

to my place and standing in the church. You see I was commanded to write the life of a good sister who had been a constant and faithful witness of this free and full salvation this long number of years. It was wrongfully supposed I had undertaken her cause and wanted the people to believe just as I believed. But five years previous God promised me I would be his living witness of this great salvation. It was not the intention of the Lord to give so much of this sort of writing to the public; but I believe, whatever others may think, God in his infinite wisdom caused me to be thus reproached; perhaps, that I might better serve him and be more fully prepared to bear all the needed criticisms of the past and present and whatever may be in store in the future. I could do nothing the past two years, but like Israel of old, stand still and see the salvation of God. But while the world, and the church, and the community reproached, God said, O woman, greatly beloved!

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**Heavenly Calm.**

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Calm me my God and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow;  
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me my God and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me my God and keep me calm;  
Let thine out-stretched wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's plain,  
Beside her desert's spring.