

Uppishness prevails more in the lower grades of society than in the higher ranks of life. Great men are great without knowing it, but little people are perpetually struggling for their rights, and anxious to maintain their position in the community.

1866.

To G. W. S.

*May.*

The golden hours when we could see all the children playing beneath the green tree are gone. Your mother has lost her hearing and I am nearly blind. My mind is so bewildered that I cannot spell correctly. I am near the end of my race. The worm is calling upon me to be her companion, and corruption is waiting to make me a prey. I am throwing all my good works overboard and am scrambling to heaven on the plank of free grace. I am burying all my sins at the foot of the Cross, trusting that they are forgiven and that heaven's gates are open to receive me as a true penitent. Oh that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears, that I could weep for my sins! It is great consolation to a dying man that Jesus Christ is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance to Israel, and the forgiveness of sins and grace to help in time of need. His name is a strong tower and defence, and there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ. Though He slay me I shall trust in Him. He who believeth in Him shall never die. Afflictions are a part of our education for heaven, and are essential to our improvement in the divine life. I have not been able to walk any for six years. I hope my afflictions have been a benefit to me. The Cross is a tree of life which bears no deadly fruit.

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