

thing needful." She felt that she was not far from the Kingdom," still she was not "of the Kingdom; she knew that she lacked the "one thing needful," and was desirous of possessing that "one thing;" hence she was in earnest, an earnestness bordering on despair. "O the agony,"—she writes,—“which my soul felt at that moment; I cried,—‘I am undone, I can only perish, nothing can be worse, so there is no hazard . . . and therefore, here I will lie and perish at His feet.’” Then, like a sweet messenger, came the words to her troubled heart, “Only believe!” Instantly light sprang in, her tongue was loosened, and she cried,—“Lord Jesus, I will, I do believe, I now venture my whole salvation upon thee as God’s Son; I put my guilty soul into thy hands; thy blood is sufficient. I cast my soul upon thee for time and eternity.” At once “her fetters were broken,” her bands were loosened, and her soul set at liberty. Such was her joy, that she says,—“If I had possessed ten thousand souls, I could have ventured them with my Jesus. My sins were gone; my soul was happy, and I longed to depart and be with Jesus. I could do nothing but love and praise my God, and could not refrain continually repeating, ‘Thou art my Father! O God, Thou art my God!’ while tears of joy ran down my cheeks.”

From this time, to the close of her life, she enjoyed the constant presence of Jesus, and was a living witness of the “blood which cleanseth,” and could daily exclaim:—

“My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,  
’Tis life everlasting,—’tis heaven below.”

It was now, that she began that interesting diary, and those spiritual epistles, which will ever prove fragrant to the Methodist world.

Her numerous letters breathe the spirit of “entire devotion.” She seems to have been always near the Throne, with a countenance radiant from its reflected glory, and a heart overflowing with unspeakable joy; so that she could almost constantly say:—

“Not a cloud doth arise, to darken the skies,  
Or hide for a moment, my Lord from my eyes.”

The letter written to her godmother, a lady of rank and fortune, who, being highly incensed at her becoming a Methodist, requested an account of her conduct, is very commendable.

Written in her nineteenth year, it shows her amiableness of disposition, soundness of thought, and entire devotion at that early stage; and neither the urgent entreaties, nor repeated threatenings of her wealthy sponsor, could induce her to change her course, or relinquish her place among “the people called Methodists.”

The following extract from a letter to her cousin Robert Roe, written soon after, reveals the ardour of her soul:

“Dear Cousin,—Since I wrote to you, I have been, to appearance, on the borders of eternity. My body was indeed brought very low; but my soul full of heavenly vigor, and longing for immortality! O what heavenly transports filled my ravished breast, when I thought I had done with all below! And, as I then thought, in a few days or weeks at most, I should leave my