

and permanently by the impression of that great truth, that "the things which are seen are temporal, while the things which are not seen are eternal." So absorbed was she in the pursuit of invisible realities, that her spiritual exercises seemed sometimes, as though they would trench on the regular duties of ordinary life. If this was indeed her failing,—if she was in this respect "righteous overmuch,"—it is the only thing which I have ever heard laid to the charge of "the Dairyman's Daughter."

I have taken some pains to ascertain the struggles of her mind prior to her obtaining that "glorious liberty" which she seemed ever to experience after her union with the Methodists; but I can learn nothing of the matter. Mrs. Y—, who lived in the house with her at the time of the gracious change in her character, informed me that she could have suffered but little from her convictions of sin, before she found peace with God, as she had no recollection of any thing but gratitude and praise proceeding from her lips from that decisive day on which the truth of God reached her heart. It is therefore probable, that, being deeply convinced of her guilt and danger, but having, at the same time, clear views of Christ as the almighty and present Saviour of all who believe in him, she at once rested her soul on his infinite merits, and found peace and joy in believing. Henceforth she breathed prayer and praise. Jesus now engrossed her supreme affections, and she felt "the heaven of loving him alone." While her hands were engaged about her work, and others were about her, her full heart would often constrain her to praise God aloud. She appears to have been one of the happy few, (why should they be few?) who could "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks."

One of the first of her spiritual letters was addressed to her brother Robert. It was written at Southampton in an early part of her Christian life; and was given by her brother, some years ago, to a gentleman at Cowes, who has expressed the value he sets upon it, by putting it into a handsome frame between two plates of glass, and suspending it amongst the ornaments of his own parlour. The handwriting and orthography are just such as might have been expected from an uneducated servant girl; but it contains the genuine effusions of a heart overflowing with love to God and man. Even did it partake less of excellence than it does, yet as it is an original letter, from one so celebrated as "the Dairyman's Daughter," and was written three or four years prior to the date of those which have already been published, there is sufficient reason for giving it a place in this account; but I think the reader will see that throughout the whole, an elevated and admirable spirit continually breathes. I give it entire, with the exception of a piece of doggerel poetry, which she had picked up somewhere, and the mere alteration of slight and common grammatical errors. Seeing that she had but just begun to read the Bible attentively, and with a warm heart, her inaccurate quotations from Scripture are quite natural, and only what was to be expected. I subjoin it as nearly as possible *verbatim*, as I think it will in that state be more interesting; and

will, at the same time, fully relieve Mr. Richmond from the charge of having himself written the other letters which are written in her name.

"Southampton, March 3d., 1797.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I RECEIVED your kind letter the 2d instant, and you may think what a transport of joy I felt to receive such an affectionate letter from a brother I had so little regarded since he had left the world and me. You may well say what great joy it gave you to hear I was converted to God. But are you the only one? No, my dear brother. Think what shouting and rejoicing there was with the angels of God in heaven, that are around the throne, and continually cry, 'Worthy the Lamb of God that was slain, to receive all glory, and honour, and praise.' And blessed be God, who hath showed strength with his hand, and with his holy arm hath gotten himself the victory! Yes, and he hath scattered all the proud imaginations of my heart, the great enemies of my soul's salvation. O, how true are those words of my Redeemer, that 'whosoever is in me is a new creature;' 'for, behold, old things are passed away, and all things are become new!' O, how often would the Lord have gathered me unto himself as a hen doth gather her chickens, and I would not! And how often has he stretched out his arm, and I have not regarded it! But how shall I ever praise my God enough, to think how long he hath spared a wretch like me, who drank in iniquities like water, and followed after the vanity of my own deceitful heart, which was wicked above all things?

"It was when I was sitting under that delightful man, Mr. Crabb, that the Lord opened my eyes; it was the second time that I heard him. And on Sunday last, in the morning, I was standing at the window, and he came past, and when I saw him my heart leaped within me for joy; for I believed him to be commissioned from the most high God to preach the Gospel of salvation and peace to all that will hear it. My dear brother, I know it is not good to be partial to any of God's creatures; but I liken him to St. Paul, for he seems to labour more than they all; yet not he, but the grace of God, which is in him, and that is extended to all that hear him speak. It seems as if I could say, with David, when he is there, 'O that I could dwell in the house of my God for ever.' I shall ever have the highest esteem for him as a Minister of God and Christ.

"And now, my dear brother, as I have no money with me, I beg you will apply to my dear mother for six guineas of my money, and give them to Mr. Crabb, and tell him it is a free gift of a poor, needy creature, who has been to the Lamb of God, naked and destitute of every thing; and then when He saw my wretched condition, with what tender compassion did He look down upon me, and sprinkle me with his blood, and give me the whole armour of God, the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and the breastplate of righteousness! And now his sweet voice still whispers in my heart, 'I counsel thee, my child, to buy of

* By the comparison of various dates, written and unwritten, I find it should be 1796, and not 1797.