

cumbrous clay, to bask in the beams of uncreated beauty ;—should stand before the slaughtered Lamb, and see the wonders prepared for me :

‘Should fall at His feet, the story repeat,
And the lovers of sinners adore.’

“ I find I need not drop the body to enjoy the presence of my God. He dwells in my heart, in Him I live ; He surrounds me, supports, sustains me. Wrapped in His Being, I resound his praise !

“ O the heartfelt communion my soul enjoys with him,—the intimate converse, the sweet fellowship ! My spirit is filled, and yet enlarged. It often seems as if mortality could bear no more ; and yet my desires are insatiable : I long to plunge deeper into God.”

Her confidence in the ever-abiding presence of Jesus is most beautifully expressed in the following extract of a letter written to the same shortly after :—

“ I have not time, room, or expression to tell a thousandth part of the goodness of God to my soul. He is ever with me, and assures my heart ‘all I have is thine.’ He is with me in sickness, and in health, at home and abroad, in public and in private. In reading or writing I feel His presence ; and O, when I am bowed before his throne, he lets down a heaven of communicated bliss. Language fails when I speak of his love. O may my every breath speak his praise !”

Whenever she met with a soul panting after “holiness,” she seemed filled with ecstatic joy. To help such an one was her delight. It just suited the ardour of her soul ; as the letter to an inquirer plainly shows :—

“ Dear Sister,—Your letter caused great thanksgivings to God on your account ; all glory be to him who hath increased your desires after holiness ! Fear not, you will surely attain, if you follow on. That lovely Lamb that bled on Calvary was slain for this—‘To redeem us from *all* iniquity.’ O look to him, behold the glory of God ! See the God of angels ! O look at his precious—bleeding side, his hands, his feet ! Behold him gasping, groaning, dying, that you might be made clean ! Hear him cry—‘*It is finished.*’ How finished, if his blood, cleanseth not from all sin ? But, glory to his name, whosoever steps into that fountain, which is expressly said to be for sin and uncleanness, shall be made perfectly whole. O let your faith venture in ! Wash and be clean.

‘Sink into the purple flood,—
Rise to all the life of God.’

“ Open, my dear sister, your willing, longing heart, and the King of glory will come in.”

The anticipation of heaven, was to her a constant sense of bliss, and she thus expresses it in another of her letters :—

“ To tell one thousandth part of the preciousness of Jesus, is a task impossible to men or angels. Yet O how is my heart expanded when I see I have yet received but, as it were, a drop out of the ocean !—but a glimpse of his precious fulness ; an eternity of growing bliss lies before me. O that I could praise him as I would ! But language fails, and I long for that day when I shall praise him in nobler strains above. Were he to give the summons now, and call from earth away, O how gladly could I wing my flight this hour ! Loose from creature and created good, I only wait the joyful words, ‘Come up hither,’ then would I exultingly—

‘Clap the glad wing, and soar away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.’”

Thus this devoted servant of Jesus continued living and praising ; her path “as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect