

and it shall be opened unto you.' These words save me from despair." Feeling increasingly her spiritual indigence, and especially the necessity of a free and sovereign pardon, she said, in another letter—

"It is not God, the Creator of the world, that we really love, but God the Saviour—God who receives us graciously. The heart only feels real love to God, as it embraces the mysteries of the Gospel. The mercy of God, his love for sinful creatures, is manifested in an admirable manner and degree in the work of redemption; and when that redemption is embraced, the heart must be regenerated, and consequently filled with love and gratitude to its Saviour; but till then it remains cold and insensible. The grace of God rises in my soul; I comprehend the mercy of the Lord Jesus, and certainly I experience the sweetness of his promises."

Such convictions and desires could not but result in that "peace which passeth all understanding;" the heart of Clementine was soon filled with delight and joy. In a letter written about five months before her death, she thus expressed herself:

"I want to tell you how happy I am. My heart has at length felt what my mind has long understood: the sacrifice of Christ answers to all my wishes, and meets all the wants of my soul; and since I have been enabled to embrace with ardour all its provisions, my heart enjoys a sweet and incomparable tranquillity. Formerly, I vaguely assured myself that the mercy of God would pardon me; but now I feel that I have obtained that pardon, that I obtain it every moment; and I experience inexpressible delight in seeking it at the foot of the Cross. My heart is full; and it is now that I understand the angelic song—'Glory to God in the highest, PEACE on earth, goodwill towards men.' But that which has especially affected me, and has

by the grace of God opened to my view all the tender mercy of the plan of our redemption, is the import of those gentle but assuring words, 'HE will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.'" In another letter, she said—

"I experience a pleasure in reading the Bible which I never felt before: it attracts and fixes me to an inconceivable degree, and I seek sincerely there, and *only* there, *THE truth*. When I compare the calm and the peace which the smallest and most imperceptible grain of faith gives to the soul, with all that the world alone can give of joy, or happiness, or glory, I feel that the least in the kingdom of heaven is a hundred times more blessed than the greatest and most elevated of the men of the world."

Acknowledging with gratitude the comforts she possessed, and blessing the hand that inflicted the sufferings she endured, Clementine diffused around her a portion of the happiness she enjoyed. To one of her Christian friends she wrote as follows:

"Our's is indeed a delightful intimacy, for it will never end. Often I anticipate the day when we shall be all united in the same love. O how unhappy must they be who know not the sweetness of such a hope! And what thanks do we not owe to that God who has given us the experience of its powers."

Her benevolence, always active and lively, now took a character more elevated, and more in harmony with the spirit of the gospel.

"When I now hear of the errors and evil conduct of my fellow-creatures, or when I witness their perverseness," she said on another occasion, "the disgust which I used to feel is exchanged for an indescribable movement of the heart: I want to speak to them, and I enter into the meaning of those divine words—'Verily, I say unto you, there is joy