*; it can

hold *all* who come. I am glad *you* are in that infinite heart. Farewell for a little. And now, may you know more of that lovely One who makes all heaven glad, and who cheers even *earth's dull* mansion with His bright beams. That these beams may shine into your heart more and more, is the earnest prayer of your own loving and attached sister in *the Beloved*."

"P\_\_\_\_, July 17, 1846...I cannot tell you what or how I feel, when I hear *our* loving God has laid His rod on my precious friend. You tell me not to grieve, but I cannot help it. 'No affliction for the present is joyous, *but grievous*,' so I *may* grieve, but oh! not sinfully; and I fear I do that. How much I may have to suffer before my stubborn will is subdued, and 'every thought brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ!' But I can trust Him, *my own beloved Lord*. I wish we were all 'safe in the promised land.' I feel my distance from Jesus here; it is so painful, that I feel at times as if I could wait no longer, but *must* go to Him. 'Oh that I had the wings of a dove! for then would I fly away, and *be at rest*. How sweet it would be to go to glory together! Oh! my beloved, what a wilderness this is! and the dreariest part of it is the evil heart within. Let us plead that our afflictions may not pass away without the effect God intends by them. I dread that more than the suffering. I am thinking I shall be the next laid up, for my side is bad again; but don't you grieve, for I *feel* I need it all, and I am sometimes so happy when I feel the pain, for I think this is Christ's hand on me, and it is *in love*, and I am so glad He loves me, that anything from Him is sweet. But I fear, if I were more tried, and tried in any very tender part, by bereavement for instance, I should not feel it sweet any longer. 'I am a beast before Thee.' I often say that—it seems just to suit me...And now, what message shall I send to yourself? I shall not send one from me, but from your beloved Lord. I have opened the Bible at Psalm 40,

verses 1-3. May the sweet Spirit of Jesus write them on your heart."

"E\_\_\_\_, August 17, 1846...You will get this on your birthday. If it be for the Lord's glory, may you, my precious friend, see many, many happy returns of this day; and may you every day see new beauties in your 'altogether lovely Saviour; and may every birthday find you liker and liker Him who is the spotless One—*our all-perfect God*. I cannot at all tell you my feelings when I received your dear and welcome letter this morning. It was one of those green spots in the wilderness one sometimes meets with. I had wearied for it during the last, to me, painful month; but I trust I have felt that this has been a needful trial, and that it has been blest to me. I lean too much on you when I am with you, and I lean on your dear letters when I get them; and you must ask that God would enable you to write to me *only* when *He* wills that I should hear, and then your letters will be blest to me. And soon, beloved, we shall not need to write with pen and ink; we shall speak face to face ere long, I trust, in 'Jerusalem above.' I often weary to be away! What a God we have! Truly He is God and not man, or He would have cast *me* off long ago...I am too weak to write much at a time, and my side is very painful today. Will you pray that all this may be sanctified? I should be humbled indeed, when I think how sinful I must be to need so much pruning. But it is *all well, all right*; and I shall see that clearly in the sweet light of eternity. O to be *at home*! I feel a kind of persuasion that I may be away soon. I feel little interest in anything here, and I think perhaps this pain is the messenger sent to bring down the frail body; but *He* knows the best time to take me. O that I were *quite* sure that I am prepared! But I feel as if I were cruel in saying all this to *you*. You would miss M\_\_\_\_; you would be saying, 'I am distressed for thee, my sister.' It is

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curious I CANNOT STAND *you* speaking of going home, and yet I speak of it to you; but then I forget I am not J\_\_\_\_, but only M\_\_\_\_. I was at church yesterday for the first time for a month; and how lovely and pleasant His courts were! We heard Mr. Gumming of Dumbarney at St Luke's, and I never heard such an exquisite sermon. I thought of you constantly. How you would have enjoyed it! I *must* try and remember some of it to tell you, in spite of my poor side."

"E\_\_\_\_, September 3, 1846...E\_\_\_\_ says you have promised to return in spring, so mind you are to come by \_\_\_\_\_. But ah! how little do we know what may happen before then! We may have met, beloved one, *in glory*; we may be by that time, 'absent from the body, and present with the Lord.' Do you know I sometimes lately have felt eternal things so near! Perhaps my being so poorly puts me more in mind that I am mortal, and that my days on earth are as a shadow. I am in wise and loving hands; and it is a wonder to me that He takes such pains with me as to afflict me so often; there is really nothing but love in it at all. I cannot see any severity; it is so gentle, so loving, and, oh! so infinitely less than I deserve. I am a wonder to myself, that my heart is not quite melted and won by such love; but it is not. I need not conceal either from myself or you that my heart cleaves as much to the dust, and is as cold as if the bright Sun of Righteousness had almost never shone upon it. I say *almost*, for it would be sinful to deny that He *has* shone even on my hard heart, but it is hard still; my only comfort is that it will not always be so. No! blessed be His holy and loving name, I shall one day begin (and *never end*) to praise Him with a *warm* and unsinning heart. But it is sweet even now to stammer His praise. I thought this morning it was such a mercy in God to allow us to praise Him. Is it not, dearest? And when we begin to praise, although the moment before, perhaps, we thought we

had so much to complain of and so little to praise, soon we find that we would need an *eternity* to bless Him for all our mercies; and then all our complaints vanish. I often find I have nothing to complain of, when I thought I had a great deal. One thing I do bless Him for—we are all still alive; we can still pray for our beloved ones who are yet out of Christ. I wonder how long they are to be out of Christ. O that but one would come in!"

*"September 14, 1846...*It rejoices me when I hear that there is no cloud between you and the bright Sun of Righteousness, and that He is shining upon your soul. What a wonderful difference it makes when the Lord draws near! *then* are the disciples glad; but, ah! it is sad when He is away; nothing can make up for His absence...Everything is so changeable and uncertain here, that I often feel we must just live by the day. God could, in ways we never should think of, arrange everything for us as we could wish, at least, as would glorify Him; and His people should desire nothing that would not glorify Him."

Frequently, during the past two or three years, has M\_\_\_\_\_ given utterance to her desires to labour for the Lord. She has sought, in many ways, to carry these desires into effect; and in no small measure she has succeeded. She has already 'done what she could,' as we have seen.

But now her desires take a more decided shape. She wishes to be more directly and undividedly a labourer in the field. Anywhere— anywhere, at home or abroad—she is willing to labour. Only let it be work for Christ, and she will undertake it, at any cost of suffering, or toil, or sacrifice. But now her eye turns more definitely to the foreign field. She sees that the labourers are few, and she would fain step forward to

offer her services, though most painfully burdened with a feeling of weakness and unfitness. It is this feeling that troubles her most. The hardships and the sacrifices do not weigh with her half so much as this. Her humility is at all times great; here it shews itself excessive.

The purpose of her heart she is not allowed to carry out. Medical judgment decides against the scheme; at least, in the case of her sister, without whom she cannot go. Several hindrances come up, and ultimately the plan is abandoned. But her devotedness and consecration of spirit have been fully proved.

These statements will explain the contents of the following letters:—

"P\_\_\_\_, September 14, 1846...I must now tell you what B. and I are *very much* occupied with. We greatly wish to go out as *missionaries*— that is to say, as teachers. We have thought of it almost ever since we first sought the Lord,—I should say, since *He* sought *us*; and lately we have felt more and more as if God were calling us to it by His providence. O that it were so! What an honour and privilege to go to tell poor heathen children of Jesus, the friend of *children!* to take them to Him too, that He may take them up in His arms and bless them! There are many obstacles: first, we are afraid of running before we are sent, and I fear my motives are not pure at all; but then if I wait till my motives are right, I may wait all my life, for I have a desperately wicked heart. What do you think about our wishes? We think God seems to be pointing us to it in many ways: in the first place, it was *He*, not ourselves, who gave us these desires; then we had nothing to do in the writing of the letter about us to this lady; and her letter and the account of this society have come to us

just at the time when our family are talking of many different plans for the future; and we want them (if they can) to settle them without calculating upon us, as we think we can do more for Christ amongst hundreds of children abroad, than with two or three at home. We spoke to mamma about it to-day for the first time, and she is very averse to it. Ah! *that would* be the terrible part of it—the differing with her, and the *parting* from her. That would be the plucking out of the right eye, the cutting off of the right hand; but Jesus says we must not love father or mother more than Him. But, oh! darling, we are *anxious* about this matter. I can pray about nothing else almost; and, oh! join us, for we are very anxious to do nothing rashly; we want to see God leading us *every step*, and our way is but dark to us yet. M\_\_\_\_\_ will not hear of *India*, so we are thinking rather of applying to the Free Church. It would be nice, too, to go out, sent by our own Church; and Pesth or Jassy is not so formidable as India or Africa. Will you pray *earnestly* and *much* for us, that God would lead us every step of the way, and shew us *His* will in *this* solemn matter? What a terrible thing it would be if we were refused! but we will tell them we are so anxious and willing to learn. Will you not be long of answering this letter, as I am very anxious to know what you think? I am afraid of two things: of being put back from it by any sacrifice Christ may shew us we must make, or by the ridicule of worldly friends; and I am afraid, on the other hand, of undertaking a thing I am not called to, or fit for. Oh, how sweet it would be, setting off together on our Master's work! We should really be *Christ's servants* then!"

"P\_\_\_\_\_, *September 19, 1846*...Does it not seem as if God had come into the midst of us and our arrangements, saying, 'Ye are not your own, I have work for you to do'? What a brightness and a glory is there around the very thought that

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this may be the case! But then come in my two other objections: first, my health—I am certainly not strong, the pain in my side never leaves me, and it must weaken me; and, lastly, I am not fit for such a work in any way. I had such a sight of this this morning, while praying about it, that I could do nothing but weep *bitterly*, thinking that Jesus could not send me. How unsubmitive I am to His blessed will! I feel that it would be hard to say, 'Thy will be done,' when, that will was to say farewell to my beloved father and mother, and my precious and most beloved friend on earth, your own dear self. I cannot dwell on the thought at all, so I won't attempt to speak of it. Yet, I feel it would be far, far more difficult to say, 'Thy will be done,' if Jesus said, 'You are not to go, you are not to go to tell sinners, far away, of my love;' and I greatly fear He may say that to me, my motives are so unworthy. I feel, dearest, that all this has been much blessed to my poor soul. It has often, since I got that letter about it, drawn me *very* near to my *wonderful* God. O that I had a holy heart to love such a holy God! O that I had a loving heart to love such a loving God! *I feel* my need of Him more, I think. I feel that I cannot stand or go *alone*. *He must* lead me; and is it not a *sweet necessity* laid upon us, that we *must* come and lean *all our weight* upon God—upon Jehovah-Jesus? Oh! J\_\_\_\_, you and I will sing a loud hallelujah in glory! But I don't want to go to heaven yet; I want to go to His ancient people, and try to bring some of their little ones to Him who has already shed His blood for them. I was saying to dear \_\_\_\_\_, the other day, that I felt as if I were just beginning to feel that I need a Saviour. I have been professing for four years now that I am His, and yet this is all the length I am—that I need Him. Yes, I do indeed need Him, for I am a guilty worm of the dust, and can do *nothing* for myself; but He is everything, and has done everything, and all He wants now is, that we should consent that He should be our *Substitute*—

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that we should consent to be nothing, that He may be 'all in all!' This is humbling, but, oh! it is sweet too. Don't you feel that you would not like any other way of being saved but this way, 'the new and living way'? There is nothing on this sad earth so sweet as to weep for sin at the feet of Jesus; but it is a terrible thought, that we are never done sinning. It should make us lie very low, and make our High Priest all the more precious to us."

"P\_\_\_\_, *September 23, 1846*...I wonder how my two old people are, Lizzy and the man \_\_\_\_\_. O that I could go once more, and tell them of 'Him who loved us, and gave *Himself* for us!' Could He give more? Could He give anything half so precious, half so lovely? and, having given *Himself*, can He deny us anything we can ask Him? No: let us trust Him, dear *sister*, and we are sure to come off more than conquerors through Him that loved us, and gave Himself for us. I love to repeat this verse, it is so sweet! Don't you often feel you don't so much, as it were, love Him for His gifts, as for *Himself*? If He had given us all His possessions, but not Himself, what would that have done for us? That is the misery of the worldling, that he is '*without Christ*.' Can you conceive a more miserable, solitary state? What would heaven be without Christ? No heaven at all. I am often afraid Jesus will say these awful words to me at the judgmentseat, '*Depart from me?*'—and then I should be without Christ. Oh! I think if I am to go to hell, I will sit in a corner and *think of Christ*, if I cannot be with Him. But He will not leave our soul in hell if we commit it to Him."

"P\_\_\_\_, *November 21, 1846*...I shall be glad to see your face, for it is a rough world this, and Christ's poor silly sheep get many a hard blow on their road to glory; but *it is* a road that leads to *glory*, and that should make amends for troubles by

the way...We are often dark and troubled about many things; but what a comfort it is to know that, though our way be dark to us, it is all light to Jesus! He knoweth the way that we take, and He will lead us by a *right* way to his *own joy above*; and He seems often to say to me, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?' and, though it is a *rebuke*, it is such a gentle one, as if He said, 'Have ye any reason why ye doubt me?' making me feel I have indeed no reason to doubt my gracious Master. I envy you your *hunger*. I wish I had a *hungry soul*, for I should be sure to be fed. I fear you will *starve here*; but you must go more to the Fountain, and you will get the water clearer and purer there. I am sometimes so glad God is *pure* and *holy*, it makes my very heart rejoice to 'give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.' Think of the time when *we* shall be as pure as our glorious Master—when we shall partake of His holiness, not only in a degree, but altogether. I cannot imagine *me* without *sin!*"

"P\_\_\_\_, October 6, 1846...I am so glad it is beloved Israel we are to go to, *if we do go*; but, oh! I am terribly afraid, especially since I have seen this dear *sister* in the Lord. I can hardly tell how I feel about it—I am *ashamed* and *afraid* by turns. I could scarcely look at Mr. M\_\_\_\_ when we were telling him—it seemed such presumption in me to think of it; yet, it is not I who am to work, but God—'the grace of God in me;' and, if He call me to it, He will surely give me the necessary strength."

"Oct. 7...—'The Lord your God is holy.' This is a sweet, and yet solemn verse for to-day. It would be a terrible thing if our God were not holy—ininitely holy. It is so blessed to think we may so surely, so safely trust our everlasting all to Him; yet I sometimes think it strange how we, at least 7, can trust Him for *eternity*, and that I am so unbelieving above the things of

*time.* Oh! if we could only obey that precious command, 'Be careful for nothing,' we should find the promise fulfilled in our blessed experience, 'that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, would keep our hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.' Truly it is a peace which passeth all understanding. I wish I knew more of it; it is my own sin that I do not. I am in great trouble about the mission business, I am so afraid of turning before I am sent. I would not go *anywhere* without Him for thousands of worlds. Any amount of agony *with Him* would be infinitely sweeter than any joy without Him. I sometimes wish I were 'safe in the promised land,' I get so little of Him here, and I live so far from Him."

"P\_\_\_\_, October 23, 1846...I think, too, we should not speak of it to any one; for, if I did not go after all (and I will not go if He go not with me), it may do harm to the cause. As for poor me, it does not matter what any one says and thinks of me—they cannot think too badly of me; but I must be *very* careful not to give occasion to any to speak against *my Master*. But I am really taxing your patience very unmercifully, and I fear you will say, when you read my letters, 'Ah! poor M\_\_\_\_ is too full of doubts and fears ever to be a missionary.' I sometimes think any mission in Europe is too civilised for me. I think I should do better out in the wilds of Africa, where I should have to teach only poor savages, and not so many eyes on me. It is a wonderful thing that Jesus has put it into my head at all, to think that I, 'a beast before Him,' should venture to say, 'Here am I, Lord, *send me.*'"

"P\_\_\_\_, December 3, 1846...MY VERY DEAR MRS. H\_\_\_\_, R. received your kind letter this afternoon, and I now sit down to have a talk with you on this, to us, most deeply interesting subject. We were much delighted to receive your faithful

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letter. I thank our loving Father that He has given us faithful friends, for I am always afraid lest your love should blind you to us, so that you would not see us as we really are—at least in as far as we can know of one another. Dear friend, we have not taken up this matter lightly. I think God has been teaching us from the very beginning to dread nothing so much as following our own way in this matter, and I feel (as far as I know my deceitful and desperately wicked heart) that the language of our heart is, 'If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence;' and I think, if you knew all the providences, you would feel, with us, that the Lord has been at least *calling our attention* to a missionary life very decidedly, although, at the same time, we feel that He has not as yet made our way so clear as that we can say we think it is His will that we are really to go. He has given us the strong wish to be employed abroad in His service. He has inclined the hearts of our dear family in a most wonderful way to be agreeable to our wishes. And another thing is very encouraging to us, our health has greatly improved lately, although we have at the Normal School had a great deal of very unusual fatigue. You say you 'do not think we can infer, from present appearances, that He will ultimately send us abroad.' Perhaps He may not; but I think, *at present*, we should be turning from His way if we were not much taken up with the thought that He *is* dealing with us very peculiarly in the matter. His will regarding us is not clear yet; but it is sweet, as you say, to rest in His present will, leaving the case of the future to Him. I almost dread to speak upon the subject of my fitness, I should rather say unfitness, for such a work; I feel *ashamed*, and *deeply humbled*, to speak of it to you or any other friend I have; I feel so unworthy, so unfit, in every way, especially with regard to my knowledge of Divine things. I am not fit for any work at home or abroad; I am the merest worm that ever tried to speak a word for Jesus; and if

I looked at my own qualifications, I should at once give up all thought of going; but Jesus will not send me a warfare on my own charges; if I go, my Master will go with me, the everlasting arms will be underneath me. He will put His own words into my stammering lips."

"P\_\_\_\_, January 4, 1847...O to be done with sin! I weary of the struggle often, and yet this is wrong, for I should have my mouth filled with praise that I am *in the struggle*; but the more I am loved, the more insensible my heart seems to get."

"P\_\_\_\_, April 10, 1847...So your sweet Lord (as Rutherford would say) has not been forgetful of you any more than of us! Don't you find it a blessed thing to be afflicted? I think I agree best with trials, and I have not a few of them at present. You ill—E. ill, and away from home—and so many at home ill—and, worse than all, seeing so many I love, without Christ, still out of the ark, in spite of the many calls they have had to enter in. I should greatly like to hear from you; and oh! tell me that you are better, for my foolish heart can scarcely bear to hear you say you are ill. That shews how selfish my love to you is compared to Christ's: He *makes* you ill though He loves you so much; yes, and just because He loves you so well...I read to \_\_\_\_ in the morning now, as well as at night! Oh! seek a blessing on His own Word. How sweet it is to tell him *how free* to him the Saviour is!...It is strange to me how much I am taken up about that soul. I sometimes feel as if I had no one else to care for. Surely He who has given this concern to such a cold heart as mine will answer, in His own time, the pleadings of His own Spirit within me? Oh! pray for that soul, that the entrance of *His* word may give light to it. I have asked \_\_\_\_ to remember us, and she says she will; it will be a great comfort to me to think that prayer for a blessing is ascending from some of God's

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dear children while I read to him...I wish I could tell you of some loved one 'born again;' well, let us not weary, and 'in *due season* we shall reap, if we faint not.'

"P\_\_\_\_, *April 28, 1847*...MY OWN BELOVED FRIEND,—I shrink from writing even to you just now, for I am in deep waters, and I can scarcely bear to speak of it, but I long to write a few lines to you at times. My beloved — \_\_\_\_ is now very ill; he has had three more of these dreadful attacks, each only one week after the other, and he cannot stand it long. My own friend, the furnace is *very hot*. O that it may purify the precious gold, cleansing all the dross away! It is very terrible; but it is all *love*, deep, God-like love—I cannot doubt it...I fear you will never see \_\_\_\_ more on this sad earth—oh! pray that you may meet in the Jerusalem above, and be together 'for ever with the Lord.' Now, my beloved, I can say no more; I must go to *my Refuge*, the throne of grace, to plead for him."

"P\_\_\_\_, *June 7, 1847*...The Lord hath laid His hand very heavily on this house, but it is *the Lord* who has done it, and He will give us grace to say, 'He hath done even this well.' I cannot tell you that my heart has been brought to anything like submission yet. Oh! this is bitter, bitter sorrow! It is a hot furnace indeed, so hot that my faith often fails altogether; but Jesus' love never fails, and even in the midst of my agony I have felt that there was 'One like to the Son of man' with me in the furnace, keeping the flames from kindling upon me. I have had moments of deep peace that could only come from Him. Seek, dearest, that we may get all the benefit God intends by this sore bereavement. His love to us is, indeed, wonderful; love shines out in every little circumstance concerning us, even to the most minute. As He has had all the pain of so deeply afflicting us, I cannot bear to think that He should not get glory to Himself from it all. May it be said of

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this stricken family, 'Now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly.' Pray for us all. What sore hearts we have! but Jesus says He heals as well as wounds. What a *wilderness* this is! I know now what the word means. Do write again; and believe me, yours most affectionately, in the love of Jesus."

"P\_\_\_\_, June 22, 1847...Many a time, and in various, ways, has the Lord spoken to this family; but, oh! what were all these to this! I feel as if we never felt a pang before. He has now spoken to us by *death*; and that has gone to the very innermost corners of our hearts, causing them to bleed as they never did before. My precious father,—are we never to see his sweet, kind face on earth again? I think my heart will break; I thought time would make it lighter to me, but it gets worse every day. I get comfort but in one thing, that it is sent for good to our precious souls. Oh! if beloved ones are led to Jesus by this heavy stroke, surely we may well suffer this agony. Yes, dearest; this may be God's way of answering our many prayers for their conversion; and though it is a terrible way, still, if it be for such an end, we may well praise Him for it...I feel that nothing short of God getting glory from this tribulation will comfort me under it; and what will bring Him so much glory as to see us all sitting at the feet of Him who has so sorely wounded us! I must live to God *now*—this world can never be my rest. How I long to be at rest up yonder! I long to go, to be 'for ever with the Lord.'...There is something striking in the time God has been pleased to take to remove our beloved from us, when he and we together were looking for, and talking about, little else but the return of dear \_\_\_\_\_, after an absence of six years; and now that he has come, three weeks after our sore loss, we all look upon him, thinking, 'Oh! how *he* would have gazed upon him!' How I feel that God thus intends to make us see His hand in it very

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evidently!...I have great comfort at times in pleading that God himself would come and fill, and far more than fill, his place in our family. We have a promise to plead which we had not before; and I *do* get blessed comfort at times, in praying that He would fulfil it. Oh to have God to be our *Father*, to come, like David of old, to '*bless His household!*' I long to see more love in this trial, but it almost overwhelms my wicked heart. He tells us that it is through *much* tribulation we are to enter the kingdom; and yet how bowed down we are when the tribulation comes, 'as though some strange thing happened to us!' I was not present at the last, and that is to me one of the most dreadful parts of this trial. It was very sudden. I had gone to E\_\_\_\_ that morning, and you may be sure he did not seem to be worse, when I could leave him, for I seldom left him even for an hour; when I returned, God had taken him. And now I can tell you no more, for I cannot speak of this at all."

"P\_\_\_\_, July 1, 1847...Many thanks for your most welcome and very precious letter. One thing in it gave me especial comfort; indeed, it is the only thing that can comfort me now, your saying that, without this trial, the glory of *our* blessed God would be incomplete. It seems to me very wonderful that it should be so, that anything about a poor worm like me should glorify Him in any way; but it must be true, as you say, my beloved, that all things are working for His glory, and so must this amongst the rest. Does it not shew what a desperately wicked creature I must be, when I could wish not to pass through *any* furnace, if *He* would be glorified thereby? Yes, dearest; God is shewing me, at this time of unutterable anguish, that I am a great deal worse than I ever thought I was. If any one had told me before this took place, what thoughts I should have of God, and what unbelief, and murmurings, and repinings, and rebellings I should give way

to, I should have said, 'Am I a dog, that I should do this?' but, oh, *I have done it!* Did you but see my heart, from day to day, you would mourn for me indeed; but God sees it all, and yet He has patience with me, and has even passed His word—and He cannot lie—that He will have patience with me to the end. Why can't I see love even in this fiery trial? I cannot understand my feelings at all. I feel as if it were *impossible* that I could ever be comforted, and yet God says, 'With me nothing is impossible.' What a wilderness this world is now! and every day it gets worse. I take such a yearning of heart to see my darling father again; and when I remember that I shall never see him again on earth, the thought is so full of agony, I can scarcely bear it, and the very sweetest word in all the Book of books seems unavailing to give me one ray, one drop of comfort. I cannot believe that it is true; I don't think I have ever believed it yet, and yet I *don't see him*. Yes, yes, it is true indeed; and my very heart is breaking within me. Surely I cannot be a child of God, to feel in this way! I don't think His people ever have such a rebellious heart, at any time, as I have; I fear I am refusing to be comforted. But why do I speak of my wicked self, and grieve my own friend?"

"There is one thing I must say,—remember all the blame is *mine*, that I am so miserable. I cannot bear that any one should think the loving God is dealing too severely with His rebellious child. *You* will not think that, for you know God better; and I am a little happy when I think and know that: it would be terrible indeed, if I made any one think ill of my heavenly Father, as I fear I do."

"*E\_\_\_\_\_*, August 7, 1847...I always feel sorry, my beloved *J\_\_\_\_\_*, that my letters to you are so full of sorrow, for I know they will grieve you; but oh! how can it be otherwise? 'The cup which my Father hath given me' is a very bitter cup

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indeed; and although there are times when the deep wound does not bleed so much, still these times are rare. Oh! there is a depth and a reality of bitterness in this sore bereavement I never felt before! I never thought I could have felt as I now do. It has changed the whole aspect of this world to me; and often I have but one wish—to lay my aching head and heart beside my beloved father's, and neither sin nor sorrow more. But I feel that this is very wrong: my Father knows best when to take His poor sorrow fill child *home*, and I know that I should rather wish to live more to Him now than ever. Earth has but one attraction for me now, and that is to be enabled to bring souls to Jesus. If it were not that even I can thus glorify Him in a way that angels cannot do, I could not stay here any longer...It will be sad to leave that house and that beloved room, where we watched night and day our precious invalid, and where, often and often, God has enabled me to pour out my whole soul before Him for his precious soul. How I have sat by him, weeping my very heart out, and repeating to him, verse after verse, the sweetest I could find; and I see now, as if it were reality, his dear eyes fill with tears, and looking at me so kindly. O my father, my beloved father! no wonder this world is a desert to me. "

"*P.S.*—I have been taking this opportunity of again visiting at the prison. Seek a blessing on my poor efforts. I am often greatly helped in speaking to them of the sinner's Friend. What a wonderful thing, that God employs one sinner to direct another to the blood that can cleanse us both! They are often melted; but I long to see the blessing really come; there is nothing I find such comfort in as in seeking to win some of these poor wanderers back to the fold. Pray for a word *of power.* "

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"*Blairgowrie, September 17, 1847...*MY OWN DARLING FRIEND,—You will be surprised to see me address from Blairgowrie. I came here to nurse poor \_\_\_\_; she has been ill again. O that now she may cry from the heart, 'My Father, thou art the guide of *my* youth!' And will you ask for me, that I may be enabled to walk wisely towards her, and may have a word given me to speak to her precious soul?"

"*Blairgowrie, September 1847...*I shall say nothing till we meet, about the prospect of a minister to P\_\_\_\_, except this—'He hath been mindful of us, and He will bless us still.' Oh, yea He is a prayer hearing God, and He will give us a godly minister yet, for He says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' I am glad you are to meet \_\_\_\_ on Friday. I love *real, spiritual* Christians! Love to all, from Your own M\_\_\_\_."

"*P\_\_\_\_, October 27, 1847...*Since my visit to Blairgowrie, there has been a song of praise put into my mouth, and every new trial just seems to me a new cause for a louder and sweeter song of praise. I sometimes see such unutterable love to this family in all our trials, that I can hardly feel anything but thanksgiving to the God of love. I don't mean that I don't feel our sore trials; oh, no;—my wicked heart is far more inclined to faint under His rebukes than to despise them; but God is shewing me that He is afflicting us for our eternal profit, and making me feel that it is worth suffering *anything*, if the soul is only saved; and should not that make me praise Him!"

In the month of September, as will be seen from some of the previous letters, she was called to attend a sick sister near Blairgowrie. Of this brief visit she has left a record which is entitled, "Diary during a short visit to Blairgowrie." As this is fuller than her other diaries, and as it brings her history down

to the time of her marriage, we give it pretty fully. It is a sort of episode or parenthesis—the record of her experiences and activities when placed alone among strangers, with few, save the Christ whom she loved, to resort to.

"*Sept. 8, 1847, Wednesday.*—Left Edinburgh at half-past seven morning, and sailed in the steamboat to Dundee. Felt Jesus very near me almost all the time; read Mr. Hamilton's *Olive*;—felt it very precious to my soul; felt especially sweet what he says of faith, that it has no virtue in itself; but that Jesus, to whom it unites the soul, is everything. How sweetly one learns when the holy loving Spirit is the teacher! I felt I could look beyond my faith to Him who is the object of it. Yes, *my* Jesus is all in all. O that He were all in all to me! I felt very sick soon after, and could not speak to any but one little boy, to whom I gave a tract. The Lord brought us safe to land, and after seeing about the railway, I took a walk to the churchyard;—met a servant girl there, to whom the Lord gave me a word. It was very solemn to talk about eternity, surrounded by those whose souls had already begun their eternal state. I wondered how many in these graves would rise to glory. Gave her one or two tracts."

"Left Dundee at half-past two, and arrived at New-tyle at half-past three. Found I had to wait there three hours before the train arrived again, as the omnibus to Blairgowrie does not leave till then; this was very provoking, as I was tired, and had no place to go to but a dirty inn. But I thought I might get some work for my Master to do, and so the time would not be lost. I spoke to three girls about the love of Jesus, and gave them tracts. I then walked about for an hour or more, and gave tracts to nearly all I met. Got away at last, and arrived at Blairgowrie safely, but very tired, a little after nine. Found M\_\_\_\_\_ very poorly. The Lord only knows how this

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illness is to end. May it be for His glory either way! Went very soon to bed. My own beloved Lord has been very tender of me this day; He has been very loving to His wayward child. I often think God delights in shewing remarkable forbearance and love to me. Why me, Lord? why me?"

"*9th.*—Went down to see dear old \_\_\_\_\_ after dinner, and felt it sweet to hear her talk of Jesus. It greatly delights me when I hear others speak well of Him, and see them trusting in His love. My faith is very feeble; I can trust Him when all goes well, but when He gives me a bitter cup to drink, as He has lately, how I misdoubt and misjudge Him!—and yet He is love still. Yes, I would not have it otherwise. It is all well, because He did it...Felt the burden greatly away. I said on leaving, 'The Lord be with you!'—'And go with you,' she added. It came very sweetly to my heart. I think I need double grace when I am away from home, I feel so lonely. Oh, I shall be glad when I am for ever with the Lord; I shall never feel lonely then! He is ever with me even now, it is true; but it is a different thing to see the loved One by faith, and face to face."

"*10th.*—Felt very near God, and very peaceful and happy to-day. What a change when the Comforter comes! All clouds, all burdens roll away, and the Sun of Righteousness shines into the soul. Strange that I am not always thus! Jesus is ever the same, and so my peace need never waver. But, ah! I have a body of 'em to carry about with me, and that is a sad hindrance."

"A bright cheery day. Went down to see \_\_\_\_\_ ; was with her an hour. It is very sweet to sit beside her, and witness her cheerful submission to her painful earthly lot. I feel when with her, how ungrateful I am for my many mercies. Why am I not

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lying like her? I do not deserve the health I have. O that I could spend it in *His* service, and glorify Him as much as she does in her sickness!"

*"11th.*—I trust it will be the Lord's will that M\_\_\_\_\_ will recover, for I fear that she has not yet experienced a real change, not passed from death to life. I can do little except pray for her, as she is not able to converse...A letter has come to \_\_\_\_\_, telling her that her father is gone. Oh, I know their sorrow: it is a very bitter one. May He who often at that time comforted me, comfort that family. I feel my own grief coming back afresh when I think of theirs. No letter from home to-day. Felt vexed about this. How little trouble makes me sin, and grieve away the Holy Spirit! Felt greatly troubled at prayer about this sin, of being so easily vexed. It hid God's face, as every sin must do till it is washed in the cleansing blood, and subdued by the kingly power, of Jesus. Strange, how sweet it is to weep for sin![34] And yet there is bitterness in it too; and the more it is forgiven, the bitterer my tears get. O that I should sin against such a God! I wish I could, like Job, abhor myself. I have two besetting sins: I am soon angry, and I am very selfish; and often do I plead with God, that I need double grace to subdue these sins, and that, if He do not hold me up, I must fall, for I have no strength. Oh! it is blessed to be able to plead my utter weakness, that I may lay claim to His strength."

*"Monday, 13th.*—Heard Mr. Macdonald preach twice yesterday. In the morning it was from 1 Cor. 3:15. It was all about the difference of grace in Christians making different degrees of glory in heaven. It is a subject that always makes me very sad, as I feel that I come so very far short now, that I shall likely have a very low place in glory. What an undeserved mercy if I am there at all! But I should like to

have a large cup of joy, and a bright crown of glory; for the brighter the crown, the fitter is it to cast at *His* feet; and the larger the cup, the sweeter is it, for it is just filled with Himself. This subject should make me very anxious to press on, that I may get more grace."

The following extract wears a peculiar tinge of solemn sadness. She does not elsewhere express herself thus, but always rejoices in creation's loveliness, knowing that he who joys in God ought to joy in His works. For may not a Christian say, with one of the world's poets— "Oh my heart joys to gaze upon the sky, Gleaming athwart green leaves like happiness, Above the gloom and shadow of the world O summer sunshine! floating round all things— Meadow, and hill, and leafy coverture— Steeping all nature in most sweet delight, Till upward from the bosom of the earth, Before so cold, and blank, and unadorn'd, Spring fairest flowers, to gladden and adorn."

But yet one does not wonder at the deep sadness of heart thus expressed, when it was the sadness arising from the uncongenial air of earth. She felt herself a stranger here. She looked around, and saw the world lying in wickedness. Creation was beautiful; but sin had tinged it, and shadows hung over it, and Satan reigned in it, and its dwellers were not walking with God. Then, too, there were other sights, to the believing eye fairer and more wonderful—other scenes, which partook more of heaven, and which drew the renewed soul upwards irresistibly by their superior attractions, making that which was beautiful in creation to have no beauty at all, by reason of the beauty that excelleth. It was evidently in such a frame of spirit that the following passage was written:— "I took a lovely walk to-day; but it is strange how little pleasure I have in beautiful scenery or walks now. My

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heart is far too sad to care for anything of that kind, even though they are God's works. I like better, far better, to sit beside His dear people, and see His works and wonders of grace. I have no heart now for anything but spiritual things."

"*Wednesday, 15th.*— M\_\_\_\_\_ much better to-day. O that this affliction, sent by God in love to her precious soul, may be sanctified! was so struck this morning!—I had been away for an hour, and had been praying earnestly that God would not let this trial pass away without bringing her to Jesus; and when I returned to her room, I found a dear Christian speaking to her with such solemnity and affection, beseeching her really to seek the Lord. He said. God had sent her two heavy trials, and that if she did not improve these, He would send a third; and that, if all failed, how sad her state would be!"

"Have been feeling much lately how very little I see God in everything. O for faith to see His hand in *everything!* Have had great desires, too, to have a thankful heart. Oh! if I thought more of my mercies, I should think less of my trials, for I should see that my mercies are far the more numerous of the two, and so my joy would be greater than my sorrow. But I have little of a grateful heart. I take things as if I had *a right to them*—forgetting that the least thing I possess, temporal or spiritual, I do not in the least deserve; that all is a free gift of God to a rebel."

"Went to see Mrs. E\_\_\_\_\_. Had a very sweet visit. She is indeed a living epistle. She said, 'How sweet it is to think of the tree of life being so richly laden with fruit, that it bends down its branches, so that even I, lying here, can pluck and eat!' I asked her if she had prayed for me that I might kiss the rod. She said, 'I tried to do so: I had one of the sweetest

nights I have had for some time, and it began with praying for you. It was returned sevenfold into my own bosom, for I lay down under His own sweet smile. I asked for you, that Jesus would say to you what he said to Mary, Woman, why weepest thou? Oh! I felt it a sweet word!' She said again, 'The Lord has a bottle for His people's tears, and if we never were made to weep here, we should have no tears to be bottled.' I gave her some flowers. She smelt them, and said, with such a peculiar smile that I saw her meaning at once, 'Ah! the cold takes away some of the smell.' 'Yes,' I said, 'the cold of this wilderness takes away some of the fragrance of Christ's lilies; but their fragrance will be very sweet up yonder, when the Sun of Righteousness is shining full upon them.' Her answer was, 'Oh that I had the wings of a dove!'"

"*16th.*—Went to see my dear old friend, and was refreshed as usual. Speaking of E\_\_\_\_, she said, 'O that she may often have a walk round the Cross of Calvary, and in the evening, through the streets of the New Jerusalem, whose streets are of pure gold, leaning on her Beloved!' Again she said, 'O that she may often visit the believer's five hallowed spots—the Manger, Gethsemane, Calvary, the Tomb, and the Mount of Olives!'—Went to Mr. Macdonald's meeting in the evening. It was very solemn—on the Signs of the Times, as they shew that Christ's second coming is very near."

"*Monday, 20th.*—Was much drawn this morning to pray for more faith, strong faith, so that, however dark things may look, I may never distrust God. Perhaps He is to send me some trial that will need strong faith, for He never gives faith without trying it; but the trying of it is precious. But I must not be anticipating trial. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I was also much led to pray for grace to glorify Him in the place where I *now am*; not to put it off, as I am so apt

to do. What grace is this, that puts such desires within such an ungodly heart as mine!"

"22d.—Went to see Mrs. E\_\_\_\_. How sad to see her tried about outward things, when she has such a sore trial in her body! But she has her Lord's promise, that *all* these things are working together for her good. She was a rebuke to me. For, when her children may make what the world would call good marriages, her heart seems breaking at the thought that, by these outward temptations, their hearts may be drawn away from God. How different I am! How ready my wicked, worldly heart is to be glad, if at any time God seems to be sending my family any worldly good, instead of, like her, desiring first and chiefly for them the true riches! We had a very sweet though sorrowful meeting to-day. In trying to speak a word of comfort and encouragement to this beloved saint, I felt my own faith strengthened. And this night, in praying for her at our Father's throne, I felt, more than I remember ever doing, the sweetness of the privilege of being permitted to pray for the Lord's people."

"*Thursday, 23d.*—My Lord bruised Satan under my feet a little, this morning, and gave me great confidence in drawing near to Him. What a God he is! O to be a better servant! Am reading Mr. A. Bonar's book, *Redemption Drawing Nigh*. Felt, in reading it, how strange that I have thought so little of the second coming of Christ, when the Bible is full of it!"

"*Monday, 27th.*—My mouth has been filled with praise; O that my heart, too, were full this morning! I could do nothing but *praise*, as the Lord brought before me all His loving dealings with myself and my dear family. I felt that all that He had done was well, and that I could trust all our concerns with Him for time and for eternity."

Such are a few specimens of her experience at this time, which, along with the letters, will shew the advances she had been making. It was progress of a very decided kind. Little more than six years before, she was wholly of the world, with hardly a thought of the eternal kingdom. Now, she is far on in her course, making steadier progress during these few years than many in a lifetime. For, alas! in this, the mighty business of life, we seem to do little else than dream! Ten, twenty, forty years pass on, and we can scarcely discern our progress! We have hardly started from the goal! Sin uneradicated, unbelief still vigorous, evil tempers unsoftened, rebelliousness unsubdued, worldliness unconquered, slothfulness still oppressing us, selfishness still in its strength! Is this all the progress of men who profess to be followers of a holy Master, partakers of a heavenly calling, and heirs of an undefiled inheritance?

Ought we not to be "making haste"? Is it wise, is it safe, to loiter or allow sloth to steal upon us, so that we neither "endure hardness," nor "run," nor "fight," nor "strive," nor "wrestle," nor "keep under our body," nor "bring it unto subjection" at all? Crowns are not won by sluggards, nor are battles fought upon beds of down.

## CHAPTER 12

### Her Last Year

IN the beginning of January 1848, M \_\_\_\_ became the wife of Mr. G \_\_\_\_ , a devoted minister of the Free Church of Scotland. Thus she writes respecting this:—

*"Tuesday, 4th Jan., 1848.—Our marriage-day. Had an hour alone with God in the morning, and felt unutterable sweetness in asking Jesus to be at the marriage. My beloved M \_\_\_\_ and I were united at halfpast one. Dear Mr. Bonar married us. I can hardly tell how I have felt all this day; I felt more solemnity than anything else. Surely the Lord was in the midst of us. We had several of His disciples with us."*

Two days after, she reached her new dwelling. Peace seemed to rest on it, and the promise of long days. She was now just in such a sphere as she had often sought after—a sphere of quiet but fervent labour for her beloved Lord. What could better suit her retiring diffidence, and at the same time give scope to her warm zeal, than the rural retreat in which her lot was now cast? It appeared as if she were set there for years of patient, loving work, as the helpmate of His servant. Alas! we thought not that she was placed there only to ripen for an early tomb.

Her feelings are thus recorded in her diary:—

*"B\_\_\_\_, Thursday, January 6, 1848.—Arrived safely this morning with my beloved husband at our new home. May it be like that at Bethany, where Jesus often went; and may He*

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give me grace to do Martha's part in Mary's spirit, sitting at the Master's feet!"

Her experience during this year may in some measure be gathered from the following letters. It must, however, be remembered, that in her new circle, and with her new duties and cares, she had less time to write than before; so that the letters of this year are not so full and many as formerly.

"*B\_\_\_\_, January 8, 1848...MY DARLING E\_\_\_\_, When I received letters from P\_\_\_\_, I looked eagerly for *your* hand amongst them. I long to know how you have been getting on since I left you. I am sure if *you* miss *me*, I miss *you* very much. We were always *one*, at least since the time when we really *began to live*—began to live to God—and it is strange to me to be separated from you. May our God bless you, E., and, oh, may you have more of Him now than ever you had! I cannot tell you what I feel in writing to you; my heart is full, and yet it is with difficulty I can express what I feel. I feel as if I loved you more now than ever, and it makes me very sad to know that you will be missing poor M\_\_\_\_.*"

"*B\_\_\_\_, January 13, 1848...I went with my dear husband to his meeting at K\_\_\_\_, on Tuesday evening. It was pretty well attended—all common people, with the exception of\_\_\_\_; you remember of whom it is said, 'The common people heard Him gladly.' M\_\_\_\_ is lecturing through Ephesians. Do write soon; and, oh, don't make me sad by telling me that you miss your own M\_\_\_\_. I know that you do; but my heart is pained when I think of you being alone in that room where we have so often knelt together, and read or talked by the fire. Well, my beloved, you must draw all the nearer to Jesus, and if you do that, our separation will be a blessing to you. When I am writing to you, my heart gets so full of yourself, and the*

thought that *we two* are at last separated, that I can scarcely write about anything else."

"*January 15*...I am a rebuke to you, and to my late self also, for I rise by candle-light, and this morning we had breakfast and worship over by nine o'clock. After worship, we read together the Psalm for the day, and I then read aloud one of Rutherford's letters, and then we pray together. This is a very sweet part of our day's employments...Oh, E., how glad your account of dear \_\_\_\_ made me! I think, if he stands firm, it may have a very blessed effect on the others. Give him my warm love, and tell him that his Lord says to him, that he is 'to endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,' and that, if he suffer with Him now, he shall reign *with Him* hereafter. We shall be sure to remember him in prayer, that the Lord would hold him up, and then he cannot fall...How dependent we are on one another, and how sweet that it is so! Surely love is of God. There is something of heaven in the very thought of making another happy."

"*January 27*...MY DARLING R\_\_\_\_, Miss \_\_\_\_ drank tea with us on Tuesday before the prayer-meeting. She is one of the *right kind*, and I am greatly pleased with her. She proposed prayer together in my room, before going to the meeting, and it was very sweet. I have got a district to visit, and give tracts, and a Sabbath class. My district contains only about twenty families; but that will be enough, I daresay, as I have a house to attend to now. I feel that it is part of my service to Jesus to attend to that house, and to my dear husband's comfort as much as I can."

"Pray that I may win some souls in this place to *His* glory, who is so loving and gracious to unworthy me; and ask a blessing, too, dearest, on my Sabbath class. We go to it at

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five, and return about seven. M\_\_\_\_\_ has a class, also, of boys in the vestry. At present we have only four teachers; but one thing greatly delights me, and that is, that they are all real Christians. You would be greatly pleased with our little school. O to win *all* the children to Jesus! Another thing I must tell you about; I am anxious to commence a female prayer meeting, like the one at P\_\_\_\_\_.

Dearest M\_\_\_\_\_ quite agrees with me about it. I began to think of it when I saw the teachers, and simply thought of asking them to come once a week or so, and pray for a blessing on our labours in the school; but M\_\_\_\_\_ wants it to be more general, and to ask *all* the praying people who will come."

"I wish, dear, you would pray about this, for, as it will of course be in this house, I feel a good deal about it, all of them being strangers to me; and you know I am too apt to be *backward*. But I dare not stop a good work on that account; and, as my dear husband says, if I am weak, I shall just need to lean all the more on Christ for strength; and, he added (and I felt it was a word from God), 'it will be wonderful if He does not carry you through.' Miss \_\_\_\_\_ will be a great help to me, she is so much accustomed to these things, and the Misses \_\_\_\_\_ also, are real Christians. Your own loving M\_\_\_\_\_."

"B\_\_\_\_\_, February 3, 1848...Your letter this morning, about your coming, gave us both the greatest pleasure. The weather is milder now, so I don't think there is much fear of its injuring you to come here. How I long to see you! I long, too, to shew you my favourite study. It is there that we remember you all every morning at our Father's throne, and

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there that, as a family, we worship the blessed Lord who has given us all our blessings."

"*B\_\_\_\_, June 12, 1848...*I had such a sweet season in prayer yesterday morning, though it was almost all confession of my *black guilt*, so that I could not help praying with my whole soul, 'Lord, let me rather die than sin.' We had a fine day in church, too; my dear husband was much helped. I trust you pray for *him*, and for me, that I may not be a hindrance to him! I was seeing a very affecting sight in K\_\_\_\_ on Saturday—a brother and sister, about eighteen years of age, both in one room, rapidly sinking under consumption. How ill they look! especially the girl. I spoke and read to them, and intend to go again. I think the girl has really found Christ—I trust both have; but it is difficult to tell their state, they are so ill."

"*June 26, 1848...*There is none like Christ, after all, K,\_\_\_\_ ; not the very dearest on earth can fill the soul. Oh! it is a pleasant thing for a *dusty, thirsty* pilgrim to stop a moment on his journey, and take a drink of the water of life. Oh, pray that I may have a more thirsty soul!"

"*July 4, 1848...*What a chequered life this is! It may often be by the way of sorrow, and yet we are *sure* that it is by the *right way* our Father is leading us; and it ends in glory; it ends in being for ever together, and for ever with the Lord. Amen, so let it be!"

"*July 8...*I cannot tell you how sweetly the Spirit spoke these words to me, on reading them this morning—'Seek ye my face.' I had the feeling as if God were smiling on me, and saying so tenderly and so anxiously, 'Seek ye my face.' How sad it is to think I am so backward in doing it! Seek for me,

dear, a praying heart. I am not well, and fear I lead a very useless life now. I read a good deal, however. I have finished the *Account of the Revivals*, and *Whitefield's Life*, also *Philip Henry's Life*; and I am now reading *Matthew Henry's*. I have taken such a longing for this house to be like 'Broadoak' (their house). What a sweet Christian household that was! I must conclude now, as writing fatigues me."

"B\_\_\_\_, July 24, 1848...I often marvel when I think how tenderly the Lord deals with me. Pray for me that I may not *provoke* Him to send trials by loving His gifts more than Himself. It will be sad indeed for my soul if I try to feed it with anything but Himself. I feel much drawn just now to seek grace to do my worldly duties *for God*. I have such a temptation to think I am not serving Him, except when I am at prayer, or reading the Word; and yet, on the other hand, I feel I am so naturally averse to all that is holy and spiritual, that I fear lest I am tempted to neglect the throne of grace, thinking that I am glorifying Him, though I am not there. What grace we need, to walk in the narrow path! we are so apt to go aside every moment!"

"B\_\_\_\_, September 16, 1848...I have little news to give you. More I think goes on in the *world within* than without. What searchings of heart I have at times! I shall never be what I ought to be till I am standing *faultless* before the throne."

"B\_\_\_\_, October 7...It gave me much joy to see that He has put a *praising* spirit in you, my own sweet R., for *that* is the happiest and the most God-glorifying state we can be in. How often have I got rid of a sad and heavy heart (and many a one you and I have had together), just by beginning to praise the Lord! and, oh! when we do begin this blessed, this *heavenly* work, what endless cause we find to praise Him! We

find, then, that not only *time*, but *eternity* is too short to utter all His praise. How we shall praise Him even here, if these trials lead those so dear to us to Jesus! *That* will make us forget all our sorrows from very joy. I need not tell you that my poor prayers rise up for you many a time; and *through Jesus*, even they will prevail. I fear I write sad letters, dearest; but you know, 'when *one member* suffers, all the members suffer with it.' Though absent *in body*, oh, how constantly and truly I am with you *in heart!*"

"B\_\_\_\_, November 1848...I was very happy to hear about the new work you are engaged in. I trust that the Lord will bless it to many souls. So you have been hearing Mr. A. Bonar? How glad shall I be when he comes here! We are to have Mr. Reid of Collessie preaching for us next Sabbath; I wish *you* could be here to hear him. We are to have a sermon on the first or second Sabbath of every month, in the evening, for some months to come. Ask that the Lord would direct in the choice of His servants, and come with them, and bless His own word."

"I do not feel well at present. It is a solemn thing to think of this! The danger to myself; and then, to be *a mother!* I too have the care of an immortal soul! Oh, pray for me, my own dear sister, pray that I may really feel weak, and be able to say, 'When I am weak, *then* I am strong.' A fear comes over me at times, but He says, 'Lo, I am with you *always*,' and so He will be with me *then*. I have little news to give you, except that I *do* love you, and that I have been giving some tracts to-day. Oh for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this dry place!"

"B\_\_\_\_, Thursday...MY DARLING R\_\_\_\_, How I wish you were here just now! there is not a creature in this house

except myself! My dear husband is at a prayer-meeting at P\_\_\_\_, and I have sent both the servants also, and so am left solitary. But 'I am not alone, for *the Father* is with me.' O that I desired and *felt* His presence more! I went up the hill on Monday to visit Mrs. W\_\_\_\_, and had a nice meeting with her; I have been seeing another dear Christian also—one of our people in P—. She was very happy to see me, and spoke so of my M\_\_\_\_. Her eyes filled with tears, as she said, 'No one can tell how I love my minister.' She made me *very* glad by telling me that she profited so much under his ministry. All the people I visit speak the same way of him. I find when I go amongst them how much beloved he is, and I think it does *me* good in this way, that it makes me far more anxious that I may not be a hindrance to him, and so be a *curse* in place of a *blessing* to the people. Pray for me, for a wife has great influence over a husband, for good or for evil. I wish I were able to go more amongst the people, but I feel less able every day now; but, if spared, I trust to be more with them afterwards."

"B\_\_\_\_, *Friday*...I cannot tell you how *very* glad your letter about \_\_\_\_\_ — made me. O how blessed to have such a hope that she is safe *for eternity!* I wish you would pray for my poor soul, for I have many more things now to drag me to earth, and many more duties (right in themselves) to do, and I fear that my soul suffers. O that I could do Martha's part in Mary's spirit! It is curious, that sometimes, after a great many worldly duties and feelings, on going to prayer, I have more relish for it than ever. But this, alas! is not always the case. It will be terrible if I am less spiritual, now that I am a minister's wife, than I used to be."

"B\_\_\_\_, *Wednesday*...'The Lord reigneth;' that text came into my mind after I had read your letter this morning, and it was

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very sweet to me, for I thought, 'then all is well' with my darling E\_\_\_\_, though she may not see it as clearly as she will one day—if not here, yet in that bright sunny land of which *Jesus* is the light. It is written, 'Let the earth be glad;' let you and me be glad too."

"*Thursday*...Leave the future with the Lord, who has promised to make all things work together for your good. It is the enemy who tells you that you are not fit to die; he takes advantage of the weakness of your body to trouble your soul; but he was a liar from the beginning. 'Trust *ye* in the Lord for ever.' Trust Him who says, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' He will not give you dying grace before the time; but He says, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' You are His own child, and He says, 'My sheep shall never perish.' How much sadder I should be about you, when I hear of all your trials, did I not know *whose hand* sends these painful rods, for 'the present not joyous but grievous!' How sweet it is to think that our Father possesses unerring wisdom, as well as boundless love. If He were only *loving*, we would be afraid to trust ourselves entirely to His guidance; we should fear He might err even in His love—as *we* so often do; —but He is *wise* as well as full of love, and oh, we may safely trust such a God! It is indeed a great trial to me that we do not suffer *together*, as many a day we have done; but that is His doing too. He has ordered our different paths, and *therefore* they are right. I was thinking, after I read your letter, of that terrible time (our father's death) when I, too, was alone, and when I found it a very precious time for my soul. And how very soon after, the Lord fulfilled His word to His fatherless child, in giving her another earthly protector, and that one of His own dear children! When things are at the darkest, they often turn very bright. How bright they will be *up yonder*, without a cloud!"

Of this period of her life, her bereaved husband thus writes:— "As a minister's wife, she was a beautiful exemplar of what one holding that responsible situation should be. She was most anxious for her husband's usefulness, and strove, in every way, to be a help-meet to him. She felt very deeply her unfitness for the situation which she had been called in providence to occupy, and very fearful of being a hindrance to her husband. She accompanied him every Sabbath to the evening school, in which she taught a class of girls, in whose spiritual state she took a deep interest, which was evinced, not merely by the affection and earnestness with which she spoke to them from the lessons of the school, but also by her inviting them to the house for prayer on week-day evenings. Immediately after her arrival here, she commenced a prayermeeting with a few pious females belonging to the congregation. Her heart was very much in this meeting, though it was not so well attended as she desired."

"She had also a district for the distribution of the *Monthly Visitor* tracts, and this opportunity she improved for reading the Word of God, and praying with the people, and speaking with them on the great subject of salvation. She proposed also having a general class of young women; and I remember well her great delight one day, after having visited, along with a pious female, the district from which the class was to be gathered, because of the many promises of attendance which she had received. But such was her diffidence of herself, that this work was not immediately undertaken; and then, bodily weakness, and finally death, prevented it. It was delightful to see how much her *heart* was in the spiritual work in which she herself engaged, and in her husband's public duties; what life there was in her religious undertakings. The Holy Spirit

was, indeed, in her a 'well of water springing up into everlasting life.'"

Then, as to the last scenes in her life, he gives this brief narrative:— "For four or five weeks before her confinement, she was subjected to great bodily weakness and frequent pain; and during this period, it was her greatest regret that she was excluded from the services of the sanctuary; and, indeed, it was only through her husband's strong remonstrances that she was kept at home, when it was obvious to others that she was unable to attend. During this period, she wished me very much to be always with her; but this desire at once gave way to the call of duty. I think it was on the evening of her last Sabbath on earth, that I was very desirous to remain with her, instead of going to the Sabbathschool. The evening was very stormy and wet; but she insisted on my leaving her, and going to the school as usual, for I might be useful there—and what other consideration could be so important as this? So unwilling was she that regard for her should be a hindrance to any ministerial duty."

"Notwithstanding her weakness, neither of us apprehended danger. We thought and spoke of her approaching confinement very hopefully. My own state of mind appears to me now in the aspect of security. How this aggravated the heaviness of the stroke that was so soon to fall, it is unnecessary to say. But she said she was prepared for the Lord's will: she rested on 'the Rock;' she 'knew in whom she had believed.' The last religious book—with exception of her daily companion, the Bible—which she read, was Mr. H. Bonar's little work, *The Blood of the Cross*, presented to her by me on the anniversary of our marriage-day. The last chapter that she read was the 9th, 'The Thoughts of the Saint

concerning the Blood.' How suitable for being the last subject of meditation on earth for one who was on the eve of joining the happy company who sing in heaven! 'Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood.'"

"She was taken ill early on Tuesday morning, 23d January—already very much reduced in strength, owing to previous illness. Of the sufferings of the last few days of her life, I cannot trust myself to speak. Her mind was very much distracted by her great distress, and she could hold but little communication with others. It was the Lord's will that her life, and not her death-bed, was to be her testimony. I think it was on the Wednesday forenoon that she mentioned to me five texts that gave her comfort but amid the confusion and surprise of this sad season, only two have stuck to my memory: '*And call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shall glorify me.*' '*The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.*'"

"About three or four A.M., on Thursday, 25th, she gave birth to a son, who survived her only for a day. It was the last effort of her ebbing strength. She never rallied after this, but sunk into a state of unconsciousness, breathing very heavily. When it became too evident that she was dying, all present knelt by her bedside, with overflowing hearts and weeping eyes; and I was enabled to commend her in prayer to the care of that Good Shepherd who is with His own in the dark valley, and conducts them safely across Jordan. About three P.M. she breathed her last; and from the acutest suffering on earth, she immediately passed into the unutterable joy of her Saviour's presence above. It was a solemn season to all—a most painful season to one heart,—but, oh! what balm did the hope pour into the bleeding wound, that she who had

suffered so much now suffered no more, but reposed on the gentle bosom of Jesus, the husband who first had her heart!"

A short time before this she had written to her friend respecting her prospects:—"I want your prayers for the unborn child of your friend. That child has now a soul that will live for ever; and I earnestly claim for it your prayers, that its soul may live, even though it should never see the light of this world. I have given this precious trust to Jesus, and He will keep that which is committed to Him. I had a very sweet and solemn time this afternoon for this. I gave anew my beloved husband and myself to Him; and then I gave Him our yet unborn child, that He might give it back to us, *His* child. It is sweet to commit everything to His hands."

In what way God was to answer her, she thought not; nor how fully each petition was to be granted, though by events in which man's eye might see nothing but the frustration of her dearest hopes. Jesus did indeed accept the charge thus committed to Him by His trustful child; but He did not give it back to her in the way that she had prayed for, that she might bring it up for Him here, and lead it through the wilderness into the rest to which she herself was hastening on. He bore it away from earth, to be trained up in His nearer presence, and in a purer clime than this. She had been thinking of its training here, and, in the fondness of a mother's hope, had been preparing for it; for in a recess behind the drawing-room shutter were found some few choice books for children, such as might have been useful had they been spared to each other. But the Lord had purposed to take the training into His own hands entirely. The education was to be conducted above, on no earthly system, and by no human teacher.

In tranquil unconsciousness, the mother sunk away to rest, the everlasting arms upholding her, and knew not that she was a mother till she had passed beyond the confines of earth, and was overtaken by her babe on its way to the Paradise above. Unknowing of the mother that had borne him, yet, as if drawn by some strange attraction, and unable to remain behind, the babe, ere another day broke, had followed her into the presence of the Lord. There they now met, and there they rest together, mother and infant, doubly knit together, in life and in death, he only knowing her as a mother in heaven, and she only knowing him as a perfected spirit, without one spot of that sin which she so abhorred in herself; her first-born and her last; only for a few hours a child of wrath, and sin, and death, and then an heir of life and glory for ever!

Happy child, thus early laid to rest! Taken away from the evil to come; landed on the bright shore, ere one rude wave had gone over him! Thrice happy mother! Mother of a child that never wept! Mother of a child that never heaved a sigh, and into whose spirit none of earth's griefs, or fears, or bitter disappointments can ever find their way!

Passionately fond of infants as she was, she would either have doated over it to idolatry if living, or gone mourning in disconsolate sadness, if taken away. She was graciously saved from the sin of the one excess, and the pain of the other. The child, which she had given to the Lord, was not to be allowed to come between her and her God. Yet they were not to be parted,—or, but for a few hours, and then reunited for ever.

Happy child, and thrice happy mother!—he saved all an infant's pains and weaknesses; she spared all a mother's

sorrows and fears, yet blest with more than all a mother's joys!

As if in token of their union, they were placed in the same coffin, as well as laid in the same grave; the babe resting on its mother's breast, and enfolded in her arms. Thus they lie pleasantly together in the quiet churchyard, sleeping in Jesus, till the voice of the archangel shall summon them to meet their Lord in the air.

It was a tranquil end indeed! She had fought the fight, and the struggle was over ere she came to die.

She escaped the bitterness of partings that would have rent her heart, and, it may be, clouded her departure. Her Lord himself seemed to draw a curtain between her and things visible ere she had yet left them, and, in utter unconsciousness of all things round her, she breathed out her spirit.

It had been a sore and weary battle in days past, yet the victory was won and the crown secured. And who would not wage such a warfare to win such a crown?

Eight years ago she was a heedless worldling, and now she is with her Lord! Brief pilgrimage! Crowded with hopes and fears, and tossings and tremblings, and griefs and gladnesses, such as might have filled up a far longer story. Hers was not a long passage, though a stormy one; and for its end how often had she longed! To be away, to be at home, to be with her holy Saviour, in His holy heaven, amid His holy angels—how often had she sighed and wept! And, glad to be so soon done with the voyage, and to leave behind her the clouds and blasts of an unquiet sea, she stepped tranquilly ashore at the

desired haven, which she had so speedily and unexpectedly reached, and, her infant in her arms, went up into the presence of her Lord!

"No stone," says her sister, "is as yet put up to mark her grave; should there ever be one, I would put her favourite text upon it, So shall we ever be with the Lord."

Her husband's pen thus delineates her character:—"Her death produced a deep sensation, which took the form not only of sympathy for the bereaved, but of sorrow for a great loss to the religious interests of the place. Her funeral sermons were preached by Mr. Brodie of Monimail and Mr. Reid of Collessie—and it was remarked that there was scarcely a dry eye in the congregation on the mournful occasion.

"I would now give a few traits of her religious character, as these were impressed on me during the short time we were together. She was a remarkably sweet Christian; love predominated in her religion; she was naturally of a very gentle and affectionate disposition—and when the highest and holiest object of love was revealed to her, she clung to Him with all her soul. Her love to Jesus was a clinging, confiding, devoted love. Her religion was not an adherence to certain doctrines, but was more to a living person—the 'Man Christ Jesus,'—in whom all truth meets—the Alpha and Omega—the friend, the brother, husband—all."

"Her humility was also remarkable. She cherished a deep feeling of personal unworthiness, and more particularly in reference to the responsible situation of a minister's wife. She often said, 'Oh, think of my being a minister's wife!' She was

never happy but in the background—out of sight. She thought herself fit for no duty, and worthy of no mercy."

"Her love of prayer was very great. She knew not prayer as a formality; it was more than a duty with her—it was the sweetest privilege, it was the intercourse of a child with a father, it was fellowship with God. She had the grace of prayer in a high degree, remarkable liberty and access in it. She had great love for prayer-meetings, and much enjoyment in them. In speaking of the intercourse she had with Christian friends, she always mentioned, as the sweetest part of it, their meeting together at a throne of grace."

"Her spirituality of mind was great. She panted after God and heavenly things. She feared much the deadening influence of the world, and was exquisitely alive to the least declension from a heavenly frame. A finely-polished blade is easily blunted, and so it was with her heavenlytempered spirit. After her marriage especially, her complaints became very bitter of the encroachments of the creature. I have found her more than once rising from her knees bathed in tears. In that humble posture she had been mourning before God, over the increasing influence of the world and creature affection—over her deadness and backslidings. Her Bible and Hymn Book are full of pencil marks, which give no doubtful indications of her prevailing feelings. I find passages of three kinds chiefly marked,—such as are expressive of the preciousness of Christ, of personal unworthiness, and of longing after the presence of God in heaven. The hymn in the Bible Hymn Book, marked 'My Hymn,' is, 'For ever with the Lord,' &c. Her well-worn and well-pencilled Bible is a precious legacy. The blank leaves at the beginning and end are covered over with texts, in the handwriting of the godly ministers and Christian friends she most esteemed and loved."

We close with the following letter from one whose name often occurs in the preceding letters, and to whose ministry and counsels she felt herself so greatly a debtor:—

*"Newington, Edinburgh, October 26, 1852...MY DEAR BROTHER,* I regret much that the pressure of other duties has prevented my complying with your kind request till now; and I choose the form of a letter to yourself, both as giving more opportunity for the expression of cordial esteem for our departed friend, and as best suited to the mere glimpses of her character which I am able to offer you. I felt delighted when you told me of your intention to bring together what may form a permanent memorial of her worth, for her whole religious experience afforded a fine specimen of 'peace in believing,' and of 'sanctification through the truth.' The grand elementary principles of the gospel had a very strong hold on her understanding and her heart. The finished work of Calvary was the rock on which she rested her whole immortal hope, and the truth concerning it was the uniform spring of peaceful feeling and holy motive. Of the freeness of grace to the chief of sinners, her views were singularly clear and simple, and it was not only an article in her creed, but a deep practical persuasion, that the difference between the brightest and best of saints, and 'the vilest wretch who breathes the air,' is and must be the fruit of mere sovereign mercy. This, indeed, was one of her favourite themes. Feeling herself 'a debtor to mercy alone,' she was wont to speak of it with a warmth and emphasis which indicated that it was in her a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

"I remember some seasons, while she was connected with my congregation, during which she was sore vexed by the keen winds of spiritual trial. But even at such times I was greatly

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struck with the simplicity of her reliance on the testimony of God, just because the testimony was His. Her language was of this sort: 'There is nothing for the like of me but casting myself on the Saviour *as I am*—a lost sinner, nothing but a sinner; I wonder He admits me into His presence, and I wonder how I can venture; *but then He has promised* to take my burden, and to give me rest. Everything in Jesus suits my case; all the blessings of His salvation are *meant* for such as I am; who else could make use of them? *Why not for me?*' Thus she found that lost peace must be recovered and preserved precisely as it was obtained at first, the Christian living all along as he began to live, 'by the faith of the Son of God,' and 'holding the beginning of his confidence steadfast unto the end.'

"Many a time have I felt quickened by hearing her speak as she did of Jesus, as a Friend who was not only believed to be faithful, but who had been tried, and found to be so; of prayer, as becoming day by day dearer to her, from its having so often given vent and brought relief to her anxieties; and of meditation on the Word, as more and more inviting in proportion as she experienced its virtue to bear her on its wings above sublunary vexations. 'The Sabbath' was truly her 'delight,' and she 'honoured it' by the liveliest attachment to all its ordinances. Whoever might be the preacher, those were her favourite sermons that had most of Christ in them; and, as I marked her expressive countenance while listening to the Glad Tidings, it seemed to say more plainly than any language could, 'This word is found of me, and I am eating it; and it is the joy and rejoicing of my heart.' It was because her piety was thus 'planted by the rivers of waters,' and fed by secret springs, that its leaf remained so green. One of the best proofs of her joy in her religion being the joy of the Lord, was, that it had for its companion genuine Humility. The

standard by which she formed her estimate of herself was neither the attainments nor the commendations of others, but the law and the love of Jesus; she preferred speaking of *Him*, the Adorable Object in whom she confided, rather than of her own confidence; and when on fit occasions she *did* 'give a reason of the hope' she so happily enjoyed, it was eminently 'with meekness and fear.'"

"I frequently admired her jealous avoidance of whatever was likely to obstruct her growth in grace, such as books of a light and trifling character, worldly amusements, or association with persons who held their profession in a formal or worldly spirit. She had a great fear of occupying debateable or doubtful ground where the life of her soul might be exposed to counteracting influences; and in judging of what was uncongenial or inexpedient, she was not guided by the opinions of others, so much as by her own experience. If anything had been found prejudicial to *her*, that was reason enough for shunning it, even though other Christian friends might think it harmless."

"She justly attached great importance to active usefulness as a means of grace. The kindness of her manner endeared her much as a Sabbathschool Teacher, and a Visitor in the home of poverty and in the chamber of affliction. Her zeal in doing good was real pleasure, the vital glow and energy of one who 'loved much.' She felt that there was absolutely one great object to be lived for—to get closer and closer to the Saviour's pierced side, that thence she might tell out the story of His love, and that thither she might draw poor souls that were straying far from their rest. I believe she has met in the Happy Land with some whose harps are struck with a stronger hand in the praise of their Redeeming God, for the

instructions of her lips, the consistency of her example, and the importunity of her prayers."

"Deeply do I feel, along with you, my dear brother, that 'we can ill spare from our congregations such praying ones as she.' May the Lord raise us up many more! Often has He made the temporal death of one, the spiritual life of others. I trust the blessed Truth she used to press with all the earnestness of living affection on those she sought to win, shall still come back on their memories and their hearts with all the melting accompaniments of the grave and eternity, that there may be joy in heaven over souls brought back to God and of that joy she herself will be one of the happy partakers."

"While writing these slight and hasty hints, I have felt as if I heard her interrupting me, and saying, '*Speak not of me, speak of Jesus.*' But have I not been speaking of Jesus, when commemorating some of the fruits of His abounding grace, which gave her all she had, and made her all she was? *To grace be all the glory!*—I am, my dear brother, yours very cordially, JAMES ROBERTSON."

Yes, surely it is the "grace of God" that her life shews forth so marvellously; it is of the glory of Christ that it so fully speaks; it is to the riches of His love that it so largely testifies. And it is God, not man, that this book is meant to exalt. The biographer may have come short in many things which he set out with aiming at; for it is not easy so to sketch a life as that God shall be fully seen in all its features, and man as much hidden, as in the building of a new world, or the kindling of a new star. Yet he has striven to exhibit not man, but God; not a model of creature-excellence, but a specimen of divine workmanship. He has aimed at shewing, not the steps by

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which man makes himself religious, and the ease with which he does this; but the way in which the Holy Spirit recasts and re-moulds fallen humanity—the process by which He brings light out of darkness, the heavenly out of the earthly—the discipline by which He trains and educates a child for His kingdom. In an age when multitudes, with the Bible in their hands and Gethsemane before their eyes, are casting about for an easy religion, a smoother road to the New Jerusalem than the rugged path along which the Master has led the way; when many seem to think that by a proper admixture of high sentiment and devout aspiration, they may construct a religion for themselves—a religion of sunshine, and balm, and azure—undarkened by shadows, and unmarred by storms; it is well to call attention to certain elements in religion, which by such dreamers are supposed to be symptoms of spiritual unhealthiness, indications of bodily unsoundness, if not of mental feebleness—elements of which the Psalms are full—elements of which the seventh chapter of the Romans is the expression;—the broken heart, the bitter tear, the cry from the depths, the unutterable groan, the desperate conflict with the flesh, and the still more desperate wrestling with the principalities and powers of hell.

If this Memorial has merely drawn the reader's eye to man, and made him love a character or admire a life, or weep over an early death, it has wholly failed. If it has not turned the eye to God, and fixed the admiration upon the glories of His Incarnate Son; if it has not laid bare the hollowness of the world, and the mighty fulness of the eternal kingdom, so as to lead men to desire the better country; if it has not quickened the languid, startled the sleeper, made the loiterer blush, and roused the saint to a swifter race and a higher flight—it has not effected its end.

THE END

## Footnotes

[1] That she was a novel-reader in these days will not surprise us. But I believe that, after her conversion, till the day of her death, she never opened a novel. It is worth while saying this, for the warning of the young. There is hardly a more subtle and deadly snare than novel reading. The love of the world, the idle sentimentalism, the vitiated taste, the disrelish for spiritual things which it produces, are enough (apart from everything immoral) to make such books objects of suspicion and dread.

[2] In the spirit in which Augustine recorded the sins of his youth, are these scenes recorded. "I am willing to remember my past impurities," says he, "and the carnal corruptions of my soul, not that I may love them, but that I may love thee, O my God. From the love of thy love I do it, recollecting my most evil ways, in the bitterness of memory, that thou mayest become more sweet to me. Oh! sweetness that disappointest not, sweetness blessed and abiding, gathering me together from the dispersion in which I had been rent asunder, atom by atom! While averse from thee only, I lost myself amid a thousand vanities."

[3] Perhaps some reader may remember Augustine's striking expression as to God "pursuing his fugitives"—*immiſſus dorſo fugitivorum tuomm* (Conf. iv. 4). In another place he thus ſpeaks of the time immediately before his conversion:—"I became more wretched, and thou nearer.

Already was thy right hand preſent, about to pluck me from the mire and to waſh me; yet I knew it not" (vi. 16). And

elsewhere he speaks of "deafening himself to the voice of God with the clanking of his chains."

[4] It may perhaps interest the reader to learn a little of the state of spiritual matters at the time when M\_\_\_\_\_ came amongst us. The following reminiscences are from the letter of a dear friend:—"I have been looking over my gleanings at these times, and I find that, during those weeks in the summer of 1841, when God's Spirit first moved on the darkness of our friend's Heart, our minister was, in his Sabbath ministrations, unfolding a full salvation, and shewing that immediate peace would follow its acceptance. The following brief notes occur in my scrap-book: 'God has provided the Lamb, he has set up the altar, there is nothing more needed than what was done 1800 years ago; furnish yourself with what God has done. It is all you need, sinner. The common fooling is, that God requires something more than what Christ has done, some conciliatory gift to be laid upon his altar, as if God was to be bribed by us...The message of the Gospel proceeds on the fact that every man is under the infinite displeasure of the infinite God...God says, 'meet me at the cross! All, this is the mercy-seat where God and the sinner meet!'...'No holiness without forgiveness.' I find also that we had a peculiarly refreshing and prayerful season about that time. Souls were brought to peace ill believing, and some awakened, besides God's people being quickened. One of the latter said to me on one of the days of our May Communion—"I am like Abraham when God called him, he went he knew not whither, never dreaming of the bliss awaiting him in God's service;" and again, 'This joy is not like the world's joy, for it heals the heart, and then it will be for ever.' I remember too the weeping of one now away, and the energy with which he spoke in the church-porch, of the effect of the Word upon his soul—"I never felt before the truth

come with such power as *that* has done.' A Christian woman told me some years after, that she was brought to Christ under a lecture on the healing of the noble man's son, in which the same power, ability, and willingness of Christ to meet the need of those who come to him, were set forth; *Go thy way, thy son liveth*;—the simple word of Jesus, she said, was just to be believed, and she went on her way rejoicing."

[5] It may interest the reader to have some reminiscences of the season when M\_\_\_\_\_ found peace. The friend formerly quoted thus proceeds:— "On the 20th of June, the 5th chapter of John was begun. Jesus was set before us as the healer, we saw the fulness of his character as the healer, his tenderness as well as his skill. Glimpses of the manhood of our Lord—*Jesus went up to the feast*: what feasts must there have been to his holy, human soul! what pure worship, what fellowship with the Father! I remember dear M\_\_\_\_\_ dwelling with great delight on the steps of Jesus; she delighted in the person of the Lord, and seemed to realise his minutest actions as recorded in the Word. I think she began at an early stage of her experience, even when her peace fluctuated much, to be attracted by the *person* of the Lord. Her anxiety was that she might come to *Jesus himself*; not merely that she might understand this or that doctrine about Jesus. In *June 27*, on John 5:10-15, we were led to see the opposition to Jesus and his work: what saints are to expect from the world; when Christ does his mighty works in a town, or congregation, or family, what opposition! Our dear friend knew something of this, and learned meekness under it. You will remember her earnest longings after humility when this cross came. *July 5*.—John 5:17-19. We saw Jesus as Emmanuel, the Son, the Sent One, the centre of all beauty, divine and human, of all glory, created and uncreated, and we were glad when it was said to us, 'hear ye him.' *July 11*.—John 5:20, 21. The

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Father's love to the Son;—the bearing of this love on us and our interests; it is because of this love of the Father to the Son that the sinner has hope; the more we realise this truth, the more firm we shall feel the ground of our acceptance. What a well of life this subject was to many! Dear M\_\_\_\_ luxuriated in such truths. *July 18.*—John 5:24. It is in hearing the word of Jesus that we are blest; his words contain and convey the blessing; we get it by becoming listeners to him; it is not a *future* merely, but a *present* life he gives. *July 25.*—Communion Sabbath. We had meetings every night in the church this week, Mr. Cousin and Mr. John Bonar assisting. Sabbath evening. Mr. J. B.'s text—'*Lay hold on eternal life;*' people much quickened. One man could not sleep after it...Our dear friend M\_\_\_\_ came to me for a day (*July 27*), the greatest part of which was spent in reading the Word. I remember the eagerness with which she asked questions, and her thirst to be acquainted with Christ. She had occasional joy, but not steady peace at this time."

[6] From this "little paper" we extract a few sentences:—"My beloved sister, will you accept as a present from me the accompanying volume? It is the best of books, for it is able to make you wise unto salvation. Oh! pray to God that it may do so. Read often in His holy book, and read with prayer...Pray that he may teach you to love him...Do not despond, and say you cannot love him, that you have no *feeling*. Pray for feeling. Ask him to teach you to love him and his ways, better than all the world, and he will teach you...He longs for you to come to him, that he may bless you by giving you himself...He wants to make us happy with his love even here; and then, when we leave this life, where shall we be if we have believed in his name? In heaven with Himself. We shall see him face to face, we shall see him as he is. Is not the thought of living for ever with Jesus in heaven, enough to

make us give up this poor, perishing world?...One thing is needful; oh! choose that good part, and it shall not be taken from you. And, dearest, when we pray for ourselves, do not let us forget to pray for others. Let us pray that, as we are now a family on earth, we may be found, at the last day, a family in heaven...That God may enable you to overcome, is the earnest prayer of your most affectionate sister, M\_\_\_\_.—*August 20, 1841.*

[7] Shortly after conversion, an old minister thus describes his feelings— "I went about the fields singing songs of triumph over Satan."

[8] The Rev. James B. Hay, afterwards minister of the Free Church at North Berwick, is the person here alluded to. He was born at Kelso, and his soul was early drawn to seek after God. His zeal as a Sabbath-school teacher was singularly fresh and fervent. Rising often at four o'clock on a Sabbath morning, he would continue in prayer for his class for hours together. The interest which he took in the welfare of each was unwearied. He met with them, he visited them, he prayed with them, he wrote to them, he kept his eye and heart upon them in after years. Stirred up by the example of his friend Mr. A. Murray (whose labours the Lord has so owned in the South Sea Islands), he resolved to dedicate himself to the missionary cause, and left Kelso to carry on his studies. He did so, and while studying in Edinburgh, he manifested the same fervour of spirit and the same zeal for God as in his earlier years. He was afterwards led to change his mind as to the missionary field, and in the year 1844 was settled at North Berwick. His health soon broke down, and within a year after his settlement he died, resting on his long-known, well-loved Lord. In the month of September 1842, he was on a visit to Dundee, and thus writes to M\_\_\_\_ and her

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sister:—"Having much to tell you of what the Lord has done and is doing in this town, I shall soon pay you a visit, and join with you in giving thanks to the Lord, your Lord and my Lord, for his gracious doings. There are three weekly meetings held within the walls of L\_\_\_\_\_ house (where he was staying), at which I have often to officiate; and never did I witness such interesting scenes. The number on Sabbath nights, within the last two months, has increased from sixty or seventy to nearly two hundred. Most of them are mill girls, and many of them have truly become members of the family of God...I hope you are both prospering in soul, and realising yourselves not inhabitants of earth, but heirs of glory."

[9] This seems to have been the mere *feeling* of an over-sensitive nature, wrought upon by Satan to distract and perplex her. It is evident, from every page of her correspondence, that she did not overlook any of the persons of the Godhead. To think more of one person of the Godhead than of another at different times, is not to overlook or dishonour any; it is simply to net according to the constitution of our finite natures.

[10] This gladness at another's joy, so often given vent to in these letter, reminds one of the apostle's feeling: "We are glad, when (or although) we are weak, and (that) ye are strong; and this also we wish, even your perfection" (2 Cor. 13:9).

[11] As darkness has its root in sin and unbelief, it cannot be God's will; that we should remain in it; and we know who has said, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."

[12] M\_\_\_\_ generally went to St Luke's in Edinburgh, at Communion seasons. Not relishing the kind of teaching that she got nearer home, she tried other places, and at last resolved to go to Musselburgh, to attend the ministry of Mr. Robertson, the excellent and devoted minister of the United Presbyterian Church, then at that town, now at Newington.

[13] This mode of decoying the unwilling or the unwary is so common, that one wonders how any can be deceived by it. "Oh, it is just a small family party—a harmless dance among the young people!" Thus the world lays its snares! And, not seldom, those who call themselves Christians are found doing the same thing, and using the same argument! They want to enjoy as much of the world as will not damage their reputation for being Christians. They will not dance quite so long as the world dances; they will not crowd so many into their party as the world does; and thus they will enjoy the world, and yet pass for Christians! Ah! the cunning and the cowardice, to which half-hearted discipleship has to resort! Afraid to be worldlings, yet more afraid to be Christians! There are none who do Satan's work so effectually as these. How many such are there in the "religious world!"

[14] "Oh, how fully am I persuaded that a line of praises is worth a leaf of prayer; and an hour of praises is worth a day of fasting and mourning! Yet there is room enough for both."—*Letter of John Livingstone*.

[15] The Communion here referred to was in February. But Mr. M'Cheyne, whose visit is anticipated in the above passage, was not with us. He was called away by the Church to visit a large district in the north of Scotland. It may interest some to see his letter telling me of this: "My dear Horace, it grieves me, as much as it can grieve you, to be absent from your

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Communion; yet I do not see how it can be otherwise. We have now fixed to start, God willing, on Monday next, 6th February. We have twenty-three parishes, and I fear we can get no extra labourers. I have no hope of being home till Saturday the 25th, the day before your Communion. I expect reproach and contempt, if not broken bones: but the King of Zion beckons, and I feel I ought to obey, without fear or murmur. Our Communion is on the third Sabbath of April. I am glad that you reckon on it. I trust God will make up to us both for my being kept from you. Remember me much in prayer, and believe me ever yours, till Jesus come. *January 31, 1843.* ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

[16] This was a basket from the proceeds of which it was hoped that something might be got for the cause of God.

[17] In a diary of the seventeenth century, there is a statement which may illustrate this: "I have been much hindered from duty by studying the manner of duty, rather than the substance of it; by studying faith in prayer rather than prayer in faith."

[18] The answer to this difficulty is just that these are two parts of the same thing; our *conscience* rests on the *work* of Christ, and is pacified; our *heart* rests on the person of Christ, and is comforted and gladdened.

[19] Daily Texts, in Tract Society's Almanac.

[20] So also thought John Owen, who, in his treatise on Communion with God, thus wrote:—"A true saving knowledge of sin is to be had only in the Lord Christ; in him may we see the desert of our iniquities and their pollution: neither is there any wholesome view of these but in Christ."

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[21] Old Mr Powel, in the seventeenth century, seems to have been troubled with this kind of preaching. He writes thus:—"Satan would keep souls from believing by persuading them that they are not yet qualified and sufficiently fitted for Christ, and that they have not seen themselves absolutely lost, nor so much burdened with sin as they should. And it is to be feared, that Satan makes use of many of God's ministers, as the old prophet mentioned (1 Kings 13:11, &c.), to keep off, and drive away souls from Christ, under the notion of preaching peremptory doctrine for Christ, and so seeking to fit men for Him, as some have preached many months together this doctrine, before they would preach Christ at all; whereas their commission, and the example of Christ and his disciples, was, to preach glad tidings first."

[22] The whole of this passage is worth quoting:—"I saw that those whom they made their prey were ordinarily old, jaded professors, that never found the satisfying sweetness of their own religion, and in time wearying of it, and not able to resist the strong temptation of spiritual enemies, and wanting rest in Christ because never truly united to Him, have withered, and, like the unclean spirit, seeking rest and finding none, have here at last stumbled."

[23] How sad it is—ay, worse than sad—that so many of our Sabbathschool teachers lose sight of these things! Is not the teaching of an *unprepared* teacher positively *injurious*, even though sound and good? It is heartless in itself and deadening to the children. It is only by much preparation, specially in the way of prayer, that we shall reach the *conscience*. It is not difficult to touch the feelings or the fancy; but the conscience is not so easily pierced. "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

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[24] She wrote several other little pieces, some of which were published in a small 32mo, entitled, *Christ and the Christian*. We may mention here also, that she wrote a little memoir of a child whom she used to visit in Kelso. It was called *Little Mary, the Happy Child*. This was in 1846.

[25] Through M.'s unwearied endeavours, this Mrs P\_\_\_\_\_ was brought to the knowledge of the Lord, and, after a few years of consistent walking, fell asleep in Jesus about six months ago.

[26] The reader will perhaps call to mind the contrast between this scene and that of the last night of December 1836, when the gaieties of the ballroom closed the one year and ushered in the next.—See page 13.

[27] The following letter to a friend will furnish a specimen of the faithful, solemn way in which she dealt with those who were still afar off. "You say you sigh for works and morality, but that all that you hear is about faith. Here are God's own words—'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' And again, it is written—'A man is justified by faith *without the deeds of the law*.' All our works till we are united by a living faith to Jesus are abominable in the sight of God. How can creatures who are altogether sinful and depraved do anything pleasing to a holy God? We must first come to Jesus and have all our sins pardoned *on account of what He has done*, and then the love of Christ will constrain us to do what is pleasing in his sight. The believer works because he *is* forgiven, not that he *may* be forgiven. You say that a doctrine like this must have a dangerous tendency. No, dear \_\_\_\_\_, believe me, no; rather believe God who cannot lie; this doctrine is the only one that will make a sinner holy. What does God say on

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this very subject? Paul writes to the Romans, 'Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? *God forbid*. How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?' Do you think that any sinner going to Jesus and receiving a *full free* pardon for all his sins simply by believing on His name—do you think a pardoned sinner, beaming with gratitude and love to Him who has so graciously blotted out in His own precious blood all iniquities, could continue to live in sin? No, it is impossible; God forbid. He cannot do the abominable thing which God hates; he hates sin, because God hates it, and because it was his sins that nailed Jesus to the cross—and he loves holiness, because God loves it, and because by becoming holy he becomes more like that God who has done so much for him. We are always wanting to *do* something that we may be saved, but Jesus tells us that He has already done everything. When He was expiring on the cross, He exclaimed, '*It is finished*.' He has done all the work, and there is now nothing for us to do but to believe in Him, and then we shall be saved—then we *are* saved. 'He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life.' 'Look unto me and be ye saved.' Where is there room for works there? Dear \_\_\_\_\_, a look is sufficient, a look will save you. Oh! if you would only look at Jesus once, you would never look away again, and by looking to Him you will grow like Him. Go to God pleading simply the merits of His beloved Son, and be sure He will not cast you out. 'Him that cometh unto me I will *in no wise* cast out.' There is no presumption in going to God and pleading the finished work of Jesus as your only ground of acceptance with Him; it is presumption to go pleading anything else. We can never merit heaven by our own works; we deserve nothing but wrath. 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.' 'By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.' Now, dear \_\_\_\_\_, my love to your precious never-dying soul is

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my only reason for writing you all this. Do not think that I wish to teach you; no, I am too ignorant to pretend to teach any one. I know nothing myself, so that I cannot teach others; but I know this, and you know it too, that I love you very much, and therefore I long for you to be born again.

[28] She means Mr. Robertson of Musselburgh, in whose ministry she so much delighted.

[29] "How precious," says Mrs. Stevens, "are the moments when God and His child are at perfect agreement on the question of what is most to the soul's enrichment; when the Divine liberality, which waits to be gracious, is answered by the earnest devotion which longs to be holy; and spiritual treasures are, in consequence, given and received! This condition is one of the highest dignity and enjoyment that belongs to the immortal soul."

[30] She felt what an old minister sets down in his diary as his experience. Abstraction and solitude have done me much good, God hath oftentimes visited me in a solitary wilderness.

[31] For a good many years past, there has been a "Union for Prayer" among Christians, for several days together, towards the end or beginning of each year. These M\_\_\_\_ prized much. They were not superstitious observances or Popish forms to her, whatever some may affirm respecting them. She saw nothing more of superstition in the practice of those who *cannot* (by distance) meet together in the body, agreeing to meet in spirit at certain times, than in the practice of those who *can* come together, having prayer-meetings at a certain hour.

[32] See Psa. 62:1—"Truly my soul is SILENT for God."  
{*Margin*}

Works, vol. 18 p. 283. See other places also, for he frequently refers to the topic, maintaining that our Lord meant to affirm that each heir of the kingdom "hath his angel," yet that they are not ministers or servants of the godly, "but ministers *of God*, for the godly," a distinction which we often overlook when quoting Heb. 1:14. He shews also, that, as being holy beings, and beings who have such love to us, they ought to be loved "with a great and holy love," so that we ought to "long for their company."—Vol. 5. Pp. 235-245.

She thus writes in her diary—" *Thursday, 25 June 1846.*—The Rev. T. was inducted this day pastor of the Free Church here. May the Lord bless him, and make him a blessing! Felt very much drawn to him; I cannot tell how, as I have never heard him; but I take this as a token, that he is a gift from Christ to us; and if so, I *must* love him. Felt the presence of the Master much during the ordinance. It was very solemn. I feel as if this were really the beginning of good days to P\_\_\_\_\_."

[34] Perhaps these words may call to mind a passage of Augustine— "Thou art in the heart of those that confess to Thee, and cast themselves upon Thee, and weep in Thy bosom, after all their rugged ways. Then dost Thou gently wipe away their tears, and they weep the more, and joy in weeping" (*Confessions*, B. v. ch. 2. Sect. 2)