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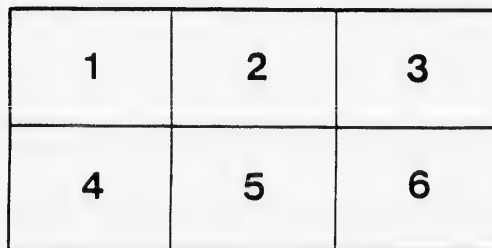
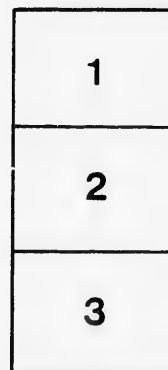
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Miss Thomas
Trinity Church S. S.
Christmas 1897

CONSECRATED WOMEN.

/CO

"The Hebrew word for trust signifies to twine round, to cling to; it is the word that is used to express the action of those plants that put out tendrils and support themselves on something firm and strong. . . . May we both cling fast to Christ, let the tendrils of our hearts twine round Him, and He will hold us up, for we cannot support ourselves."—*Extract from Letter.*

/CONSECRATED WOMEN/

BY

MARY PRYOR HACK,

Author of

"Christian Womanhood," "Self-Surrender," etc.

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"The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold."—PSALM xlv. 13.

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*I wish to express my thanks to those Authors and Publishers who
have kindly aided me by allowing me to extract from their
works.*

TO THE MEMORY
OF MY MOTHER,
WHOSE HOLY LIVING
DIFFUSED BRIGHTNESS AND FRAGRANCE
ALONG THE CLOUDY AND DUSTY
PATHS OF DAILY LIFE,
TO THE PRAISE OF THE SAVIOUR,
WHO HAD REDEEMED HER,
AND WHO ENABLED HER,
FROM CHILDHOOD DOWN TO ADVANCED AGE,
TO BE A WITNESS FOR HIM.

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In perusing the following brief histories the reader will observe that the design of the compiler has not been to show forth one degree of holiness after another in an ascending scale; but rather to demonstrate that in a variety of characters, and under very varied circumstances, the results of true consecration are essentially the same.

Much new teaching might be drawn from other lives, while to make the circle of experience in any degree complete would be manifestly impossible. And this incompleteness is increased by the fact that many women's lives, which might present most helpful phases of experience, leave no record behind.

After alluding to the more prominent lives of Christian women, an American divine thus writes of those who work unseen beyond their own little circles: "And many other modest, obscure, hidden ones, whose biographies the world will never see in print, will stand among the crowned ones in glory," adding "they did what they could." And what more appreciative words can be written of a woman's devotion to her Lord, than these words used by the Saviour Himself concerning the woman who brought her gift of fragrant ointment to anoint His head, causing Him to exclaim, "She hath done what she could."

Her offering could not be hidden from Him who saw not only the outward gift, but the inward attitude of the heart which prompted it, which could alone make it of value in His sight "to whom *all* hearts are open, all desires known."

It is surely for the encouragement of all women that, "throughout the whole world," the simple outcome of this woman's love to her Lord has, by His command, been "spoken of for a memorial of her."

CHAPTER

I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

VII.

VIII.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	I
I. CATHARINE OF SIENA	7
<i>Praying and watching.</i>	
II. SUSANNA WESLEY AND AMELIA SIEVEKING.	41
<i>"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."</i>	
III. FRAU TRÜDEL	55
<i>Enduring as seeing Him who is invisible.</i>	
IV. CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA.	73
<i>"Rejoicing in hope."</i>	
V. MARGARET WILSON	125
<i>"Thoroughly furnished unto all good works."</i>	
VI. MATILDA COUNTESS VON DER RECKE VOL- MERSTEIN	169
<i>"Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."</i>	
VII. CHRISTINE ALSOP	185
<i>"A succourer of many."</i>	
VIII. SARAH A—N AND ELIZABETH W—	197
<i>"Meet for the Master's use."</i>	

CHAPTER		PAGE
IX.	CHRISTIAN EDDY AND LOUISE SCHEPLER	217
	<i>"Poor, yet making many rich."</i>	
X.	FIDELIA FISKE	237
	<i>Watching for souls.</i>	
XI.	ADELAIDE I. NEWTON	267
	<i>"Holy in all manner of conversation."</i>	
XII.	LENA HUBER	291
	<i>"Kept by the power of God."</i>	
XIII.	WILHELMINA, VISCONTRESS GLENORCHY	299
	<i>"Doing service as unto the Lord."</i>	
XIV.	ISABELLA GRAHAM	313
	<i>"Forgetting the things that are behind."</i>	
XV.	MARIE	335
	<i>"Consecrated unto the Lord."</i>	

INTRODUCTION.

I N the record of our Lord's life on earth there are few more exquisitely touching words than those uttered by Him when, not willing that two or three only should appropriate His family affections, He said, "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother and sister and mother."

It is with the tender relationships of sister and mother borne to Him by every consecrated woman the world over, that we have to concern ourselves. In that day in which the secrets of all hearts shall be laid bare, will not many a faithful woman ask of Him with unfeigned surprise, "When did I act the part of sister or mother to Thee?" and will He not reply, "Inasmuch as thou wast a sister or a mother to any for My sake, thou wast 'My sister and mother'?"

We must not limit this blessed bond of relationship. The need of men and women and children, to have sisters and mothers to care for them, is infinite.

The waifs and strays of society, who never felt the touch of a tender loving hand, are not more needy than some of the children reared in the gay world, who are only cared for among a thousand other beautiful things, as feeding the pride of their parents. The bodies of the former are ill kept and uncared for, but what shall we say of the starved hearts and souls of the latter? Too often the most cultivated teachers

are themselves unsatisfied in heart and soul, and are not careful to keep their chilling doubts and speculations out of their teaching. It is a cause of deepest regret that there is so often "a divorce between high intellectual culture and religious faith." But there *are* women possessing large and cultivated intellectual powers, and who are at the same time deeply spiritual. Some of these, in comparative seclusion, are doing a great work in training sons and daughters to be worthy citizens of this world, "having the promise also of that which is to come." These are showing forth to husbands and sons the glory and beauty of a complete and consecrated womanhood. Others are found, in the ranks of the workers in the foreign and home mission fields, training the minds and souls and bodies of the heathen at home and abroad, bringing to bear upon untutored natures that subtle influence which, when sanctified, affects even the roughest of mankind. Have these noble women forgotten that another and more difficult mission is waiting for the elevated and delicate labour which they only can bestow? What grander use for their consecrated talents and acquirements than to be placed out to usury among their young countrywomen of the higher and middle classes, reaching their souls through their intellects. Thus the talents would be multiplied a thousand fold in a race of women prepared to be not only cultured, but consecrated daughters and sisters and wives and mothers and workers in many fields. In this work the teachers must be true women, with the tender feelings of a woman in full force. Their intellectual powers and acquirements must not make them less able to sit by a sick bed, or to bind up a broken heart, or to be referred to for help in all things small and great by those who look up to them.

In the following pages we have grouped together a number

of consecrated women. Among them are some who, with large mental and spiritual gifts, were yet fully competent to all the simplest duties of a woman's life. There are others, with fewer opportunities or powers for intellectual advancement, who were equally honourable and devoted in the sphere which they were called to fill. We believe that all of them (whether highly or fairly educated, or with almost no mental cultivation) show forth the refining, elevating power of Divine grace not only on heart and soul, but on the intellect also. For the consecrated woman who does her woman's work in close communion with the Lord Jesus, and with a single eye to God's guidance and glory, develops in heart and soul and mind. She is sister or mother or daughter to all within her reach; and with her heart all broken up with tenderness, and with that quick intuition which God has given her, energized and sanctified by her faith, she sees the need of each and can often devise a remedy; with her hands she brings help and soothing, or out of her storehouse of experience gems of comfort and counsel. Her life is penetrated by her humbleness and gentleness, and by her own nobility. To her is the description of the wise king applicable: "Strength and honour are her clothing. . . . She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Such women are found in all ranks of society and in all spheres, and their "price is far above rubies."

There is one lesson which we read in most of these life stories, that to the soul that seeks after God, and after Him only, a way is made to carry out her convictions of duty, however strange and impracticable they may have appeared at first sight. In many cases the "mountains are made a way," hard things are made easy, and crooked things straight. We may also believe that all of these devoted women were dis

tinctly prepared for a special calling. And while with some the waiting for its unfolding was long, we are led to see the necessity for the delay in order that "patience might have her perfect work" in moulding the character for the life mission. It is interesting to mark in many of these lives how the duties and burdens incident to the daily life of a woman were made subservient to the interests of the special mission. Indeed these homely duties may often have been helpful in preventing that overstrain of mind which sometimes overtakes those whose attention is concentrated upon one object, especially when that object is intellectual or spiritual work. And no doubt the contact with men and things and with all kinds of perplexities, entailed by their domestic and family cares, by keeping up a fresh sympathy with the toils and joys of every day living were most propitious to the work itself. To some the domestic duties were *the* mission, and through them heart and soul and mind were disciplined and purified, until the majesty of a holy life was seen and read of all men. From some of these lives we seem to hear the echo of the words of one who herself had passed through pain and bereavement, and also through the fires of persecution: "Ah, if you knew what peace there is in an *accepted* sorrow!"

In the lives before us we find woman, whatever the position in which she is placed, showing forth those powers and graces peculiar to her. In the Countess von der Recke and Margaret Wilson we see the wife as the true helpmeet to her husband, making no exacting demands upon his time and attention. In each case true love is the foundation of the union; the two are "no more twain," and the interests of the one are the interests of the other, and the wife feels it to be her highest privilege to make her husband's path of service as easy as possible, however great the sacrifice to her

own feelings. And, in times of outward separation, is it not those who are united in Christ who can bear the trial most bravely, because of that blessed fellowship of spirit over which time and absence have no influence save that of deepening it? One effect of this indescribably tender yet sanctified union ought to be a quickening of the heart in deeper love to all around. It was thus with Margaret Wilson. Not only did her love to her own family suffer no diminution when she entered into new ties, but the more her heart's tender love intensified towards husband and children and adopted children, the more fully did it flow back into the old home with ever deepening current. Her kindred therefore could never have the chilling sense of losing one upon whom they had poured out a life-long affection.

In Frau Trüdel we see the grace of God magnified in enabling a woman to be a true and noble wife to one who gives her back no help, no love, no encouragement to cheer her on her way.

In the prayerful training of her own children probably none of the devoted mothers here pourtrayed surpasses Susanna Wesley; the results of her labour eternity will alone unfold.

In those who have not children of their own, we see the mother's heart asserting itself, as in all truly consecrated women it must do. This is exemplified to an almost unlimited extent in Fidelia Fiske, and Christian Eddy, and Catharine of Siena. But why need we particularize where all are pouring out the sympathies of their hearts upon sinning or sorrowing ones?

If there is one lesson more than another that we read in these life stories, it is that holy living cannot be maintained without much prayer and communion. A young man in professional life, who devoted his evening hours to work in the

lowest part of London, used daily to rescue from sleep two or three of the early morning hours for prayer and communion and study of the Scriptures. "He often recommended the practice to others, enforcing it by the remark of Newton, that 'if the sack be filled at once with wheat there will be no room for chaff,' saying, 'I fill my sack as early and as full as I can at the footstool of the Lord, or the devil would get in a bushel of chaff before breakfast.' "

But all cannot procure the hour alone with Jesus. In lives that are full of toil early and late, stated times for communion with God are often impossible. However, we see, as in the experience of Frau Trüdel, that unceasing watchfulness and prayer can fill up the hours of heaviest toil and care. God's power of adapting His resources to peculiar circumstances is as much seen in the spiritual as in the natural world :

" Abiding in His presence, and walking in the light,
And seeking to do always what is pleasing in His sight,
We look to Him to keep us all glorious within."

May the distinct lesson of each individual life shown forth in these pages be applied by the Holy Spirit to the hearts and minds of those who may read its story and require its message. To whatever of holy living these women attained, other Christian women may also attain ; for the Divine words cover the deepest as well as the simplest need : "My grace is sufficient for *thee*," and "My strength is made *perfect* in weakness."

PRAYING AND WATCHING.

—
CATHARINE OF SIENA.

*My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath Divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.*

*One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.*

*He holds me when the billows smite :
I shall not fall ;
If short 'tis sharp, if long 'tis light ;
He tempers all.*

DEAN ALFORD.

THE following vivid description of temptation and victory over it is written by one "whose praise is in all the churches." She had been for many years a Christian, but had only just learned that she might ask for and expect *always* deliverance *in the hour of temptation*. The temptation referred to came suddenly. "The pain was keen and stinging, and the temptation tremendous to take up the old weapon, and write words which would sting in return by their very truth (I had to contest every inch with the tempter); then, to give up that, but send a *text* which would bite just as severely; then, to tell a friend, who would be certain to take up the cudgels without my asking, if he only knew of the circumstance; then, to be passive, but not to prevent one who was very indignant from 'speaking his mind'; then, to do all that was right outside, but to allow myself an unspoken little hope that it would be 'avenged' somehow, by God if not by man! But Christ stood by me, and helped me over each in succession, till at last I felt He had gained a complete victory for me, and every single bit of vexation was taken away, every shade of ill feeling—so utterly, I cannot explain how utterly! Then, for about twenty minutes, it was just as if, having extracted the sting, He was Himself pouring in oil and wine. Such a flow of passages of His sweet word came rushing into my mind, bearing upon every point of the little trial and the recent temptation. If I had tried all day I could not have made such a selection for myself. I was intensely happy, for it was, I have no doubt, permitted that He might 'test my gold' *for me* in another way. I had proved how He could sustain me in [intense] pain; and now He proved how He could triumph for me over any temptation. I say 'any,' because I do not recollect ever having been quite so suddenly and sharply stung and tempted before; and I had never previously felt such miraculous power upon me in a hand-to-hand battle with Satan."—From "*Such a Blessing*," by F. T. Wrenford, Vicar of St. Paul's, Newport.

I.

CATHARINE OF SIENA.¹

BORN 1347. DIED 1380.

WE accept instruction from the study of lives which have shown forth God's glory in connection with churches which we believe to be to a large extent mistaken. But we must not allow the good we obtain from the contemplation of such lives to blind us to the errors, in spite of which they were so worthy of imitation. Nor must we fail to discern how far they were lifted above the errors of their education, and kept within the borders of such churches, in order that they might act as examples to those who would hold all teaching from outside to be heretical. From such a standpoint we approach the life of Catharine of Siena.

Over the ebb and flow of successive waves of thought and action, in churches and individuals, during five hundred years, comes to us the twofold message of her life and teaching:

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

It was at a stormy time, when social and political strife held sway in Italy, and when morality and religion were at a very low ebb, that Catharine of Siena was born in 1347. Her parents, the wool-dyer Giacomo Benincasa and his wife Lapa, were highly virtuous citizens of the independent city of Siena.

So careful was Giacomo of his words, so thoughtful of the reputation of others, that he would say to his wife of an enemy who had calumniated him: "Let him alone, dear, let him

¹ This sketch is compiled from "Catharine of Siena," a biography by Josephine E. Butler. By permission of the author.

alone: God will show him his error and be our defence, and God will bless you." And when he saw any of his large household vexed he would gently say: "Now, now, do not say anything which is not just or kind, and God will give you His blessing." And so had the spirit, which pervaded the family life, entered into the children that when the daughter Bonaventura married she was unhappy till all unsavoury conversation had been banished from her new home and the circle which gathered there.

In the fourteenth century the city of Siena was a warlike republic, containing two hundred thousand inhabitants. The citizens are still proud of their city, though it has diminished in size and now numbers only nine gates instead of thirty-nine as in Catharine's time. These gates led out into the surrounding country, for there were no suburbs, so that the line of demarcation between the city and the country was well defined. The valleys round the city are wooded, and there are pleasant lanes and olive gardens, and meadows with sheep feeding. It was, no doubt, some of these lanes that Catharine's tiny feet traversed when in her young days she sought for the desert, her ideal of a place in which the soul might find God. As night approached the little saint returned as fast as she could to the shelter of her father's house, rightly thinking that the family at home would be anxious about her. The home of Catharine was in the Contrada D'Oca (the poor quarter) of the city. This is situated in a little valley lying between the ancient city and a low hill to the west on which stands the great church of St. Dominic. Here is still standing the house in which she was born, also her father's workshop and the chapel erected to her memory, over the door of which is inscribed, "Sposæ Christi Katharinæ domus."

At the age of twelve it was considered time to select a husband for Catharine, but the girl resisted the appeals of her family to enter the married state. After long waiting and much persuasion, and some persecution from the younger members of her family, her father at last assured himself

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that the idea was no romantic thought which would pass away, but indeed a call from God. Giacomo showed his wisdom in thus waiting, for the desire after such a life would very naturally take possession of the mind of a girl influenced by the false teaching that the highest spiritual attainments can only be reached by those who *thus* devote themselves to God. Her biographer says that had Catharine married, and become like Lapa the mother of a numerous family, "she might have been the recipient and dispenser abundantly of spiritual life to all around her; but she would not have done the work which Catharine of Siena did. Her whole soul, her whole time, the whole strength of her affections would not have been reserved to be lavished upon the great family for whom she elected to live—humanity." This is true as regards her time, and it is evident that Catherine's path was the right one for her. But we must not forget that a marriage combining oneness of heart and soul and mind and life in the service of God and man is a glorious spectacle; and were marriages, between men and women entirely given up to Christ, largely multiplied, the church would receive a rich blessing in consequence. Many such unions in different ages of the church have plainly testified that it *is* possible to give the deepest tenderest affections to *one*, while, at the same time, the heart is enlarged in the love of Christ to embrace souls the world over.

Happily Catharine did not go into a convent, as all maidens who had a vocation were supposed to do. It was in her father's house that she sought the Lord, and at this time she cried to Him continually "to lead her in His paths." To wear the mantle of the third order of St. Dominic, and become a preacher, was the craving of her soul. On one occasion her father entered her chamber when she was in prayer, and the expression of her face so struck him that he could oppose her no longer. Another event hastened the hour when Catharine was to receive formal permission to serve God according to her conscience. One night she dreamed that

St. Dominic came to her and said : " Daughter, be of good cheer, fear no hindrance, for the day is coming in which you shall be clothed in the mantle you so much desire." She awoke with new strength and joy. Calling together her parents and brothers and sisters, she gave them her reasons for the course she had pursued, begging them no longer to arrange any earthly sphere for her, for that it would be easier "to dissolve a rock," than to alter her resolution. She ended her appeal with these very decided words : " If you wish me to remain as a servant in your house I will cheerfully fulfil all your will to the best of my power ; but if you should be so displeased with me as to make you desire me to leave you, know that I shall remain unmovable in my resolve. He who has united my soul to His has all the riches of heaven and earth, and He can provide for and protect me." Amid the sobs and tears of all present her father at last spoke : " God preserve us, dearest child, from any longer opposing the resolution which He has inspired ; experience proves to us that you have not been actuated by caprice but by a movement of Divine grace. Fulfil without hindrance the vow you have taken ; do all that the Holy Spirit commands you ; henceforth your time shall be at your own disposal ; only pray for us that we may become worthy of Him who has called you at so tender an age." Then to his wife and children he said, " I et no one hereafter contradict my dear child, or seek to turn her from her holy resolution." Catharine was now allowed a little chamber to herself, and there for three years with only a board for her bed and with very scanty meals did this young girl wrestle in prayer with God that she might know Christ and " the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, and be made conformable to His death."

Lapa was pained to see her child lying only upon a hard board, and sometimes carried her to her own softer bed ; but Catharine would soon slip away to the scene of her conflicts, her consecration, and her most sweet communings with her Lord. With all her austerities it is refreshing to find that

Catharine "cherished cleanliness and neatness as a sign of interior purity." "She often changed her woollen garments, and allowed no marks of asceticism to appear in her person."

She set herself the task of living with the smallest possible amount of sleep, in order that she might devote more time to prayer. Her struggles to overcome the desire for sleep were severe; but prayer was her life, and it was a joy to her to make an effort to enlarge this privilege. During the hour of matins, while the brothers and sisters of St. Dominic were praying, Catharine slept, and when they returned to the duties of the day she recommenced her pleadings with Heaven. She loved to think that in this way unceasing prayer was ascending from the Contrada D'Oca.

The annals of the one, holy, catholic church are full of histories of preparation for service and of acts of consecration, similar in results, yet diversified according to the surroundings and the age in which the ordeal had to be passed through. Moses spent the third part of his entire lifetime in the desert. David was for years, like his great Antitype, despised and rejected of men. To come to later times, we see Christians trained by early obedience for special service. Mrs. Bosanquet (afterwards Mrs. Fletcher) had to retire from her father's house into a lodging, that she might serve God according to her conscience; and the consecration, thus publicly vowed, was manifestly owned and blessed of God during sixty years of continuous service. Harriet Jukes, a young girl in the middle walks of life, timidly yet bravely declined her first invitation to a ball, and later refused marriage with one who was dearer than life, because she loved her Lord better than any earthly joy. Her reward was great, even here; and she and the husband whom God gave her left behind an example of eminent holiness.

The third order of St. Dominic, into which Catharine so ardently desired to be admitted, was one which surely every truly consecrated Christian enters in a spiritual sense. It was instituted to enlist laymen to enter on a service in which they

could influence many who would be prejudiced against the sacerdotal orders. Though the vows were for laymen only, to our ideas they cover the whole ground, and are applicable to those called to preach by word and doctrine equally with those who preach by life and conversation. The members of this order were sworn "to sacrifice," if necessary, their worldly goods and their lives in the cause of their Lord; and their wives engaged *never to hinder*, but to assist their husbands as much as possible in the work.

The want in the church and in the world, to meet which these men and women were enrolled, remains the same as then. It must be supplied by those who mingle, or at some time have mingled, fully in the every day concerns of life. Very few religious teachers, who have never been in common daily life used to all kinds of men, have versatility enough to meet *all* the needs of every day men and women. Those who, out of busy lives, give a few hours weekly to mission work of whatever kind, bring to bear upon those among whom they labour a very fresh and intelligent sympathy. Others, who are engaged continuously in visiting the sinful, the sorrowful, and the sick, often become worn and depressed. All honour to those who thus devote themselves entirely to this work; but if all Christians took their share these might have the rest which is their right, the rest of change of work. We have seen workers so jaded that, while their hearts have been as full of love to the Lord as ever, they have dreaded to make their accustomed calls, body and mind being unable to bear the strain any longer. Then again we have heard words like these: "Oh that I had time to earn my living and to visit the people as well, then I should not feel that they thought I was working for pay!"

The women at Siena who had hitherto entered the militia of St. Dominic were widows of very mature age, or wives consecrated to work with their husbands. Having no cloister, each sister was expected to rule her life in her own house. This being so, the elders among the sisters demurred at the

idea of taking into their order such a youthful maiden as Catharine. But to Lapa's second application they replied: "If she be not too handsome, nor of a beauty too remarkable, we will receive her on your account and hers." Catharine was not beautiful, and those who conversed with her found such maturity and self abnegation, such stedfastness of purpose in the pursuit of duty, that they at once admitted her. Catharine received the mantle when about sixteen; she did not, all at once, leave her seclusion. The work that had been going on in her soul had been intensely absorbing. It was needful for Catharine, it is needful for all those who are to guide souls with wisdom and discrimination, to learn to know intimately the Shepherd's voice, guiding them in the minutest details of life. Were this deeply spiritual training more earnestly sought after, we should hear less of heart and soul wounds being rudely torn open by those who essay to probe and mollify. Catharine's communion with her Lord is described in her book called "The Dialogue." It is the record of the conversations between her soul and God. She explains, however, that God did not generally communicate with her in words, but an impression was made on her mind which resolved itself into the words which she afterwards wrote down.

Her biographer says: "If you are disposed, reader, to doubt the fact of these communications from God, then I would give you one word of advice, and one only. Go you and make the attempt to live a life of prayer such as she lived; and then, and not till then, will you be in a position which will give you any shadow of a right, or any power, to judge of this soul's dealings with God.

"But observe that a brief fitful effort will not suffice to place you in this position; you must persevere long in the difficult path of Divine research; you must bring to the task the sustained self denial and untiring diligence which some men bring to the pursuit of discovery in natural science. . . . The science of which Catharine was a devotee is, let it be remembered, pre-emiunently an experimental science. For many,

however, it is needless that I should speak thus; nor will I attempt any explanation or apology for the manner in which our saint constantly speaks of that which the natural eye has not seen, nor the ear heard, but which God has in all times revealed to them that persistently seek Him. Those who have any experience of real prayer know full well that in the pause of the soul before God, after it has uttered its complaint, made known its desires, or sought guidance in perplexity, there comes the clearer vision of duty, and the still small voice of guidance is heard, rectifying the judgment, strengthening the resolve, and consoling the spirit; they know that this influence, external to us and yet within us, gently and forcibly moves us, deals with us, speaks with us, in fine. Prayer cannot truly be called communion, if the only voice heard be the voice of the pleader. Be still, be silent then, dear reader, if you are disposed to object. If *you* have not yet heard the voice of God speaking within you, it is because you have not yet pleaded enough with Him; it is because you have not yet considered or acted in this matter in a truly scientific manner."

When the consecration vows had been fully sealed, Satan began his fiercest assaults. How frequently is this the experience of the believer who has made covenant with his Lord! Before the resolution is taken, Satan's plan often is to lull the soul into a sleepy state, or by subtle means to draw her away from her design; but when the decision is made the conflict is at times severe. In Catharine's case it was like passing through one furnace after another, each one heated immeasurably hotter than it is wont to be heated. It is inexpressibly touching to read the details of her agony—the warm, passionate heart penetrated by the sight, vividly pictured by her imagination, of tender joys which she felt were not for her. Yet although consumed by the hunger after these joys, she had no desire to grasp what she believed her Father in heaven had denied. Neither was there any thought of merit connected with the sacrifice. Thousands of hearts have passed through variations of this anguish, when all

the hopes of earth have been blighted and life has appeared but an arid waste. Happy they who, like our saint, have had by them in the fire "One like unto the Son of man," tempering the otherwise maddening heat, and enabling them afterwards

"To bless the cleansing fires,
And the furnace of living pain."

At one time so terrible was the sense of the presence of evil spirits in her little room that Catharine retreated to the church on the hill. There she remained three days in prayer. The spirits seemed to cry to her: "Poor miserable creature, thou canst never pass thy whole life in this state; we will torment thee to death unless thou obey us." Catharine answered: "Be it so! I have chosen suffering for Christ's sake, and I am willing, if need be, to endure this till death." On uttering these words a great light seemed to descend from above, filling the place where she kneeled with heavenly brightness. The devils fled, and the Lord Jesus Himself conversed with her. Catharine asked Him, "Lord, where wast Thou when my heart was so tormented?" "I was in thy heart," He replied. "Oh Lord!" she answered, "Thou art everlasting Truth, and I humbly bow before Thy word; but how can I believe that Thou wast in my heart when it was filled with such detestable thoughts!" The Lord asked her, "Did these thoughts and temptations give thee pleasure or pain?" "An exceeding pain and sadness," she replied; to whom the Lord: "Thou wast in woe and sadness because I was hidden in the midst of thy heart; My presence it was, which rendered those thoughts insupportable to thee; thou didst strive to repel them, because they filled thee with horror, and because thou didst not succeed, thy spirit was bowed down with sorrow. When the period I had determined for the duration of the combat had elapsed, I sent forth the beams of My light, and the shades of hell were dispelled, because they cannot resist that light."

This circumstance recalls to us a temptation and deliver-

ance narrated to us by a working man. After a life of evil and blasphemy he fell into poor health, his soul was arrested by the fear of death, and he began to seek ardently after God. Satan, fearing to lose his victim, tempted him fiercely for three weeks. The temptation took this form: "Thy disease is incurable, it will be one of terrible and prolonged suffering; thou wilt be a burden to thy family; destroy thyself." Night and day for three weeks the man prayed for help, and at the end of that time One whom he described as the Lord Jesus appeared by his bed during the night, and Satan fled away and did not return. Then followed a year of witness bearing, and joy and peace amidst bodily anguish. The grace that was sufficient for patriarchs, for apostles, for Catharine of Siena, is the same to-day. It is our unbelief which prevents the full manifestation of it in individuals and churches now. The language which was once true of Nazareth may be too truly applied now to many of these: "He could not do many mighty works because of their unbelief."

Catharine came forth from the furnace without the smell of burning upon her. It was about this time that she had the dream, which was the origin of the legend depicted by Correggio and other painters as the mystical marriage of St. Catharine. In her dream she saw her Saviour approach her and place upon her finger a ring, the pledge of her espousals. He told her to keep the ring in all holiness and faithfulness. This made a great impression upon her, and was followed by even closer communion with her Lord than she had before enjoyed. Catharine taught herself to read about this time; she did not learn to write till later, but she acquired such facility in composition that the beauty and clearness of her style are much admired by Italian writers. It is surely the simplicity and reality and directness of her words which give such a charm to her writings.

We must hasten on to the time when the call came to Catharine to leave her seclusion. Often a life of extended

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service begins in a very simple act of duty. It was so with Catharine. The Divine call came in this command: "Go quickly My daughter, it is the hour of the family repast; join thy parents and thy family; remain with them, and I will be with thee." To Catharine, who dreaded the bustle of the large household filled with children (twenty-five had been born to Giacomo and Lapa), with apprentices, and with traders continually coming and going, the call seemed one of great solemnity; indeed, it was to her like going away from God, and she cried: "Wherein have I offended Thee, my God, that Thou dost send me from Thee? What should I do at table? It is not by bread alone that man lives; are not the words that proceed out of Thy mouth far better, to impart vigour and energy to the soul of a pilgrim? Thou knowest better than I that I fled the society of men that I might find Thee, my Lord and my God; and must I now mingle anew in worldly affairs, to fall again into my former worldliness and stupidity, and perhaps offend against Thee?" The words of reply are tender: "Be calm, My child; thou must accomplish all justice, that My grace may become fruitful in thee and in others. I desire not that thou shouldest be separated from Me; on the contrary, I desire that thou shouldest become more closely united to Me by charity towards thy neighbour. Thou knowest that love has two commandments, to love Me and to love thy neighbour." It was from no unwillingness to do the will of God that Catharine still farther inquired how it would be possible for a woman to go forth into public service, on account of the contempt felt for her weakness and the impropriety of her conversing indiscriminately with men.

The Lord replied: "The word 'impossible' belongeth not to God; am not I He who created the human race, who formed both man and woman? I pour out the favour of My Spirit on whom I will. With Me there is neither male nor female, neither plebeian nor noble, but all are equal before Me. . . . But inasmuch as I know that thou hast spoken thus, not because of faithlessness but through humility, I will answer

thee. I desire thee then to know that at the present time the pride of man has become so great, especially among those who esteem themselves to be learned and wise, that My justice can no longer bear with them and is about to visit them with a just chastisement. . . . But because I have mercy . . . I will first send to them a salutary and useful confusion, that they may acknowledge their error and humble themselves; even as I did with the Jews and Gentiles, when I sent them simple persons filled by Me with Divine wisdom. Yes, I will send to them *women* unlearned and by nature fragile, but filled by My grace with courage and power. . . . Wherefore, My daughter, do thou make haste to obey Me without farther hesitation, for I have a mission for thee to fulfil, and it is My will that thou appear before the public. Wheresoever thou mayest go in the future I will be with thee; I will never leave thee, but will visit thee and direct all thy actions."

Catharine prostrated herself, and exclaimed, "Behold the handmaiden of the Lord; be it unto me even as Thou wilt." Immediately she joined the family. Step by step, as is His wont, the Lord led her. For a time she busied herself in household duties with joyful service. Then came the visits to the poor and needy and sick; and when the plague visited the city Catharine was foremost in works of mercy, seeking out the most loathsome cases for her own special care. Later, violent dissensions between rival powers in the state caused much suffering, and for a time business was suspended, and the city given up to revolution. As Catharine matured and developed, she was often called to mediate between these contending houses. Wives of banished nobles sought her advice for their husbands, entreating her to visit them at their chateaux in the country. Her manner with those whom she visited in response to these calls, and those who came to her for spiritual counsel, had a great charm in it. To such she was daughter, sister, mother by turns; and as in the absorption of heart and mind in her life-call she appears

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to have had no self consciousness, her Christian frankness and simplicity set all at ease. With much true refinement she retained the simple manners of the peasant, and her countrymen claimed her as "The people's Catharine," "Our lady of the Contrada d'Oca," "The daughter of the Republic."

But it was not only with individuals in private that her work lay. One who knew her describes how "he had seen her address a multitude of two thousand persons in the street, beseeching them for the love of Jesus to be at peace with each other, and to search each into his own heart to discover there any lurking egotism, and give up any selfish demand which could only be gratified at the expense of his neighbour. Those who could not hear her voice were moved even to tears by the beaming charity and sweetness of her countenance while she spoke and pleaded."

A life so unusual must of necessity pass through evil report, jealousy and prejudice being especially the inciting causes. Catharine gave herself to prayer for her enemies. Among her works of mercy was the regular visiting of the prisons, and she frequently procured the release of political prisoners. To her the soul of the noble and that of the plebeian were alike precious; and while to-day we find her preaching salvation and a life of self denial to a learned doctor for whom she has travailed two whole nights in prayer, to-morrow we see her follow an outcast woman to her home, and after embracing her tenderly sit down by her side, like a true woman, to plead with her concerning the beauty and preciousness of that soul which she is in danger of losing eternally. Catharine's correspondence formed a large part of her work. Indeed, had she not accomplished so much beside, it might well have been her life work. So clear was her mind and so well defined her messages that she could without any difficulty dictate to two or three secretaries at once. Her biographer writes that "her letters to artisans and tradesmen were in the same terms as those addressed to kings, cardinals, and popes, with reverence and consideration combined with courageous truthfulness,

and when necessary, with severity, and addressing them alike as 'most dear fathers in Christ.' She was a true republican in the sense that in her dealings with men as fellow sinners she recognised no difference of rank." To Bernabos Visconti, the lawless Duke of Milan, who was the execration of the surrounding country, she writes, after first rebuking his vices: "Oh resist not the Spirit of God which is calling you. Think, oh think, that the blood and tears of the Divine Son are able to cleanse you from head to foot. Despise not this offer of grace. Behold how God loves you. No tongue can tell, no heart can conceive, the mercy and grace which will be granted to you if you will but dispose yourself to rid your soul of mortal sin. Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God, and believe in Jesus crucified for you." Again and again she pleaded with him not to neglect so great salvation, and it would seem as if in his last days the remembrance of her teaching had come back. When dying a prisoner in his wretched cell, "unclean and uncared for," he would spend hour after hour in gasping forth in agony the words, "*Cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicias!*"

Resting upon the eternal Rock herself, Catharine pressed upon all who were in the midst of the discord and the strife to maintain a quiet reliance upon God. The holy calm which covered her was an encouragement to noble women whose husbands were in the thick of the conflict to find shelter in the cleft of the same Rock. She writes to the wife of Senator Mugliano, whose life was in danger during the Siennese revolution: "It seems to me you have both been in great fear, but that you have placed your hope in God and in the power of prayer. I entreat you, in the name of Jesus, to continue firm in this sweet and steadfast peace. My sister, fear nothing that men can do, fear God only."

Catharine's dealings with individuals were varied in the extreme. Her natural versatility was sanctified to the highest uses; and living in near communion with God and in constant prayer, large spiritual insight was given her to discern the needs of

different souls. As in her letters so in personal intercourse she was equally at ease with rich and poor. With her young disciples she was cheerful, often merry. She had a quick sense of humour; and when she saw her devoted followers needlessly distressed because she was spoken against, she would reply with a merry laugh. She understood the world well enough to expect such usage. Catharine's love of flowers brought much brightness into her life; she loved to join young maidens in weaving lilies and roses and violets into wreaths and bouquets as presents to her friends. Even on her way to Avignon, when hastening because of the gravity of her mission, the bright colouring of the masses of Alpine flowers from time to time arrested her attention, and with her face all flushed with pleasure she would call her companions to admire them with her. How often the greatest souls are able most keenly to enjoy simple pleasures! Catharine's work in dealing with souls was, at one time, so large that the Pope Gregory XI. appointed her three helpers. One of them, "Father Raymond," thus describes the time. "We worked all day, we heard the confessions of men and women soiled with every variety of crime. We sometimes remained fasting until the evening (having no time to eat), and yet we were not able to receive all who came. I acknowledge, to my shame, that the multitude was often so great that I was fatigued and depressed; but as for Catharine, she never interrupted her prayers and efforts, but rejoiced continually in conquering souls for her Master, while she simply recommended her friends (*Allessia* and the other *mantellatas*) to take care of us and our material wants, while she held the nets which she knew so well how to fill. The sight of her consoled us greatly and made us forget our fatigues." "After the day's labour," writes the same faithful helper, "Catharine went up the hill rejoicing, to the old Dominican church, and laid at the feet of her Lord and Saviour the spiritual conquests of the day; and there she would remain till the sun had set and the stars lighted the sky, absorbed in the contemplation of the love and power of Christ, and pouring

out her soul in prayer for the fuller accomplishment of the great promise of the Redeemer, the descent of the Holy Spirit. 'Breathe on these slain,' she cried; and when, in answer to her prayers, there was a great shaking among the multitude for whom she prayed, she asked again 'that this multitude might stand on their feet an exceeding great army'; and the Divine breath was felt, and many that were spiritually in their graves came forth."

We must not linger to tell of her dealings with those who, through her instrumentality, became prepared to assist her in this work. Among these, she found those who were to her brothers and sisters and sons and daughters, bound to her heart by very tender ties. Some of these accompanied her on her journeys, and laboured with her in the gospel. But our sketch will be incomplete if we do not allude to Catharine's love for the members of her own family. Her devotion to those who were her own flesh and blood is indeed, a bright chapter in the Romish calendar, in which we have so many records of lives torn from the parent stems, and brought, by most cruel rending of God-given affections, into that apathetic calmness which is supposed, by the votaries of Rome, to be a mark of the highest spiritual life. Catharine's father died in 1372. While all beside wept, Catharine remained calm, realizing the fulness of peace into which her honoured father had entered. She kissed him and said: "Blessed be the Lord God for this entrance into eternal life. How happy should I be, were I where thou art now, my father." Her beloved mother was the cherished companion of many of Catharine's journeys. Many of her letters are addressed to members of her own family.

With her true, tender heart, Catharine could not fail to love little children, and parents would use every effort to gain admission to her presence with their suffering little ones, knowing that she could not resist this demand for her prayers for their restoration. Many sick persons were at different times restored to health through Catharine's prayers. Her biographer says:

"She believed in the promise 'the prayer of faith shall save the sick,' and doubted not its fulfilment in power to answer prayer, *in every case in which that fulfilment was for the good of the sufferer and for the glory of God.*" But her most prominent work seems to have been for souls.

We now come to that part of Catharine's life when her labours were no longer confined to her own neighbourhood.

After the cessation of the plague the inhabitants of Pisa desired to see Catharine. They sent a deputation to Siena to invite her, holding out the attraction that her "presence would be profitable to many erring souls." At first she doubted herself lest the motive for going should be simply "her own instinctive love of journeying and adventure." But after seeking guidance of her Lord, and consulting with her friends, she decided to go. This visit was a memorable one to Catherine. At Pisa she entered into some of her deepest trials of faith and into a yet deeper union with her Lord. She was accompanied by her mother and by three or four other devoted women, also by some of the fathers of St. Dominic and by her faithful secretary Neri, a young nobleman who had been brought to Christ through her instrumentality. The two brothers Buonconti, merchants, received her into their house, and there she dictated to Neri and Father Raymond some of her most stirring appeals to those in whose hands seemed the destiny of the nation. Catharine had long been distressed at the non-residence of the Pope. In this she saw the source of most of the evils which were now visiting Italy. It was in 1305 that Pope Clement V. removed the papal court to Avignon, and Gregory XI. was the sixth Pope who had thus resided in a foreign land. Italy was left a prey to the Pope's emissaries, and to the discontented of many nations who were pouring into the country and selling themselves to serve under wild, lawless captains. Among the wildest of these leaders who were troubling the country was the Englishman Hawkwood, who in 1377 combined with the cruel Legate, Cardinal Robert, in putting down some of the cities which had joined

in revolt against papal oppression. The discords in her church and country and the low state of morality caused unspeakable anguish to Catharine. She was as one consumed with zeal for the honour of her Lord, and when she began to realize that in her time the purification of the church would not be accomplished she looked with the eye of faith into the future and cried: "After these tribulations God will purify His church by means unknown to man; He will revive the souls of His elect, and the reformation of the church will be so beautiful that the prospect of it fills my soul with joy." So does God the Father comfort His beloved ones who cry unto Him day and night, with glimpses of the glorious answers to their prayers when their Lord "shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied."

While at Pisa, Catharine visited the Carthusian convent at Gorgon Island by request, and was persuaded to address the large company of monks drawn up under the shade of the olive trees before her and her companions. It must have touched her deeply to look upon the faces of these lonely men, living such a cold unnatural life. In breathless silence they hung upon her words, which, coming from the depths of that tender woman's heart, must have fallen upon their ears like an echo of warm motherly and sisterly tones from the sunny days of childhood. She spoke to them "saying what the Holy Ghost inspired her to say in reference to the many illusions and temptations to which solitaries are liable, and concerning the means of triumphing over them." She had not passed through the trials and temptations incident to a highly sensitive nature without having gained the power to sympathise with hearts everywhere. As she ceased, the prior turned to Raymond and whispered: "Dear brother Raymond, I am confessor of all these brethren and disciples, and I know the heart of each; and I assure you that if this saintly lady had herself heard all their confessions, she could not have spoken in a more just and suitable manner; she perceived all their wants, and did not utter a word which was not useful to them. It is evident

that she speaks by the inspiration of God." Is it not such preaching that is needed now, preaching that is as a mirror to the heart whose deep unuttered needs it meets? Can it be said of the generality of sermons that they do not contain a word which is not useful to the hearers?

One or two circumstances which occurred during this visit bring out Catharine's great dread of unsanctified notoriety. On one occasion she was taken very ill, and one of her friends sought some wine to bathe her temples; and it was reported that to supply this need some very sour wine had been miraculously changed into the very best that could be produced. In consequence the people crowded by thousands to see her, saying: "Go to, let us see who this woman is who drinks no wine, and yet can miraculously fill the casks." She was much distressed, and prayed: "Lord, why dost Thou suffer me to be covered with confusion in this way, before all the people? Thou knowest that by an inspiration of Thy grace I have all my life abstained from wine, and now wine is suffered to be the cause of my being made ridiculous. I beseech Thee to put this matter right, that all this foolish excitement may cease."

Very soon it was reported that the wine had become sour again, and the crowd turned wildly against Catharine, much to her amusement.

At another time, worn by illness, probably brought on by distress of soul for her downtrodden country and desolated church, she pressed all the harder after a participation in the sufferings of Christ. She spent hours daily in silent prayer; words failed her to tell of the deep travail of soul through which she was passing. The physical sufferings of the Lord were often in her mind for hours, and it seemed as if she could not be satisfied without entering even into some realization of these also. Her friends said: "We cannot follow her, we must leave her alone with her Lord; there is a mystery in His dealings with her which we cannot fathom." Her biographer adds: "And we at this day do well to echo the words 'we cannot follow her, we must leave her alone with her Lord.'"

It was while bowed before the crucifix, pleading for the salvation of a soul, with the thought of the Lord's physical agony in her mind, that she felt the piercing pain in hands and feet and side which seemed to her the fulfilling of her desire. People of highly strung nervous temperaments know what it is, when hearing vivid descriptions of sharp, agonizing suffering, to feel the corresponding nerves in their own bodies answer in some degree to the sensation described. Was it wonderful that Catharine, having mind and body always in severe tension, should have this experience? Immediately she besought the Lord that the stigmata might not appear outwardly upon her body. Her wholesome fear in these things, seeing that she had been educated in the midst of superstition, shows unmistakably the reality of her allegiance to her Divine Master. The attitude of her soul was, "Not I but Christ."

Catharine and her friends returned to Siena in the autumn. The most momentous event of her mature life was yet to come, the visit to Avignon. But that which at present filled the heart of this woman, who held all the sorrows of her nation as her own, was the revolt against the Pope of one city after another. The cruelty and rapacity of the legates knew no bounds. Florence suffered terribly, and, goaded on by their extortion and deceit, her people rose in fury and burned convents, forced the prisons, and abolished the Inquisition in their city. Finally an interdict was laid upon the city, business was stopped, the churches were closed. Florence, usually so full of life and brightness and commercial activity, became quiet and desolate. Catharine was in correspondence with the revolted cities, and she sought to do all in her power to restore prosperity to Florence; and it was specially in the interests of that city that she consented to go to Avignon. She had previously written to Gregory, pleading with him. "Consider," she writes, "these two evils before you; on the one hand your temporal possessions, of which you are being deprived; and on the other the souls which are being lost to you. Which evil is the first? Open the eyes of your intelligence, and look steadily at this

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matter. You will then see, holy father, that of the two evils the latter is by far the worst, and that it is more needful for you to win back souls than to reconquer your earthly possessions. . . . You now place your confidence in your soldiers, those devourers of human flesh; and your good desires for the reform of the church are hindered. Place your hope rather on Christ crucified and in the good government of the church by virtuous pastors; let it please your holiness to seek out true and humble servants of God as pastors in the church, men who desire nothing but the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Alas! what corruption and confusion we now see. Those who should be models of virtue and simplicity, those who ought to be stewards of the wealth of the church for the good of the poor and of erring souls, are a thousand times more entangled in the luxuries and vanities of the world than the laity; for indeed many of the laity put the pastors to shame by their pure and holy lives. . . . It seems that God permits the church to be robbed of her power and wealth, in order to teach her that He wills her to return to her primitive state of poverty and humility, and of regard for spiritual rather than temporal things; for ever since she has sought temporal possessions, things have gone from bad to worse. It seems just indeed that He should permit her such great tribulations." In their extremity, those who desired to make terms with the Pope sent to Catharine, and she went to Florence, where she remained for fifteen days, becoming thoroughly acquainted with the complicated state of public affairs. She then proceeded by land to Avignon. Several of her most faithful adherents accompanied her, and her generous friends the brothers Buonconti from Pisa joined her, and made arrangements for the comfort of the travellers by the way.

On the 18th of June, 1376, Catharine reached Avignon, where the palace of an absent cardinal was assigned to her during her stay. After two days she was summoned before the Pope in his palace, which stood on the summit of the "Rock of the Domes," commanding a magnificent view of the

Rhone and of the surrounding country. The beauties and glories of nature and art had been lavished upon the palace and gardens. The hall of the consistory was rich in the extreme; here Catharine in her white serge gown and patched mantle stood before the richly decked Pope and the not less gorgeously attired cardinals. But she thought only of her mission on behalf of poor distressed Florence, and in a clear and masterly manner she placed the facts of the case before the assembled council. Owing however to subsequent complications among the Florentine leaders, Catharine's pleading was not at that time successful. Eventually the ban was removed, and life and energy were restored to the beautiful city. On one occasion Gregory requested Catharine to address the consistory on the subject of the church. As she spoke, the unholy lives of many of the clergy in high authority came under review; she asked why she found in the pontifical court, in which all the virtues ought to flourish, nothing but the contagion of the most disgraceful vices. Gregory asked how she, who had so lately arrived, could have knowledge of what went on at Avignon. Standing erect, she raised her thin white hand to heaven and said: "I declare in the name of Almighty God, that I perceived more distinctly the horrors of the sins which are committed in this court while I was yet in my little room at Siena than even those do who are in the midst of these vices." The Pope remained silent. "Even after this," says her secretary Stephen, "Catharine frequently delivered most eloquent addresses, as well as highly practical ones, in the presence of Gregory and the cardinals; and there reigned so great an authority and so wonderful a grace in her lips that all declared 'Never man spake like this woman,' and many said 'It is not a woman who speaks but the Holy Spirit Himself.'" She also expounded to them the Scriptures, which had gone out of use at Avignon, "and her insight and clearness of interpretation astonished the learned doctors."

Weak and irresolute as Gregory was, he was of "blameless life." He was powerfully impressed by Catharine's earnest

appeals to him on the subject of his return to Rome. One day she was passing with Raymond through the grand suite of state rooms which led to the Pope's apartments. She turned aside to look at some of the exquisite art treasures which were everywhere around. She became absorbed in a rare manuscript. Gregory approached, and stood by her for some time in silence. At length he said, "It is here that I find repose for my soul, in study and in the contemplation of nature." Catharine responded: "In the name of God, and for the fulfilment of duty, you will close the gates of this magnificent palace, you will turn your back on this beautiful country, and set out for Rome, where you will be amidst ruins, tumults, and malaria fever." The words penetrated the soul of the Pontiff, but it was with sadness and anxiety that he looked towards an event which he knew could only be reached through unparalleled difficulties. Twenty-three of the cardinals were Frenchmen, and naturally opposed the removal from their native land. Many of the ladies of the court at Avignon hated Catharine. At first they treated her with contempt, but when they perceived her power and influence, they sought, by putting on the guise of religion, to gain access to her inner counsels. Catharine however had clear insight, and when any, men or women, sought her society from desire to entrap her, she was always on her guard. One day three deeply learned prelates of high rank, who were absent on her arrival, sought an interview with her. Stephen describes the visit, and tells how with biting words they endeavoured to wound and irritate her, and how she replied with such wisdom that though the conference lasted for hours they could not find any fault in her, and told the Pope that they had never found "so humble and enlightened a soul." He sternly rebuked them for visiting her in such a critical and uncourteous spirit.

It seemed at one time as if Catharine's appeals to the Pope touching his return to Rome would be frustrated by the wiles of the cardinals. The hour of disappointment is thus eloquently described by her biographer. "Tried to

the utmost by the weakness and vacillation of the Pope, . . . Catharine withdrew for a season from his presence, and was no longer seen in the Vatican of the 'Rock of the Domes.' She entered into the secret presence of her Saviour, and her soul passed once more through that baptism of strong desire, of tears and of passionate intercession, by the strength of which she ever achieved her wonderful conquests in the kingdom of grace and over the souls of men with whom persuasion and argument had failed. In those solitary hours her gaze was fixed far beyond the present, and her heart embraced all the sorrows of earth, while, like the prophets of old, she prayed that the great deliverance might be hastened, and cried to Him who is the 'Desire of all nations,' 'Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' Gregory, who had become troubled at her absence, sent for Catharine, and asked her advice concerning his return to Rome. She kept silence. At last the Pope said, "I command you in the name of obedience to tell me what is the will of God in this matter." She bowed her head and replied, "Who knows more perfectly than your Holiness, who has pledged himself by a secret vow?" Gregory was alarmed, for he believed that no one knew of his secret vow, taken when under the influence of the letters of St. Bridget, Queen of Sweden. He now took his resolve. At Catharine's instigation he ceased to speak on the subject to the cardinals and court, but committed the preparations for the departure of himself and his court into the hands of the Duke of Anjou and faithful servants. The Duchess of Anjou had become attached to Catharine at Avignon, and both she and her husband became sincere followers of the Crucified One. Catharine desired to leave as soon as all was arranged, but Gregory would not allow her to depart an hour before himself. She spent the interval in writing. Among the many letters written at this time are two private ones of much interest. To the mother of her young secretary, Stephen Maconi, she wrote: "Take courage, dear lady; be patient, and do not distress yourself because I have kept him too long. I have watched

over him well, for affection has made of us two but one, and all your interests are mine. I wish to do for him and for you all that I can, even to death. You, his mother, have borne him once; and I—I travail again in birth, every day, not for him only, but for you and all your family, offering to God without ceasing, and with tears and anguish, my strong desire for your salvation."

To her own mother, who also deplored her absence, she writes. "If I have remained, my beloved mother, it has been by the will of God, and not by my own or by the will of man. If any one tells you to the contrary, he is mistaken; for I tell you the truth. I must follow the path which God indicates to me by His providence; and you, my dear sweet mother, you ought to be content and not unwilling to suffer something for the honour of God. . . . Remember how you used to act when it was a question of our temporal interests, when your sons often took long journeys, and were absent for a length of time on business, and in order to make money; and now, when it is a question of the things which concern our eternal life, you pine so much and tell me you will die if I do not soon come home. This is because you love the mortal part of me more than the immortal part."

During Catharine's stay at Avignon she worshipped at the little chapel attached to her residence. She had a keen appreciation of music, and we might have expected her to enjoy the gorgeous ritual of the Vatican church, but the service was overlaid with so much merely to ravish the natural taste, that it did not meet the needs of her soul. Once she attended there, but her "spirit was perplexed and her senses confused."

From Avignon Catharine went direct to Genoa, where she and her friends had to wait more than a month. They were hospitably entertained at the house of one of her disciples, an honourable lady, Orietta Scott.

Catharine's presence was needed to cheer Gregory on his landing, and to encourage him to go forward. With opposing

elements on every hand, for even the winds and waves were against him for many days, it was a hard battle for him to make up his mind to re-embark. Catharine prayed; and her prayers were answered. Gregory came to her by night alone, wrapped in his cloak, to ask of her this time not only wise counsels, but power through her prayers to obey those counsels." The lady Orietta Scott, also Father Raymond and others, were present at the interview, during which Catharine once more urged upon the Pope his duty to press through all obstacles to attain the object in view. When he took leave of her she remained on her knees pleading with Heaven until the morning.

Catharine returned to her little room at Siena, from the solitude of which she continued to urge Gregory to begin those reforms which were indispensable for the good of the church, of the nation, and of the city which he had found so desolated. Florence was still a source of anxiety to Gregory, and he sent for Catharine to go to that city, saying: "I wish that she should go, because she is a woman; for, because she is a woman and because of the great veneration they have for her character, they will take care not to harm her and will listen to her advice."

During this third visit to Florence, Catharine was in the midst of the severest conflict; law was set at nought and tumult raged. She was able to influence the more sober part of the community for a season, but the time came when, during an insurrection among the wool-carders, the insurgents sought her life. When every refuge had failed Catharine freely offered herself to die, assuring the leader of the mob that "no harm would come to them from any of her friends." The man turned away, taking his followers with him. Catharine shed tears while all beside rejoiced. "She had not been counted worthy of martyrdom." "She was touched by the sorrows of these poor people in their misguided zeal." She retreated to the Convent Vallombrossa in the neighbourhood, returning to Florence when the ban was taken from the city, a joyful consummation which she had largely helped to bring about.

Before this time Gregory had died, and the ratification of the peace was signed by his successor, Urban VI.

During the few months which remained to Catharine after she returned to Siena she completed her work, "The Dialogue," and wrote letters to Italian politicians and ecclesiastics in the interests of Urban. This pontiff, having known Catharine at Avignon, requested her to come to his aid in the difficulties that met him in the way of reform. She wrote to him that her friends complained that she travelled too much, and that she must have his command to enable her to go. This she soon received, and immediately prepared to set out. More than forty persons accompanied her, among them the aged Lapa. Catharine begged her companions to agree to live in great simplicity at Rome, that by their example they might rebuke the lavish habits of the time. On leaving Siena, as it proved for the last time, her biographer tells us "she turned and gazed long upon its loved walls and towers, the grassy slopes falling from its ramparts, and the winding roads and paths so familiar to her childhood. Offering up a prayer for the peace of her fellow citizens, she turned her face towards Rome." She arrived there in the autumn of 1378, and soon after was sent for by Urban, who called her to address the assembled consistory on the present distress of the church, especially with reference to the schism (the disaffected French cardinals having just elected an anti-pope, called Clement VII.) "She spoke learnedly and at some length, exhorting all to constancy and firmness."

Upon one point Catharine laid great stress, viz. the gathering together at Rome of holy men and women who should give stability to the church by showing before the world pure and holy lives, and should in other ways uphold the Pope in his work of reform. Although Urban was less zealous than Catharine had hoped, he loved the society of the good, and he gave her a brief, empowering her to invite to Rome whom she would. She wrote to those whom she thought most suited to the emergency, and some responded with joy

even at much cost. Others were reluctant. Her remonstrances to these may be adapted for the teaching of the church now as much as then. "This is a sifting time, one which shows us who are true servants of God, and who are the self seekers who love God only because of the consolation brought to their own souls. Such persons look around them and pronounce where spiritual comfort and consolation are to be found and where they are not to be found; they seem to imagine that God is in this place, and not in that. It is not as they imagine; for I perceive that, to the true servant of God, all places and all times are acceptable. When the time comes for him to leave his spiritual enjoyments and undertake labour and fatigues for God, the true servant does not hesitate. . . . The rule of the true saints has always been to come forward in times of necessity and misfortune; but not in times of prosperity, for they fly such times. . . . It is asserted that if you come here you will lose the habit of devotion, and that you could no longer give yourselves up to prayer. You must be very slightly established in devotion if a change of residence would cause you to lose the habit of prayer. It seems that God takes account of places then, and that He is only to be found in woods and solitudes, even in times of public necessity."

There was little rest for Catharine till she entered upon the higher service of the courts above. The adherents of Clement were continually menacing Rome, the battle of Marino was the result, and Rome had once more a short season of peace. Then came internal discontent and discord, partly caused by the harshness of the Pope. Yet it was his calmness when, alone and unarmed, he stood before the insurgents, that quelled their passions and brought them to their senses. Catharine was praying, and the result of the battle and the staying of the insurrection were attributed to her prayers. She lamented to see the church resorting to arms, and she never ceased to supplicate God that these tribulations might cease. After the battle of Marino Catharine appeared con-

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stantly in the city. She consulted with the magistrates daily, indeed "no measure of importance was adopted without her counsel." Citizens in authority visited her. The chiefs of the army sought her advice, and the sick and wounded looked eagerly for her daily visit. Every day she went to St. Peter's to pray for the city; she spent the nights in prayer. The people in the streets loved to look upon her face lighted with smiles. Yet her body was wasting away, and the end was near. Still she remembered and wrote to her spiritual children at a distance. Her last written prayer for these breathes the tenderest affection and the most ardent desires for their preservation. An accident seems to have hastened her death, and may have caused the terrible suffering of the last weeks. She accepted the agony as special proof of her Father's love. Her confessions, not to man but to her Lord, when she thought the end approaching, are most touching. In that solemn hour she saw the shortcomings of her life in view of that perfect life which she had placed before her as her model. Then she asked pardon of all around. "My beloved, I have indeed hungered and thirsted for your salvation. . . . Nevertheless, I may have been wanting to you in many things; not only have I not set before you the highest example, but in regard to your temporal wants I have not been so faithful and attentive as I ought to have been."

We give a portion of her last charge to her spiritual sons and daughters; it contains clear and simple directions touching the life of consecration. She told them "that any one who desired to be truly the servant of God, and wished really to possess Him, must strip his heart of all selfish love of human creatures, and with a simple and entire heart must approach God; that no soul can arrive at such a state except through the medium of prayer founded on humility; that no one should have any confidence in his own works, but acknowledging himself to be nothing should commit himself entirely to the keeping and leading of God . . .; that in order to attain to purity of conscience it is necessary to abstain from all rash judgments

and evil speaking against our neighbours; that we must neither condemn nor despise any creature, even if it be one whom we know to be guilty and vile, but to bear with him and pray for him, because there is no one, however sinful, who may not amend his life; that we must exercise a perfect trust in the providence of God, knowing that all things that happen to us through this Divine providence spring, not from His ill-will to His creatures, but from His infinite love for them." She gave advice and directions to individuals, and turning to her aged mother, said, "Pardon my faults towards yourself, my best beloved, and give me your blessing." The narrator adds: "I would that you had seen with what respect and humility she repeatedly asked the benediction of her aged mother, while that mother in return commended herself to the prayers of her daughter, and besought her to obtain for her the grace not to offend God by the bitterness of her grief. Catharine again prayed aloud for us all; and so tender and humble were her words that we thought our hearts would cleave asunder." After the administration of extreme unction, an accession of illness came on. Satan took advantage of the fevered state of the brain to bring accusations against her; but even in her partial delirium he could not wholly deceive her. Once she smiled and said, "No, never; never for vain glory, but for the honour of God." Many worldly people had believed that she sought her own glory in life: hence the value of this testimony in the hour of death. As the mind became clearer she ceased to answer her accuser, and instead turned to her Lord, repeating fifty or sixty times, "*Peccavi, Domine, miserere mei*"; and her Lord restored to her the consciousness of His presence. Once again she prayed for those whom God had given her. "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil. Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth." Several times she exclaimed, "Oh, precious Saviour! precious blood!" She then said, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit"; and with her face radiant with reflected

glory she passed into His immediate presence, on the evening of the 29th of April, 1380, aged thirty-three years.

Some will say of this life, It is too highly coloured ; we do not believe in it. We can only reply, We believe that the accomplished author of the Memoir of Catharine of Siena has, through many difficulties, carefully sought to recover the true picture. Out of a large mass of accumulated rubbish she has gathered the fragments, and, as far as was possible, rubbed off the gilding with which mediæval hands had overlaid the original. She has put together these fragments piece by piece, and she presents to us a figure which we find it good and helpful to look upon. Further, we have the saint's own writings, and from her thoughts and counsels we are assured that one who could thus pourtray the heights and depths, the needs and the consolations, of spiritual life must have passed through deep and difficult experiences, needing the strongest faith, and the most constant watching, and the attitude of unceasing prayer.

And as we close the book we feel that we have seen what are the elements required to make up a consecrated life, and we ask, "What one is, why may not millions be?"

For the commonest, most obscure life, may be crowned with heavenly glory, if only the redeemed child who lives it be faithful in all known duties, smaller and larger, unwearied in watching, instant in prayer.

Upon such an one, no less than upon the more prominent saint, will the sentence be pronounced : "Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF THE
LORD."

SUSANNA WESLEY AND AMELIA SIEVEKING.

*There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
... happy anywhere.*

A. I. WARING.

"THAT which is of importance in the sight of God is not the position, but the disposition. . . . Thus Scripture contents itself with pointing out the works of those holy women whom it sets forth as models to their sex, without explaining their social and domestic relations, so that we are often obliged to imagine them. That Eunice was both a wife and a mother, in order to give to the apostle the most valued of his fellow-labourers ; that Priscilla, we are allowed to suppose, was a wife without being a mother, that she might follow her husband from place to place in the service of the gospel ; that Phebe appears to have been neither wife nor mother, that she might be at liberty to carry her activity from church to church ; and that with regard to Dorcas we are not able to form any conjecture : these things in the Scripture are of secondary importance, it is sufficient that there was in each of these a faithful heart."—*Woman, her Mission and her Life,* by Adolphe Monod.

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SUSANNA WESLEY,

BORN 1670. DIED 1742,

AND

AMELIA WILHELMINA SIEVEKING,

BORN 1794. DIED 1859.

THERE has sometimes been a question whether the single or the married life of a woman affords the greatest opportunity for usefulness. A good deal may be said on both sides, without perhaps any definite decision being come to. It is sometimes easier to answer a difficult question by means of illustration than in any other way, and two biographies I have been reading seem to me to throw considerable light on the question of the married life and the single. Not, certainly, by way of deciding definitely which has the greatest capacity for usefulness; but proving very clearly that according as either life is lived in loyal and loving obedience to the revealed law of duty, will its capacities for usefulness be quite infinite. These lives of which I have spoken, so different in outward circumstance, so similar in spirit, and both so abundantly productive of good, were those of the wife of a poor clergyman in Lincolnshire, and of a single lady of limited means and few external attractions, in the city of Hamburg.

¹ Extracted from the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*: Paper, entitled "The Married Life and the Single," by Hannah M. Wigham. By permission of the Author.

The first of these was SUSANNA WESLEY; and if it is true, as has so often been said, that great men have almost always remarkable mothers, may we not believe that many of the excellencies of the founder, and of the sweet singer, of Wesleyan Methodism may be traced to a lowly origin in the heart of their mother? Certainly no one can read her biography, and doubt that her diligent training, her excellent sense, and her prayerful, watchful life, influenced greatly the lives and characters of her sons, and through them who shall say how wide that influence has been!

Susanna Wesley was the wife of a clergyman, whose income never exceeded £200 a year. They were married about the year 1700, and had nineteen children, of whom ten died in their infancy; yet with the nine left it might be supposed the mere struggle for subsistence and the cares attending on such a family would have proved an excuse for some neglect of their mental training on the part of the mother. But before we inquire if such an excuse were needed, let us consider some of the circumstances that surrounded her.

Her husband was an excellent but eccentric man, too much engaged in the duties of his pastoral office, and in literary pursuits, to give very much assistance in the early education of the children.

The parish of Epworth, where the greater part of their lives was spent, is situated in a part of Lincolnshire known as The Island; at that period the resort of a peculiarly wild and lawless population, upon whom the learning and scholarship of Samuel Wesley produced little effect, though his earnestness and faithfulness through many years of thankless toil probably prepared the ground for a noble harvest in the future. His parsonage was twice burnt (it was believed by incendiaries, in revenge for some difference of opinion in political matters); and on another occasion the good man was taken off to prison, by some powerful adversary, for a small debt which a little forbearance would have enabled him to pay. These troubles, as may be supposed, fell heavily on the noble wife and mother.

The second conflagration took place in the night; the family were aroused from their slumbers by the cry of "Fire!" but, after great exertions, it was believed all the living treasures were safe. Suddenly, however, it was found that one lovely little boy, of about six, was sleeping alone in a room which had not been entered. The father endeavoured to force his way to it, but was met by volumes of smoke and hissing flames; the staircase fell, and thus all access from within was cut off, and the father, in his agony, knelt down to commend the soul of his child to God. Meanwhile, the little one had been awakened by a red gleam on the walls, and, after attempting in vain to escape by the door, he ran to the window, where the little white figure was espied by some kind people who had gathered below. "Go for a ladder!" cried one. "There is no time," answered his neighbour; "but mount on my shoulder and open the casement." It was done, and the child borne safely from the very jaws of the fire into his parents' arms. Well might they kneel down and thank God when they saw their children all safe about them; and well might this son, in after years, when his fame as John Wesley was world-wide, describe himself as literally, as well as spiritually, "a brand plucked from the burning." Thus wave after wave of trouble swept over the heads of this noble pair, but the anchor of their faith held fast.

It was some time before their parsonage was rebuilt, and the family, which had been perforce dispersed, was re-collected. At length, however, this was accomplished, though it was found that some good had been lost by the children during the dispersion; and something like quiet settled down around them, not undisturbed certainly, for now occurred the episode of the Epworth ghost, too well known to need description here. Notwithstanding "old Jeffrey's" movements, however the work of training and education went steadily on. Mrs. Wesley was almost the sole instructress of her daughters, and of her sons also, with the exception of the classical lessons given to both by their father, until the sons were ready for

college. Her methods were peculiar, and might not be necessary or possible in all instances, though eminently successful in this. Strict discipline was of course of the first importance among such a number, in so limited a space, and when so little help of any kind was to be had. For instance, no child was permitted to cry aloud after the age of one year; and strict rules as to food and sleep, etc., were enacted. Perfect honesty, uprightness, and truthfulness were enforced; reverence for their superiors, and just, as well as kindly feeling among themselves, and courtesy towards those of a humbler class of life, were strictly inculcated.

Regular school hours and lessons were observed, and, as an instance of Mrs. Wesley's indefatigable zeal and industry, it is told that, not satisfied with any manual of religious instruction within her reach, she prepared one herself for the use of her children, showing a wonderful mastery of thought and reasoning, and leading to an intelligent appreciation of the foundation and requirements of their faith. Her own practice was to spend two hours daily in private and special prayer and communion with her God. Here we have one of the secrets of her strength, and of the calmness of soul which enabled her to accomplish her daily work. She trained her children to a similar habit suited to their years; sending them two and two to their chambers at a certain hour for Bible reading and prayer, the eldest with the youngest in charge, and so on. She also made a point of having a special religious conversation with at least one of them every day, taking them in regular course; and by this means, and afterwards through correspondence, she maintained unbroken the bonds of confidence between her children and herself, keeping open as it were the pathway between their hearts and her own, along which travelled many a loving word of counsel, of warning, or of cheer. Few things perhaps are more touchingly beautiful than to see how her sons, as young and strong men, applied to her for help and advice in their spiritual embarrassments and difficulties, how they poured out their

troubles into her willing ear, and were animated by her words and the unspeakable yearnings of her soul for their welfare.

Nor was this excellent woman unmindful of the condition of her poorer neighbours. When her husband was absent on Church affairs in London, and service in the church was held only once on the Sunday, she made it a practice to invite a few of the people about, to join in her family reading with her children in the kitchen of the parsonage. This became so popular that her room was soon crowded, and she was almost startled at her own work. She read to them the best sermons she could find in her husband's library, and at length the people begged they might remain during the family worship, which she also conducted during the absence of her husband. Some exaggerated account of all this reached the ears of the worthy man, and he wrote in great alarm; but she was so convinced that she was doing rightly and usefully that she said in reply, after explaining how simple the whole thing was, that if he still wished her to abstain he must *command* her to do so, and then she should think it her duty to submit.

Thus, amid labour and prayer, wisely submission and family love, life passed away in this remote parsonage among the fens of Lincolnshire; till at length, one by one, the sons left their home, some of the daughters married, and the father was laid down to rest in the quiet churchyard that surrounded the scene of his life-long labours. Then Mrs. Wesley went forth, still in outward poverty, and found a home with one or other of her children, until her turn too came to "go across the river." She continued to be their best earthly guide and counsellor, and was soothed in return by their devoted love and filial care. She had the happiness of believing that all her children (though to them, as to herself, life had anything but a thornless path to offer) were conscious heirs of a better and more enduring inheritance. Some of them she saw prominently and extensively useful to a degree that has not often been equalled, and at her peaceful falling asleep she had the joy of believing that, through the riches of redeeming love, she would be per-

mitted to rejoin or to welcome every one of her nineteen children in the better world to which she was hastening.

Of the life of AMELIA WILHELMINA SIEVEKING (which, in its outward circumstances, forms so great a contrast to that of Mrs. Wesley) I shall only record a few of the more prominent features, which will introduce an extract or two from her admirable letters. The perusal of the whole biography is an enjoyment of no common kind. She was born at Hamburg in the year 1794, and seems to have been connected through life with an influential and cultured circle. Her parents died while she was very young, and she suffered from a feeling of loneliness and want of sympathy, and also from a sense of her deficiency in external accomplishments and attractions. Her two brothers were her chief playmates. The elder remained her faithful friend through life; the younger, to whom she was almost passionately attached, and whose nobility of character and enthusiastic devotion to the true and the good justified his sister's affection, just as life was opening before him in a long vista of brilliance and usefulness, was called "up higher" to that better world on which his eye was steadily fixed; leaving a blank in Amelia's heart that was never wholly filled. But, instead of giving way to the hopelessness of grief, she raised to his memory the holiest of all monuments, in a renewed dedication of soul and life to the objects for which it had been his desire to live.

She writes to an intimate friend of this beloved brother: "What I say to his most intimate friends is, that what he promised to the world, and could not fulfil, they must now carry out, so that his spirit may not have passed wholly away from among us. Let a noble and sacred covenant be thus made over his grave. I would fain hold out my hand to all who were near to his heart, and bid them join with me in this bond."

Perhaps in this baptism of sorrow into a purer and nobler consecration we may read the fulfilment of her own later

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belief: "The Eternal Love can never take away without *giving* in return, and giving something fairer and higher than has been taken."

By degrees the craving of her heart for love, or rather for some object on which to pour out the pent-up treasures of her heart, found relief in the work of teaching young girls, which she undertook as her life's task. It was with her wholly a work of love; though by no means in affluent circumstances, she always refused, whether wisely or not, to accept pecuniary compensation for her labours.

It was her plan to receive a class of ten or twelve girls of her own rank, and carry them forward in their studies till the age for confirmation; and then, after a very short recess, commence with another set. This teaching and intercourse with young bright spirits were the joy and delight of her life, and, next to the Divine influence which sprang up as a well of water unto eternal life in her soul, were probably the means of preserving the youth and freshness of her inner being; and this her labour of love was the last earthly work in which she engaged. Through all she maintained the subjective principle, and thus writes: "When I consider what is the thing most needed to enable us to educate others well, it seems to me to be that *we should constantly educate ourselves*. The neglect of this great point is often, I think, the reason why people who study really excellent works on education yet turn out their children such perverted beings; while others, who perhaps never dreamt that there is such a thing as an art of education at all, live to have great satisfaction from their sons and daughters. But this latter class must have been trained by religion carefully to watch over themselves, and avoid every shadow of evil, for most true it is that example is stronger than precept."

It was, however, through clouds of doubt and darkness, partial unbelief, and also of some disappointment and trial, that the spirit of this noble woman won its way to the serenity and happy activity of her middle and later life. By degrees, and

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through various and some apparently unlikely means, the life of her soul was developed, or rather the life of Christ within her soul; for she came to know and believe her Saviour's love and the Father's love He came to manifest, and then her soul sat down, like Mary, in blessed content at His feet; and as she sunned herself in this all-perfect love, it became her delight to follow in His steps.

The darling project of her life was the formation of Protestant sisterhoods. She believed that in such communities the struggling and too often buried germs of love and benevolence in the hearts of isolated women might be fostered and developed; germs too often choked at first by timidity and irresolution, and afterwards utterly withered in an atmosphere of littleness or frivolity; and that thus there would be immense gain both to individual character and to the world at large. It did not fall to her lot to take any active part in the accomplishment of this idea; but she had the satisfaction of seeing it carried out by others very much in accordance with her wishes. When the cholera broke out in Hamburg, in 1831, Miss Sieveking devoted herself to serve in the hospital, where she lived entirely for eight weeks, fulfilling all the duties of a nurse, and showing how these duties may and ought to be performed. This novel and, at that time, unwonted act was met by much disapproval and opposition. She appealed to other ladies for co-operation, but met with no response; but the noble and Christian way in which she carried through her resolution soon disarmed all opposition, and won for her the warm gratitude of all with whom she came in contact.

It was during some leisure time, when the epidemic was passing away, that she employed herself in planning out and drawing up rules for the formation of a society for the care of the sick and poor of her native city. Several ladies joined her in carrying out this purpose, but she retained the direction in her own hands; and this, along with much actual labour in visiting and relieving the poor, added to her teaching (both her own special classes and some poor children as well), and

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the claims of social and domestic life which she never neglected, made her life so full that nothing but the most unwearied diligence, combined with strong health and early rising, and at the root of all a most loving and cheerful zeal, would have enabled her to accomplish what she did. The principles which she declared to be at the root of all healthy combined action for the good of others, *love, truth, and order*, were those which actuated her own life and produced such abundant results.

The Yearly Reports of the working of the Society contain admirable expositions of those principles. They were always written by her as long as she lived; and she usually took the opportunity of the comparative leisure afforded by the one annual recess she allowed herself, when she went from home on a visit to some friend, to write them. The Reports and the fame of the Society soon spread through Germany and other countries, and her Institute became the model of many similar ones. A legacy left to the Association by a benevolent gentleman (with the proviso that his name should be concealed) enabled her to erect a number of model dwellings for the poor, and a hospital for children was also established; and these became a nucleus for other operations, and were visited by eminent strangers, who also applied to Amelia for advice and the results of her experience, in order to set on foot similar associations. In this way she became acquainted with many of the excellent of the earth, among whom were the Queens of Denmark and Prussia, who both became her warm friends. With the former she passed at different times some happy weeks of social and intimate communion at the Castle of Sorgenfrei; and of the latter she writes: "The most decided Christian faith, the highest truthfulness of character, which is not only content to hate a lie but aspires to be clear and consistent with itself, a great love of simplicity, and a warm interest in all really philanthropic efforts, these were the traits I thought I recognised in her, and which so vividly reminded me of my dear Queen of Denmark."

And to her she writes, after remarking that she did not think that women of the middle classes did well to mingle much in politics: "But one mission, I think, is common to all women, be they of high rank or of low, although the variety of position will modify its form. It is the mission of humble ministering love, grounded on faith, whose gentle magic interposes with a softening influence amidst the hard contrarieties and passionate agitations of this world, and brings heaven down to earth, making a paradise within the heart, if it cannot always succeed in doing so in the outward world. That the Eternal Love may make us all, from the princess on the throne to the lowest peasant girl, evermore truly instruments of blessing in His hand is the deepest wish of my heart."

It was her most earnest desire that the life and character of woman should be redeemed from vanity, frivolity, and self seeking, and to see her taking her proper place with a holy and happy dignity, a place at once lowly and lofty, in the footsteps of Him who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister." This aspiration and endeavour included all of every class, but her interest and sympathy were perhaps the strongest on behalf of those who, like herself, had not the close ties of wifehood and motherhood to draw out their tenderest affections. She made a single life beautiful, and longed to see it universally beautiful and happy. "If Providence," she writes to her brother and sister-in-law, who were settled in England, "if Providence grant you a daughter, let her learn early that the essential conditions of a woman's happiness are no other than faith, and charity, and hope; and if I do not live to see her blooming youth, let this be my legacy to her, the solemn assurance that a single state also may be glorified by unspeakable blessing, if it is filled up by a vocation of charitable love."

It will easily be believed that her heart was peculiarly alive to the enjoyments of social life and of elevating friendships. The following extract from a letter will show how deathless

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she felt these ties to be. "One reason, among others, which makes the prospect of heaven so precious to me, is that I confidently anticipate the resumption there of all these passing relations here, to our mutual and ever-growing profit and blessedness. Thus every parting brings that meeting more vividly before my eyes, and what lies there in the future is for me so closely intertwined with what is round me here and now that I can scarcely look on any tie once formed as really broken."

And now, at the risk of being too lengthy, I must allude again to one feature of her mind and element of her work which perhaps amongst us is hardly sufficiently valued. If "order" be "Heaven's first law," she also recognised its necessity in doing Heaven's work of goodwill to man on earth. In the government of her Society the utmost regularity was observed, strict and well considered laws were introduced, labour undertaken was required to be punctually performed; and while much individual responsibility and freedom of action were acknowledged, the whole proceeded as the harmonious development of one great and noble thought.

I have given but a feeble sketch of the beautifully rounded and proportioned life of this noble woman, a life which grew like a perfect flower from a deep and living root, and expanded in an atmosphere of humility and love to a grace seldom attained in this imperfect world. After a gradual and gentle decline of her happy, active, and most productive life on earth, she gently passed to the presence of the Master whom she loved, doubtless to hear from His gracious lips the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

I think that none can rise from the perusal of the two biographies, of which I have given but slight glimpses, without feeling how beautiful and influential a thing a woman's life may become, and how glorious her "mission" may be, whether surrounded by the cares and anxieties of family life

or in comparative isolation and loneliness. I may perhaps conclude in the words of another lady, whose noble talents and lovely character made a single life most honourable. Frederica Bremer says: "Write above the cradle of every little girl, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord,' and inscribe the words in her heart during the time of her education, and her life will become good and noble whatever her talents may be ; and, whatever her sphere of action may become, she will not live merely for a narrow and selfish aim."

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FRAU TRÜDEL.

"Ye weep for those who weep?"—she said—

*"Go, weep for those whose hearts have bled,
What time their eyes were dry!*

Whom saider can I say?"—she said.

E. B. BROWNING.

"WOMAN neglected by the husband of thy youth . . . thou whom the Lord has chosen in His word as the type of the most ineffable grief; take courage, for thy consolation is found! If the sweetness of being loved has been taken away from thee, allow not thyself to be despoiled of the privilege of loving; of loving first, of loving last, of loving always, of loving even now! Follow the path of Jesus, who was despised as thou art, even with the coldness and injustice that thou hast received. Still be to him who has grieved thee a help-meet for him. . . . Be silent—humble thyself—go—the heart that thou seekest shall be restored to thee, or conquered by thy love! But should he persist to the end in his injustice; accomplish, even to the end, thy mission as woman. Rely upon the God whom thou lovest, and who ever loves thee, and who will hereafter make thee share His glory even as now this cross"

Adolphe Monod.

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III.

FRAU TRÜDEL.

BORN 1772. DIED 1840.

WE often hear it repeated that this or that person has passed through the deepest sorrow that can be experienced. Such expressions seem always unjust to other mourners, for the weight of suffering and the extent of desolation caused by sorrow on different hearts and temperaments cannot be balanced. Neither can those who look on from the outside appreciate the alleviations, many of them subtle and impalpable, which bring help and soothing to different hearts. It is true with regard to the deep undercurrents of life that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." It is generally the bereavements caused by death which are designated as the severest trials of earth. But there are other trials which are often all the more bitter, because not at once recognised as coming direct from God's hand. Of these, we will only touch upon the trial of separation which is appropriate to this history. Sometimes it is outward, and between those who are bound together by deeply rooted and most tender affection; sometimes it is a separation of heart between those who have to live on, side by side, in the same home, apparently on terms of the closest intimacy. Often the agony is never seen of men, but the suffering is none the less terrible; rather more so, because the poor broken heart is continually being jostled by those who are unconscious of its condition. When it happens that the sorrow is thus hidden, or when it is one which, involving the reputation

of another, is too delicate to be spoken of and is equally beyond the reach of the expression of human sympathy, the loneliness is at times intense. Upon such suffering there are two results, either of which may follow. The weary heart may turn back upon itself and become cold and withered, or it may be restored under heavenly consolation and become sanctified to the highest uses. In other words, the base metal tried in the crucible is found to be useless, or by an alchemy unknown to this world is transmuted into pure gold capable of reflecting the image of the Refiner, and of bearing any future heat brought to bear upon it. Such was the result of a "living martyrdom" in the noble woman who is the subject of the following sketch. It is entitled "The Christian Mother," and is by her daughter Dorothea, who thus narrates the life story.¹

My mother frequently related to me the incidents of her early history. She was born in the year 1772, and in the twelfth year of her age was left an orphan under very painful circumstances: her mother dying suddenly after the birth of her eleventh child, and her father (a man of most violent temper, who had never learnt to control his passion) shortly after putting an end to his miserable existence. This last event so deeply impressed the girl that she could never think of her father without tears.

Our mother remained with her grandparents for the next four years of her life, and during this period her education was not neglected. When she had attained the age of sixteen her grandfather died, and in the following year his wife followed him. The death of the latter was a heavy calamity for the poor girl, as this relative had been a most loving *godmother* to her, making up, in a large measure, for the absence of that maternal care of which she had been deprived by the loss of her own mother. This good grandmother had faithfully ful-

¹ Extracted from "The Life of Faith," by Dorothea Trüdel. By permission of the Publishers, Morgan and Scott.

filled her trust; and in addition to counsel and watchful oversight had borne her charge in the arms of earnest and believing prayer before the throne of grace. Many readers will acknowledge the efficacy of these prayers, and recognise their answer in the guidance and upholding so remarkably afforded to our mother during her life history.

The granddaughter was prepared by her relative for the bereavement that awaited her; the evening before her death she called the sorrowing girl to her side, and said: "This night I am going to my heavenly home; at midnight my Saviour will come to fetch me." She expired at the hour she had thus foretold.

The orphan girl, now cast upon her own resources, earned her living by spinning; at the same time, with self sacrificing love, and from a feeling of sympathy with their position, she undertook the charge of a family of children, who like herself had been deprived by death of the blessing of maternal care. These little ones loved her most sincerely, and they would often in after years dwell with affectionate remembrance upon the self denying love and care exhibited towards them.

When she was about four-and-twenty years of age she received proposals of marriage from my father. The utter unselfishness of her nature and that self denying love to her neighbour, in willing obedience to the Master's word "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," which she at all times displayed, attracted the notice and admiration of the one who sought her hand, and who, though not himself of religious tendencies, was fully capable of recognising the beauty of her character and the excellence of her life. Nor was there wanting considerable attractiveness of personal appearance to complete the charm.

My father's father was a very godly man, and on hearing of his son's desire to marry my mother, he told him that although he would gladly receive this, the object of his choice, as his daughter, yet that, unless he would alter his course of life and adapt himself to hers, he should prohibit the union; and this

ne was determined upon as an act of justice to his proposed daughter-in-law.

Our father expressed his determination to cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart; and the good old man, delighted beyond measure, gave the young couple his blessing with tears of joy.

But from that hour my mother was troubled with a secret fear that all was not right with her future husband, a sad presentiment lay heavy upon her heart that a troubled lot in life might possibly be in store for her; yet she did not feel that she could recall the promise she had solemnly made.

These forebodings were, alas! too fully realized. It is painful for a child to have to relate the story of a mother's sufferings; but to God's glory be it spoken, during the seven-and-twenty years I knew her, I never once heard a murmur pass her lips. We children could not understand how our prayerful mother could be so cheerful and quiet under all circumstances, nor how she managed, in the midst of difficulties, always to bear up with so much courage and joyfulness. It was especially a mystery to me, who lacked her gentle spirit and had inherited the impatience which was a prominent feature of my father's character, how she bore all the injustice that was displayed towards her, and the ill treatment that was heaped upon her.

Her behaviour to her husband was beautiful in the extreme, and she delighted to point out anything in him that appeared commendable. When she was thus dwelling on some circumstance in which he may have appeared in a more advantageous light than usual, I perhaps would say:

"How can you talk thus to us, mother? If I had such a husband I should behave very differently to him; you treat him too well. Instead of telling him of his sins, you only pray about them."

She would smile at me, and reply: "Wait awhile, only wait, my child; you will understand it all some day. Submission to my husband is my pleasure; through him I have learnt to

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trust alone in God. If I had been permitted to have all my own way through life, I might not have been able to give my children to God so entirely as I can now. If you will not believe that the Saviour sends us blessings through trials, as well as through ease and comfort, I shall be troubled on your behalf, even as I am on account of my husband. My duty is to pray that this rod which now smites us may not itself be cast into the fire at last. But for this rod I will give thanks to God all my life long."

"What," said I, "thankful for such a heavy trial?" How could this be? It was to me quite incomprehensible; for in those days I could not conceive how any one could possibly be happy in the midst of suffering. Thus my mother was a living wonder before my eyes.

We were eleven children in family, and as our means of livelihood were extremely limited we were brought up in a very plain manner; however, by the influence of our dear mother's example, and powerfully affected by her prayerful life, we learned to be so contented with our lot that in spite of domestic troubles our youth was really a happy time.

Notwithstanding our father's frequent painful outbursts of impatience, peace might be justly said to dwell under our roof; and the order and quietude of our home were a standing evidence of the influence of unceasing prayer. Although our food was necessarily inexpensive and simple, and very little varied in kind from day to day, yet we were quite as healthy as the generality of children, and more robust than many of those who were our neighbours. It would happen sometimes that our mother would refer to the comparative luxuries enjoyed by other families, but when doing so she would invariably bid us be thankful for all the mercies we were permitted to receive. I believe not more than two gulden were spent upon our Christmas and New Year's treats, over and above the ordinary provision made for our daily wants.

There were times when we had not a farthing left in the

house. None but God knew of our condition, and He who feedeth the young ravens when they cry was not unmindful of the petitions of His faithful child. He ever helped us in our time of need. It is on this account that our mother's favourite motto, "Pray, but do not beg," has been so impressed upon our minds. In the course of this discipline, many striking deliverances were afforded us, and every one around could bear witness that we were not allowed to suffer want. When our distress waxed great our mother would say: "Children, it is written, They that put their trust in the Lord shall never be confounded." Once one of us in childish despair exclaimed: "O mother, I do believe you would say nothing if we all had to turn beggars."

Full of confiding trust she answered: "That can never happen, for God's word is older than we are, and it says He 'will satisfy the poor with bread,' and that 'there is no want to them that fear Him'; and David further tells us, 'I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.' Children, pray and work, then you will never suffer want; and do not forget that little verse,

"Whatever good you would enjoy
Must all come down from God."

If we had only known how rightly to appreciate our privileges, we should have understood our Bible when very young, and should have learned in early years to acknowledge the almighty Guide who so wonderfully helped us.

As we were so poor, of course but little money could be spared for buying us necessary clothing. Thus, for example, every year until we were confirmed we had only one pair of new shoes; we were very lively children, and active on our feet, yet these shoes always lasted us the time. We used to believe that the shoemaker made them of particularly good leather; but when our fortunes improved so that we could afford to spend more, we found out that our shoes were made of the same leather as other people's.

I have mentioned that we knew the Bible very well ; it was the only book we had. We learned to read by it, and its stories were soon so dear to us that we loved to peruse them over and over again. This was of great benefit to us ; more particularly as we had few educational advantages, none of us being able to remain long at school. The Bible was unspeakably precious to our mother. During the week she was too busy for reading, but she prayed continually whilst in the midst of her daily occupations.

We had early to begin helping our mother in her household and other duties. I was not nine years old when I had to sit all day at work. The thought of recreation hardly ever entered our heads all the week long ; but when we could get out into the fresh air like other children, we were as joyous as possible, for the peaceful atmosphere of our holy home seemed to follow us and make us doubly happy.

Our mother would never allow us to indulge in the gossip and scandal of the village ; no idle words were ever heard from her lips. She did not talk much at any time ; it was her example which ruled us, and her spirit of prayer seemed like an electric cord of peace among us noisy children. I felt compelled to submit myself to her kind control, and was positively in many instances unable to act as my self-will would have dictated. When she warned, or exhorted, or advised, she did it all in the power of the Lord which dwelt in her, and her words penetrated the heart like arrows. She gave us all up entirely to God, and the remembrance of her prayers still lives in my memory, especially of her frequent petition, "Let none of my children be missing in the last day." And God allowed her to see what He can do for those who commit all into His hands ; she was most graciously permitted to behold the working of His Spirit in the hearts of every one of us.

Although I was the youngest of her children, I can remember numberless cases of answers to prayer which she related to us ; and many we ourselves experienced. One very remark-

able instance may here be recorded, relating to our mother's pious sister-in-law, who so faithfully stood by us. Our aunt was so ill that every one believed her end was quickly approaching. She was quite prepared for this, but desired first to partake of the Lord's Supper. This was accomplished, and hardly a quarter of an hour afterwards everything earthly seemed to fade away from her, so that, as she herself told us, she could see into heaven. Yet she lay in full consciousness, and recognised all who came near. On the arrival of evening they brought a light into the room, when she exclaimed: "What do you think? there is a brightness surrounding us, such as I have never witnessed before; and I see crowds of blessed children. Oh that you too could behold these things!"

Our mother thought to herself, when this foretaste of heaven is over my sister will die. She sank on her knees, and earnestly entreated God to prolong the life of this loved one, at least until our mother's eldest child should be able to be some support. At midnight the sick one suddenly turned towards my mother, saying: "Now I must return into this dark valley of death, I must stay awhile longer with you." She survived yet fifteen years, and until the eldest child was able to contribute her share towards the maintenance of the family.

This dear relation, our aunt, lived entirely to the Lord; instead of working for herself her constant desire was to help us, and rather than that we should suffer want she would deny herself anything. Some years before her death she even sold all her clothes to provide us with necessaries. Just as self-sacrificingly did she act in the famine of 1770: she was then barely eighteen years old, and yet she provided for the support of her father and his family, working day and night to make both ends meet, and seeking in every way to cheer the life of her desponding parent. "Father," she would say, "be comforted, for I will never let any of you suffer, even if I have to starve for it." And in reality she ate for years nothing but potatoes and cold milk, while she prepared other things for her father.

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We can now see God's gracious care in bringing my mother into this family, where father and daughter were of one heart with her. They helped one another on in patience and Christian meekness, and often observed that they should not consider themselves well off if they had no cross. My aunt assisted our mother in our education with her usual love and self sacrifice, and at the same time they earned between them sufficient to support the family. When any of us were ill we were brought in prayer before the feet of the heavenly Physician. Our mother had no cure except prayer; and though at that time we did not understand, yet since that we have found out that it was the healing hand of the Saviour alone that helped and restored us.

Even when I had the small-pox and became blind, no doctor was sent for and no one was told of it. Our father was not at home; and when our mother asked him to come, telling him how ill I was, he would not believe it, and preferred to remain with his friends. Our mother however was not in the least vexed or excited; she prayed for him, for all of us, especially for her sick child; and before my father came home my eyes were reopened.

Once again one of my brothers had a fit brought on through fright. It was a most violent and painful attack, and we were greatly alarmed. This time also our father was out, and our mother said to us: "I know this fearful illness, my children, it is one of the heaviest trials which could have occurred; but Jesus, who cured that lunatic boy, can heal our child. Do not speak of the attack to any one, we will go only to Jesus about it." And then she prayed with us.

Not long after a second fit came on, and again our father was taking his pleasure at the public-house. This time mother told him what had happened in his absence, but he laughed at it and said, "I don't believe it; you were frightened at the child having bad dreams." His wife replied: "For the sake of your unbelief I hope that the child will have another attack whilst you are at home, so that you may witness it yourself;

then you will believe ; I pray God, however, that this may be the last time."

It came to pass about a week after that another most dreadful fit came on ; the boy threw himself about in fearful convulsions ; on this occasion the father was present, and he was convinced of the nature of the attack and alarmed at what he saw. But the mother's prayer was heard, for the disease never showed itself again till thirty-four years had elapsed, and after both parents were dead ; at that time we ourselves knew the power of appealing to the Divine Helper, who remains ever willing to cure.

Mary's soul was made quite ashamed through the simplicity of the faith that, instead of seeking to judge for itself, let the Lord order everything. Once in a time of great need a clergyman became acquainted with the poverty of our circumstances, which we had supposed to be known alone to God. He said to our eldest sister, who was now a great support to the family : "How can you be so foolish, both mother and children, and let things go on so easily? Your mother ought not to allow her husband to have his own way in everything ; she ought to bring a charge against him in the court for neglect and cruelty." The girl answered him : "We never hear mother complain of my father's conduct, and she does not expect us to do so either ; she tells us God will permit nothing that is not meant to do us good ; so whatever He allows we are not to take as from our earthly father, but as what is sent us by our heavenly Father. If God were to permit us for a time to be without a roof to shelter us, He would be sure to open a door for us in some other place, where, with His blessing, we might live. Mother says, 'As long as you pray, you need never beg.'"

The clergyman answered : "I cannot agree with you there. God permitted Napoleon to do many things which were not right ;¹ and on what can your mother rely ?"

"On God alone," said my sister ; "she never tells us how

¹ Referring to the first Napoleon's invasion of Germany.

God is going to help, but she is always certain His aid will come at the right time."

"But," said he, "we must be governed by reason."

"Nothing is said in the Bible about reason," replied my sister; "but it is written, 'He that believeth shall not be confounded.'"

When this conversation was related to our mother she said to us: "Oh, children, follow my example, turn not to man for help, but to God; the person who seeks counsel of men, who leans on an arm of flesh and putteth not his confidence in God, must be unhappy. You will experience," continued she, "that they who always get help just at the right time are those who never study circumstances, but who look in steadfast faith to God, expecting Him to act for and aid them."

That same clergyman found out by experience that our mother's trust was rightly grounded, for from that time our great distress ceased; and two years later he confessed that the saving hand of the Lord was stretched out on our behalf.

Just about this period our mother's faith was wonderfully strengthened and crowned by most blessed experiences of God's faithfulness. We lived several years quite alone with her, my father being abroad.

On going away he sold one of our two cows, and took the proceeds with him. A rich neighbour directly offered to lend us money enough to buy another; this kind proposal we gratefully accepted. Although we did not understand much about bargains of this kind, yet the cow we purchased served us so remarkably that we were obliged to acknowledge whence the blessing came. In summer we could sell fourteen measures of milk, in winter twelve, to the dairymen; so that the borrowed money was speedily repaid. At the same time the cow performed the farm work required of it with such strength and quickness that people were astonished. When our father on his return heard us speaking with pleasure of this animal, he became so enraged with the poor thing that he determined to sell it, and actually offered it at half its value. We faithless

children were in a continual fright. When any one came near the house we thought we were assuredly going to lose our cow. But mother exhorted us not to be so fearful, "for," said she, "if your father could do always as he likes, none of you would be alive now; but God will never let him go any farther than He sees to be for our good. Believe me, God who has given us this cow will keep it for us as long as we need it."

And so it turned out, for the cow never left us whilst our mother was alive; and when we were all provided for, a purchaser came, who paid a high price for the creature, having heard of its wonderful powers from the man to whom we sold the milk for so many years. But no sooner was the animal taken to its new home than the wonder ceased, and this cow became no better than any other.

I could narrate numberless facts of this kind, if I had not with them almost always to make unpleasant allusion to my father's name. I am sorry to say he it was who caused many of our troubles; but at last even he was brought to the knowledge of the truth, and after our mother's death he himself, in old age, fell peacefully asleep in Jesus; so that this portion also of our mother's prayers was answered.

I here wish to impress upon the mind of the reader the truths that not a hair of our head can fall without God's permission, and also that to those who love God "all things work together for good."

As we grew up, we stood faithfully by our mother; and having been brought up to work, we found no difficulty in gaining our living; but still we feared sometimes what might come when we should no longer be able to labour, and yet had nothing laid by for our support. But she would cheerfully say, "Let God care for us, He can and will do it"; and before her death she experienced the truth of this also.

When we were all grown up God gave us courage to take this dear parent quite under our own protection; and we unanimously told our father that we would not see her, after sacrificing her whole life to him, treated otherwise than with

kindness. He might storm at us, but against our mother he should sin no more; what he had hitherto done was enough.

We now tried who could the best take care of her, and the most sweeten her remaining days, so that she often shed tears of joy, exclaiming, "Children, why do you try so to make me happy?" When she saw that a cheerful acceptance of our Love gave us delight, and that we grieved if she were worried over household cares, she made herself quite contented and happy. We were determined to show her that her lessons of faith had not been lost upon us.

She had the joy of beholding several of us serving a risen and accepted Saviour, dwelling in Him and He in us; knowing this, she could trustingly leave her other dear ones to His care.

At length the last year of her earthly pilgrimage drew nigh. It was a time of great bodily pain, but all her sufferings were borne quietly, "looking unto Jesus." She was most anxious not to cause trouble, though she knew that we loved nothing better than waiting on her. Never would she allow any of us to stay awake watching her at night, protesting that she should get no sleep herself if she knew she was keeping others from repose.

One of the last triumphs of her faith now occurred. A dear unknown relation visited us at this time, and promised our mother that he would act as a father to us; his money, he told her, would be blessed in fulfilling a promise made to faith.

The end of our mother's life was drawing near. During her last night on earth I watched at her side, for now I would not forego this privilege. I felt quite ashamed when, on approaching her, she said, "I am giving you trouble."

I replied: "Oh, mother, you know it would be no trouble for your children to watch you both night and day; you deserve it of us." She answered, "I know you do it gladly, but it is useless."

Early in the morning, after cheerfully saluting us, she lost the power of speech, and beckoned my eldest sister to raise

her in the bed. My sister took her in her arms and sat by her on the bed. She remained thus for about half an hour, and then our mother passed away quietly from earth. With tears of love we resigned her into the Saviour's arms, praying Him to give us grace to follow in her steps, so that we might present to others as holy an example as we had beheld in her, and that thus she, though in heaven, might perceive it was not in vain that she had pointed us to God's true word, but might see that His truth had borne fruit in our souls and the souls of many, to His praise and glory.

A voice calls from our mother's spirit to that of every other mother. "Would you be a blessing to your children? Oh, then, care not to gather for them 'treasures which moth and rust do corrupt'; care not to supply them with large fortunes, and be not anxious though coffers and chests are empty; but be prayerful, trustful in faith: bring your children to the Saviour's feet, never doubting that He will make them worthy, each one, to be a living sacrifice to Jesus; believing that His Spirit will sanctify their bodies and make them to be instruments of righteousness, and that they shall all serve the Lord in living faith, and use every power in His service. So shall your children rise up and call you blessed; and after you have departed, your memory shall be fragrant on the earth."

Here ends the daughter's record. There are special lessons to be drawn from this life. We spoke at the beginning of sorrows which were beyond the reach of human help, except indeed of that hidden electric current of spiritual sympathy which, directed by the Holy Spirit, sometimes reads the pain underneath the calm exterior. Frau Trüdel did not dwell upon her troubles to human friends. She knew that one ear was open to all the details of her distress. She knew that He only could effectually help her. She knew also that, if she might hope ever to exercise any Christian influence over him to whom she was outwardly bound, she must not make his failings the subject of common conversation. Living in com-

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munion with her Lord, and trusting Him implicitly, she no doubt carried a cheerful countenance before men; and though some mistook her calmness for apathy or bravado, to others she was a preacher of righteousness by life and conversation. In the family life before us we see pecuniary and other straits and trials sanctified to the formation of habits of self reliance and self denial and a readiness to help one another. Such results are oft repeated, and go far to compensate for the absence of the luxuries and even of the comforts which affluence brings, and which too often enervate the mind and hinder the full development of the noblest traits of character.

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"REJOICING IN HOPE."

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA.

*My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name:
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.*

EDWARD MOTE.

"IT was on Advent Sunday, December 1873, I first saw clearly the blessedness of true consecration. I saw it as a flash of electric light, and what you *see* you can never *unsee*. *There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness.* God admits you by the one into the other. He Himself showed me all this most clearly. You know how singularly I have been withheld from attending conventions and conferences; man's teaching has consequently but little to do with it. First I was shown that the 'blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin,' and then it was made plain to me that He who had thus cleansed me had power to keep me clean; so I just utterly yielded myself to Him, and utterly trusted Him to keep me."—From "*Memorials of Frances R. Havergal*" (Nisbet & Co.)

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CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA.

BORN 1790. DIED 1846.

THE name of "Charlotte Elizabeth" was familiar to many readers through her numerous writings some forty or fifty years ago. Now even her autobiography,¹ with the sketch of her latter years by her husband, is no longer much known. But her character has in it so much to admire, in her straightforward carrying out of anything she believed to be true and right, that, in spite of her strong idiosyncrasies, her history may well be invigorating to other minds.

Charlotte Elizabeth Browne was born at Norwich on the 1st of October, 1790, and during her earliest years her home was under the shadow of the cathedral. The little girl had a most lively imagination, and she loved nothing better than to play alone in the bishop's garden, enjoying her own thoughts. This garden, to which she had full access, was bounded on one side by the cathedral; and as she sat on the grass weaving daisy chains, little Charlotte's eyes would wander, now over the noble pile of stone far above her head, and then to the bright array of flowers at her feet, while all the time her fancy was weaving webs of many colours and of varied textures. The nursery tales of those days were full of fairies and goblins which in her mind grew into "hosts of marvellous creatures decked out in colours of her own supplying, gorgeous or terrible, beyond the conception of her classic authorities." Before she was four

¹ "Personal Recollections. By Charlotte Elizabeth." Seeley & Co. This sketch is principally taken from the above work, by permission of the Publishers.

Charlotte's home was transferred to another part of the city, near to the church of St. Giles', of which her father was rector. Here she enjoyed roving in the large shrubbery and flower garden attached to the ancient vine-covered house. Of an evening she used to linger under a gigantic mulberry tree, and there wait till the great night owl should appear. To watch him wheel round the tree, and to listen to his melancholy hoot as he called his companions, while the bat brushed past her in the twilight, was a weird pleasure to the romantic little child.

The love of music was early developed in her. Her father had an unusually fine voice and a very high degree of "scientific knowledge and taste in the management of it." It was his great pleasure to provide enjoyment for his little daughter through this his favourite pursuit. A fellow clergyman, skilled in instrumental music, was often an inmate of the house, and in after years Charlotte Elizabeth recalls the feelings of her childhood while listening to his performances. "The rich tones of his old harpsichord seem still to fill my ear and swell my heart; while my father's deep, clear, mellow voice breaks in with some noble recitation or elaborate air of Handel, etc. Or the harpsichord was relinquished to another hand, and the breath of our friend came forth through the reed of his hautboy in strains of such overpowering melody that I have hid my face in my mother's lap to weep the feelings that absolutely wrung my little heart with excess of enjoyment."

Before she was six years old, Charlotte, already exceedingly fond of reading, accepted the offer of an uncle, a physician, to teach her French. The French lesson was taken, seated on her young uncle's knee in the hall of his residence, and the reward for diligence was "some sublime strain from the deep-toned organ" which stood there. Both lesson and reward were so fascinating that every power was strained to make rapid progress. At night the French book was placed under the pillow, and at earliest break of day the sleepy eyes were strained over the page until she became quite blind. During

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the time that the blindness lasted she had the entertainment of listening to the stirring conversations and discussions, literary and political, which went on among the friends who frequented the rectory. With nothing to distract her attention, the little girl turned her face from one to another of the unseen speakers, her mind opening to take in many things that she heard, with an appreciation far beyond her years. Her father's interest in the great questions of the day, and his powers of conversation and of argument, made him very attractive to a large circle, and he was "so devotedly, so proudly, the Englishman," that his child could hardly fail, she tells us, to become "a thinker, a reasoner, a tory, and a patriot." But the crowning pleasure of those months of blindness was the music. Her father was a minor canon, and every afternoon after the cathedral service he would bring the choristers home with him to sing to his little girl. They were accompanied by her godfather on the harpsichord, and so delicious to her ears were the "feasts of sacred music served up to her" that she confessed to her brother that "music was better than seeing."

This only brother was a light-hearted, beautiful boy, not fond of learning, but devoted to his sister; the two were always together. When she was about seven years old, Charlotte was the means of saving his life. The parents had gone with a friend into the country for a day's excursion, taking the children with them. It was a place celebrated for fishing, and after a long morning spent in this sport the gentlemen had remained indoors with Mrs. Browne. The children were, meanwhile, sent out to play, charged not to go too near the water nor to get into a boat. They strolled about, and at last, without intending it, found themselves by the river. A small boat was close by, and the boy wanted to get into it. His sister reminded him that this was forbidden; when he said, "I won't get in, Cha, but I will sit down here and put my two feet into the little boat." No sooner had he done this than the boat moved and he was drawn into the

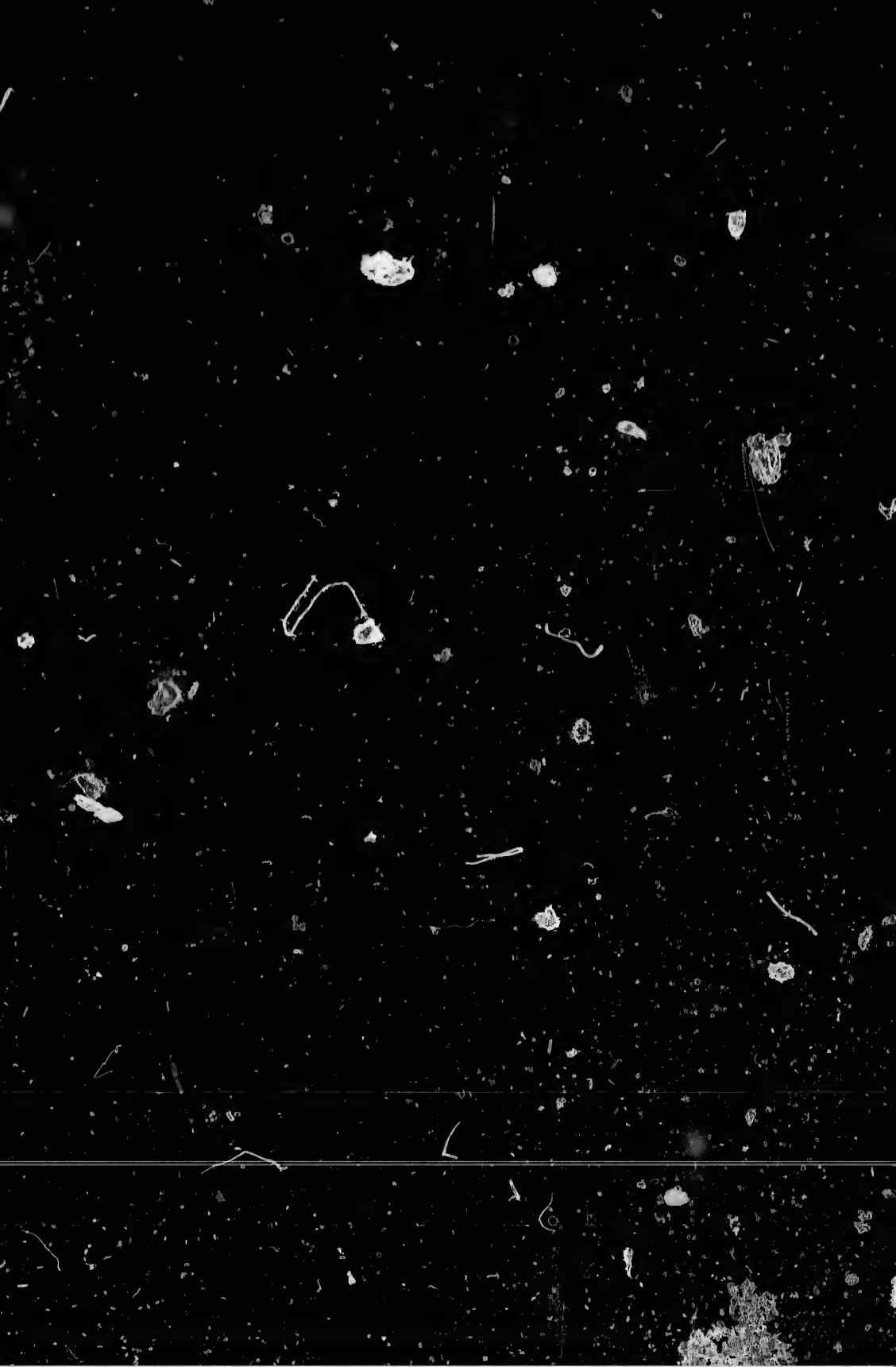
water. He sank, and, reappearing, his sister seized hold of him. How she managed to keep him up without herself being dragged into the water she never knew. She distinctly remembered deciding to hold on to him so firmly that if he sank again she should sink and die with him. The little boy did not struggle, but looked up into his sister's face, she gazing down intently into his. Providentially some labourers, returning from their work, saw the little girl leaning over the bank, and ran to see what she was doing in such a perilous position. One man took hold of her, while the other rescued her brother. Her grasp was not loosened till *he* was lifted upon shore. She then became insensible and did not recover consciousness till she found herself in the house, still in the arms of the man who had carried her in, while her mother and the others were restoring the little boy by the fire. Charlotte was much caressed and commended for her heroism. To her it seemed only the natural outcome of her love for her brother, and to her narrative of the occurrence she adds the comment: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

Whilst still very young, Charlotte received her first lessons in Protestantism. Their father was accustomed to take his two children to a place called the Lollards' Pit, which is just outside the city. One day he pointed to the pit, and told them of the good people burnt there by Queen Mary "for refusing to worship wooden images." Charlotte was horror-stricken, and often recurred to the subject, asking innumerable questions. One day her father, having to go out while the questioner was still unsatisfied, gave her Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," that she might amuse herself with the plates. For hours she pored over the exciting pictures, not deterred by her aching eyes which were still weak. She could not make out the black type, but every word in Roman type she eagerly devoured. Next time her father found her at this employment she looked up at him with flushed cheeks and asked, "Papa,

may I be a martyr?" "What do you mean, child?" "I mean, papa, may I be burned to death for my religion as they were? I want to be a martyr." The answer she never forgot, nor the stern pleasure it gave her. "Why, Charlotte, if the Government ever gives power to the papists, as they talk of doing, you may probably live to be a martyr." The seed sown then took root in a most fertile soil, and in Charlotte Elizabeth Protestantism eventually found an uncompromising champion.

She writes that as yet "no glimmer of spiritual knowledge had reached her heart," though she knew the Bible intimately and the sublimer portions from the prophets used to thrill her as she heard her father's voice pronounce them from his stall in the cathedral.

Although the idea of God's love seems not to have penetrated their young hearts, both Charlotte and her brother realized, with awe, His omniscience. When either had committed a fault they went hand in hand to tell their mother of it, fearing to add deception to the other sin if they concealed it. The children were generally entirely truthful, but on one occasion Charlotte was led to tell a lie for the benefit of a servant and at her instigation. When suspicion fell upon her, Charlotte at once confessed her sin. Her father sent to a neighbour's to borrow a rod. He then took her apart into another room and said: "Child, it will pain me more to punish you thus than any blows I can inflict will pain you: but I must do it; you have told a lie: it is a dreadful sin, and a base, mean, cowardly action. If I let you grow up a liar you will reproach me for it one day; if I now spared the rod I should hate the child." Charlotte received the punishment in the spirit in which it was extended, indeed she seems to have accepted it as a personal favour and "wished every stroke had been a stab." She thanked her father for his kindness. But she was deeply touched by the sobs and entreaties of her little brother who, through the closed door, pleaded in his soft voice, "O papa, don't whip Charlotte. Oh, forgive poor Charlotte!"



When her sight had sufficiently recovered the children were taught together by masters. But previously to this, and before it was thought safe for her to use her eyes in learning to write, Charlotte had obtained a patent copybook and had used it so well that her father one day discovered, to his annoyance and amusement, a letter neatly written by her to a distant relation. It contained a detailed account of a domestic calamity, the creation of her own brain; and so touching was the narration that the tears of the writer had fallen upon the slate on which the letter was written.

The next event in Charlotte's life was her introduction, at the age of seven, to the plays of Shakespeare. Her brother was taken one evening to the theatre, but having a cold she had to remain at home and was allowed to read the play which was to be acted. This was the "Merchant of Venice." She writes of that evening: "I then drank a cup of intoxication under which my brain reeled for many a year. . . I revelled in the terrible excitement; page after page was stereotyped on a most retentive memory." A sleepless night followed. From that hour "her diligence in study, docility of conduct, and anything considered praiseworthy in a child, sprang from a new motive." The reward she sought was the permission to read a volume of Shakespeare. This taste so extraordinary in such a little child gained her great applause, but nothing would induce her to recite a line or to witness the representation of a play. The vivid representations which her brain created out of her readings were all-satisfying. Wrapped up in her favourite study, real life, except of the most exciting character, became distasteful to her. Women, children, and domestic affairs were contemptible in her eyes, and the society of any but literary men dull and insipid. Charlotte must have been an enigma to her parents. On one occasion she came down to breakfast very pale and languid, and her father asked what ailed her; she replied that she had not been able to sleep. "What prevented your sleeping?" "I was thinking, papa, of '*Cogito, ergo sum,*' and I lay awake,

trying to find out all about it." She recollected in after years his look of mingled mirth and vexation as he said, "What will you be at twenty, if you dabble in metaphysics before you are ten?" Euclid was tried as a remedy, but did not suit her imaginative mind.

When she was ten years old a heavy blow fell upon Charlotte; she lost her hearing, which she never regained. The deafness was complete; and from this cause she retired still more into the regions of imagination through the medium of books and of her own wild fancy. She always attributed the deafness to the effects of mercury, with which she was unmercifully dosed. From this time music was banished from the house. It no longer afforded pleasure to her father, now that she could not share it with him. Charlotte had always been passionately fond of him, and this delicate sympathy for her deprivation deepened her devotion to him. Her health became more and more delicate, so that Mr. Browne decided upon trying a country life, and for this purpose he exchanged parochial duties with a friend in the country. There his daughter followed as much as possible the prescription of the physician, "to live in the open air and to enjoy unbounded liberty." The results were much destruction of frocks, and the transformation of the sickly, overstrained, city child into a vigorous and blooming country maiden, fond of gardening and rural occupations. Poor Mrs. Browne found the carrying out of the prescription rather trying to her patience and very expensive.

One day her little brother repeated to Charlotte a conversation he had overheard between their parents. The mother began: "Mr. B., this will never do, that girl cannot wear a frock twice without spoiling it. The expense will ruin us." Her husband replied: "Well, my dear, if I am to be ruined by expense let it come in the shape of washerwomen's bills, not in those of the apothecary and undertaker."

Against this and kindred decisions there was no appeal. Mr. Browne combated all efforts on the part of female friends to compress the poor child into "whalebone and buckram"



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and when assured by one lady that he could only expect as a consequence that his daughter should become a cripple, he replied: "My child may be a cripple, ma'am, if such is God's will; but she shall be one of His making, not ours."

Once and once only did Charlotte try the experiment of going counter to his wishes in this thing. It was on the occasion of her first ball that she underwent the tight lacing then fashionable. She was heartily disgusted, however, with the suffering entailed on head and chest, and when the evening was over she relates that she flew to her chamber and "cut the goodly fabric to pieces."

Charlotte Elizabeth describes the religion she had at this time as being a sort of deism. Morning and evening prayer was never omitted, and a "word uttered against the Bible would kindle her into glowing resentment." After spending the six working days of the week in the regions of imagination and in the manual labour of gardening, she rigidly put aside her favourite books on the Sabbath and betook herself to her Bible and a sermon of Blair or some kindred writer, returning to her light reading with renewed zest on the Monday morning. At sixteen she was "introduced" at a grand election ball, at which she received "the compliments of the most polished and distinguished of the successful candidates, for sundry political squibs said to be full of point and drollery, which had been traced home to her." She became very fond of dancing, but on the whole loved best her life of retirement for the sake of the castle building, and then admired herself for being less dissipated than her young friends. So innate was this habit of day-dreaming that while drawing, of which art she was very fond, "every landscape or figure which she traced was the subject of a separate romance." Time fails us to enter into the stirring political and religious questions of that day. Charlotte, deaf as she was, threw herself into the discussion of them with intense ardour. In early as in later life friendly fingers must have been quick to repeat interesting information

for her eager eyes, which took in everything with the greatest rapidity.

The time had now come when the cherished son and brother was to go forth into the world. His sister describes him as "manly, hardy, and intrepid in character, but in manners sweet, gentle and courteous." He was her admiration and joy, and the two were still constant companions. From early childhood John had shown a taste for a military life, and as he grew older the desire to be a soldier strengthened. The threatened invasion of Buonaparte was the bugbear of children at the beginning of the century, and the volunteer movement had inflamed the martial spirit. Mr. and Mrs. Browne were anxious for their son to settle near them, and, with his natural sweetness of disposition, it is probable he would have given up his idea of becoming a soldier, had not his sister encouraged his wish with all the ardour of her nature. She says she saw, "through the lying medium of romance, the glory and the fame of a conqueror's wreath and a hero's grave, with all the vain merit of her own sacrifice" in sending away one so beloved.

Her father gave a reluctant consent to the departure of his only son; and through the interest of the bishop, who went to London for the purpose, a commission was procured at once, and John Browne started for Portugal to join his regiment, then "hotly engaged in the Peninsula." The suddenness of his departure was almost stunning, as his family had fondly hoped for a delay in procuring his commission. From this time Charlotte sought to fill the place of both daughter and son to her father, and seldom cared to be absent from him even for an hour.

One friend of her childhood must be mentioned. Although she had no direct religious teaching from her, she had the feeling that she owed something in after years to the prayers of her paternal grandmother. Probably she had as much force of character as her granddaughter, who sympathised with her independent rejection of anything in dress or manners

which did not comport with her own taste or ideas of fitness and propriety; especially did she combat French fashions and modes of thought. Charlotte was proud of the sprightly old lady, "who *would* wear her own clean locks, half brown, half grey, combed down under her cap of homely make," resisting the entreaties of other dames who submitted to be frizzed, and curled, and powdered before going out to an evening party. And she never forgot her grandmother's lecture upon something new in the cut of a sleeve, ending with the words: "I never wore a gown but of one shape; and because I don't follow the fashion the fashion is forced to come to me sometimes, by way of a change. I can't help that, you know, my dear; but I never was fashionable on purpose." She added something about "vanity and folly," which latter remark made but little impression.

Two years after her brother's departure Charlotte passed through a severe trial. There had been slight indications of failure in her father's health, but he seemed so bright and vigorous in mind that these warnings were disregarded; and when his daughter was sent for at midnight to find him dying of apoplexy, the shock was terrible. As we have said before, Charlotte was his devoted companion. Her mother was absorbed in household matters, in which she took no interest; so that the father and daughter, whose literary and political interests were one, had become almost inseparable.

Having no religious comfort to fall back upon, Charlotte Elizabeth just gave herself up to the "luxury" of grieving alone, brooding over the past, and painting the future in any colours but those of reality."

Mr. Browne's income had been small, and he had not made much provision for his family. His widow had a small annuity, and Charlotte Elizabeth proposed to become a novel writer.

For some time she and her mother paid visits among their friends, and finally went to London to make a long stay with some relatives. There Charlotte Elizabeth met with Captain Phelan, a friend of her brother's, and one of his fellow officers

in the Peninsula. Captain Browne had been accustomed to show him his sister's letters, and Captain Phelan fell in love with the writer before he had seen her. They became engaged shortly after meeting in London. Some of her friends strongly opposed the marriage, probably judging that a young woman of her headstrong will was hardly a suitable companion for one of Captain Phelan's excitable temperament. But she was resolved to take her own way, and they were married. We may not dwell upon the bitter sorrows which were the result of this step. In after years Charlotte Elizabeth wrote the history of her own life, in order that no prurient curiosity might pry into the details of these sufferings.

Captain Phelan preceded his wife to Halifax, Nova Scotia, whither his regiment (the 60th Rifles) had been ordered; and he sent for her to follow him. Her passage was taken in a splendid West Indiaman, which transported a large body of troops. In the little circle of cabin passengers, consisting of seventeen gentlemen and two ladies, she found kind and courteous friends, who vied with each other in caring for the high-spirited and talented young wife. Her lonely position and her privation seemed to give her a claim on the special attentions of those around. It was not very easy to take care of her, however. One day when the sea was running mountains high she was wrapped in a military cloak and conducted on deck just to have a glance at the fine sea. But one glance did not satisfy her, and nothing would induce her to retire; and as her conductor had not nerve enough to remain, she was lashed to the mizen mast, and from that standpoint revelled in the grand and wonderful turmoil around her. On another occasion, in a fearful storm, when the captain had almost given up hope of saving the vessel and there was great alarm among the passengers, Mrs. Phelan was reported to be missing. She was at last found, by a young officer, at one of the stern windows in the state cabin. She had climbed three tiers of lockers to obtain this position, and was "leaning out as far as she could reach, enraptured

beyond expression with the terrific grandeur of the scene." The officer reported her to the captain; and as she refused to leave the window, he sent the mate to put up the dead lights, to her profound chagrin. She was at this time perfectly without fear of death, even to recklessness. At Halifax she rode a mare of Arab descent, which no one else could tame. Seated on an awkward country saddle, she had mad enjoyment in exploring the country. Throwing herself entirely upon the fond attachment of the beautiful creature, her life seems not to have been endangered, for the least whisper, or gentle touch of the hand, of her mistress, would restrain her; and for her sake the noble animal would instantly give up her design of bounding across some wild chasm, such as she liked to leap in her frolics.

Charlotte Elizabeth remained more than two years in Nova Scotia, and she mentions that she heartily repented her lack of acquirements in domestic matters, and she advises all young ladies to enter upon the "obsolete study of housewifery." Her straits were afterwards often recalled with a smile, but at the time were "anything but laughable." She was befriended by an old French soldier, who acted as mess cook and was induced to give her a few lessons in cookery; otherwise, she says, they must have lived on "raw meal and salt rations during weeks when the roads were completely snowed up and no provisions could be brought in."

Once during the terrible cold she had a narrow escape of losing the use of her fingers. Running to thaw them by the fire of blazing fagots, she was met by a poor soldier, who prevented her approach by drawing his bayonet. He then wrapped her hands in a cloth, and obliged her to walk up and down the wide hall till the circulation returned, which it did "with a sensation of agony that well-nigh took away her senses." She naïvely remarks: "Had he, poor fellow, known how busily those fingers would one day be employed against his religion, for he was a French Romanist, he might have been tempted to sheath his bayonet and give me free access to the tempting fire."

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At no time of her life could Charlotte Elizabeth look on suffering unmoved, and the deep interest she took in the poor downtrodden Indians gained for her their trust and affection. Their gratitude was especially drawn out by an act of kindness she performed in sheltering one of their number for a few weeks. The poor creature had been "wounded in a most unprovoked manner by the soldiers, and left to perish in the woods," and she felt that it was a very simple act of duty thus to rescue a fellow-being from a cruel death.

It was a great joy to her when the time came to leave Halifax, and when once again she trod upon English ground. The next event of her life was a stay of some years in Ireland. Captain Phelan had in that country property, consisting of a number of small holdings and cabins. Some legal difficulties arising, he had gone there very soon after landing to see about them. Captain Browne was still in the Peninsula. He had married about the same time as his sister, and had taken his bride and his mother with him to Portugal, so that there was little inducement to Charlotte Elizabeth to remain long in England. But she dreaded going to Ireland. She looked upon that country as a remote region and only half civilized, and it seemed a "sort of degradation" to her "to bear an Irish name and to go there as a resident."

On her long journey thither she was befriended by an old gentleman who took a kind interest in the stranger. With true Irish warmth he assured her, by writing, that he should take the same care of her as of his own daughter, till he could give her up to her natural protector. She thanked him with cold politeness; but his kindness to a poor woman and her ragged infant, whom, with Charlotte Elizabeth's permission, he took inside the coach, obliged her to confess inwardly that there might be some nice people in Ireland. Another Irish gentleman, finding how much she admired the Welsh scenery, handed in at the coach window a note of every remarkable place as they approached. Mr. F. was a finished gentleman, and, she says, "a sad drawback to my perverse prejudices."

After paying the hotel charges at Holyhead, she threw away her last note, thinking it was the bill. With no money left she was determined to reach her husband without allowing her kind companions to know of her destitution. In landing she had a narrow escape of her life. On stepping upon the plank which connected the vessel with the wharf, it began to slide. She lost her balance, when a sailor caught her, and Mr. F., throwing himself on the ground, seized and steadied the plank. She thus writes in after years: "I shudder to recall the hard-hearted indifference of my own spirit, while the kind, warm-hearted Irishmen were agitated by very strong emotion, and all around me thanking God for my escape. Each of my friends thought I had landed under the care of the other, while one had my dog and the other my portmanteau. I received their fervent '*Cead mille failthe*' with cold politeness, and trod, with feelings of disgust, on the dear little green shamrocks that I now prize beyond gems." Her friends proposed that all three should join in a postchaise, and, having asked Mr. F. to keep an exact account of her share of the charges, she took her seat with a light heart, her dog being on the footboard. Upon a hilly road the horses took fright, and broke into a full gallop, crossing and recrossing the road in a fearful manner. The driver was thrown on to the footboard, and poor Tejo hung by his chain. Charlotte Elizabeth, having experienced an overturn in Nova Scotia, at once determined that she would not encounter another. Gathering up her riding habit, and putting her hand out of the window, she opened the door and sprang out. Most providentially at that very moment the horses stopped. Picking herself up (she had fallen flat on her face) she exclaimed laughing: "Oh well, I suppose I am to love this country after all, for I have kissed it in spite of me." Her friends refused to receive her back into the chaise unless she positively promised to jump out no more. On reaching the hotel where her husband was, she seized some money and paid her debt without any one knowing that she had been penniless.

Her home was now in a very retired place, and many circumstances combined to make her life one of deep seclusion. Captain Phelan was away in Dublin, and her chief occupation consisted in hunting out and copying legal information from family papers, relative to a lawsuit then pending. She hardly cared to stir out, for she was ashamed to encounter the tenants of the large number of neighbouring cabins, whose household goods were periodically seized and put up for sale on account of arrears for rent. It is true that this was not actually done by the landlord, but the poor people were not likely to make a distinction between the landlord and his trustees or any other party who had the right to institute such proceedings against them. She was very unhappy, yet considering herself better than her neighbours, and desiring to be looked upon as an object of envy rather than of pity. Further, it was an aristocratic little town, the social standing of the lone deaf stranger was unknown, and her pride was wounded by the neglect of those with whom she would naturally have associated.

Thus kept in retirement, she came to the determination to give herself up to the observance of religious duties and become a sort of Protestant recluse. She resolved to pray three or four times daily, instead of twice; but here an unexpected change came over her mind. He, before Whom she had been accustomed glibly to repeat a form of words with little thought as to their meaning, now seemed to her so terrible a being that she dared not pray. She tried to persuade herself that her feelings were those of holy awe in approaching God, and that in reality she was peculiarly the object of His approval; but nothing availed, she could not pray. She examined herself to see if there was any cause in herself, and when the declaration of St. James gave her great trouble: "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all." She tried the remedy so often tried, and as often proved to be ineffectual; she sought to bring herself into obedience to the whole law. She wrote out all the

commands that she was accustomed to neglect, and pinned up a dozen or two of texts round her room. Soon these were taken down, it was so painful to be confronted by their condemning words every time she entered the room; also she did not like others to see them. Next she wrote down in a little book a list of temptations, and made a black dot against each commission of sin; but the book became a mass of black dots, and, remembering that omissions of duty were also sins, the task of giving a true representation of herself seemed hopeless, and she threw the book into the fire. She dared not read the Bible, for it "bore so hard" upon her. Outwardly she was cheerful, but within reigned "the blackness of darkness." Death, upon which she had looked so lightly, became terrible to her. Never having been accustomed to ill health since her childhood, a severe cold and sore throat terrified her, for she thought certainly she was about to die.

While lying on the sofa in wretchedness and despair, a neighbour sent her some little books just arrived from Dublin. One was the memoir of a lad by his father. She listlessly opened it and read a page, when she was struck by the youth's humble confession of having deserved from the Lord nothing but eternal death. She exclaimed to herself: "Ah, poor fellow, he is just like me! How dreadful his end must have been!" But as she read farther she found him continually magnifying the goodness of God in that while *he* was guilty there was One able to save to the uttermost, who had borne his sins, opened the gates of heaven, and now waited to receive his ransomed soul. The book dropped from her hands. "Oh, what is this? This is what I want; this would save me. Who did this for him? Jesus Christ certainly, and it must be written in the New Testament." She sprang up to reach her Bible, but was overpowered by her feelings. The sequel we must give in her own expressive words.

"I clasped my hands over my eyes, and then the blessed effects of having even a literal knowledge of Scripture

was apparent. Memory brought before me, as the Holy Spirit directed it, not here and there a detached text, but whole chapters, as they had long been committed to its safe but hitherto unprofitable keeping. The veil was removed from my heart; and Jesus Christ, as the Alpha and Omega, the sum and substance of everything, shone out upon me just as He is set forth in the everlasting gospel. It was the same as if I had been reading, because I knew it so well by rote, only much more rapid, as thought always is. In this there was nothing uncommon; but in the *opening of the understanding, that I might understand the Scriptures*, was the mighty miracle of grace and truth. There I lay, still as death, my hands still folded over my eyes, my very soul basking in the pure, calm, holy light that streamed into it through the appointed channel of God's word. Rapture was not what I felt; excitement, agitation, there was none. I was like a person long enclosed in a dark dungeon, the walls of which had fallen down, and I looked round on a sunny landscape of calm and glorious beauty. I well remember that the Lord Jesus, in the character of a shepherd, of a star, and, above all, as the pearl of great price, seemed revealed to me most beautifully; that He could save everybody I at once saw; that He would save me never even took the form of a question.

"After some time I rose from the sofa, and walked about; my feelings were delicious. I had found Him of whom Moses, in the law, and the prophets did write; I had found the very Paschal Lamb, whose blood would be my safeguard from the destroying angel. Oh, how delicious was that particular thought to me! It was one of the first that occurred, and I laughed with gladness. Indeed, my feeling was very joyous, and I only wanted somebody to tell it to. I had two servants, one a young woman, the other a little girl, both papists, both loving me with Irish warmth. They were delighted to see me so well and happy on a sudden, and in the evening I bade them come to my room, for I was going to read a beautiful book and would

read it aloud. I began the Gospel of St. Matthew, and read nine chapters to them, their wonder and delight increasing my joy. Whenever I proposed leaving off they begged for more; and only for my poor throat I think we should have gone on till day. I prayed with them, and what a night's rest I had! Sleep so sweet, a waking so happy, and a joy so unclouded through the day, what but the gospel could bestow? Few, very few, have been so privileged as I was, to be left alone with the infallible teaching of God the Holy Ghost, 'y means of the written word, for many weeks, and so to get a thorough knowledge of the great doctrines of salvation, unclouded by man's vain wisdom. I knew not that in the world there were any who had made the same discovery with myself. Of all schemes of doctrine I was wholly ignorant, and the only system of theology open to me was God's own. All the faculties of my mind were roused and brightened for the work. I prayed without ceasing for Divine instruction, and took without cavilling what was vouchsafed."

She now thankfully felt the benefit of the enforced seclusion which had kept her separate from worldly associates. At this time she had no religious book except the Bible, was not acquainted with any clergyman; and had there been a gospel ministry near she would not have attended in consequence of her deafness. She therefore gave herself up to the study of the Scriptures during some weeks, and obtained, she says, "a new view of the whole scheme of redemption and God's dealings with man, which she never afterwards found reason to alter save as greater light broke in on each branch of the subject, strengthening not changing these views."

She was still engaged in the uninteresting occupation of copying legal documents. The fact of her being always employed in writing led to her being looked upon as a literary character, and a lady personally unknown to her sent her a parcel of tracts. One paper was a plea for the distribution of tracts, and she was thus introduced to a means of disseminating truth quite new to her. The thought entered her mind that since

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she could not give money she might help by writing a tract. Having a long evening before her, she, with her usual energy, set to work at once. By three in the morning she had completed a little story in which was set forth the truth as it is in Jesus; and on reading over what she had written, she was amazed to find that she had been enabled to exhibit so completely the fulness of the gospel message. In so simple a manner did Charlotte Elizabeth's literary labours begin. Waking full of joy after her short night's sleep, she was puzzled to know what she could do with her little book. Just then a note arrived from Miss D. (the lady who had sent the tracts the day before), enclosing the address of the Dublin Tract Society, and mentioning her desire that the stranger might be induced to contribute to the publications of that Association. The manuscript was at once sent off to the address, and cordially received, and more asked for. The Secretary suggested frequent intercourse with the peasants as a means of enabling her to understand more fully their simple modes of thought. When she replied that her loss of hearing was a bar to such intercourse,¹ and gave a little sketch of the Lord's dealings with her, his warm expressions of Christian sympathy and interest rejoiced her heart in the feeling that she had found "a brother in the faith." Only a few days after, she heard that this newly found friend had broken a bloodvessel and was dying. He commended her to his brother, who proved a kind adviser and helper to her in her literary work. On the way from his brother's funeral this gentleman passed through the place in which she resided, and called upon her, and his conversation was so truly the overflowing of a heart devoted to Christ that it left her longing for more Christian fellowship.

¹ Afterwards this difficulty seems to have been overcome, for Charlotte Elizabeth had large intercourse with the poor both in England and Ireland. Probably in her visits to them she was accompanied by some of her friends.

Soon after she had a call to Dublin, when Mr. D. introduced her to a circle of friends met to welcome a missionary just returned from Russia. She writes of these friends: "Remember these were the frank, unrestrained, warm hearted Irish, of all people the most ready at expressing their zealous and generous feelings; and imagine, if you can, my enjoyment after such a long season of comparative loneliness, when they came about me with the affectionate welcome that none can utter and look so eloquently as they can!" She thought it a taste of heavenly blessedness, and yet she longed to get back to the retired life where she had none but God to speak to about her soul's interests; for it seemed as if the very pleasure of communing with earthly friends broke the harmony of the fellowship with Him alone, which had been so unspeakably precious to her. Now that she had accepted the simple teaching of the New Testament her mind began to notice the Romish errors which confronted her on every hand. As she became more intimately acquainted with the working of the system among the poor in Ireland, she was inexpressibly distressed by the widespread evils which it entailed. Later on her zeal on this subject may have sometimes carried her away. It seems never to have occurred to her that her denunciations against this or anything else that she believed to be untrue could be deemed uncharitable. They partook of the character of righteous indignation against error, and zeal for the Lord's cause such as the old prophets felt, when groaning under the weight of evils which were undermining God's authority among His people. And what she felt stirring her whole soul she would have thought it dishonourable to withhold from others. As a child she had craved to be a martyr. There is reason to believe that, after she had given in her allegiance to her Lord and King, she would at any time have accepted martyrdom joyfully for His dear sake. It has been necessary to say so much in order to vindicate the character of one who, while she inveighed against systems which she believed to be wholly erroneous,

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was yet tender of sincere-hearted individuals attached to such systems.

A few months after she had written her first tract Captain Phelan was ordered abroad again, and his wife remained in Ireland, where she became mainly dependent upon her own exertions. Her mother had joined her. She also had accepted the faith and hope of the gospel, so that the two were in sympathy. In the summer of 1821 they both paid a visit at Vicarsfield, the lovely residence of Dr. Hamilton, Rector of Knocktopher, near Kilkenny. This holy man and his wife were devoting themselves and their income to the good of others; and while their hospitality to their friends was unbounded, their benefits to the poor were widely dispensed. Roman Catholics and Protestants were relieved without distinction; but as the Romanists numbered twelve hundred and the Protestants only one hundred, the former must have had by far the larger share of the benefits dispensed. In the large roomy vicarage a dozen girls were being trained for service by a maidservant under Mrs. Hamilton's wise supervision. While all seemed peaceful and prosperous within, a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, was descried even then by the venerable pastor; but he hid his fears of a coming tempest from those around.

It was about this time that signs of disaffection towards the Protestants became apparent in many parts. A book called the "Prophecies of Pastorini" had been written by a priest. It was a commentary on the Book of Revelation, and the writer explained the ascent of the locusts out of the bottomless pit as prefiguring the rise of the Protestants with Luther at their head. He calculated their continuance from 1525 to 1825. The book was much read, and portions of it were circulated among the lower orders throughout the country. The consequence was that the belief became rooted in the minds of many of these that the Protestants in Ireland and elsewhere were to be put to death by Divine appointment in the year 1825. They accordingly prepared to execute this design,

while those of a higher class used every effort to avert the catastrophe by proselytizing their Protestant friends and neighbours. The peasants now began to change their naturally polite and respectful manners, often putting on a defiant air. Threatening notices were served on landlords who presumed to dispose of their property as they chose; and upon the clergy who, in default of payment, were obliged to serve processes for the tithes. There were other indications of an approaching storm, but as yet all seemed quiet at Vickersfield. After a long and delightful visit Charlotte Elizabeth and her mother decided upon Kilkenny as their home. In that quiet retreat the former had full opportunity for writing. She was also glad to be away from the hopeless position of landlord, which she had accepted, over the poor tenants who had learned to love and trust her. The difficulties were inextricable "between head landlord, under tenants, trustees, receiver, and all the endless machinery of an embarrassed little Irish estate," so that to continue her "nominal office" seemed to be only waste of strength and feeling. She therefore retired to seek "an honest independence in the way of usefulness."

At Kilkenny there was a convent which was very attractive to strangers visiting the place, as well as to the residents. Many sought to induce Charlotte Elizabeth to enter its walls; but she would have considered it a compromise of her principles to visit such a place out of mere curiosity. But when a lady brought her a message from "the most interesting nun" in the institution that she would be very glad of some instruction in the best way of imparting ideas to a mute in the school, she was at once ready to give her services.

It was no doubt already well known in the place that Charlotte Elizabeth had found out some deaf and dumb peasant children to whom she gave instruction. The nun was naturally lovely and attractive, and soon twined herself round the warm heart of her instructress. She was the child of a mixed marriage, the husband being a Romanist and the wife a

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Protestant. The usual arrangement was made that the boys were to be educated in the father's and the girls in the mother's religion. The family consisted only of daughters, who were all brought up Protestants. On the death of the father, the priests so successfully worked upon the feelings of the widow and her family that all except this one joined the Romish communion. With her the priests had much trouble, and the means which were at last successful in bringing her out of her own church were altogether unjustifiable. She became a nun, and entered with zeal into conventual life. She seems to have had a great desire to influence her new friend, and begged her to read some Roman Catholic books, that she might fairly judge of the merits or demerits of her church. Charlotte Elizabeth accepted the challenge on condition that the nun should read her comments on what she read. This was agreed to. During one of the early visits to the convent Charlotte Elizabeth had an experience which is so characteristically described by her that we must give it in her own words. She went round the garden at the nun's request, and followed her "sweet conductor" up the steps of what she imagined to be a schoolroom. She writes: "judge what was my dismay when, on passing the folding doors, I found myself in a splendid Popish chapel, opposite the altar, over which shone a richly gilt cross, while my poor nun was prostrated in the lowliest adoration, touching the ground with her forehead, before the senseless idol. I was confounded, and unable to say anything; but after a hasty glance at the fine trappings left the place, secretly praying for grace and strength to protest openly against the abomination from which my soul revolted from the moment of my witnessing the act of idolatrous homage rendered to a thing of wood and stone."

The volume first lent to Charlotte Elizabeth by the nun was Dr. Milner's "End of Controversy," which was procured from a seminary of Jesuit priests. When she had finished reading it, she burst into tears, and kneeling down exclaimed: "O Lord, I cannot unravel this net of iniquity; enable me to

cut it in twain!" Then the "broad view of the whole scheme of man's salvation as revealed in Holy Scriptures" appeared to her as the best antidote to the poison. With renewed zest she read through the New Testament, and wrote out a plain statement of the gospel plan and sent it to the convent. Another book was lent, and another reply written out. The heart of the writer yearned over the nun, and hoped that her words might be blessed to the poor girl; but soon the latter managed to let her know that not a word of what she had written was shown to her. This disclosure filled Charlotte Elizabeth's honourable mind with pain and indignation.

Another attempt was made to influence her by offering her tickets to see a nun take the veil, and an interpretation of the ceremony was written out by her friend and sent with a kind little note. Charlotte Elizabeth had some curiosity to be present, but she felt that she could not go into such a scene with a peaceful mind; and though it pained her to hurt the feelings of her "gentle nun," she refused the invitation as gratefully and delicately as she could. She says, in reference to her refusal, "My heart danced so lightly in my bosom after it, that I trust there is no danger of my ever trying what sort of a sensation a contrary line of conduct would produce." Many times afterwards she went to the convent, hoping to see her friend, but in vain. She was now rapidly failing in health, and was reported to be confined to her apartment. Just before leaving Kilkenny Charlotte Elizabeth called once more as an act of civility, and while waiting in the parlour her young friend burst into the room, and, sitting down by her, threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming "I was resolved to see you once more." Before she could say another word, three elderly nuns came in and forced her away, and her friend saw her no more. During a whole year she prayed constantly for the lovely girl with fervent cries for her salvation, and four years after learned that she had died about the time that she had ceased to pray for her.

The next endeavour put forth to proselytize Charlotte

Elizabeth came through a poor lad, the brother of one of her deaf and dumb pupils. His appeals in his strong Irish brogue (which his spelling revealed to her) caused her considerable amusement whenever he called upon her.

"I wouldn't like," said Pat, "that you wou'd go to hell."

"Nor I either, Pat."

"But you are out of the throe church, and you won't be saved, and I must convart ye."

And with this intent he induced her to read Butler's Catechism. For days the controversy went on, "Butler" *versus* the Bible. Pat showed himself very acute in defending his church, but the result of the discussion was that he was led to read the Bible; and the bread-corn then cast upon the waters was found after six years, when, in a little English church, Pat and his dumb brother Jack worshipped side by side, together rejoicing in the same Saviour. Jack was apparently the most stupid of the four deaf and dumb children who daily came to their kind friend for instruction. She almost repented having attempted to teach this boy, but one day on lifting the heavy mass of black hair from his forehead she saw such a noble and beautiful brow that she could not but persevere in her arduous labour of love. Jack's mind suddenly broke its bonds, and the eager "What?" spelled on his fingers, about everything he could lay his hands upon, kept his teacher well employed. But a difficulty arose when he woke up to ask the difference between himself and the noble dog which played with him. Then followed the questions, "How was the sun made, and who made it? did his mother? the clergyman? the priest?" "No!" Then "What? what?" with an impatient stamp. Charlotte Elizabeth spelled the word "God," and looked up solemnly. Jack appeared struck. Next day he wanted to know more. His teacher was not satisfied with the information she was able to give; but with a vocabulary of about a dozen nouns she found it difficult to communicate much about unseen things. The next day he came to her in great wrath, signing that her tongue ought to be

pulled out (his sign when a lie had been told). He had looked everywhere, but could not find God. He had seen no one tall enough to stick the stars into the sky, etc., etc. He repeated over and over again "God—no! God—no!" till it went to her heart. She looked up for help and guidance to convey the teaching which she felt to be of such paramount importance. She sat silent, when a thought struck her. Presently she reached the bellows, and, after puffing at the fire, suddenly "directed a blast upon Jack's little red hand." He was angry, and when it was repeated he began shivering. She gave another puff and looked unconscious of having done anything, and said "What?" Then she puffed in all directions, looking at the pipe and imitating him, saying, "Wind—no," shaking her head and telling him *his* tongue must be pulled out. After much impatience on his part the mysterious truth dawned upon him. Charlotte Elizabeth thus describes the event. "He opened his eyes very wide, stared at me, and panted; a deep crimson suffused his whole face, and a soul, a real soul, shone in his strangely altered countenance, while he triumphantly repeated, 'God like wind! God like wind!' He had no word for 'like'; it was signified by holding the two forefingers out, side by side, as a symbol of perfect resemblance." She says it was deeply interesting and touching to see how completely he received the idea of God as a holy and loving Father, entering into the minute things of every day. Previously he had teased the dog and other animals, and wanted to fish; but now he became "most exquisitely tender towards every thing living, moving his hand over them in a caressing way, and saying, 'God made!'"

The next step was to teach him the knowledge of a Saviour. Jack had noticed funerals passing, and had seen dead bodies placed in their coffins, and one evening he asked if the dead would ever open their eyes again. His teacher caught at this question, prayerfully hoping to be able to open up to him some thoughts touching the way of salvation. She sketched on a paper persons young and old, and near by a pit with

flames issuing out of it. She told him all people were bad, and God would throw them into the fire. When he was thoroughly frightened she sketched the figure of a man, who, she told him, "was God's Son; that He came out of heaven; He had not been bad, but allowed Himself to be killed, and then God shut up the pit, so the people were spared." After a few moments' thought Jack asked with his expressive "What?" how it was that while those who were saved were many, He who died was only one. A bunch of dead flowers had been inadvertently (not accidentally) left in a vase, and Charlotte Elizabeth took these, and, cutting them in innumerable pieces, laid them in a heap on the table, and beside them her gold ring, and asked him which he would like, "many—or one?" Jack struck his hand on his forehead, then clapped both hands, gave a leap from the ground, and signed that the piece of gold was better than a roomful of dead flowers. "With great rapidity he pointed to the picture, to the ring, to himself, to his teacher, and lastly to heaven." A bright smile covered his face, his eyes were sparkling with delight. Then came a rush of tears, and, with a softened look he spelled slowly on his fingers the words "Good *One!* good *One!*" and asked His name.

She thus refers to this memorable time :

"He received [the name of Jesus] into his mind, and the gospel, the glorious, everlasting gospel, into his soul, and the Holy Spirit into his heart. . . . In the same hour it was given him to believe, and from that hour all things were his—the world, life, death, and a bright immortality. Never but once before had I laid my head on the pillow with such an overwhelming sense of happiness. The Lord had indeed shown me His glory, by causing His goodness to pass before me."

A second visit which she paid about this time to Vicarsfield was a great contrast to the first. Dr. Hamilton was broken in health, owing largely to the anxiety caused by the sorrowful state of the country. He had been repeatedly threatened by those who

grudged him the tithes which he used so generously for the benefit of his parishioners; but he bore all with "touching patience." So critical was the state of the neighbourhood that the mansion was barricaded in nightly preparation for an attack, though no firearms were allowed in the house. These trials were borne with cheerful Christian resignation, and Mrs. Hamilton entertained her guests with the warm-hearted, thoughtful kindness of other days. Charlotte Elizabeth says that she felt it a privilege to be there, and she lay down peacefully at night knowing that she might die a violent death before morning. We have no wish to dwell on troubles which have long passed away, and will finish the history of Vicarsfield here, in order not to recur to the subject. Two or three years later the pastor and his wife were forced to leave their once peaceful and happy home, and they left it for ever. They were stripped of everything and driven away by those who were thus despoiling their best friends. Truly these poor ignorant creatures knew not what they did. Charlotte Elizabeth says that one thing perplexed her. As the Irish peasants showed themselves more and more blood-thirsty towards the Protestants (she was herself specially marked out as a victim), so did her love for them increase. This was probably owing to her strong belief that the people themselves were not the instigators of the wrongs done. They blindly followed their leaders at the peril of their lives. She describes them as naturally the most loving and loveable race under the sun. With her keen powers of observation she marked how, from the cradle to the grave, the untutored peasants were kept in leading strings. They could do nothing of their own free will, and seeing how those who held them down tried also to keep them in a state of darkness, she realized it to be her mission to do all in her power to bring them into the light and liberty of the children of God. Her little books and tracts became very popular, and the literary work carried on for her own support was a "perfect luxury whenever these little messengers carried with them

spiritual blessing to the people so dear to her." Her plan for simplifying her narratives is worthy of the consideration of *every one* who writes for the uneducated. If, on reading each manuscript to a child of five years, she found "a single word or sentence above his comprehension, it was instantly corrected to suit that lowly standard."

In 1824 Charlotte Elizabeth was recalled to England. She would have chosen to remain in Ireland, and share, with a beloved circle of friends, any events which 1825 might unfold.

One desire was strong within her. As her dumb boy's love to his Saviour increased, he had, of his own accord, turned away from the church of his fathers; and she wished to take him with her to England, in order that nothing might hinder his growth in the spiritual life. Shortly after he had received into his heart the "Name which is above every name" he discovered that the figure before which he bowed in chapel was a representation of the Lord Jesus Christ. His indignation knew no bounds, and he signed that he would never go into the chapel again. His friend told him what would be the consequences of such a course, and that he would be taken away from her. He seemed depressed, but at the time of the next service he went off in good spirits, and, running up the outside stairs to the organ loft, remained there during the service "listening" to the vibrations of the organ. This he continued to do as long as he remained in Kilkenny. When Charlotte Elizabeth applied to his parents for leave to take him to England; they gave a ready permission. They knew that his mind had been developed by her and that she had taught him everything he knew, and his mother said, with tears, "Take him, he is more your child than ours"; and his father exclaimed, "Why shouldn't we let him go with you, seeing he would grieve to death if left behind!" When she said that she could not promise that he would not embrace her religion, they interrupted her, saying "he could come to no harm under her care." Jack was now about twelve years old. At Dublin, on their way to England, he offered, for the

first time, to kneel with his friends in prayer, and the expression of his face at such times was most lovely, "with a smile of childlike confidence and reverential awe playing over his features."

From Ireland Charlotte Elizabeth went to Bristol, and from thence to Clifton, where she remained a year. She thus alludes to this time: "Incipient insanity, which afterwards became developed, in a quarter where, if I did not find comfort and protection, I might expect the opposites, occasioned me much alarm and distress, while my brother's protracted absence increased the trial."

During her stay at Clifton Captain Browne's wife and only surviving boy came to her, while he was detained in Portugal some months longer by an injury received when out shooting. The little boy was an unfailing source of delight to his aunt and also to Jack, who used to watch him with intense interest, and often he would "tell God" about him and "that he was too little to know about Jesus Christ." Prayer was a blessed reality to the dumb boy. Wherever he was, and whatever he was doing, his thoughts were continually reaching heavenwards, and many times a day he would turn a look of peculiar sweetness towards his beloved friend, at the same time spelling the words "Jack pray." She says there was a look of satisfaction and triumph upon his face when in prayer, so that she could always tell when he was so engaged. When conversing with earthly friends he wore an expression of anxiety lest he should not be able to make himself understood, but he had no such fear when "talking to God."

At Clifton Charlotte Elizabeth was much interested in making the personal acquaintance of Hannah More, with whom she had for some time corresponded. She says, writing at this time: "when gazing upon the placid but animated countenance of the aged saint, I thought more of her 'Cheap Repository Tracts' than of all her other works put together." It seemed such a noble enterprise for one, whose writings were acceptable in the highest literary circles, to turn

aside into humble paths and become a pioneer in writing homely narratives and ballads for the encouragement of the poor in all that is pure and good and holy.

After ten years' absence the longed for brother at last returned, to the unspeakable joy of his sister, and soon for her there was a bright oasis in her desert life. She describes the dark days before this event. "Many, and sharp, and bitter were the trials left unrecorded here, and shame be to the hand that shall ever dare to lift the veil which tender charity would cast over what was God's doing, let the instruments be what and who they might. It is enough to say that even now I know that there was not one superfluous stroke of the rod, nor one drop of bitter that could have been spared from the wholesome cup. Besides, He dealt most mercifully with me; those two blessings, health and cheerfulness, were never withdrawn. I had not a day's illness through years of tribulation; and though my spirits would now and then fail, it was but a momentary depression; light and buoyant, they soon danced on the crest of the wave that had for an instant engulfed them."

Captain Browne was now appointed to a regiment just returned from foreign service. He had leave to study for two years at Sandhurst, "the better to qualify himself for a future staff appointment;" and he engaged a sweet retired cottage on Bagshot Heath for his family. Here he brought his sister, and a delightful room was appropriated to her, with an injunction to make the most of the time while he was away at the college, that she might be ready "to walk, to ride, to farm, to garden with him on his return." His bright presence seemed to bring back to her the days of her youth, and very delightful was the unrestrained intercourse between the brother and sister. This season under the shelter of her brother's roof was one of comparative freedom from anxiety, and most propitious for writing; but a difficulty arose. For the protection of her own interests she found that she must no longer attach her name to her publications. At this juncture a friend offered her plenty of work and remuneration in writing novels for the most popular

magazine of the day. The tales were to be moral, but to have no distinct reference to religion. This proposal was followed by one from an old friend, who wished her to re-write for him a fine love tale which he had years before unsuccessfully published. She at once felt that she must refuse both offers, and this at a moment when she particularly wished to be no burden to her brother. She felt that her publications written for the spiritual good of her fellow men had been owned and blessed of God. She felt that He had called her to work for Him, and she could not take herself out of the path of usefulness. Her old friend, whose assistance would probably have included provision for her life, now withdrew from her, and she heard of him no more. No one in her circle could understand her motives for the course she had taken, but she was able to commit her cause unto Him who judgeth righteously, and He made a way for her. Her friends of the Dublin Tract Society resolved, at some risk, still to accept her writings, and though the advantage derived from this source was small she was thankful to remain in connection with them. Not long after, Mr. Sandford, a gentleman who had promoted her literary labours, sent her a handsome gift, "which left her," she says, "no loser" by doing her duty.

During the two years spent at Bagshot Heath her rapid pen produced seven volumes, and more than thirty small books and tracts, besides contributions to periodicals. It was a great satisfaction to her that one of her little books found its way into the papal Index Expurgatorius. A friend of hers, a widow lady, had taken her only daughter, a child of ten, to Italy for her health. The little girl, who loved Charlotte Elizabeth devotedly, chose one of her little books to translate into Italian. She did not live to finish it, but begged her mother to go on with it, trusting it would be blessed to Italian children. The mother found so much solace in carrying out the wishes of her child that she translated several more and had them printed and circulated. One was the means of the conversion of a physician, a Romanist. This fact be-

came known to the Archbishop of Siena, and he gave orders that from the altars under his jurisdiction the priests should interdict all books from the pen of so dangerous a writer. The poor priest had given away numbers of these little books, and on the day in question, after mass, he told his people that he had a painful duty to perform. He then read the denunciations against the said publications. He directed his flock to bring back to him, or burn, or in some way get rid of, the obnoxious books. He added: "Nevertheless I declare, in the sight of God, I found no evil in those dear little books, but on the contrary they are full of good." He then burst into tears and many wept with him. She writes: "I would not exchange for the value of the three kingdoms, ten times tripled, the joy that I felt in this high honour put upon me, the rich blessing of the Papal curse."

The happy days in the cottage home were passing very swiftly. Jack was a great favourite with Captain Browne, who had quickly caught his expressive sign language, and the two conversed easily together. Charlotte Elizabeth had brought the boy up usefully, knowing that in the event of her death he would have to get his own living; and when Captain Browne expressed his intention of keeping a horse Jack pleaded hard to take charge of it. He confided to her that he thought a man servant would shake hands with the devil (his sign for giving way to temptation), and if *he* shook hands with the man, his hand would also one day be drawn into that of the devil. He also said that Captain Browne was very kind to Mam, and a servant would cost money and eat a great deal, but Jack would "take no money and only eat small potato, small meat." Jack had been privately to a kind friend of his, a non-commissioned officer of cavalry, to get instruction in managing horses. He had profited so well by his lessons that he was found to be really competent to the work, and when a second horse and a cow were added to the establishment he gave his friends no rest till he had received permission to try if he could manage all three, and very proud he became of his position.

In this constant and congenial occupation he grew into a fine and vigorous youth, his mind wholly uncontaminated by evil associations. Besides this work he took much interest in using his pencil, and some of his drawings were beautifully done. Another baby had been added to the family and the "beautiful baby boy" seemed to fill Jack's heart, and he often poured out his unspoken prayers for him. He had sweet thoughts about little children. He said that when a baby was learning to walk Jesus took hold of its hand and guided it, and that when it fell He placed His hand between its head and the floor to save it from being hurt.

To Charlotte Elizabeth the full life at the cottage was most restful. From her own window she had a view of the college, and every day, "when she saw the preparatory movement for breaking up, she rose from her writing, tied on her bonnet, and went off to meet her brother." In the freedom enjoyed after six hours' hard work their naturally high spirits rose till they were like children let loose from school. The afternoon was often passed in gardening, or looking after their little farm, the children gambolling about and Jack looking on with great delight. His admiration for "beautiful Captain Browne," as he called him, knew no bounds. At ten the brother and sister separated for the night, Charlotte Elizabeth to write till long after midnight, her brother to rise at four and study for several hours before they met in the morning. They visited little ; the domestic life, mingling with one another and with the children, who were the delight of his eyes, satisfied them both. But the time of separation was at hand. Captain Browne was ordered to Ireland for a short time, and then an appointment in England was promised, and the brother and sister looked forward to a more permanent residence together. It seemed strange to the latter that this parting, which she hoped was to be so brief, caused her such protracted agony. For three weeks before, and as long after, her brother's departure she had not a night's rest. Visions of drowning, especially the event enacted in their childhood, were ever before her and she

would start up in terror. This was the more remarkable, as both were entirely fearless on the water.

After Captain Browne's departure the reduced family went to live in the village, in a smaller house. There her heart went out to the young cadets, with almost a mother's yearning and agony, touching their temptations. She realized the danger of a Christian boy being unable to withstand the scoffs and jeers which met any indications of religious life in the new comers. She often invited some of the lads to her house, and took walks with them upon the "breezy heath," and it seems probable that the intercourse with one so earnest, and at the same time so cultured and lively, was greatly and permanently blessed to several of them.

One bright summer morning in June, 1828, on waking late, Charlotte Elizabeth found her letters laid by her on the pillow. With eager pleasure she opened the one from the Horse Guards. It was not from her brother's hand. She read the first part, which was meant as a "tender preparation," uncomprehendingly, and then came the fearful stunning blow. At Mullingar her brother, whilst out on the lake fishing, had been drowned. For years she had been fervent in prayer for him, and now the first thought that took hold of her mind was the fact that he was beyond the reach of prayer. When she came down, Jack, accustomed to read her face, met her with "a look of wild dismay," anxious to know what had occurred. When she had told him, and had conversed with him a while, his thoughts brought her some comfort. Speaking of Captain Browne, Jack said solemnly: "Jack pray, pray morning, pray night, Jack pray church. Yes, Jack many days very pray." Then, realizing the answer to his prayers and his friend's happiness, "with a burst of delighted animation" he told her that Captain Browne was "a very tall angel, very beautiful." That night Charlotte Elizabeth spent in her study, her head resting upon her hands. About two in the morning Jack opened the door, his face deadly pale. She saw him lift up his hands and eyes in prayer, then softly go round the room taking down from the wall every

picture containing "a ship, or boat, or water under any form." Then he went out of the room "with a look of such desolate sorrow as by its tender sympathy poured balm into her heart."

Bitter regrets that she had never had intimate religious intercourse with her brother now assailed her.

Before going to Portugal he had not known any earnest Christian, and during the ten years spent in that country he had been much shut out from Christian influences. From all he had heard he had imbibed a strong prejudice against spiritual religion. It was a time of awakening, and the world was opposed to the zeal manifested by many of the followers of Christ. Hannah More was cruelly maligned, and when Charlotte Elizabeth persuaded her brother to visit this venerable and accomplished lady at Clifton he was surprised and charmed to find the "Queen of the Methodists" so lively and delightful. He remarked that if all her followers were like her they must be a very agreeable set of people. He told his sister laughingly that he expected to find them "going down on their knees half a dozen times a day, singing psalms all over the house, and setting themselves against everything merry and cheerful." She was naturally anxious not to give him any cause for disgust towards religion, and put off till their future settlement together any intimate conversation on the subject nearest her heart. Now she felt that perhaps he had been longing to talk with her of his soul's interests, and she had been silent! Yet she recalled many indications that he was a Christian. At Sandhurst Captain Browne had delighted in the society of truly earnest men, and would never allow from any one a word against the deeply spiritual teaching of the ministry he attended. There were other proofs of his love for Divine things; yet in that terrible hour his sister could not realize that her prayers had been answered, because she had not heard from his own lips the confession of his faith. She says she was trammelled, she could not see the blade of grass because it was not already a full ear of corn, and her dumb boy taught her a lesson of trust. Afterwards she had substantial

comfort brought to her by letters from Castlebar, from the clergyman whose ministry her brother had attended during the last months of his life. She at once adopted his elder boy, now five years old, and in training him found that there was still something worth living for. Jack grieved so, at seeing her grief, that his health gave way, and he fell into a consumption.

In 1829 the proposed Catholic Emancipation Bill roused her, and she strained every nerve to influence those in authority to prevent what seemed to her an impending evil of vast magnitude.

She found ever a solace, in the midst of her varied trials, in work. Her Sabbath class was an immense interest to her. So popular was her teaching that her cottage parlour could not contain all who came, and she was obliged to divide the company into two parts. She arranged for the thirty girls to come at four o'clock for an hour and a half. A similar number of lads came at six, and it was often difficult to break up the party at eight o'clock, so interesting was the instruction given. Jack sat by in his easy chair. He was getting weaker, but his mind was brighter than ever. He kept watch over the company, and if he saw, which seldom happened, the slightest approach to levity, he looked distressed and, holding up his hands as high as he could, spelled "God—see!"

As time went on, Charlotte Elizabeth's love for Ireland deepened if that were possible.

In 1830, while staying in London with a little nephew who required medical care, she attended the annual meeting of the Irish Society. During the earlier speeches she was revolving in her mind what she could do to promote the interests of Ireland, when Mr. Seymour, the venerable clergyman from Castlebar, rose. He put in a strong plea for the poor Irish living in spiritual destitution on English ground, and he fervently entreated that English Christians would open a "Bread shop for the starving souls in St. Giles'!" This appeal touched one heart present, and Charlotte Elizabeth's whole soul was fired with the desire to provide a church for that awfully destitute

district. She wrote an appeal which she distributed among a large circle of friends; few sympathised. One day at the table of Dr. Pidduck many were bantering her for being sanguine enough to hope to succeed in her design. The doctor said: "You remind me of Columbus, going to the Cathedral of Seville to ask a blessing on his romantic project of discovering a new world. Everybody laughed at him. Nevertheless he succeeded, *and so will you.*" At that moment a gentleman sitting next to her laid a sovereign on her piece of bread. "The coincidence between the gold and the bread" so cheered her that she exclaimed, "I will succeed." With seven pounds in hand she wrote to the Bishop of Lichfield to ask him to appeal to the Bishop of London to license a church for the Irish. She received in reply the message: "The Bishop will license your church. Lichfield sends his love, and desires you to summon the gentlemen who are associated with you, half a dozen or so, to meet him in Sackville St., on Saturday next, and be there yourself. He will see what can be done to forward it." Her only helpers were Dr. Pidduck, Lord Mountsandford, and the Hon. Somerset Maxwell; and she exclaims, "Half a dozen gentlemen! where was I to find them?" She worked desperately, and on Saturday went with trembling hope and fear to Sackville St., accompanied by two warm-hearted young Irish barristers. On entering the room what was her joy and surprise to see Bishop Ryder in the chair, supported by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, several lords, and about forty other clergymen and gentlemen. When the chairman knelt down and asked a blessing on the work, she thought she "might as well die then as not, she could never die happier." A committee was formed for receiving subscriptions, but the work was not taken out of her hands. At the end of her two months' stay in London thirteen hundred pounds had been collected, and she returned to Sandhurst with a heart full of praise. She wrote on a card the words which had been running in her mind all the time, and placed it over her study mantelpiece:

“Victorious faith the promise sees,
And looks to God alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, It shall be done !”

In the following November the Irish Episcopal Church was opened in St. Giles. It became the centre of a blessed work, and from time to time new helpers were raised up to carry it on. Mr. Donald, a young barrister, had long before gathered the little ragged children into a sabbath school in the district, and his heart yearned over these little ones and their parents with intense longings for their salvation. In the midst of a busy professional life his labours among this people were untiring, and, during an epidemic in the district, his life was eventually sacrificed to his devotion to them.

Of course there was opposition, and one poor fellow sealed his faith by a martyr's death.

We must not enter into all that Charlotte Elizabeth went through, from the earnest desire of her acquaintance to lead her into their own peculiar paths of religious profession. Prayer and her Bible were her unailing weapons in the discussions which went on, and she remained a member of the Church of England, satisfied that unless that Church should herself (and not merely her individual members) accept and promulgate ritualistic teaching and practices, it was *her* abiding place.

We have not noticed her love for the Jews; it was only second to her love for Ireland, and, as she was enabled, she laboured earnestly to promote their enlightenment. This love for the Jews grew out of those early readings in the Bible when the bright stream of gospel light first illumined her heart and she received its teaching with new interest. Jack also showed a deep interest about the Jews, and it was a singular fact that in his simple way he connected the return of the Jews to their own country, and the overthrow of popery, with the personal reign of Christ upon the earth, and this at a time when his teacher did not hold this view but expected the

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

regeneration of the world to take place gradually through the preaching of the gospel. "Poor Jew very soon see Jesus Christ," he would often exclaim.

During the winter of 1830 Jack was failing fast; he was now nineteen, a fine tall young man. The visits of Mr. Donald were amongst his greatest pleasures. Charlotte Elizabeth tells how she loved to watch her noble-minded friend, as with all humility and tenderness he waited upon the sick youth. Jack received his attentions with humble gratitude and with that refined courtesy of manner which was habitual to him. On the last morning of his life he seemed stronger and was able to converse a great deal. He prayed for his family, commended his brother and sister to his adopted mother for counsel and teaching, begged her to bring up her brother's boys to love Jesus Christ, and repeated over and over again the fervent injunction "to love poor Ireland, to pray for Ireland, to write books for Jack's poor Ireland, and in every way to oppose Roman." Very sweetly he had thanked her for all her care. Once more he spelled upon his fingers the name so dear to him, "One Jesus Christ (*one* meaning He was the only Saviour), Jack's one Jesus Christ!" In the evening his sight failed, an indication of the approaching end which he received with a smile of pleasure. At last he asked to lie down on the sofa, and saying very calmly, "A sleep," he placed his hand in hers, closed his eyes, and passed into His presence "who unstops the ears of the deaf, and causes the tongue of the dumb to make melody."

While she gave up her trust with "a glow of adoring thankfulness" that she had been permitted to train a soul for heaven, Charlotte Elizabeth writes: "I sorely missed the sweet companionship of one who for some years had taught me more than I could teach him."

Now her lot was to be cast among strangers. It was a great trial to break up the home and leave the interests of Sandhurst, but she thought it desirable to reside nearer London. She entered upon her new home with some fears lest no sphere of

active usefulness should open for her, but almost immediately she found herself in full work. A dreadful famine was going on in the west of Ireland, and when ample funds had been subscribed for the starving people there she sought help for her suffering poor in St. Giles'. Money was entrusted to her by interested friends and during four months she spent from four to six hours daily in visiting the people in their wretched homes, carefully administering to their needs, but never giving the relief in money, seeking also by every means in her power to win souls. She was assisted by her dear friend, Dr. Pidduck, who for years laboured among these poor people, carrying to them healing for their bodies and their souls.

Another work into which she entered was the anti-slavery cause, and none of the large band of workers rejoiced more than she did over the success of their labours when the slaves in the West Indies were liberated.

In 1834 she undertook the editorship of a periodical, and it must have been about this time that she abridged Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" into two moderate volumes, an occupation most congenial to her.

In 1837 Captain Phelan died, and she became a widow. In that year she revisited Ireland, the place of her spiritual birth, the country which contained her brother's grave.

In 1840 the autobiography ends. She had planned to enlarge and continue it further, should her life be spared a few years; but her time became more and more fully occupied with literary and active labours for the good of others, and the opportunity never arrived. She thus closes the "Personal Recollections." "By the help of my God I continue to this day, anxiously desirous to devote my little talent to His service, as He may graciously permit. I have coveted no man's silver and gold, or apparel, but counted it a privilege to labour with my hands and head, for myself and for those most dear to me. Many trials, various and sharp, have been my portion; but they are passed away. . . . The Lord has accepted at my hand one offering in the case of the precious dumb boy,

received into glory through His rich blessing on my efforts ; and He mercifully gives me to see the welfare of two others [her nephews] committed to me. . . He has been a very gracious Master to me ; He has dealt very bountifully, and given me now the abundance of domestic peace, with the light of His countenance to gladden my happy home. Yet the brightest beam that falls upon it is the anticipation of that burst of glory, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, to reign in righteousness over the world that shall soon, very soon, acknowledge Him the universal, eternal King ; and the most fervent aspiration my heart desires to utter is the response to His promise of a speedy advent. ' Even so, Lord Jesus ; come quickly ! Amen ! ' ”

It was a surprise to her friends when, in 1841, she consented to become the wife of Mr. Tonna. Others, one a nobleman, had sought her hand. She did not ask counsel of her friends in these matters, but she earnestly asked to know the will of God, and her husband says “ He did not refuse His guidance nor His blessing.” Her sister-cousin, lately deceased, testified to the great happiness of this union, and all the love, and tenderness needed by her filled up the remainder of her days. The years that followed were very bright and very full of occupation. She took much interest in *The Christian Lady's Magazine*, of which she was editor. In this periodical she wrote, from time to time, series of papers for or a. the Jews, which were largely read by them. She was especially anxious to interest English Christians about the Jews. She regretted that they were so little understood, and she felt the importance of inculcating the greatest forbearance towards them. It was her desire that they should hear the message, “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,” unencumbered by conditions such as she believed were often imposed on them, and which were very hard for an Israelite to accept.

About this time she wrote “ Judah's Lion,” which was published month by month in her own magazine. This was her

last work of fiction. Although she knew that her previous works in the direction of stories of a religious character had been blessed, the conviction became rooted in her mind that these stories were not quite compatible with Christian truthfulness. "To describe the operations of God the Holy Spirit, and the mighty work of regeneration, as taking place in beings who existed only in her own imagination,—to delineate struggles of conscience which had never taken place,—and above, all, to indite prayers which had never been uttered, and reveal their answers—seemed to her *now* something like profanation."

Naturally it could not be a light thing to give up an occupation which was to her such a pleasant recreation, but her Father's will was dearer to her than anything beside. Mr. Tonna describes her interest in the characters of her stories. Being shut out from all sound, her capacity for withdrawing into a world of her own was great, and this intensified her glowing powers of imagination. While writing this her last tale, on a certain day in the month she would remind her husband that it was the day for "Judah's Lion," and when he returned from town in the evening "she recounted to him the events that had happened to Da Costa, and Aleck Cohen, and others with as much eagerness and vivacity as though they had been actual occurrences of the day." Her characters were of course all delineated to teach some lesson worthy to be studied.

So clear were her thoughts, and so great was her facility in writing, that she was not accustomed to read over her manuscripts before sending them to the press. On this account, when reading the proofs of a story (she generally wrote a story without any previous plan) its incidents seemed so new that she has been known to shed tears when reading it. She generally spent the greater part of the day in writing. Immediately after breakfast she went to her study, locking the door to prevent interruption; her two dogs and a splendid cockatoo rather helping her by their presence. She loved animals, looking upon them in the spirit of the poet, "My

Father made them all." It pained her acutely to see them suffer in any way, and all her numerous pets led lives of much enjoyment under her care. When she was tired of writing, or was seeking an idea, she would work hard in her garden for half an hour and then return to her desk with new thoughts welling up in her mind. The brilliant tints of flowers and gems had upon her the same effect as music upon some minds. She kept in her desk a diamond ring which she wore when writing, "the flashing of the brilliants, as the light fell upon them, greatly helping the flow of thought and imagination." At such times her face would suddenly light up, and when her husband turned an inquiring glance towards her, she would smile and say, "Oh it is only the diamonds!" Her quickness of apprehending signs enabled him to converse with her very rapidly; and upon his fingers he could communicate to her sermons, and speeches, and conversations almost without the omission of a word.

After a day of close occupation it was her custom in the summer time to take a walk of ten or twelve miles in the evening. Thus pleasantly passed the life at Blackheath, then so far from the smoke of the city; but in this peaceful home she was not unmindful of the interests of the great world outside. During 1842 and 1843, among other papers and works, she wrote "The Wrongs of Women," and a plea for the labouring classes, whom she considered to be at that time under grinding oppression. For the latter work she was largely supplied with information from parliamentary documents and private correspondence of many who were devoting themselves to this inquiry. For two months she digested the facts, and then wrote the volume with her usual ease. The work quickly reached the third edition, and from the highest places in the land inquiries arose as to its authorship; but so well was the secret kept that no one dreamed that it was from the pen of a woman. This book, "The Perils of the Nation," had large influence.

In 1842 an event occurred which filled her with great joy

and astonishment. This was the occupation of the new bishopric at Jerusalem by a Jew. Mr. Alexander, the first Bishop of Jerusalem, became a Christian at Norwich; he had been her intimate friend during sixteen years. At the time she looked upon this event as the prelude to the return of the Jews to Palestine, but her views on this subject became afterwards modified.

In 1844 the Emperor Nicholas visited England, and she was anxious to lay before him the needs of his oppressed Jewish subjects. She was told that his visit was strictly private and that nothing could be done. She was not to be so easily daunted. Two days of the Emperor's visit remained. She wrote an appeal, which was carefully copied on vellum during the night. Then she hired a carriage and took round the memorial, and obtained the signatures of bishops, peers, privy councillors, etc., all being the names of Christian men. The memorial was presented, and on the Emperor's return to Russia a kind and courteous reply was sent through the ambassador. This was her last public act of kindness requiring active exertion, for disease had insidiously laid hold upon her. It had given indications of its character, but it was not until the end of 1844 that its mortal nature was definitely ascertained. In *The Christian Lady's Magazine* she mentions that for twelve months cancer had been eating away her strength, "rendering that a most laborious toil which before was a delightful recreation." Then, turning to her numerous Jewish readers, she adds: "The Lord (blessed for ever be the name of the Lord!) has most mercifully planted this silver arrow in the left side; the right is free; the right hand forgets not her cunning; Jerusalem is not forgotten."

It was indeed a great alleviation of the trial that, except during the last two months of her life, she was able to use the pen, for her thoughts continued to flow with such rapidity that dictation was almost impracticable. When her left hand became useless she invented a machine during one of her sleepless nights to facilitate writing. It consisted of two rollers

on a frame. On the lower one were many yards of paper, rolled, and as fast as she filled a page, by turning a small winch it was wound on to the upper roller and a clean surface displayed. In this way she wrote papers for the press, and letters, measuring several yards in length. About this time "Judæa Capta" was written.

In the summer of 1845 Mrs. Tonna moved to the official residence of her husband, that she might have him constantly near to her. In this more central home she had larger intercourse with intimate friends, and the Christian communion with some beloved fellow-workers of other days was very refreshing to her. Visiting Ramsgate for the benefit of sea air, she had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore. She visited them at their noble residence on the East Cliff, and as Sir Moses pointed his hand over the sea and said, "There is Jerusalem," she and her host "vied with each other in repeating from the prophet Isaiah the glorious promises of Israel's future."

During her illness it was enough to speak to her of "the Lord's speedy coming, of the future glory of Zion, or any kindred theme," and her sufferings were forgotten, and "with a glow of delight upon her face she would express the stirring thoughts which filled her," few imagining that each movement cost her severe pain. With her accustomed faith in God she accepted her illness as exactly the discipline she needed, and praised Him for His love in selecting for her a dispensation of bodily pain to which she had been unaccustomed. Her husband says that "kindness, and love, and sympathy flowed in on every side." Her unknown as well as her long-loved friends, who sent her words of cheer or refreshing gifts of fruit and other things, were all remembered by her in prayer that spiritual blessings might be poured out upon them by Him to whom they had ministered "in the person of His unworthy servant."

For her Jewish sisters, who loved her "because she loved their nation," she prayed that they might "find, and know,

and love that Redeemer whom they were unconsciously visiting in His poor afflicted disciple." One passage in her life at this time we cannot pass by; it shows so unmistakably the depth and reality of a religion which enabled her to humble herself to make public confession of error.

The prospect of the first public meeting in connection with the Evangelical Alliance stirred her heart, and believing that where a number of Christians of various denominations were gathered together in harmony, with one high and holy aim, *there* must descend a special blessing, she asked for strength to be present. The strength was given, and she sat through a meeting of five hours' duration, entering into the speeches with her wonted vivid interest. She wrote an account of the proceedings in *The Christian Lady's Magazine*. "Many reasons combined to make the speech of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel particularly touching to her." She thus refers to his address: "Mr. Noel was peculiarly energetic; he grappled with hostile arguments, and prepared his brethren for the extreme of opposition that Satan could rouse against a work so eminently accordant with the very life and soul of the gospel. He alluded to the resistance that he personally had encountered, and was daily encountering, in the active prosecution of the work; and he spoke as one ready to bear and do all things through the strengthening power of Christ." She continues: "the readers of the magazine may easily comprehend how, in that hour of sacred fellowship, its Editor's heart smote her, *not* for having, on various points connected with Ireland and political matters, differed from Mr. Noel; *not* for having openly protested against opinions in which she did not and does not now concur; but for having expressed that dissent in language of petulance, asperity, and uncharitableness, for which the only excuse to be made is an unconditional acknowledgment of error, an unreserved request for pardon at our brother's hand.

"We have since that blessed meeting said this and more by letter to himself, and received a most ready Christian response. We now publicly repeat the retraction of every harsh,

every unsisterly word ; and we pray that all may be obliterated from the minds of those who still remember it."

To those who visited her it was evident that her time on earth was growing short, though she herself believed that the disease had run its course, and that she might yet live on and labour for some years ; and in this view her husband concurred.

She had a very humble estimate of herself, and when any friends alluded to the result of her labours as a proof of her acceptance with God, she was much distressed, saying, "I might be but the finger-post that points the road, but moves not on."

One season of conflict was permitted her ; the comfort which had so largely upheld her was no longer realized. The sin of irritability, no doubt induced by the worn out state of the nerves, "was mourned over with tears and anguish, but it seemed to her so utterly incompatible with her being a child of God that she began to doubt whether it were possible that she belonged to Him. She did not doubt the sufficiency of the Saviour, but simply whether, if He had indeed called her, it were possible she should show so little conformity to His will." Nothing brought her comfort till one day her husband said to her, "Without attempting to contradict what you say, if you have not come to Jesus, come to Him *now!*" He then read to her from the Bible the simplest promises and invitations. She remained silent for some time, and then prayed, as she expressed it, her favourite hymn,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"

especially dwelling on the line,

"Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

"From that time, with little interruption, her heart and lips were full of praise to God for His goodness to her."

She was longing for sea air, and on the 10th of July was removed to Ramsgate. She had desired that the six sergeants attached to the United Service Institution should carry her

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pal in case she died in London. Now they bore her, in a very prostrate condition, to the carriage. On parting she thanked them for all their kindness and attentions during her illness, and, shaking hands with each, asked the Lord to bless them.

Sir Moses Montefiore came to the terminus to take leave of her, bringing a basket of choice grapes for the journey. When the carriage door was closed she desired her husband and her faithful servant, Mary Nelms, to kneel down and ask the Lord to uphold her during the journey. This prayer was mercifully answered. Passing through Canterbury, her attention was directed to the splendid cathedral. She said, "Yes, it is very grand; but there is where the martyrs were starved to death!" pointing to the towers of an ancient gateway. On the next day she was much worse, but during the night she was "cheerful, even to playfulness." On the morning of the 12th there was a great change, and life seemed ebbing fast, while her face retained its calm and happy expression. Once her eyes brightened, and throwing her arm round her husband, who was leaning over her, she exclaimed, with emphasis, "I love you!" Those present thought that these were her last words, but she had still a message for some dear Jewish friends. Raising herself with tremendous effort, and panting for breath between each word, she said with loud, clear voice, "Tell them that Jesus is the Messiah; and tell——"

Mr. Tonna writes: "her hand had forgotten its cunning, her tongue was cleaving to the roof of her mouth, but Charlotte Elizabeth had not forgotten Jerusalem."

The breathings grew fainter, and at twenty minutes past two she entered into her eternal rest.

She was buried in Ramsgate Churchyard in presence of a very large concourse of people, her beloved friend, Mr. Dibden, the pastor of her Irish church, officiating on the solemn occasion.

At her request her husband planted on her grave some shamrocks which she had brought from the banks of the Lake

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of Mullingar; and upon the simple headstone which marks her resting place he inscribed the epitaph she had herself written, the date only being added:

HERE LIE THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
Charlotte Elizabeth,
THE BELOVED WIFE OF L. H. J. TONNA,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
ON THE 12TH JULY, 1846.
"Looking unto Jesus."

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"THOROUGHLY FURNISHED UNTO ALL GOOD
WORKS."

—
MARGARET WILSON.

. . . *And, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes.*

COWPER.

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“OUR supply of daily bread is not cut off on ‘the day of rest’ like the Israelites’ manna. We do not receive a double supply on the previous day, to carry us over, but rather, I often think, we receive on the Sabbath day if not a greater supply, yet at any rate something that tastes sweeter and that fills our souls rather more with thanksgiving and praise than on those days when we have the battle with the world to keep up. To be sure, we have all we need every day, but the day of rest itself is another boon for which we may well feel thankful.”

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MARGARET WILSON.¹

BORN 1795. DIED 1835.

MARGARET BAYNE was the daughter of parents remarkable for deep spirituality and high intellectual culture. Her father, Kenneth Bayne, minister of the south parish church, Greenock, was a devoted pastor. His wife, Margaret Hay, was "distinguished by great sweetness of temper and remarkable prudence."

Margaret, their second child, was born on the 5th of November, 1795; like all her brothers and sisters she was a child of many prayers. She was lovely and engaging, and even when very young entirely unselfish, a characteristic which remained hers through life. Her father took great pains in the training of his children, and he deemed it best to allow them few associates out of their interesting family circle. One of these, who was permitted the intercourse of a sister among them, thus writes of those early days: "I can never forget the seasons of spiritual improvement then enjoyed: how on the Sabbath, when the labours of the day were ended, in the retirement of the domestic circle, Mr. Bayne's whole soul seemed to expand, and his conversation breathed forth those heavenly feelings which overflowed his heart."

The lessons of wisdom which were continually falling from his lips made a deep impression upon Margaret. He loved to direct his children to admire the beauties of nature, and to look through them up to nature's God; and Margaret's intense

¹ Taken chiefly from the "Mcmoir of Mrs. Margaret Wilson." By Dr. Wilson. Published 1838.

admiration for beautiful scenery no doubt began to develop under these teachings. Her descriptions of the grand and beautiful in nature are ever appreciative and truly eloquent.

Very early in life Margaret had religious impressions which were influential in leading her as a child to do what she knew to be right. As her mind opened she had a deep sense of her weakness and sinfulness, leading to the cry "What shall I do to be saved?" In the Lord's time the answer came, and peace and joy, followed by the active obedience of her life, testified that she had become united to Christ. At thirteen she went for a short time to a school at a distance from home. Her teacher soon discerned that her powers were of no ordinary capacity, and charged her to make full use of them as talents to be put out to usury.

Great intellectual advantages were enjoyed on Margaret's return home, but soon a heavy sorrow absorbed every thought. The devoted mother was removed by death early in 1811, after a short illness. Margaret felt deeply the responsibilities towards the younger children which this event imposed upon her.

At this time she had a conscience so tender that she feared to hold intercourse with those who lived in the spirit of the world, and when possible she refused invitations to parties among her young friends; but if there was a religious meeting she eagerly sought the opportunity to be present.

She was panting after nearness to her Saviour. "Be not conformed to this world" seemed to be her maxim, and she sought to carry it out in all things; in procuring a new article of dress she was careful to have it made without ornament. Some may think she was verging towards asceticism, in keeping so much aloof from others. If we look back over the history of the church, we shall see that when the Lord has been preparing His servants for special service He has often provided for them a period of comparative seclusion in which He has taught them some of His deeper lessons and then brought them forth to enter again upon the battle field of life. Sometimes this opportunity has been the result of circumstances,

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such as a period of feeble health ; but in others, as in the case of Margaret Bayne, it has been sought under a deep impression of its being at the time the necessary condition of spiritual progress. She joyfully gave herself up to be thus taught of the Lord, and her growth in grace was very marked. Among those who delighted in her society were many aged Christians ; and many prayers were offered by her father's friends on her behalf. A remarkable revival had taken place in the Isle of Arran, and some who had been aroused were seeking all the spiritual help they could obtain. These came out of their quiet country life, at great effort to themselves, in order to attend religious services at Greenock. In the midst even of the Christians there they were reserved, and sought to stand aside, wishing to be unnoticed ; but when Margaret appeared, their bright smiles and words of recognition showed how easily hearts opened to her loving sympathy. To her father she was a great comfort, and a delightful companion to her sisters. One of them thus writes of her : " I well remember how every day only increased my love and admiration of her, and how there were blended with something like the veneration due to a parent, feelings at once joyous, happy and unrestrained."

Margaret's feelings of anxiety in regard to the younger members of the family were intense. She so feared lest they should suffer through any neglect of hers. It was her custom from time to time to retire with one after another of her sisters, that she might pray with them and speak with them of spiritual things. One little boy was taken from his sister's loving care to the home above, having shown unmistakably that her prayers and words had been greatly blessed to him. One Sabbath, while lying on her knee, he was observed to be shedding tears. Margaret clasped him to her breast, exclaiming " I fear you are suffering much, my darling child ?" With a " look and tone altogether indescribable" he replied, " It is not my sufferings that cause my tears to flow, but the love of the blessed Jesus, in taking up little children in His arms and blessing them."

Some time after this Margaret went to Aberdeen for further advantages in her education. During her stay there she passed through a severe ordeal. She had led a life of comparative retirement, in which her studies had been subservient to prayer and communion and to those duties in the family which preserve the tender affections and sympathies in their freshness. Now she was in the enjoyment of unusual facilities for the pursuit of study, and she gave herself up to it with passionate and all-absorbing ardour. She became fascinated by the charms of science and literature. And not only so, but she learned that she was talented and accomplished. She read much and deeply on almost every subject; and her conversation was at once "brilliant and attractive." Margaret's studies took a wide range, and besides general literature and several languages she studied ecclesiastical and civil history, natural philosophy, and mathematics. She entered into the "writings of the most distinguished ethical and metaphysical writers both ancient and modern"; and read with avidity profound theological works, though, as she "afterwards regretted, she gave for some time the preference to those which are distinguished by the independence of their speculations, and the subtleties and intricacies of their metaphysics." Poetry, particularly religious poetry, she delighted in passionately, and her mind became richly stored with its treasures. She also gave her attention to the "romance of Indian mythology and philosophy; and this study, on being corrected by her personal observation and research in Hindustan, ultimately proved of much good."

Margaret Bayne loved study, and her acquirements became associated with every thought and feeling. Her imagination was vivid, and clothed the ideas which had been received into her mind with new life and beauty. At the same time her judgment was estimated by her friends as remarkably wise and her memory was very exact.

It seems that "other circumstances," besides the intoxication of study, drew her aside, for a season, from that enjoyment in

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prayer and communion which she had previously held to be her highest privilege. But the Lord brought her back to Himself. She realized that she had strayed from the Shepherd's fold, and she returned, with renewed consecration, to follow Him whithersoever He should lead her. Henceforth her acquirements and talents were, to a large extent, sanctified to God's service, and He enabled her to use them to His glory. On her return from Aberdeen Margaret desired to superintend the education of her younger sisters. They were accordingly withdrawn from the public classes, and placed under her care. Her influence must have been very stimulating, for she made their studies exceedingly interesting by the enthusiasm which she threw into them, as well as by her power of communicating what she had herself acquired. Margaret found these occupations extremely helpful and strengthening to her own mind, and the constant demand on her intellectual resources stimulated her to increased diligence in adding to her stores of knowledge. The seven sisters formed an interesting band, and during the next few years the current of the daily life flowed on peacefully and brightly.

But there came an hour when the brightness, which had been in large measure restored to the home, was again partially eclipsed by sorrow. After two days' illness, on the morning of Friday the 13th of April, 1821, the beloved and honoured father was called home. On the previous Sabbath, accompanied by his daughter Margaret, he had assisted at the administration of the Lord's supper at Glasgow. Early on that morning he came to her room and conversed, with great sweetness and tenderness, "on the subject of that day's approaching solemnity." Then he knelt down and prayed with such fervour that, when he rose to depart, she felt such a tumult of overpowering emotions that she could only say with a burst of tears, "Dear papa, pray for me."

Margaret's warm heart was torn by this sorrow, and her sense of desolation and distress was at times overwhelming. In that time of anguish she perceived her heart's deep

spiritual needs, and seeing herself as in the light of eternity she was humbled in the dust. Prayer was her solace, she would go over the penitential psalms with look and tone which showed an intense appropriation of their meaning. Often in the silence of the night her weeping accents fell upon her sister's ears as she pleaded with her Father in heaven that He would "receive her graciously, love her freely, and dwell, rule and reign supreme in her heart and affections." Margaret's conflict lasted long, but the lessons learned were deeply imprinted on her soul, and she always looked back to this time as a season of extraordinary and permanent blessing. Henceforth she seemed to advance "in wisdom and in grace."

Margaret had very strong affections; and sorrow, instead of dulling these natural feelings, quickened her sympathies towards those in affliction. She now comforted others "with the comfort wherewith she herself had been comforted of God." Her words and example were greatly blessed to her sisters. They all worked together among the poor, taking great interest in the Sabbath school and the visitation of the sick. Margaret never spared herself when she could minister to the necessities of others, whether by instructing the ignorant, or supplying the temporal wants of the poor and afflicted. She was warmly interested in the cause of missions to the heathen and to the Jews.

For five years after the death of their father the sisters remained in Greenock. Their next home was in Inverness-shire. Dares Cottage was situated in an out-of-the-world district, where they found little scope for their energies and sympathies. Sometimes they were blocked up by snow, and even in less wintry weather it was often impossible to get to a place of worship for weeks together. Margaret speaks of two sacramental services at long intervals, and that they were "like green spots amid the desert." After a life of much seclusion in this Highland home the sisters decided on removing to Edinburgh, and took a house in a part of the city called Comely Bank. It was early in the year 1828, and shortly

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after their entrance upon city life, that the student John Wilson was introduced to Margaret's family. He had nearly completed his studies preparatory to ordination, and was looking forward, with intense longings and hopes, to devoting his whole life to missionary work. India had been assigned to him, by the Scottish Missionary Society as his future field of labour. Looking back over the grand and comprehensive work which John Wilson accomplished during nearly half a century of almost continuous labour, we may see in his humble prayerful spirit the source of his power. We transcribe one prayer recorded in his journal shortly before he entered the circle which was to become associated with all his future life. After thankfully acknowledging the goodness of God in graciously fulfilling the desire of his heart by opening the way for him to become a missionary, he adds these petitions: "O Lord, do Thou prepare me for preaching Christ crucified with love and with power; *do Thou provide, if agreeable to Thy will, a suitable partner of my lot, and one who will encourage me and labour with me in Thy work.* Do Thou, in Thy good time, convey me in safety to the place of my destination; do Thou open for me a wide and effectual door of utterance; do Thou preserve my life for usefulness; and do Thou make me successful in winning souls to Christ."¹ These prayers, inspired as they no doubt were by the Holy Ghost, were answered abundantly.

John Wilson's intimacy with the family at Comely Bank commenced under peculiarly sacred circumstances. Eliza Bayne, who had long been failing in health, had become much worse, and there was now no hope of restoration. During the earlier stages of her illness she had been deeply absorbed in communion with her Saviour and in the almost hourly study of the Scriptures. For some time she spoke but little about her experience, but as she neared her heavenly home she was enabled to declare to the brother and sisters who ministered

¹ "Life of John Wilson, D.D., F.H.S., for fifty years philanthropist and scholar in the East." By George Smith, LL.D.

to her how great things the Lord had done for her soul. Many were the words of counsel which fell from her lips; at one time she said to those around: "Oh that you were more like the children of light in this evil world! Oh that you did more to promote His kingdom and honour upon earth! Study the Bible more, I have found it the best book." Margaret writes of the joy of which they were made partakers, "in witnessing in their beloved sister's experience such striking and marvellous displays of God's power." With true Christian submission all were enabled to give her up, their one desire for her being that she might "be made perfect in her Redeemer, and see Him as He is."

During the last night, just when they were expecting her to pass away, Eliza suddenly revived, an expression of ineffable joy beamed in her face, and her eye seemed dazzled with the glory beyond. She exclaimed: "Anna, my sister, am I come back to you all?" Some one repeated, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil"; she finished the passage and then exclaimed, "He compasseth me with songs of deliverance." Asking all to kiss her, she commended them to God, and as the day dawned fell asleep in Jesus with the "expression of joy still lingering on her face."

We now come to the time when Margaret Bayne was to be removed to a larger and far distant field of labour. We have seen how richly her mind was stored; and no less in the school of sorrow had her soul been trained and disciplined for the trials and difficulties of the way. As a good soldier of Jesus Christ she had learned to endure hardness. Her intercourse with John Wilson had resulted in a mutual attachment between them. Not only was his heart engaged, but his judgment saw in Margaret's cultivated powers and religious experience just the help he personally needed, and also he rejoiced to discern her eminent fitness to assist him in his future work in India. With these convictions to supplement his love, he offered her his hand, asking her "to share his joys, his sorrows, his toil,

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and its reward." Margaret, as was her wont, sought guidance in persevering prayer, and, when assured that this thing was of the Lord, accepted his proposal, thus filling him with indescribable joy. The "bright prospects" which were then opened up to him, he tells us, "were more than a hundred fold realized."

For six months previously Margaret had been engaged in "earnest and almost constant prayer" that a path might be opened up to her, in which she might "serve God with constancy and greater devotedness of heart." And, now that that path was developing before her, she had an overwhelming sense of her weakness and insufficiency for the work. However, she looked to the Strong for strength, and in abiding communion and earnest prayer for herself and for him to whom she had given heart and hand, her strength was renewed day by day.

While she gave herself joyfully and unreservedly to the husband whom God had chosen for her, her affectionate nature suffered much from the outward severing from those to whom she was closely bound by the ties of kindred and of friendship. She writes to a much loved friend: "I have already felt the pangs of separation from those I love, in the painful and constant anticipation of it. I feel that it will be forever in this world. We may meet again; but my heart, with a painful and prophetic foreboding, assures me we shall not."

The thought of an eternal reunion with her beloved ones was a source of great comfort to her, and she seemed at times to realize this prospect with remarkable vividness. During the absence of her *fiancé* Margaret Bayne thus addresses him: "I felt so deeply affected at parting with you, and had such a consciousness of my own weakness, that, had my thoughts not turned to the omnipotency of God, they would have resembled the dove which came forth from the ark, when, floating above the solitude of the waters, she could not find a place to rest her weary wing. I was cheered by the assurance that the throne of grace was open to my approach, and that the great

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High Priest, now set over the house of God, is the sole and absolute proprietor of that rich treasury of spiritual blessings which He dispenses in varied proportions to His believing people. . . I had much enjoyment in committing you to God, and in reflecting upon your future prospects. The presence of Jesus compassing you, all His high perfections enlisted for your support, and your happiness becoming purer by being assimilated to the joys of heaven, were brought to my mind with a certainty of belief which made my unbelieving heart ashamed of its former doubting, and caused me to lift my feeble voice in thanksgiving to God. I could rejoice in His work as at present going on; and, still more, in the anticipation of that glorious time when His mystery shall be accomplished in the complete triumphs of the cross. Outward events seemed to pass away; and even this earth, which looked so fair and beautiful, lost its verdure when contrasted with the splendours of the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. You are invested with a high and sacred character. I shall pray that you may be enabled to make full proof of your ministry. . . I feel joy in going back upon the stream of prophetic history, and forward through its yet unaccomplished events, till my thoughts reach that period when commences the era of earth's redemption and of the church's glory. . . If we are true missionaries we shall go forth with our lives in our hands, ready to sacrifice them, or to devote them to the service of the heathen, as our heavenly Father may see meet. It is a delightful thought that there will be no interruption to His service. If life is prolonged, it will be for this purpose; if death comes it will usher us into a world furnished with new and higher capacities for its performance."

On a bright summer's day, August 12th, 1828, John Wilson and Margaret Bayne were united in marriage. To the bride and bridegroom it was an occasion of much solemnity. Only a few short months had elapsed since they had sat by Eliza's couch and listened to her dying counsels; Margaret, with her

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sister Mary, had just returned from a visit to the grave of their parents; and remembrances of the past mingled with thoughts of the parting so near at hand. During their few remaining days in Scotland Margaret Wilson accompanied her husband to his native district, where a warm reception was given her by his friends. In the hour of separation it was an unspeakable comfort to her sensitive feelings that her relatives and friends gave her up willingly, although they keenly felt their own personal loss. Her brother and one sister accompanied the missionaries to London. Just before leaving that city for Portsmouth, Margaret Wilson thus addressed her sisters who remained behind: "It were vain, even if it were possible, to give utterance to my thoughts at this moment. Much as I felt the pang of separation after parting with you, I did not fully realize its agony till now that the time is approaching when we must bid adieu to Britain. A thousand scenes that had passed away rise anew to my remembrance, and, when I think of never again seeing you, never again listening to the accents of your voices, I would sink into despair were I not strengthened by an unseen energy and by the hope of a blessed reunion. O my beloved sisters, make the eternal God your refuge, and give reality to your convictions by repairing to Him amid every difficulty, and by reposing upon His almighty strength. Do not live as if this earth were your dwelling-place, but, remembering that your home is in heaven, act as becometh those who look forward to its glories."

The next extract is from a letter written by her on ship-board as the ship was leaving.

September 14th.—This is the Sabbath day, and even here there is much to hallow it. The glorious events which it commemorates should ever be uppermost in our minds; and, though there be no public sanctuary where we assemble in communion with the saints, our cabin and our hearts may become a sanctuary for the Divine presence. All is confusion and bustle on board. The pilot is to take our letters on shore. My beloved, my ever dear sisters I must now bid you adieu.

CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

. . . . May the eternal God be our portion, and under you stretch His everlasting arms. Yours in much love. MARGARET."

Referring to some days of stormy weather, she writes in her journal :

"There was something in the war of the elements without, and in the stillness and gloom of our cabin, which might have rendered me uneasy and excited painful feeling ; but I experienced the fulfilment of the truth of the declaration of Scripture, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee' ; and though the ideas of shipwreck and death frequently arose to my mind, I felt no terror, but an additional confidence in Him who ruleth, in the raging of the sea commanding its proud waves to be still."

During the first part of the long voyage, of five months' duration, much suffering was caused to the missionaries by the opposition of nearly all on board to that holy living which was in the Wilsons the natural expression of their love to Christ. However, as time went on, the consistency of their conduct won the respect of most on board, and we learn that "opposition nearly disappeared among the passengers ; and the sailors whom he had influenced for good treated Mr. Wilson very tenderly amid the high frolic of those days in crossing the line."

Referring to some of these experiences Margaret Wilson writes : "We were brought into circumstances of persecution for the trial of our faith ; and to prepare us for the difficulties which we have to encounter in heathen lands ; and it was when our fears were most painfully excited in looking forward to the remaining part of our voyage that relief was in a manner accorded to us. This should teach us to rely with increased faith and simplicity on the declarations which God hath made respecting His cause in the world."

In the prospect of parting from those with whom they had been in daily association during five months she says :

"They are now about to enter upon the varied scenes of

measure, to toil, and perhaps some of them to bleed, for fame. The temptations of an Indian life are great; and few, I fear, will have any desire to resist them. Nothing but the omnipotence of grace can be their safeguard. Oh that the love of Jesus were shed abroad in their hearts!"

In February, 1829, they landed in Bombay, and after two months passed with missionary friends Mr. and Mrs. Wilson reached Harnaf in the southern Konkan. Here they remained while studying the Marathi language. They entered on this study "resolved not to intermit their labour till they were able to declare to the people in their own tongue the wonderful works of God." The pundit "often expressed his surprise and astonishment at the intelligence and aptitude of his female scholar," and indeed her enthusiasm in learning the language, and her intense longing to convey to the native women the glad tidings of the gospel, were a constant encouragement to her husband. The following is from a letter to her sisters and brother.

"*May 29th.* . . . We have once or twice indeed been threatened with that dreadful malady, *home sickness*, and I was absolutely suffering from its ravages when the sight of the Marathi pundit, with his terrible apparatus of words and idioms, by which our minds as well as our lips are forced into all possible contortions, put its symptoms to flight, and brought to my thoughts the importance and magnitude of that object to which we have devoted ourselves, and for the attainment of which we should willingly make much greater sacrifices. . . . The suspense and anxiety which we have suffered, from not having received letters from you, has been very great; and how justly may I say that my heart would have sunk within me, at the remembrance of you all, with the thought of what you may have suffered, had I not at all times the throne of grace before me, and were I not assured that all events are under the control of Him who appoints them in infinite wisdom. . . . May God bless you with the choicest blessings of His house. Ever your affectionate MARGARET."

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

So rapid was their progress in the language that on the 27th of September John Wilson preached his first sermon in Marathi, and his wife began her work by catechizing some of the children in the schools. On the 25th of November the missionaries left the Konkan for the seat of the Presidency, "carrying with them the best wishes of their friends, to whom Mrs. Wilson had endeared herself in no ordinary degree." Although she deeply sympathised with, and, as occasion required, assisted in her husband's work, her own mission work was in great measure distinct, and it is this with which we have to concern ourselves.

Fifty years ago the difficulties connected with female education in India must have been even greater than they are now. In Bombay the work entered upon by Margaret Wilson was pioneering work. She found the women of India not merely without a knowledge of the gospel, but steeped in ignorance, and wanting in domestic virtues, and so restrained from the exercise of their natural feelings of affection and tenderness as to be incapable of training their children or of counselling and humanizing their husbands. She saw that the improvement of native society depended largely on the elevation of the women, and she hastened to do her part to promote this great work.

The missionaries removed to the premises engaged for the mission in December, 1829; and before they were comfortably settled in, Margaret Wilson began to make her arrangements for carrying out her scheme of female education and evangelization. She engaged three Brahmans as teachers, whom she seconded in their endeavours to procure scholars; this she did by personal visitation in the homes. Her persuasion, at first, told most on the lowest class, whose superstition is not so immovable as that of the higher classes. She encouraged the children by giving a few rewards which were wisely distributed. In addition to these duties, Margaret Wilson had to teach her masters the best method of imparting instruction, and she had much to contend with in their "prejudices, in-

dolence and unfaithfulness." In these early days of the mission she had to teach, herself, for hours daily in the schools, and also frequently to examine those children who were under the care of the native teachers. Before she had been six months in Bombay she had six schools in working order, containing in all one hundred and twenty pupils. In spite of the careless habits of parents and children, and the many interruptions from festivals and marriages, it was wonderful what rapid progress was made by some of the girls in the acquisition both of secular and religious knowledge.

In the spring of 1830 the birth of a son brought much joy into the missionaries' home. To her sisters, whom she ever delighted to make sharers in all her interests, Margaret Wilson writes :

"*May 16th.* . . . I rejoice in having this opportunity of confirming with my own hand the joyous tidings which were conveyed to you by Mr. Wilson's letter. We have often pictured, in imagination, the joy which it would impart to you, and the gratitude which must have thrilled through your hearts, on being informed of the imminent danger from which I was delivered. . . . God in His lovingkindness has not only seen fit to spare me a little longer, but has blessed me by making me a joyful mother. Our beloved Andrew is a most fascinating baby."

The latter part of the letter is filled with the interests of the great work in which she was engaged. In future letters the descriptions of Andrew's growth in mind and body are very pretty. On July 21, 1830, she writes :

"My health is now quite restored, and I have been enabled to return to the study of the language, and to the work to which I desire to devote the remaining energies of my life. My leisure for study is now very limited, as my female schools require vigilant superintendence and occupy a great proportion of my time. Much of it is also taken up in the regulation of household affairs, and in attendance upon my little boy. The little darling is every day becoming more and more in-

teresting. Some of the first words we shall teach him to lisp will be the names of my beloved sisters. His nurse, more imaginative than his papa and mamma, declares that he already says 'Unco'! 'Aunt'! but, as this precocity would have in it a little of the marvellous, I think you had better not credit it."

The letter ends thus: "My heart turns to you all with an affection so intense that it amounts to agony. How sweet is the peace of heaven! What a contrast to the turmoil of our best and purest earthly love! Ever yours, MARGARET."

She writes to one of her sisters of the little church already called into existence through their instrumentality.

"*January 7, 1831.* . . . My beloved John and I are, at present, in the possession of excellent health. Our ties to India are becoming stronger and stronger. . . We have a standing memorial of the Divine faithfulness in that little church which He hath formed among us; and though it is the object of care and of agonized solicitude to those who have been instrumental in planting it, and who know the number and hostile array of its enemies, this circumstance, like the watching and solicitude of a tender parent, deepens their affection to the helpless and unprotected objects of their love."

This year John Wilson made his first extensive missionary tour. Both he and his wife considered itinerating as a most important department of their work in disseminating the gospel. He says: "that her fitness to conduct, for a season, the affairs of the mission at home, and her eagerness to have the gospel message more extensively made known, were his principal encouragements to proceed."

In this and many other seasons of loneliness Margaret Wilson felt that the trial had come to her in the path of duty, and that "the path of duty is the path of happiness." Her letters to her husband are deeply interesting. Her rejoicing over the success of his mission, her words of courage and high Christian hope when the enemies of the cross seemed to have gained an advantage over his work, together with her accounts

of the mission life at home, and her lively notes of Andrew's doings, must have greatly brightened his path. For her he kept a journal of his labours, and this was her great solace ; it contained many allusions to his tender love for her and their little boy. During this time of loneliness Margaret Wilson suffered from an illness, and while she informed her husband of it, it was only to her far distant sister that she described the difficulties and desolation of being alone among servants of strange tongues. She writes :

" You can scarcely conceive the horror of being obliged to talk not only in one but in several languages, when sickness is preying upon you, and when every little want, instead of being anticipated and relieved, is unknown and unregarded till repeated over and over again. Still, however, my heavenly Father was near to soothe my sorrow, and the book of inspiration unfolded to me those pure and exhaustless treasures which are adapted to every exigency, and to all the evils which may surround our path."

To her husband, after speaking of rapid improvement in her health, she writes :

" I have felt this period of comparative cessation from worldly cares, as my beloved John did the sabbath which he so beautifully described on his journey. The communion which we enjoy in solitude, with the Father of our spirits, has something in it more sublime and heavenly, more allied to the pure and undisturbed enjoyments of the heavenly state, than that which we enjoy at intervals and amid the cares of the world. The latter is however in accordance with our state of warfare, and that feeling of exile we must experience till we arrive at that blessed home which Christ has prepared for those who love Him, and where they will behold the full view of His glory. I received your letter on Tuesday, and read it with interest and delight. Many thanks for all the affection which it breathes towards me and our little pet."

We cannot help contrasting her expressions of the joy of heavenly fellowship, even in solitude, with the experience of

CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

younger days when, not having entered into such full and abiding communion with her Lord, she describes those seasons during which she was shut out from the services of religion as "dreary desert regions."

On the 9th of April, 1831, Margaret Wilson writes to one of her sisters :

". . . I have now the pleasure of announcing, by my own hand, the birth of another little nephew. I was confined on the 27th of last month, and, though previously much reduced by sickness, my recovery has been so rapid that I am now able to go about; and I may truly say that I have not felt so well since my arrival in India as at present. The little darling is also doing remarkably well. He is a captivating baby, very fair, and resembles Andrew. . . . Sometimes I think I can trace a resemblance between him and you, and at other times he seems liker our beloved and sainted father, whose name he is to bear. I cannot tell you the thrill which was sent to my heart when his beloved papa first called him *Kenneth Bayne*. My beloved sisters will participate in my emotions and sympathies. . . . May he who has been given to us be given to the Lord in dedication and covenant, so that he may resemble, not only in name but in character, our dear father. You have no idea how sweet it is to see the two pets together. . . . It is sweet to contemplate the pledges of a Father's love; and it is sweeter still to take His most precious gifts and lay them upon His altar, saying, 'Lord, they are wholly Thine; to Thy boundless love, and to Thy ever watchful providence, I commit them. Thou art the arbiter of their destinies, and their eternal interests are secured if they receive the blessings and the privileges which Thou hast freely offered them.'

Margaret Wilson was a true woman, and her intense delight in her little ones is very natural and beautiful. Each child was consecrated to the Lord, and her pleasure in these joys commingled with her deep and ever deepening interest in the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. Whilst her work in the mission

field was carried on with vigour, her domestic duties were never neglected. Twice blessed are those families in which the mother (even if she cannot actively work for others) has her heart enlarged to pray earnestly for the church and for the world, whilst her first desire is for the consecration of her own household.

Margaret Wilson had frequently to watch by the bedside of dying friends, especially of female missionaries, whose departure made sad blanks in the mission band. One lady, to whom she was much attached, had been only two years in the country. She had come out with her brother, and Margaret Wilson had assisted in "putting on her bridal attire and now clothed her in the garments in which she was laid in the tomb." Mrs. Graham had just learned the Marathi language, and had made arrangements to assist her friend in the schools. She said it was mysterious to her to be called away, before beginning the work into which she had so intensely longed to enter. "But," she added, "perhaps there was delusion in my feelings; and I shall praise Him without end, and show forth the honour of His name through all eternity." "When she saw me weeping," writes Mrs. Wilson, "she took my hand and kissed it, and said, 'I may be present with you sometimes, for you think that the spirits of the just encamp around the saints and take an interest in all that is going on in this world.' I said, 'Yes, I think it probable'; and the idea seemed to please her." Her end was triumphant, and her friends, while mourning her loss, rejoiced in her joy.

In the autumn of 1831 the Wilsons went, with their two little boys, to the annual meeting of the Bombay Missionary Union at Puna. Margaret Wilson's descriptions of the journey, which took a fortnight going and returning, and of the scenery, are very pleasant, and the expedition must have proved a great refreshment to her. Writing in December, she speaks of the longing (which she seems often to have felt) to write separately to the members of the home circle. She had thoughts and feelings which were flowing towards them with an individual

CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

love and interest different for each one. But the time failed her. "My hands are so full of work," she says to one of her sisters, "and my head so busy, that, were you here, you would find me searching into ponderous volumes for Marathi, Hindustani, Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit words to express my thoughts; and after all, perhaps, only making havoc of the idea, or conveying it obscurely to minds shut up in the darkness of idolatry and sin. I am also engaged in translating a French work, which is itself a translation of the *Vendidad Sade*, one of the sacred books of the Parsees. It has never been translated into English."

Dr. Wilson adds: "This version of a work which few would read for hire, but which she viewed as of the greatest importance for the exposure of the errors of the human mind, and for forming a shade to set forth the brightness of Divine truth, she brought to completion. It was of great use in the discussion which I was conducting. The *Vendidad Sade*, though daily used by the Parsees in Zand, is fully understood by none of their number, and very few copies of the Gujarathi translation are in existence. The veneration entertained for it I have always seen diminish on increased acquaintance with it. An artificial mysteriousness and an engrossing ceremoniousness constitute much of the strength of superstition, as I have frequently heard admitted by priests of different sects in India."

In the discussion mentioned above, Margaret Wilson felt extreme interest and she thus refers to the part her husband took in it. "He has been the first in the Bombay Presidency to attack the Parsees, Mahommedans, and Brahmans, in a sustained and systematic form, or to expose the more obscure and scholastic part of their religion. The moral courage requisite for the attack can only be estimated by those who have come in contact with native prejudice, or know the deep rooted aversion which they cherish to Europeans and their religion. This moral courage, as well as every other gift necessary, was of God, and to Him we would ascribe the

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glory. . . . The effects of this controversy have already been widely felt among all classes of the Hindus, and many of them tremble for the coming storm, which is to sweep away their ancient superstition and level their authority to the dust. Did they know the unfathomable love and condescension of Him who is a hiding place from the storm, how would their hatred be turned into love, and their cruel blasphemies of the name of Jesus into praise and the loudest acclamation of joy! This period is fast approaching. I felt a few evenings ago, when the converts were assembled for prayer in the upper verandah, as if we had in truth and in reality a foretaste. It was during the celebration of one of the most horrid and impure festivals observed in this part of India. The sound of their unnatural music, of their invocations of the gods, of their fierce and maddening shouts and hallooings, contrasted strangely with the voice of lowly adoration and thanksgiving which rose to the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Early in 1832 Margaret Wilson commenced, with the co-operation of several Christian ladies in Bombay, a school for the children of the most destitute class of natives, who were employed in running with messages, carrying small burdens, and doing many little things to add to the support of their families. "Great difficulties," she tells us, "were experienced in carrying the design into effect; but care in explaining to the natives the object in view, the visible comfort of the few girls who were at first admitted, with prayer and perseverance, ere long prevailed. The institution, which was the first of its kind in this part of India, has been remarkably blessed, and several of its scholars have been admitted into the visible church."

Besides the oversight given to all her schools, and more continuously to the girls' school on the mission premises, Margaret Wilson weekly assembled the scholars from the more distant parts of the town to receive religious instruction in the mission hall. The expense of their conveyance in native gadis was defrayed by the proceeds of ladies' work sent from England. In reference to the enlargement of her work she writes:—"I

CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

feel that every increase of occupation brings with it an increase of happiness, and I see in this arrangement a wonderful illustration of the goodness of God." She thus speaks of her children: "Andrew begins to assert his superiority over Kenneth, who has very extravagant ideas of his own importance, and is not disposed to yield a single iota to the other . . . They are both very sweet and amusing, though sufficiently spirited and lively. Their little prattle is very amusing; Andrew's being a mixture of English, Hindustani and Marathi, with an utter confusion of all grammar."

In this year Dr. Wilson had to leave home for change of air, and to his wife's other duties were added the care of the native converts and the correction of the press. From her numerous letters to him at this time we give an extract:

"The sweet little darlings are quite well, but this weather makes them look pale and languid. Did you make out the meaning of Andrew's sublime hieroglyphics? They are more intelligible to me than some of those in the study of which learned men are consuming their strength. I had nearly sixty girls in the central school to-day, and they began and ended by singing a hymn. There was little or no music in the combination of sounds, but it was sweeter to me than the finest melody, as it reminded me of the predicted time when the voice of praise shall be heard in every dwelling and ascend from every heart. I shall think much of you to-morrow. Oh may you be in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and enjoy such communion with the Father of your spirit as shall be an emblem and pledge of heaven."

Margaret Wilson was now to enter into a fiery furnace, and to have her faith and trust put to a severe test. Her husband writes: "In the beginning of September a roll like that of the prophet Ezekiel, wherein was written, 'lamentations, and mourning, and woe,' came into my hands from our native country, and I trembled when I was called to announce its heavy tidings."

Mary and Isabella Bayne had gone to the Bridge of Allan for

the benefit of Isabella's health. She was already so much restored that their brother had left them about a week, when a mournful catastrophe occurred. On going to bathe it appears that Isabella had just gone into the water prepared for bathing, and had, it is supposed, slidden over a quicksand into the depth beyond. Her sister, in her usual dress, had rushed in to the rescue, and both had been drowned.

As soon as the painful tidings were conveyed to their sister Margaret, she exclaimed: "Let us cast ourselves into the arms of the Lord, and feel ourselves surrounded by His love and grace!" Then the husband and wife sought help together at the footstool of the Lord, and she realized His consolations to be even then poured into her wounded spirit. Her language before God was, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." Realizing her own shortcomings in view of that holiness with which she was always seeking to be clothed, she accepted the chastisement as sent in mercy, and expressed the hope that the furnace was heated "to purify not to destroy." She thus addresses her brother and sisters: "With what words can I convey to my beloved and afflicted sisters and brother the emotions which agitate my heart, in now attempting to write to them! Shall I tell them of the alternate agony, and suspension of sorrow by its own intensity, we experienced on first receiving accounts of the heartrending catastrophe, by which our beloved Mary and Isabella were so suddenly and so mysteriously removed from them? . . . Shall I speak of the blight and the desolation which this solemn event has shed around us? or shall I tell of the acute pangs which dart into our souls at the remembrance of the loved ones who still weep in secret, and the inexpressible longings we at times feel once more to mingle our joys and our sorrows with theirs around the family altar? No, these were inadequate subjects to dwell upon, and unbecoming the lofty theme which now excites the ardour and absorbs the attention of the redeemed and glorified spirits who have gone before us to the dwelling-place of God, the home prepared for them by Jesus. . . .

CHARLETON UNIVERSITY

Shall we not rejoice that our sweet Mary and Isabella were so soon counted worthy to be admitted among this number? . . . Oh let us hold communion with them now, and with Him who deigns to commune with us from His mercy seat. It will be sweeter by far than our earthly fellowship." In the same letter she speaks of the baby's illness: "Our darling Kenneth has been for two months a severe sufferer; and that he is yet alive and with us seems to be almost a miracle. . . . We weep in anguish over the little sufferer, but there are moments when our sorrow is tranquillized, and when even a parent's heart is made willing to resign the cherished object of affection to that Saviour who said 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' etc. How sweet to think that he will be received into the bosom of eternal love when removed from our weeping embrace. . . . Not our will, O Lord, but Thine be done!"

Ten days later she sends the tidings that the beloved child had "in mercy" been taken from them. She writes:

"He knew us all to the last, and continued to lisp in such accents as I shall never forget, his own little words and sentences. . . . Three different times he looked upwards with a smile of joy and astonishment, as if some vision had burst upon his sight. . . . The agony of that hour [of parting] was inexpressible, and we both felt that nought but an almighty Arm could have upheld us under the stroke. Our Divine Redeemer was with us in the furnace, and I trust He will sit as a 'refiner and purifier' till the dross is consumed, and till the gold comes forth seven times tried. On Monday the mortal remains of our dear Kenneth were committed to the dust. He was laid in a little white coffin, with the name and age, 'Kenneth Bayne Wilson, eighteen months,' inscribed upon it. He now sleeps in an Indian grave, far from you and from those precious ones who so recently preceded him to glory. But his dust is not unnoticed by the Redeemer, who will guard and keep it till the resurrection day. We shall often revisit the spot; and when they from the east and from the

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west, from the north and from the south, shall be reunited in one blessed family, you will behold it in its reanimated form a glorious body, without spot or wrinkle, clad in immortal robes. The little darling was in disposition the happiest child I ever saw. Every new object seemed to inspire him with delight almost unnatural in one so young. What then must have been his feelings of rapture when his knowledge expanded, and when the splendour of the heavenly state opened on his view!"

In November Margaret Wilson accompanied her husband, who was starting on a long tour, as far as Puna. On her return, she writes to him that Andrew had been unwell and was ordered to Scotland without delay. She mentions that, providentially, the friends to whom the little boy was to be entrusted were likely to sail in less than two months. She adds: "The trial is great indeed, but I trust the Lord will give us grace to submit to it with Christian fortitude and resignation. Let us be grateful to Him for such a home, and such sisters." Then, turning from their own personal interests to the great mission in which her husband was engaged, she gives him words of cheer:

"May the Lord bring to nought the machinations of His enemies, and defeat all their counsels! I look upon the persecution which you have received as a prelude to future success; for if the garrison of the enemy were secure his sentinels would not be so energetic and active as they have been in the present instance."

On the 26th of December she writes to her husband that the *Lady Raffles* is to sail for London on the 25th of January. . . . "My spirits grew faint," she says, "and my heart beat with sorrow when I felt that the time is approaching when we must part with our dear and now only child. The darling was amusing himself at the tea table, his lovely little countenance unclouded by any anxiety. His smiles made him dearer than ever in my view, and I was afraid to interrupt the course of his enjoyment by shedding tears in his presence. I therefore

retired to my own room, and amidst the overflowing of natural sorrow found near and consoling access to the throne of our heavenly Father. . . . We know that the objects of our affection are safe under the shadow of the Almighty's wing, and that even a father's care and a mother's tenderness are but faint emblems of His. . . . May we dedicate our precious boy anew unto the Lord! It is sweet to think that we have done so together, and that we can do it again when he is on the mighty ocean, or far distant in our beloved native land."

To some dear friends in Scotland :

"This epistle will be conveyed to you by a little messenger from the East, whose language I fear you will not understand, if it continues as purely Oriental as it is at present. His English sentences are very short, and almost all in Hindustani idiom, which must appear very amusing to strangers." She then refers to the separation, expressing the hope that it may prepare her for parting from one "dearer than life itself, when it is the will of her gracious Father to sever the ties which unite them together."

From Bandara, whither she had retired to recruit from ill health, Margaret Wilson writes :

"*April, 1833.* . . . At two o'clock I went to instruct the ayahs, and had no sooner sat down than I got a large congregation. I began to shake when I saw them arrayed before me; but when I remembered that they were immortal beings, and knew not the precious gospel, I went on, forgetful of language, logic, and even of good pronunciation. I have been very much pleased to hear the ayah telling the people about Jesus. She is a much better preacher than I am, though she wants knowledge."

In Margaret Wilson's records we read continually how she welcomed the Sabbath with joy as a day of special spiritual blessing to her soul. She entered into its spirit as typical of the rest of heaven, which consists not in freedom from active service, but in freedom from all hindrance to that service. She writes from Bandara on the Sabbath day, 16th April :

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"How much reason have I to extol the goodness of my heavenly Father in permitting me to view the light of this holy sabbath, and granting me the cessation from pain which I now enjoy. My spared life is the Lord's."

Then, with heart attuned to praise, she offers thanks for her salvation and for access into the holy of holies, and dwells upon the glorious work of redemption which the sabbath commemorates. Her vivid imagination carries her back to the epoch of creation, when, the work being finished, the morning stars sang for joy ; and then, after speaking of the announcement of the sabbath from Sinai, she passes on to the sabbaths which "inspired the harp of David and gladdened the hearts of holy prophets," and which she describes as memorials of God's faithfulness throughout all generations. Again she comes back to the Christian sabbath as she views it under the gospel dispensation, throwing off its now needless encumbrances, asserting its Divine authority, and showing forth the glories of that new creation which shall survive the wreck of the former, and which is celebrated in the prophetic song, "Behold I create new heavens and a new earth ; and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind." Her husband says truly :

"With her each day was holy ; but that morn
On which the angel said, 'See where the Lord
Was laid,' joyous arose."

The following extracts are from a letter to her sister and brother, dated July, 1833 :

"The parcel containing such precious memorials of our dear departed sisters reached us safely. Oh, with what agonized but I trust subdued feelings of sorrow did we look upon all that now remained to us of those beloved ones ! Every day I look at the affecting memorials, and my heart seems to cling to them with fonder and more tender emotions, as if some hidden remembrances were wrapt up in them. . . . What shall I say of my beloved Mary's letter ? Oh, I can never, never express the joy which it excited in my mind, or the lessons which it taught me ! It was as a voice from heaven speaking to us of a

Saviour's love. . . Many in this land have been warmed and animated by the perusal of it. . . . Thank our dear friends for the very acceptable donation of clothes for the orphan school. The little girls are very much pleased with their European petticoats and send *bahut salaam* (many compliments) to the ladies. The girls delight to read of the love of Christ; but they have learnt the ways of their fathers, and their hearts go after vanities. The depravity and deceit of these little creatures would astonish you."

In another letter, after mentioning that they have heard of the arrival of the *Lady Raffles* in England, she begs her sisters to give her truly their impressions of Andrew, especially not to keep from them any of his faults, that they may have the privilege of praying minutely for the supply of his spiritual needs.

In another letter she asks: "What is our little Andrew doing? Has he forgot his Hindustani and begun to speak English? Ask him if he remembers the large house in Bombay which used to be crowded with natives coming to see papa. Perhaps he remembers the compound with the cocoa-nut and tadi trees which the natives used to climb all day long like monkeys, or the beautiful flowers and scarlet blossoms which he pulled every morning for dear mamma when she was sick. He was very fond of the little black girls, who came every morning to read their lessons to mamma and to hear of a Saviour's love to a guilty world. I hope he still loves these little children, and prays that God may give them a new heart. . . . Oh, tell him much about the love of Jesus. Speak to him often of the heathen; for it is our earnest prayer that, if the Lord spare his life, He may put it into his heart to preach among the natives of India the unsearchable riches of Christ."

In this year (1833) another baby came to take the place of little Kenneth in his mother's loving arms. The following lines are addressed by her to little Johnny while observing his face sad when the ayah was singing to him a Hindustani song:

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Thou 'rt as a beam of light,
A rainbow in the storm ;
But quickly o'er thy brow so bright
Comes sorrow's darkening form.
Now I shall bid thy fears away,
And we shall sing a sweeter lay.

We'll sing a song of love Divine
In yonder radiant spheres,
Where endless light and beauty shine
'Midst all their happy years,
Where all is pure and calm and bright,
Eternity's unclouded light.

Thy brother there doth stand
With angel-harp and voice,
Amid the holy, saintly band,
Who in the Lord rejoice.
His joy shall never pass away,
His crown of gold shall ne'er decay.

And thou art loved in heaven
By all the blissful choirs ;
While spirits bright come down at even
With their celestial lyres,
To hover o'er thy infant head,
And keep their watch around thy bed.

Sleep on thy mother's breast,
Thy dreams shall be of joy,
In some far distant realms of rest,
Where pains do not annoy ;
Then let me bid thy fears away,
And let me sing a sweeter lay.

In December the native servant, who had gone with Andrew to Scotland, returned. Margaret Wilson had just finished tea, and was sitting musing over memories of her dear ones in Scotland, and "calling to mind a thousand tender and endearing recollections" of Andrew's infancy and the "brief period of childhood" spent with his parents, when Joao suddenly appeared. His eloquent accounts of the different members of the family circle in Edinburgh, his anecdotes of Andrew's say-

CHARLETON UNIVERSITY

ings and doings on shipboard, and his description of the meeting between the little boy and those who received him with such tender love and welcome, were so interesting that the hour of midnight arrived before he had finished his history. The heart of the mother overflowed with gratitude to her heavenly Father for the good tidings of her child, and she writes to the home circle in Scotland :

"I am indeed overwhelmed with the thought of your kindness to him. The Lord has given him to you, and He will reward you out of the treasury of heavenly blessings. . . . I fear my sister's pen was dipped in romance when she drew the picture of him, or, at all events, that like an artist who is as much bent on making a beautiful picture as in giving a striking likeness, she threw a shade over the deficiencies, and made the beauties stand out in prominent light. Our great desire is that he may indeed be, as you say, one of the lambs of the Redeemer's flock."

Dr. Wilson continued to be much away, and his journal was constantly calling forth his wife's deepest interest and her heartfelt prayers. She had thus a double labour for her Lord, the mission work at home and her participation in his travail for souls abroad.

Towards the end of 1833 Margaret Wilson entered, more fully than she had done before, into the work of translation, and a learned pundit was retained for the purpose of assisting her in her translations and compositions. She first prepared in Marathi an abridgment of a large part of Rollin's "Ancient History," for the use of her schools and native youth in general. This she completed as far as related to the Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Medes and Persians, and Athenians. Her husband says she "could not have directed her attention to any parts of profane history more calculated to interest, to expand, and to correct the native mind than those selected." She also translated an account of the fulfilment of prophecy, taken principally from the work by Dr. Keith, simplified as far as possible to suit the native reader. Another

work she had before her was that of preparing a series of simple devotional exercises for the natives. She had also a great desire to write a review of the history of the church, with a particular narrative of the "labours and sufferings of its most distinguished members in the profession and propagation of the truth." She adopted the form of letters addressed to the children of the mission, and wrote out introductory portions.

Her pupils had made such progress that they were able "to follow instructions on such topics." A long and very able review of Stebbing's "Christian Church," which she wrote about the same time, proved how qualified she was to prepare the work in question. This paper appeared in three successive numbers of the *Oriental Christian Spectator*, and was copied into a native newspaper in Bengal. In 1834 she writes to a friend, from the Malabar hills, whither she had gone after the birth of her youngest child :

"*May 20th.*—Our little girl is a very strong healthy child. . . . She is to be called Mary Isabella, a name dear to our hearts from the recollections with which it stands associated. May it be indeed written in heaven; and may she resemble my angelic sisters in her love to the Saviour. My schools are in a promising state at present, but when I think how often my plans and expectations have been frustrated I rejoice with trembling."

Margaret Wilson conscientiously describes the disappointments in connection with her work, alongside of the encouragements. Her narrations have therefore a value exceeding that of the glowing pictures which are sometimes given without the reverse side. She thus continues :

"Many of the old girls have returned to the mission schools, and they retain a tolerable remembrance of the knowledge which they had acquired, notwithstanding the dissipation connected with the celebration of their nuptials. I have five native girls living in our own house. . . . They all seem to be very happy, and call me *mother*. They occupy much of my time, for their former habits were so depraved that they

require very strict discipline. I feel as if they were my own children, but like a weak and impatient mother my spirit sometimes becomes irritable, and my strength sinks under the burden. Besides these, I have taken charge for the present of two girls, whose parents were Europeans. . . . They had never been taught to read before they came to me, and could not tell me who made them. The little girls told them in Hindustani what they had been taught in Marathi, and it was quite moving to mark the interest with which they listened to them. They are lovely, affectionate girls, and very anxious to learn, but their minds are in greater darkness than any heathen children I have ever seen, and they have been accustomed to swear in imitation of their father. One of them is reading the New Testament already."

Margaret Wilson suffered much at this time from debility, but she worked on as much as possible till illness overpowered her. Writing to a friend in Scotland she deploras the little she has done to spread abroad the knowledge of her Redeemer's name. She refers to the thousands of children to whom they have endeavoured to convey a knowledge of the gospel, with apparently little result. Then looking away from the failures incident to our finite state she turns to the sure promises of God, and exclaims: "Oh for faith in the whole testimony of God. It is not a part only which we are to believe; but it is every word which has proceeded out of His mouth. The work of conversion has begun through the preaching of the everlasting gospel; but it is as yet only like the first droppings of the rain. We are waiting in hope of the glorious day which will soon dawn upon us, and of the rich and plentiful showers which will descend to water the earth." Her message to her friends in Scotland is one that might well go forth from many foreign mission fields to the dwellers in Christian lands: "Tell all around you that, while they are watering their own vineyards, they should remember the dry and parched places of the wilderness, and endeavour to assist us with their prayers and wrestlings on our behalf."

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Writing to Andrew she calls the attention of her little boy to the histories of Samnel, Jeremiah, Daniel, and Timothy, who early loved the Lord and grew up to be His faithful ministers. Especially she reminds him that Samuel was, as a little child, separated from his parents, and that he was obedient to God, taking delight in religion, and was not led astray by Eli's wicked sons; and she begs Andrew to try and imitate this holy boy. To her sister Hay, after acknowledging her "many delightful letters," she says:

"You would be quite amused could you hear me translating them into Marathi or Hindustani to some of our native visitors or to my learned pundit. The pundit is astonished that you can write, and write so eloquently, being a *stri* (the Marathi word for woman). . . . I often think how powerfully and affectionately you would address him; and sometimes a ray of hope comes across my mind that you and my beloved Anna may yet be the endeared companions of our labours."

This thought was now constantly in Margaret Wilson's mind, and her prayers were fervent that her sisters might have special Divine direction in this matter. Speaking of her health she says that she is able to endure as much mental and bodily fatigue as when in Scotland, but that the climate is telling upon her. She expresses the hope that change of air and complete rest may enable her to put off, for two or three years, the visit to her native land which the doctors had suggested as likely to restore her health and prolong her life.

To another sister she writes, in November 1834:

"We can never express the deep gratitude which we feel, my dearly beloved sisters, for your great kindness to our dear boy. You were unspeakably dear before, but our hearts are now drawn to you by the twofold cord of love and gratitude. . . . I care little about talents, unless they are cultivated aright and given to the Lord. If they were laid on the altar of the world I would deem it as a prostitution, though fame heralded his name through the earth, and though a thousand wreaths encircled his brow. We have given him in covenant

to God; and I trust that He who hath demanded the offering will accept and ratify it, and make him His own."

During this autumn the length and number of the letters to her beloved ones in Scotland are remarkable, considering the enfeebled state of her health and her manifold occupations. In one letter she gives a minute account of her employments. She does this to stimulate her sisters to send them more details out of their own lives. The following is an outline of her occupations during one day.

According to her usual practice, Margaret Wilson spends an early hour in prayer and devotional reading of the Scriptures; then she devotes herself to her literary ones; then two hours are passed by her in study, and two more hours in writing for the press. Three hours are taken up in the schools, and afterwards she rides three miles to visit one of the Portuguese schools of the mission, and she also calls upon several families of English who sorely need the help of her influence and wise counsels. She returns to the pleasures and interests of her own family, and the evening hours are spent in writing this letter, and in a time of communion before retiring to rest. It is a very long letter Dr. Wilson tells us. In it she reviews God's dealings with her, touching on the various trials which have come upon her throughout her life. She speaks of these events with profound gratitude to God, and with perfect trust in the wisdom that dispensed the sorrows to her. Her husband tells us that this was no exceptional day, but that daily, for years, with little interruption she performed similar duties, to the great surprise of their visitors. He adds: "the solution of the mystery, however, is to be found in the unconquerable energy imparted by the Divine Spirit, guided by the habitual contemplation of Him who is fairer than the children of men and altogether glorious, and exercised in deep felt compassion towards the souls of the [heathen] around."

Dr. Wilson started on his tour on the 16th of December, and his wife accompanied him to Surat, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. The ayah, teachers and girls,

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crowded round, lamenting the departure of the beloved friends. Mingled with Margaret Wilson's regret at leaving them was the prevailing feeling that she had done so little for them; it is ever thus with the servants who are in closest communion with their Lord, they realize the most fully that they are "unprofitable servants." We must omit her interesting notices of their journey, and also of her stay at Surat, where she remained with Johnny, her husband proceeding on his long evangelistic tour. As usual, his journal, containing a detailed account of his progress, was a great delight to her. The little Mary Isabella was left under the care of a beloved friend. Margaret Wilson returned home after two months' rest, apparently quite well. They arrived late in the evening; Johnny ran into every room to search for his father, and not finding him, began to cry, at first softly, keeping his eye fixed on the door; but as he came not he set up a bitter wail, crying, "Papa gaia! ah, papa gaia!"

"As soon as I observed light on the horizon," writes Margaret Wilson to her husband, "I got up and prepared for going to Mrs. Hunt's. My little darling met me at the door. She has grown very much, and I never saw a child so full of life. She sprang into my arms and began to laugh, but I do not think she remembered me at first, for, on going upstairs, she began to cry to get to Mrs. Hunt. When she awoke from sleep the remembrance of her own mamma seemed to have revived; she clung to me with delight, and would not go from me to any one."

On the 18th of February in a letter to her husband she speaks of feeling exhausted, yet she is able to minister comfort to others. She writes: "I had no sooner got up in the morning than I was told that Mukanda had lost his second youngest child, a fine little girl. . . . I went to the house as soon as I was dressed, and was much pleased to witness the composure and feeling which they manifested. I spoke to them for some time, and left them with the Marathi Bible in their hands." After describing the funeral she adds: "It is sweet

to think of a little Hindu child laid in a Christian burying ground; but it is infinitely more enrapturing to think of her being united to the redeemed family in ascribing honour and glory and power to Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever."

To her sister in law, Miss I. Wilson, she writes, 19th of March, 1835 :

"We think much of you all, my dear, and especially of our aged parents. They seem to have advanced farther than we on the road. But, ah, we cannot tell, for to some it is short. . . . But, if we live to God and so fulfil the end of our being, it matters little whether we fall prematurely into the hands of death, or sink slowly and gradually under the burden of years. I expect Mr. W. home in ten days. If it be the will of God to spare us, our joy will be great on again meeting. . . . Johnny was very ill a few days ago, and for one day I despaired of his recovery; but our heavenly Father was pleased to hear our cry and to restore him. He is sitting on my knee, when I write this, very feeble and emaciated."

Dr. Wilson returned on the day after the foregoing letter was written. The shadow of the cloud was already resting upon his Indian home; but she who had brightened that home for six years was unchilled by its approach. And in the days that remained the beloved wife and mother reflected something of the brightness of that unclouded glory into which she was hastening. Her husband thus describes their meeting :

"My dear partner welcomed me with her usual affection, and united with me in most fervently praising our heavenly Father for the great goodness which He had made to pass before me in my long journey . . . while we supplicated Him to turn to Himself the hearts of the multitudes whom I had addressed, and into whose hands I had put the words of eternal life. Little did I think, when engaged in these hallowed exercises, weak though she appeared to be, that she was within one short month to be removed from the conflicts and services

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of the church militant on earth to the joys and bliss of the church triumphant in heaven. I could not however but mark her preparation for the great change which was speedily approaching. Her spiritual fervour, her gratitude for the Lord's mercies, her aspirations after perfect purity of soul, her humility and meek resignation to the Divine will, particularly affected me."

Placing in his arms their little Johnny, she said: "I give him a second time to you from the Lord, and oh let us both join together, with our whole souls, in praising Him who has redeemed his life from destruction and crowned us with loving-kindness and tender mercy! Let us remember also that we look! him *in* the Lord, he is not ours but *His*. How near the Lord was to me, when I thought He was about to take him to His presence, I cannot tell."

Her husband mentions that the sense of the Divine love which she felt in that hour "appeared never afterwards to be impaired. Grace, mercy, and peace were multiplied to her from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ."

Dr. Wilson tried to prevent her from over exerting herself, and determined, if she did not improve, to make arrangements for her leaving the country by the first opportunity. But it was the will of God that where she had worked there she should rest from her labours, and it was at her own earnest desire that she accomplished several duties which pressed upon her. She expressed the strongest wish to remain with her husband in India. "She had long looked forward," she said, "to her death, and had her house nearly in order for that solemn event." She addressed the children of her schools as if it were for the last time. On the 29th of March she taught her Sabbath class, spent an hour in catechizing the girls of her native schools, and went twice to church. She begged to attend again in the evening, saying, "Do let me once more go to the house of God, and I shall not again insist on attending it when I appear weak." It was the last time that outwardly she united in public worship. Frequently during the following week the

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invalid was able to go for an airing in a carriage, and then she took to her couch twelve days before her departure. She gave minute directions concerning the publication of her Marathi translations and compositions, and the disposal of her female schools. To all the children in her schools, she requested her dying testimony to be conveyed, as to the "power and glory of the gospel" which she had taught them. To some of them, in whom she was hopeful a work of grace had begun, she left special messages. Also to the converts of the mission she sent "faithful and affectionate counsel." To her husband she said: "Go on your way rejoicing, and take care that no evil be mixed up with the Lord's work. . . . Often, often have I prayed for you, that you may be supported in your solitude, and that this affliction may be blessed to the church." "Against all selfishness in any of the agents engaged in the holy work of propagating the gospel in India," she entered her solemn protest.

The Bible was a "source of delight and joy" during her last days. "Read to me," she would say, "the forty-third chapter of Isaiah; I like to hear the promise, 'When thou passest through the waters they shall not overflow thee,' etc." The Epistle to the Ephesians she pored over, praising God for the grace which she had experienced, and which she viewed as "similar to that received by those to whom the epistle was addressed." On her husband repeating the twenty-third psalm she said, "Now I can from the heart adopt every word of that psalm." Part of the metrical version of it was the "last portion of Divine truth" which he heard from her lips. Being very deaf during her illness she spoke in a louder tone than usual, and this enabled her husband to hear her wonderful words of prayer and meditation, and he says that the "charm of them would not cease to sound in his ears." The burden of her requests was the "perfecting of her sanctification, support in the hour of death, an improvement of her affliction by all who might witness it, and the communication of the Divine blessing to all in whom she was interested." Her

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prayers for her children were "frequent and fervent beyond description." Having dedicated them to God from their birth, she now gave them up without a murmur. "Do let me see the dear babes," she said, "they do not pull me back to this world. Oh no! the sight of them only quickens my prayers on their behalf. I have devoted them to God, and I know that He will care for them." To her husband she said, "How happy am I to have them to leave with you!" To Andrew she dictated a letter from which the following is extracted: "This is the last letter that your dearest mamma will ever write to you. In a few hours I hope to be with Jesus, and with all the glorious company of the redeemed. I am transported at the prospect of what awaits me. I have often committed you to Jesus, and I do so now in more solemn circumstances than ever." After reiterating her desire for him to become a missionary, she adds: "What I say to you, I say to my beloved Johnny. Tell your affectionate uncles and aunts how much mamma loved them. . . . Never cease to cherish toward them the tenderest affection. If your aunts accompany your beloved uncle to Canada, I wish Mary Isabella¹ to be placed under their charge; and oh let them feel their deep responsibility in having her a young immortal to train for heaven. I commit you to God. Your own devoted mother, MARGARET WILSON."

When she had signed it she laid down the pen and exclaimed, "Now I am ready to die." Her husband writes: "To me, with all that tenderness and generosity for which she was distinguished, she said, 'I wish to die soon because I see that this watching over me is injuring your bodily health, and may prevent you from engaging in the Lord's work.'" It was her wish to die praising the Lord. On one occasion she said, "I am afraid of speaking nonsense when the noise comes in my ears!" She felt quite resigned when he repeated to her the lines:

¹ Mary Isabella died shortly after her mother.

WILSON MARGARET

“To human weakness not severe
Is our High Priest above.”

“I am happy,” she said; “all the glory is taken away from me, a poor erring creature.”

Her husband writes: “On another occasion I heard her exclaim, ‘I cannot look steadily!’ Thinking that she was complaining of her want of faith, I observed to her, ‘Christ, though He may try you, my love, will never suffer your faith to fail.’ ‘You mistake me,’ was her reply, ‘it is the glory sparkling behind the cloud which overpowers me. But soon shall it all burst forth upon my soul, and I shall be enabled to bear it and to drink up its beams.”

During the last days she was often rather delirious, and sometimes fancied that she was surrounded by dear absent friends whom she addressed with tenderness. “By turns in the languages of India and Europe she would converse on the Divine faithfulness and grace.” In Marathi she spoke as to the children of her schools; and her last words in that language were: “*Amandi, Yeshu Christavar phor priti theva,*” “O Amandi, I beseech you greatly to love Jesus Christ.” These were fitting words in which to close a ministry which had had but one aim, that of presenting before sinners the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Of the last solemn hours Dr. Wilson writes: “As the day proceeded, I perceived that the happy spirit would soon put off its earthly tabernacle, that it might be clothed upon with its house which is from heaven. It did not need a human ministration to its comfort, its peace, or its joys; for the communications of the Divine grace to it were very abundant.”

As the evening drew on he gave her one more sweet assurance, “The Lord Jesus is with thee.” She responded, “And with thee, my beloved one.” She recognised him several times during the night, but could not converse. At eight o’clock on the Sabbath morning, April 19th, 1835, the home call came, and Margaret Wilson entered into the fulness of joy, having had the foretaste here.

On the same day about forty of her scholars, followed by all the converts and schoolmasters attached to the mission, were admitted to see the remains of their beloved friend.

The bereaved husband thus pictures the affecting scene: "On their entrance all was silence. They no sooner looked however upon the countenance of their great benefactress, than they simultaneously burst into a flood of tears, which was quite overpowering. All attempts to moderate their grief were unavailing, and it was with reluctance that they departed. Here was sorrow unfeigned, with an homage to Christian worth such as the death of their own dearest relations would assuredly have failed to call forth. It proved a sorrow too, which was not evanescent." At one of the services on that Sabbath day Mr. Stevenson addressed the congregation of the Scotch Church, many of the members of which were most deeply feeling their heavy loss. "All who knew the deceased," he said, "would have permitted the application to her of my text, 'God's grace which was bestowed on me was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all'; and if now permitted to address them, she would add, 'yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.'"

We learn, (from the recent memoir of her husband,) that after Margaret Wilson's death her sisters Anna and Hay Bayne went to India and entered into her labours. They went out at Dr. Wilson's urgent request, and proved most valuable helpers in the mission until Anna's triumphant death in 1841. Hay worked on a few years longer as the wife of the missionary Robert Nesbit. In 1848 she too received her summons to leave the service of the church on earth and enter upon the continuous service of the heavenly temple.

All three sisters, and Dr. Wilson himself, were called away in the midst of their active labours. Their ashes rest in Indian graves, waiting "until the day break and the shadows flee away"

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FERVENT IN SPIRIT, SERVING THE LORD."

MATILDA, COUNTESS VON DER RECKE
VOLMERSTEIN.

*Oh that I were an Orange-tree,
That busie plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dress'd me.*

GEORGE HERBERT.

CALLIGRAPHY

“THE life of a holy Christian should be one perpetual sacrament. Every moment of his daily life may unite him by faith with Christ so that his clothing, food, home, friends, work and leisure, may all nourish and feed the life within, and bring into his storehouse things new and old to enrich the mind of the spirit from without. By thus receiving Christ in His providences and His creation, by His outward no less than by His inward teachings, we shall be fashioned after His likeness, and grow to manhood in His kingdom.”—*Maria Hare, from “Memorials of a Quiet Life.”* By Augustus J. C. Hare.

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MATILDA, COUNTESS VON DER RECKE
VOLMERSTEIN.¹

BORN 1801. DIED 1867.

Prov. xxxi. 27-30.

IN my childhood a favourite book was "The Little Dove," It is a true story of a German count. One day, when a little boy, he saw a young dove drowning in the middle of a deep pond. He did not stop to think of danger to himself, he only thought, "that poor dove will be drowned if I do not save it." He found near the pond a washing tub, and getting into it, with a stick for an oar, paddled out to the frightened bird. He took it up tenderly, wiped its wet feathers, and, unfastening his waistcoat, placed it in his bosom. When safely on shore, the rescued dove shared the breakfast of bread and milk which he had left upon the garden seat. From her castle windows his mother watched her boy's perilous voyage with tears of mingled joy and alarm, and her prayer was that when her Adelberdt should become a man he might be as kind to his fellow men as he then was to animals; for it was not only doves that he befriended.

That prayer was answered. When grown to manhood, Adelberdt's heart went out towards the little ragged children made orphans by Napoleon's wars. Though a count he was

¹ Extracted by permission from the *Tract Magazine*, February, 1875. Religious Tract Society.

poor, his father having had severe losses from which he did not recover for many years; but he established a Home for these poor children, assured that God would help him with the means wherewith to carry it on. And God did help him, and when the purse or flour-bin was empty, always supplied the want, often sending the exact sum required, or food just suited to the needs of the large family. It was in 1819 that Count von der Recke Volmerstein opened his Home with three orphans. At the end of the year he had forty-four children to take care of, and the numbers rapidly increased; so that, between that time and the present, thousands of destitute children have been helped and sheltered in the Institution. For twenty-eight years the Count presided over it himself; but in 1847, worn out by hard work, he retired to a quieter home, where he still lives, an old man of more than eighty years, surrounded by children and grandchildren. But even then he could not be idle, and for many years he has had, close to his own door, on his estate of Craschnitz a happy Home for poor imbecile children, whom the aged Count still watches with tender interest.¹

While Count Adelberdt was devoting himself to the care of his large family he felt that he had no time to think of getting married. He thought too that a wife who was not entirely consecrated would only hinder his work; and that work which he was doing for God was dearer to him than any earthly happiness. God had, however, His own thoughts for His servant. He knows that a true, good woman, one "who feareth the Lord," and who also "looketh well to the ways of her household," is a help and blessing to her husband. And so, in a far-off home, led by God's hand, and taught by His Spirit, a young girl was being trained to become, at the age of twenty-five, the mother of this great Home.

Matilda, Countess von Pfeil, now comes before us; she was

¹ The Count has since died. He departed this life on the 10th of November, 1878.

of noble birth, and education, to shine. Thousands would not s. At the age of two fifteen she thus dec to Thee, Triune God partaker of Thy gr good resolutions wi nise Thy grace, that that is earthly to Saviour may one da enter thou into the j

These were no me wrote: "Living to indifference to the which, indeed, cannot Oh, if I could only be quite happy."

At this time she w with her brothers a own profit, helping in her poorer neighbour sick and afflicted. I was preparing. Mat Count von der Reck first time. The Cou looked up to him wit far more experienced. But he dared not thin sanction, and then ca right wife for me?" God's will touching th accustomed to so ma hard life he had chose him that his adopted and that Matilda co

of noble birth, and fitted, both by her natural powers and by education, to shine in society; but if this had been all, thousands would not still bless her memory, as is the case now. At the age of twelve Matilda sought her Saviour. When fifteen she thus dedicates herself to God in writing: "I vow to Thee, Triune God, to give up everything, that I may be a partaker of Thy grace. . . . Only strengthen me in all good resolutions which I make now, and always let me recognise Thy grace, that I may turn away more and more from all that is earthly to Thee alone; that to me, too, Christ my Saviour may one day say, 'Come thou blessed of My Father, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

These were no mere words. At the age of twenty-three she wrote: "Living to God gives me peace in my soul, and an indifference to the outward unpleasantnesses of the present; which, indeed, cannot be made better by complaining of them. Oh, if I could only share this peace with everybody I should be quite happy."

At this time she was very busy, sharing some of their studies with her brothers and sisters, reading religious books for her own profit, helping in the kitchen, and doing all she could for her poorer neighbours, teaching the children, and visiting the sick and afflicted. Little did she foresee the life for which she was preparing. Matilda read with interest the accounts of Count von der Recke's Home, and in 1825 they met for the first time. The Count felt a great interest about her, and she looked up to him with reverence and trust, as to one who was far more experienced and could help her in spiritual things. But he dared not think of marriage till he had received God's sanction, and then came the question, "Is Matilda indeed the right wife for me?" For many months he sought to know God's will touching this matter. He was afraid she had been accustomed to so many comforts that she would not like the hard life he had chosen. At last, however, it became clear to him that his adopted children needed a loving mother's care, and that Matilda could give that care. Matilda's mind was

CHILLON UNMILION

already prepared to accept as her future husband one whose judgment she had learned to lean upon ; but her father decided that the Count was too poor to marry. Though this disappointment was a great trial, she left herself in God's hands, and He at last opened a way for them to be united.

It was a joyful day when Count Adelberdt took home his bride. Long before they approached Düsselthal many people came to meet them, so that they "passed through the gate with a great company." The garden in front of the house was illuminated, and they had quite a festal reception. A few days after the Countess Matilda writes : "To set before you, my dear parents, the duties of all sorts that I have would be impossible to-day. I will only say in haste that, thank God, I am getting on very well here ; that I am well, and from five o'clock in the morning till half-past ten at night I am not free from work. I have to order everything, and make out bills of fare for four tables, to see after the meals every day, to give out work and superintend it, to preserve and dry fruit, to visit the sick, to cut out garments," etc.

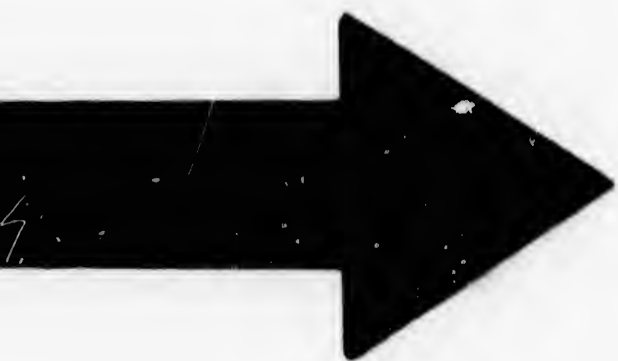
Here is a picture of her, later on, from her daughter's pen. "While a girl watched by the cradle of her sleeping child, the young mother was to be seen, soon after five in the morning, in the dairy, busily skimming the cream ; then in the storeroom ; later in the dairy again, washing the butter herself ; then overseeing everything in the great house, giving out work, visiting the sick, and later by the child's cradle with the great account books. At mid-day again in the kitchen ; and I remember that one day, about ten years later, tired out with cutting two hundred helpings of meat, she fell down faint by the kitchen table." To show how she denied herself I will mention one incident. After her marriage her mother wrote to ask her and the Count to have their likenesses painted, but the Countess Matilda replied that they did not feel that it would be right to spare the money for this object, because all they had left, after their own simple living had been paid for, was generally needed for the orphans.

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God gave to the Count and Countess ten children of their own, and she who was a good mother to the orphans was the most tender mother to them. All work that could be done in the midst of her little ones was done in their room. She often spent hours there over her accounts and other writing, the children playing around her, and she ever ready to give to them loving words and a helping hand. As they grew older she found for them teachers, whom she could trust, to give them good teaching and to lead them on in the heavenly way. Her daughter says of her: "she did not teach by many words, but she did so much the more powerfully and lastingly by her example. It was impossible to see her in her untiring, silent activity, without learning to help with love and to emulate her, although we might never attain to her many-sided efficiency; for whatever she undertook she succeeded in amply for the fulfilment of her duty or for the pleasure of others; and everything which came under her observation, which went on in the world, or of which she read, awoke her lively interest." In addition to her other work she took upon her the labour of dispensing medicines to the sick, and the people came from miles round to consult her. With a few intermissions this busy, happy life went on for twenty years. The Countess was the joy of her husband's heart, yet they seldom met, except at meals, from the early morning till late in the evening. But he knew that everything under her care was in order and going on well, while he was fully occupied in his own department. Was not this a rest and help to him? Of her it might be said, during the forty years of their married life, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil."

After leaving Düsseldorf the Countess enjoyed the opportunity of more uninterrupted association with her family and friends. Still the claims of the poor and the sick were never forgotten by her. The failing of her health was gradual, and the last illness short. Very tenderly was she watched over by her husband and children, and the thoughtfulness for all

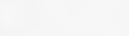
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around, which had characterized her from early life, was continually apparent. In few words I will add, in reference to her spiritual life, that the Saviour whom she trusted for her salvation in the beginning of her Christian course was her strength all through the dark as well as the bright days of her life, and that her love to Him was unwavering to the end.

In 1867 she died as she had lived, resting on her Lord, "in quietness and confidence" receiving doubtless the fulfilment of her desire, uttered fifty-one years before, "That to me too Christ my Saviour may one day say, 'Come, thou blessed of My Father, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

A few Extracts from the Diary and Letters of the Countess Matilda, taken from her Memoirs.¹

"2nd of May, 1826. I can never pray for temporal things, for it always seems like prescribing to God; and thus I am much more peaceful and resigned, for I feel much more confidently as if God were leading and guiding me without my will, according to His pleasure, better than I could even ask. Therefore, what God has decided concerning me is always thankfully received."

Some years later the Countess Matilda was led into a different experience. Now the Holy Spirit called her to rest in God's will touching earthly things, without any choice of her own. In the midst of the pressure of the daily cares of her after life she was led by the same Spirit to make definite requests to God for temporal things, and as these requests were made entirely under His guidance they were given her. The promise was thus fulfilled in her experience: "If ye abide in Me, and My word abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be given you." Only those who keep close to Christ know what His will permits them to ask for availingly.

¹ "Recollections of the Life of Countess Matilda von der Recke Volmerstein, by her daughter." Translated from the German. By permission of the Author. Seeley & Co.

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She writes on the 9th of July, 1826 :

"I sat with the rest at the breakfast table under the linden trees, when the postman came, and a sweet foreboding which did not deceive me drove me towards him. I received a letter from my dear friend Adelberdt, so heartily beloved in the Lord.

"Oh, what a letter!—and yet, and yet—is it to become true what my heart has so long whispered in secret? I his, even for this world! O God, give me strength to bear it worthily. Make me pure, make me good, cleanse me by Thy Spirit, and drive out all the old things. Make me quite new, and give me wisdom to be equal to all that Adelberdt expects of me. . .

God stands by me! He is my help, my consolation; and oh, what reward do I not receive even here! Yes, fulness of blessedness, if I only remain in Thee. Oh, hold me fast and make me strong, my God. Amen."

"20th of August. At last the sacred solemn day is come in which the engagement between me and my unspeakably dear friend, and beloved in the Lord, will be publicly announced from the Lord's table. I began the day with prayer. May God sanctify and anoint me for the high and solemn calling, and make me a worthy bride and obedient handmaid of the Lord, a faithful bride of the heavenly Bridegroom, finding in Him her Beloved for time and for eternity. Cleanse me, O Lord my God, from all sins, make me wholly new, and my heart a worthy temple to receive Thee most Holy! Only so can I become a faithful, pious wife, such as shall make my devotedly loved Adelberdt happy. Plain and clear stands this high, holy, glorious calling before me; I recognise my happiness; but, O my Saviour, also my unworthiness to tread the path if I do not tread it with Thee. Only in the firmest, closest union with Thee can I become that to which Thy mercy has called me."

10th of January, 1828. To her mother :

"I laughed heartily at the news that I was so unhappy, for there is certainly not in the whole earth another wife who is

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so happy in every respect as I am. It is said in the Holy Scriptures, 'having food and raiment, let us be therewith content!' 'take no thought for the morrow.' Hitherto we have had all through God's grace."

20th October, 1831. To her mother:

"Five years have already passed since our departure from home, and they have been five happy years. . . . As entirely poor as I am in outward possessions, so rich am I in true happiness, for our not possessing riches contributes much to this. This sounds indeed strange to the world; but we are so immediately fed from the Lord's hand. As Elijah received his bread by ravens, we receive it by the kindness of others to our poor children, and for us privately Adelberdt's income suffices. Adelberdt cares for the happiness of others, and so the Lord will care for our own children. We must not lay up any treasures."

To the same:

"We are going on well, thank God, and live our life of faith trustfully and joyfully, and rejoice in the Lord always, and have every day and hour to praise and thank and glorify the wonderful ways by which God causes us to go. It is indeed something truly great to know to whom we may tell every want and every need; and if we know that all that we ask in faith will be granted us, then it is a blessed life. My dear mother, I experience such trials of faith and such answers very frequently in my housekeeping. If I had time still to keep a journal, there would be many interesting and wonderful answers to prayer in it. To convince you, I will mention some examples which I have met with lately.

"I was wanting meat, and to Adelberdt we must buy a cow; but we had not a dollar in the house. We told the Lord that our need was known to Him, and He gave us courage to order one on credit through the bailiff. He came in the evening and said he had bought one for forty-three dollars. We had no money; then came the postman and brought a bill for forty-three dollars.

"Another day I was wanting salt, having only enough to last till the next day at noon ; it costs seven and a half dollars the sack. That forenoon there came by post exactly seven and a half dollars, which we were able to give at once to the miller's man, that he might fetch it in the afternoon in time for supper.

"Last week I was greatly in want of sand for scouring ; and about that too I prayed, because I had no means of getting any. Some hours later came a poor woman carrying a bag of sand on her head, and begging me, for God's sake, to buy it that her children might have bread.

"See, my beloved mother, so it goes on from one day to another. The coldly reasoning man says : ' Yes, it comes about quite naturally, it just happened so ; the great God does not occupy Himself with such trifles, etc.' Oh, the poor forsaken hearts, they know not how happy the believing Christian is, even here below, who lives by faith alone."

At another time, a bill of exchange for one thousand dollars having to be paid on a certain day, the Count and Countess were much in prayer, laying the matter before the Lord in simple faith. On the day when the money was required, the secretary, who could not share in their trust in the matter, was sent to the post. The Countess writes : " The secretary went off with the words, ' but if I do not find it, what then ? ' ' Only go,' was the answer of my husband, and our prayers accompanied him. When he came back he handed us with tears in his eyes the empty envelope which had contained the one thousand dollars, with which he had paid the bill. The Lord knew our need and had provided for it. In Berlin lived a good, pious baker, who came one evening to a dear friend of ours, and asked how he could safely invest one thousand dollars. The friend named several safe means of disposing of his capital, but the other shook his head and said, ' No, that is not what I mean ; I want to know that it is used to the honour of the Lord, and I only wished to ask where this would best be done ! ' The friend answered, ' Well, then, give it to

Düsselthal,' and there were the one thousand dollars for which we trusted, and which arrived here just at the right hour."

She writes in 1841 to the Countess Groeben, after the death of a lovely little girl :

"My warmest thanks for your lines of yesterday, so dear to me, so comforting and refreshing. . . . The Lord give me strength and light to become what you, dear countess, believe that I already am ; but the death of our sweet child has lifted the thick veil that hid the recesses of my heart from me, and I see how indescribably much is wanting in me that I should not disgrace the name of the Lord. . . . I thought I had living faith, and that it would be easy to my heart to give up something for my Lord, however dear what I gave was to me, for I had often said we should willingly bring to the Lord what is dearest to us. But it was all empty words ; I did not know their full significance, and therefore the Lord had to preach to me powerfully and practically, and to take the sweet child from me amid such exceedingly painful bitter death struggles, that I might learn the reality of death and the meaning of the words : 'I have faith, I am a Christian whose faith and love nothing in the world can darken, whom the Lord counts amongst His children, and proves it then most clearly when He chastens and corrects them.' Oh, the inexpressible woe of that night lay dark and heavy on me, and I neither breathed the air of home nor experienced the consolation there is when we feel clearly, this comes from the Lord ! I was dull and dead inwardly and outwardly. I had neither faith nor hope, I was quite dead. Not till the morning, when beside the little angel form I could pour out my heart before the Lord and devote myself anew to Him, begging Him to enlighten me by His Holy Spirit, that the dark night in my heart might vanish, did I feel better again and could ask the Lord for forgiveness, and lay hold on the assurance that I am still His child."

To one who had calumniated her husband :

"The deeds which my dear husband has done on earth will one day bear witness for him before the throne of God,

and I know that blessed are they who will one day be permitted to share his lot with him : for he has exercised much love, and the blessing of this love will follow our children and our children's children to the latest generation. It can be diminished by nothing, not even by *such* letters ; for to those who love God all things work together for good. Therefore we fear nothing, but even rejoice in anticipating the time when you too shall join with us in this joyful hallelujah, and your eyes shall be opened to all the grace and mercy which the Lord has won for us, and which makes us glad and happy even here below, though outwardly disgrace and dishonour may assail us. We know what and in whom we believe. Oh, could you in truth share with us this peace which neither the world and its pleasure, nor gold, nor goods can give, you would not take it for irony if in spirit I hold out my hand to you and tell you that, though so troubled, I will yet forget and forgive the evil that you have done me in my beloved husband."

In a letter she writes :

"We have had a great pleasure the last few days ; the celebrated Elizabeth Fry, who since 1819 has accomplished such an incredible amount of good in the prisons, and who, properly speaking, gave the first idea for the improvement of prisoners by instruction and employment, was with us here, and we twice met with her at Düsseldorf. Her external appearance is uncommonly imposing, from her great dignity, with the expression of the deepest humility and the greatest love with which she receives everybody, meeting even the worst criminal with this deep holy love, and expressing the longing of heart to see him happy now and blessed hereafter. She was five days at Düsseldorf, and spoke several times to the prisoners, who listened with great eagerness to her words and were deeply moved. On Sunday evening we attended a very large meeting, which, with the help of her dear brother (Joseph John Gurney) and a venerable friend, she made a time of true blessing. After the brother had read the seventh chapter of Matthew with much solemnity and impressiveness, a silent

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pause followed, after which she began to speak, and with great unction admonished us all to live in accordance with the chapter; no word was without value, and many were deeply impressed. Then came another pause; and then her friend, the venerable Allen, spoke of the happiness of the children of God here below, of the importance of asking the Holy Spirit to guide us into all truth, and said so earnestly, 'Be ye reconciled to God, and see and taste how good the Lord is!' It was quite beautiful to hear. After a pause the worthy Mrs. Fry again rose, and kneeling down, while all, even the great and distinguished people present, knelt with her, she prayed for us all, that we might endeavour to become entirely the Lord's own. Oh, it was deeply impressive! and the fruit will certainly not be wanting. It was a wonderful evening in the midst of the bustle of the world, and certainly for some present the first Sunday evening of the kind."

Writing to her brother on the birth of his first child, she says:

"Oh, there is something great and holy in such parental joys, and it is a visible blessing from God that He gives to us the honour of placing citizens of heaven in the world, whom we may educate for His kingdom. A solemn sacred task that we always value too lightly, and carry out with too little faithfulness."

After speaking of their own "sweet flock of children," she says:

"I believe that the Lord will keep the future dark before us with respect to earthly goods, in order to give us more proofs of His grace and compassion, reserving to Himself so to provide for one after another as is most for the good of each; that all may become living members of His body, walking to the honour of the Lord. This is my most sacred, my only, prayer for them; I desire nothing else on earth. A delightful hymn says so beautifully:

'In Thy book of life, O Father, write them,
Write each name, though to the world unknown,

Ever in Thy holy bond unite them,
Though each one should tread a path alone.

They are Thine ! gifts of Thy gracious sending,
So once more I give them back to Thee ;
Seal them, Lord, I pray, to life unending,
Let them all Thy love unfailing see.'"

Extracts from diary. On her birthday. July 28th, 1864, she writes :

" I had the greatest joy this time of seeing nine children and two little grandchildren holding the flower garland, who embraced me with hearty good wishes for happiness and blessing. It was a delightful, happy day, on which I also received letters from many quarters. I am not worthy of all the compassion and grace which the Lord bestows on me. This was the keynote of my heart the whole day. I could do nothing but praise and give thanks."

" 23rd of April, 1865. Birthday of my dear departed mother. She now rejoices eternally in glory, and I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast given me the assurance of her blessedness, and the beautiful text which was so suddenly brought into my mind in the night in a wonderful way: 'Behold, for peace I had great bitterness ; but Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption ; for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back ' (Isa. xxxviii. 17) ; and that this was fulfilled in her case, so that, in dying, she could exclaim with a radiant face, 'Peace, peace !' while peace was so sweetly shed on the dear features. Praised be God !"

" 16th October, 1866. Our wedding day. Forty years now lie behind us ! Who would ever have expected this ? God's grace and mercy have been great. He has blessed us richly in every way. Grant us, Lord, the assurance that we may one day say before Thy throne of grace, ' Lord, behold all the children whom Thou hast given us. Through Thy mercy and compassion none has been lost. Thou hast often, Lord, given me the hope of this grace ; Lord, mercifully help. Amen. "

" 1st January, 1867 [on the first page of her text book].

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‘Welcome, dear little text book for the new year of my life. Lord, grant me always to receive Thy word through it, in joy and sorrow sensibly to feel Thy presence, and to recognise Thy omnipresence always by Thy dear word given from time to time. Lord, abide with us. Lord, help us evermore. Lord, hear me always when I pray according to Thy will. Give us Thy Holy Spirit. Amen.’

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"A SUCCOURER OF MANY."

CHRISTINE ALSOP.

*I've found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
Oh what a Christ have I!*

*My Christ He is the Tree of life,
Who in God's garden grows,
Whose fruit doth feed, whose leaves do heal;
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.*

JOHN MASON, 1683.

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“THE ‘hidden manna’ is promised to those who overcome ; it is a future and present source of strength, an earnest that, having been enabled to overcome, we shall yet be enabled to overcome again and again even to the end. It is ‘hidden’ because it comes directly to our souls from Christ, it is like the white stone with the new name which ‘no man knoweth save he that receiveth it.’”

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VII.¹

CHRISTINE ALSOP.

BORN 1804. DIED 1879.

CHRISTINE MAJOLIER was born in 1804, in the little village of Congenies, Gard. Her family was descended from those ancient Camisards who suffered such long and severe persecution for their faith. In 1798 they received a visit from members of the Society of Friends, who set forth so clearly the views of gospel truth which they held that nearly all the most earnest Christians in that neighbourhood joined them.

M. and Mdme. Majolier were of this number, and testified by the purity of their lives and by their peaceable and loving conduct, that they were members not only of the church militant, but also by faith of the church triumphant. In humble circumstances, they brought up their eight children, not in the pursuit of the good things of this life, but in the fear of God and the love of their neighbour. "Christine," writes one of her sisters, "is the child who has best repaid their care; from her tenderest years she manifested a desire to contribute to the happiness of others. Often whilst the other children were at play in the village you might look in vain amongst them for the happy fair-haired child. She was probably helping some busy neighbour, to her a much pleasanter way of spending her time." Thus this simple and loving child seemed specially

¹ Taken, by permission of the Editor, from *The Friend*, a Religious, Literary, and Miscellaneous Journal. The sketch was originally written for a French periodical, by Justine Dalencourt, and was translated for *The Friend*.

CHRISTINE MAJOLIER

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marked out by the finger of God as one who should scatter around her the sunbeams of kindness, loving and beloved by all.

In 1815 William Allen visited the little company of Friends at Congenies, with his only daughter, Mary, then twenty-three years of age. The lively and affectionate manners of the little girl gained the hearts of both father and daughter, and they obtained leave from her parents to take her home with them to England; for though they were very sorry to part with her they knew that she would thus have a more careful education, both literary and religious.

The well known philanthropy of William Allen opened his home as well as his heart to everything good, so that under his hospitable roof a choice circle was often gathered, amongst whom were many foreigners. In this way he entertained Emilien Frossard and a young Russian prince sent by the Emperor Alexander. In the midst of all this society the young French girl grew up simple and happy. The numerous relations and guests who met at William Allen's were united by various philanthropic and religious interests. The founders of the mission to Sierra Leone met there, and the eminent men who were interested in the abolition of slavery. There were others who were earnest in the cause of education, now just beginning to spread among the lower classes, owing to the efforts of Joseph Lancaster; and others, again, had had their sympathies aroused on behalf of the poor weavers of Spitalfields, the descendants of French Huguenots who had taken refuge in England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Into all these varied interests Christine entered warmly, giving her sympathy, and often her modest help, to one and another.

But the climate of England affected her health, and necessitated her return to her native village, "where," as her sister again tells us, "she was an example to all."

Whilst she was in France, Mary Allen was married to Cornelius Hanbury, but died only a year afterwards on the birth of her first-born son, and her wish that he should be entrusted

to the care of the "good Christine" was the reason for the return of the latter to England.

The education of this cherished child became from this time the most absorbing interest of Christine's life. Her power of sympathy with the sorrows of others enabled her to fill the position of mother and governess with calm cheerfulness, and the elasticity of her French nature helped the faith of the sorrowing ones, and surrounded the cradle of the little orphan with smiles and joy.

Years passed happily away; she employed herself busily in teaching her pupil mathematics, the living languages, and Latin, until the time should come when her labours must be supplemented by experienced tutors. But in the midst of this delightful employment her health again failed, and she was forced to seek as quickly as possible from the southern sun that health which the foggy atmosphere of London was so rapidly taking away.

From Congenies she went to Nismes, where she had several friends; amongst others Emilien Frossard, who had become pastor of this town, and had married an English wife. At their home she passed the winter, and it was there that she made the acquaintance of Doctor Plaindoux, who, although himself a Roman Catholic, appreciated her rare qualifications, and entrusted her with the education of his only daughter.

About this time Christine Majolier became acquainted with Madame Rollande, a young widow of great talents, who afterwards filled the position of French governess to the children of Queen Victoria. This acquaintance led to her feeling a special interest in the members of the royal family. In her visits, in after years, to Madame Rollande, she often saw the young princes and princesses, who always called her "La bonne dame." To the end of her life there was little joy and scarcely any sorrow in this illustrious family in which she did not sympathise.

After completing the education of Mdle. Plaindoux, Christine undertook that of the young Adèle Jalaguiet, who

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

died when fifteen years old, happy in her Saviour's love, and strengthened in her faith during her last illness by her dear governess, who had first led her to Christ.

It was about this time that she became the friend of the Countess of Selon and the *confidante* of the family trials of Count Cavour, who, whilst a Protestant at heart, believed it right for him to conceal his faith, lest he should compromise the cause of Victor Emmanuel.

One of the apostolical principles of the Friends (Acts viii. 14, ix. 32) is to visit their members, at however great a distance they may live. Thus the little company of Friends in Gard were often visited by their fellow-members from England and America. The perfect knowledge which Christine had of both the languages made her an excellent interpreter, and she often left her home and entered with all her heart into this service for her Master, travelling with them in France and Germany. It was in one of those journeys that she first met Robert Alsop, who was afterwards her tender and devoted husband. Both animated by the same feelings of Christian philanthropy, they could not but be happy. Their marriage took place in 1847; Christine was then forty-three, and found herself quite prepared for the mission which still awaited her. This marriage caused her finally to leave France for England, where Robert Alsop had his business, that of a chemist.

Christine's marriage was the means of opening out new duties before her. Her husband, as we have already said, was a chemist in London. He had been obliged to borrow money to enable him to begin business, and as he considered it his duty to pay his debts as soon as possible he even deprived himself of the privilege of attending religious meetings on weekdays until he was able in some measure to free himself from his engagements through the blessing of the Lord upon his work. As soon as he found himself in a position of independence, Mr. Alsop retired from business that he might devote his life to the alleviation of all kinds of suffering and distress. His wife entered heartily into all his schemes, and these two,

united by the most tender affection, mutually helped one another in the work to which the Lord had called them.

They were always ready to avail themselves of every opportunity of doing good which was presented to them. Madame Alsop remembered the advice which Elizabeth Fry, the apostle of the prisoners, had once given her: "Watch the openings; do not allow a door once opened to close again." These words, which she was so fond of repeating to others, were not lost upon herself. Thus it was that nothing which could contribute to the welfare of others failed to interest them. The cause of peace, of temperance, of freedom, of religious liberty, found in them advocates as indefatigable as they were sincere. France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, the Vaudois valleys, one after another, received them, bringing, in the name of God and of their Society, comfort to the afflicted, earnest appeals to Christians, humble petitions to sovereigns, to all a faithful testimony to the gospel. And doors opened widely before these messengers of peace, these worthy and humble witnesses to the faith; their very weakness served to proclaim more forcibly the Divine authority of the message which was entrusted to them.

The English surroundings in the midst of which Madame Alsop was placed by her marriage might have tended to weaken her remembrance of her native country; but her heart remained faithful to France; she was moved with deep sorrow at the news of our disaster after the terrible war of 1870. From this time the spiritual welfare of her country became the chief interest of her life. It was now that I had the privilege of becoming acquainted with her. Obligated to take refuge in England with my young child, separated from my husband when we had only just lost our eldest son, I received from her a sympathy so tender and heartfelt that the remembrance of it can never be effaced. How often, when I have been called upon myself in later years to visit those in affliction, the remembrance of her loving sympathy has helped me better to sympathise with others. She had the power of communicating

to those around her something of the faith and trustfulness by which she herself was sustained.

Once after a day spent in visiting different kinds of mission work, when I was feeling almost jealous of England, where one half seemed to be working to evangelize the other half, and I was dreaming enthusiastically (with more agitation than judgment) of means for establishing all over France works similar to those which I had just seen, she said to me: "Thou art spending thyself in dreams, when thou ought only to be desiring that the Lord may one day be able to say of thee, not only, 'She dreamt of things which she could not do,' but 'She has done what she could.'"

What struck me most in the mission work in England was to see the Christian women labouring amongst their poorer sisters who were living without God. This work specially attracted my sympathy; but I felt my weakness, and scarcely dared to entertain the hope that I might some day be able myself to carry the message of salvation to others; nevertheless, according to the advice of Elizabeth Fry, I resolved to "watch the openings," making use of every opportunity which the Lord might put in my way.

I rejoined my husband at Versailles before the reopening of Paris, and it was there, in a room of our hotel, surrounded by some of these destitute women, that I spoke to them for the first time of the God who chastens those whom He loves. We had scarcely settled at Boulogne-sur-Seine when I opened similar meetings there, which succeeded beyond our expectations. Madame Alsop undertook the task of collecting part of the money necessary for this work and for others which were established on the same plan.

The Society of Friends is little known in France, in spite of the benefits which they so liberally bestowed on her ravaged provinces after the war of 1870. They work with so much humility and so little noise that those whom they help often remain ignorant of the hand which brings the blessing.

Mr. and Madame Alsop had, however, a good number of

friends in France. Mr. Alsop loved France, and his wife used to say gaily that "in marrying a French wife he had married her country." In June, 1871, they visited Paris, to which place several friends accompanied them, and afterwards travelled throughout the whole of France upon a series of missionary journeys which must have greatly facilitated the after labours of our own evangelists. Orleans, Tours, Nantes, Poitiers, La Rochelle, Rochefort, Bordeaux, welcomed them gladly, and many souls were awakened by their call. These two earnest workers, now advanced in years, whose faces shone with a holy calm, seemed to bear upon them the imprint of the Divine peace which filled their hearts; and the sight of this woman, so humble and so earnest, speaking without any pretensions to eloquence in the name of her Master, overcame many prejudices, and opened many hearts to receive the message which she bore. The ease and courtesy of the southern manners which she had retained also gave her ready access to all. She never passed by any one in trouble, and was always willing to make an effort to give pleasure even to a child, always having at her disposal a story with a "little bit of a moral ending." One of these little ones, whose heart she had won, a child of five years, hearing her mother say that she should grow old, cried out, clapping her hands: "You will grow old, mamma! Oh, how nice! Then you will be like aunt Christine, will you not?"

From 1872 to 1874 Mr. and Madame Alsop again travelled in France, with the object of visiting the work already carried on, and of encouraging to new efforts. "In the service of our Master work is a pleasure," said J. J. Gurney. Our dear friends fully felt this, and it was granted to them together to act it out in their lives during a union of twenty-nine years. But this union was now broken by the sudden death of Mr. Alsop, whom God called to Himself in January, 1876.

This was a blow from which Madame Alsop never recovered. "Were it not that there is still something left for me to do for the Master," she often said, "I, too, would gladly be called

home." And sometimes, in spite of the faith which sustained her, her joyous countenance was overshadowed by a cloud of sadness.

The following years saw her still active; but a tendency to asthma and a difficulty in moving obliged her to give up travelling. Nevertheless she was still the friend of many bereaved ones, and of many workers for the Lord.

The evenings of the winter 1878-9 were employed by her in putting together the poems and letters of her husband. Her object in collecting them into one volume, entitled "A Tribute to the Memory of Robert Alsop," was that this noble life might be made of use to his friends. This work was printed for private circulation, and was only just out of the press when she herself was called into the presence of God. We will close this short notice by giving to our readers some details of her last moments.

At the time of the Yearly Meeting in May 1879, a considerable number of Friends were as usual gathered together at Devonshire House, London; and Madame Alsop's sister, yielding to her request, went over to attend it with her, never thinking that she was going to close the eyes of her dearly loved Christine. In accordance with the custom of Friends by which women are allowed to speak in their meetings, the two sisters often stood up to glorify their Saviour or to exhort their brethren. Madame Alsop translated for Mademoiselle Majolier. The work of various kinds carried on by Friends, and represented in their meetings, occupied the thoughts of our friend, and gave her a last opportunity of testifying to the interest which she took in everything which concerned the advancement of the kingdom of God.

The two sisters afterwards went to Lewes, to visit some friends there; and here, on the 15th of June, Madame Alsop was seized with erysipelas, to which she was subject. The disease made rapid progress; the dear invalid noticed this, but did not seem disturbed at it, even though she was not at home. Sometimes she looked forward with a humble assur-

ance to the joys reserved for the redeemed. "Thou art going to see thy Beloved," her sister said to her one day, alluding to her husband. "Jesus is my Beloved," she replied: "My Beloved is mine and I am His." Later they heard her softly murmuring, like a faint echo: "I am the Good Shepherd, the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep. I know My sheep, and am known of Mine." "I give unto them eternal life." "I am on the banks of deliverance," she cried three times: "It is delightful, I am happy, happy, happy!" "The fruit of righteousness shall be peace," said Isaiah, and all was peace round this bed of death. After witnessing the happy release of her spirit to its eternal rest, the friends who had received her into their house blessed God for the privilege which He had granted them. It is indeed good to be present at the departure of a soul who has faithfully followed the Lord Jesus Christ!

Thus ended this long career during which our dear friend had shown an activity free from all worry, and given full proof that she was animated by heartfelt gratitude to her Saviour, and by a great love for her fellow men. Truly the loss is great to other Christian workers, but the wise God who has taken her away knows how to bind up the wound. Elijah did not carry his mantle with him when he was taken up to heaven, and more than one Christian woman may, like Joshua, hear this call from God: "My servant is dead, now therefore rise up." Let us all do what we can. The influence of women is extending every day, and let us be careful not to abuse it; it will work for good or evil to those around us. The Master gives, to each, one or more talents of which He will ask the interest; and the solemn times in which we live cry out to us, "Work while it is called day, the night cometh when no man can work." Let us work then, and may it be said of each one of us: "She hath done what she could."

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"MEET FOR THE MASTER'S USE."

SARAH AND ELIZABETH A—N.

*He liveth long who liveth well !
All other life is short and vain ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.*

DR. H. BONAR.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE sacrifice of Christ, because it hath taken away sin, admits not of repetition. The apostle reasons on this as a truth acknowledged by all. Sacrifices which are repeated, he says, bring sin to remembrance ; a sacrifice which has put it away requires no repetition.

“What shall we then say of the Romish mass? We are told that it is the body and blood of Christ, and yet those who say so *repeat it continually*. Only one thing can be said, viz. that it is an open testimony to the inefficacy of Christ’s sacrifice. . . . For there is no other sacrifice for sin than that which is thus repeated ; and a sacrifice which can be repeated is, according to the reasoning of the text, a valueless profitless nothing. Let me affectionately caution you to avoid all approaches to [Rome]. In this dangerous day such a caution is more than ever needful, for the approaches to it are gradual ; we slide into her errors before we are aware.”—*Tait’s Meditationes Hebraicae*, vol. ii.

VIII. 1

SARAH A—N.

BORN 1806. DIED 1840.

ELIZABETH W—.

BORN 1813. DIED 1842.

SARAH and Elizabeth A—n were the daughters of a Scottish Protestant who had married a lady of Irish descent, a member of the Church of Rome.

Their father died when they were young, and their mother educated them in the Roman Catholic religion, while the sons, at their father's request, were brought up Protestants. During their father's last illness he often sent for Sarah, who was ten years old, to read to him out of the Bible. His face would light up while she was reading, so that she used to go of her own accord, to offer to read, that she might see the happiness it produced. The little girl does not seem to have taken in the truths which she read, but their effect on her father she never forgot. The younger daughter, always called Bessie, was an imaginative child, full of thought and life. Her brother thus writes of her: "There was character in Bessie's every act, most remarkably manifested in childhood in the theatre of her baby-house, where you would encounter a very formidable array of historic characters, dressed with most classic taste, and each sustaining his respective name or place with wonderful ability. How well I remember her Leonidas, his costume, armour, patriotism and courage. And such were many of them, whose chivalrous deeds were related by her before one

¹ Information obtained from "Pearls from the Deep," "The Morning of Life," and "Memoir of Mary M. C. Methuen."

could have supposed her capable of understanding anything of the kind." Bessie was devoted, by her mother, to a nun's life, and she was taught to expect fewer indulgences than other children, who were being prepared for the world while she was to be a *religiuse*. She was thus obliged to carry out the fasts of her church, and the poor child has been known to eat raw potatoes so great was her hunger, on some occasions, when not allowed food till late on in the day. Her mother inspired her with her own glowing imaginings touching the life of a "bride of Christ," and Bessie bore the privations with something of a martyr spirit. Mrs. A. rigidly enforced obedience and impressed upon her children the value of their word. The following incident will illustrate her care in this respect. Bessie was in the habit of going yearly with her mother to stay some weeks with her grandmamma. To this visit she looked forward with great pleasure. One year, when preparation was being made for their departure, Bessie was sent to be dressed for the journey. She asked, might she wear her blue pelisse? when the following conversation took place. Her mother replied: "No, my dear, you must wear the other."

"Oh! but, mamma, I don't like it, and I *will* wear the blue one."

"My dear child, you must not speak in that manner, but be good and obedient, and wear the one I told you."

"No, I won't. I will wear the blue pelisse, or not go at all."

After much arguing the mother gained her point, and Bessie came down dressed according to her mother's desire. Mrs. A. spoke very seriously to her and said: "I could not break my word, having said you should go to your grandmamma's in this pelisse, and none other; and as I am jealous of *my* word, I wish you to be equally so of *yours*, and therefore, as you said you would not go in the dress you have on, you must stay at home."

Bessie pleaded that she was sorry for her foolish words, but in vain; and she had to watch her mamma go off in the carriage without her. She bore her disappointment in silence,

because she felt she had been in the wrong. But, though thus strict when occasion required, Mrs. A. was very cheerful and a delightful companion to her daughters.

At the age of ten Bessie was confirmed by Dr. Doyle, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and admitted to frequent confession. She examined herself according to the rules laid down in the Missal, and went to confession under a deep sense of having sinned. As she knelt, and laid her hand on her heart and said, "I have sinned, through my fault, my exceeding great fault," she felt overwhelmed with the sense of guilt. After confession the weight was lifted from her heart, only to gather again during the week, to be again laid down at the next visit to the confessional.

At her first communion Bessie was dressed in white. She received it at a little village chapel near Carlow, and Dr. Doyle caused her to be lifted inside the altar rails. "The loveliness of her appearance was noticed as very remarkable, the religious fervour of her countenance, and the lustre of her large dark eye showing how she was riveted by the ceremony." Already she had chosen the name which she was to adopt on taking the veil—Sister John, "from the beloved apostle whose character she even then regarded with peculiar admiration." God had other thoughts for His child; she was indeed to receive a new name, but it was the new name which "no man knoweth but he that receiveth it."

Although very rigid in her adherence to the teaching and practices of the Church of Rome, Mrs. A. had not herself come to experience the peace and hope of true religion, and when her last illness came upon her her soul was thrown into the depths of despair. The priests appointed various services of the church for her, directed her in her devotions, lent her books to read, and did everything in their power to allay her mental suffering." All was, however, unavailing. At last Sarah, who was now nineteen, recalled the comfort derived by her father from listening to the Bible. Having obtained permission of the priests, she

began to read portions of the Scriptures to her mother, and the word penetrated the weary heart, bringing light and peace. While Sarah was on one occasion reading to her 1 John i. 7, "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from *all* sin," her mother bid her to stop and leave her alone. Some hours afterwards Mrs. A. sent for both Sarah and Bessie, and made this confession: "My daughters, I must tell you now I see it all. I see now that my own works can never save me, and that I have no need of anything to fit me for entering into the presence of God, but the blood of Jesus Christ, inasmuch as it cleanses me from all sin. It was Sarah's reading this word to me that has given me peace; and I can tell you now that I have no longer any fear of death, and of entering into the presence of God, for my trust is in the blood of Jesus alone."

From that time her peace flowed as a river. One evening in May she sat for a long time by the open window, conversing on many subjects with her daughters who were kneeling beside her. When she was exhausted with talking they remained for a time silent, gazing at the beauties of the trees and fields just bursting into new life. The mother's face was lighted up with unearthly joy. At length summoning her remaining strength, she exclaimed, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." These were her last words. She was carried to her bed, and soon after entered into the Father's house above, leaving her children orphans.

Bessie's grief knew no bounds, and she clung to the beloved form till her brothers were obliged to remove her by force from the chamber of death. Sarah, who had been closely nursing her mother during her lingering illness, immediately succumbed to fatigue, and the result was an attack of typhus fever. Bessie, left alone during that first desolate evening, quitted the house, thinking that if she were to spend the night at the bottom of the garden by the river she would take a chill and die, and soon rejoin her mother. Those in the house were attending upon Sarah, and

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the poor child's absence was unnoticed. For hours she paced the river's side, giving vent to her grief in cries of anguish, calling on her mother to return. At last morning dawned, and soft strains of music, from a pleasure party on the water, reached her ears. The sounds soothed her troubled nerves, and she went back to the house to be laid up with a severe cold. After Sarah's recovery the sisters were separated for some time, and during their absence from one another both passed through an experience which changed the whole tone of their future lives. Each sister, having seen the powerlessness of the teaching and practice of the Romish church to meet the needs of an anxious soul, was led to examine the Scriptures for herself whether these things were so. Bessie often remained at this employment till two o'clock in the morning. The result was that both Sarah and Bessie, each unknown to the other, came to the belief that it was their duty to leave the Romish communion. It was with deep anxiety and tender concern for the feelings of one another that the sisters met.

Bessie (it is believed) broke the silence by saying, "Sarah, have you been to confession lately?" The reply was, "No, and I never mean to go any more." The other said, "And such is my resolution too." With joyful hearts the sisters offered praise and thanksgiving for the guidance which had led them, without any human teaching, into the same path. The next step was to convey the tidings to their beloved friend and guardian, Dr. Doyle. After united prayer that strength might be given them to act "according to the mind and will of God," their minds were directed to a passage in Isaiah, which they accepted as the message for this emergency. It was the fifty-first chapter, and the portion which seemed especially helpful to them was from verse 12 to 16: "I, even I, am He that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die?" etc.; and the concluding passage: "I have put My words in thy mouth, and have covered thee in the shadow of Mine hand." On communicating with Dr.

Doyle, he urged the sisters calmly to weigh the arguments in favour of the teaching in which they had been educated. He allowed them to read the Bible, but made them promise that they would not, for a time, look into a Protestant book on religion, or converse with any Roman Catholic on the subject under review. Dr. Doyle was a man of a powerful mind, and a bold and unwearied advocate of the doctrines and practices of Rome, and no doubt he imagined that the contest would soon be decided in favour of her teaching. He was mistaken; for two years his *protégées* read all the works which he put before them, and answered the arguments from the Scriptures. The more they read the more they were convinced of the "unscriptural assumptions of the Church of Rome." At last Dr. Doyle said he would lend them only one more book, and if that did not avail he would give up the contest. The book consisted of statements maligning the Reformers, bringing charges against their private lives. When returning the book Sarah gave her opinion that "supposing the lives of the Reformers were such as this book declared them to be, still it would only prove that they were frail human beings, and though such conduct would dishonour whatever principles they advocated yet the principles themselves would continue unchanged." Dr. Doyle was sitting between the sisters, and turning to the elder asked if she still maintained the same opinions she had so often expressed. She answered firmly that her views were unchanged. Bessie gave the same reply to his question. He then rose and stood before them, and for two hours "gave a most impassioned address; in which, with all his powers of eloquence, he appealed first to their reason and then to their affections." He ended by saying to Sarah:

"And, not content with throwing yourself into the dark abyss of error and perdition which yawns at your feet, you drag your sister with you; and will have to account, before the judgment seat of God, for the ruin of her soul as for that of your own."

He sank into a chair "overwhelmed with fatigue and

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emotion." Sarah had listened without moving a muscle, or raising her eyes from the ground; and when Dr. Doyle ended a severe conflict, was going on in her mind, between her natural affection for her guardian and her conscientious sense of duty. At length duty prevailed, she felt that she must "obey God rather than man." Turning to Bessie she said, "We had better return now"; when, on attempting to rise, it was found that she had lost the use of her limbs, from a sudden stroke of paralysis. Thoughtlessly as we may hope, the words passed Dr. Doyle's lips, "You see your very limbs refuse the ungrateful office of forsaking me!" Afterwards he expressed great regret at what had taken place, and promised to represent that the illness arose from purely natural causes, so as to prevent the report being circulated that the event was a judgment upon the Misses A. for leaving the Church of Rome.

The sisters continued warmly attached to him, and valued his judgment in all matters unconnected with religion, and Bessie had free access to his study, where he conversed with her on many intellectual subjects. Sarah was confined to a sick room for many months, and never recovered the full use of her walking powers. Her desire that her guardian might cease to trust for salvation in anything short of the atoning blood of Christ found vent in many prayers for him, and it was the belief of both sisters that he had this hope to sustain him in his last hours. Previously to Dr. Doyle's last illness they had left Carlow at his desire, for Bessie's visits to the poor, Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, had brought her into collision with the priests. Twice their house had been attacked by the populace, and the servants of the family had been frightened by rumours of further manifestations of dissatisfaction towards the "heretics," as the Misses A. were styled. Dr. Doyle had peremptorily forbidden a young barrister to take proceedings against "his ward, Miss Bessie A." for some outspoken expression of disapproval of the conduct of a priest; but he plainly told the sisters that there were some in his diocese who were not under his jurisdiction (whether Jesuits

or Rockites they could not tell), and he advised them to live in a large city where they would be less known. They left Carlow with regret, for Dr. Doyle was failing in health, and they longed to be near to minister to him. He had long ceased to argue in favour of Romanism, and seemed often anxious and absorbed. A little textbook given him by Bessie was his daily companion. On hearing of his increased illness Sarah and Bessie returned to Carlow, and remained near him, hoping to see his face once more. But no persuasion on their part could gain for them the desired admission. He lingered for three months, and then, when he could no longer hear their loving words or speak to them, the sisters were permitted to look upon his face. He was in his coffin lying in state, dressed in full canonicals; tapers were burning, and priests chanting around. The sisters sought out the nurse who had attended upon him. She was either dull or unwilling to repeat any of his words, but seemed much shocked when she mentioned that the Bishop had not received the communion during his illness, and had died without extreme unction.

The following are the concluding passages of a letter written by Sarah to a Roman Catholic priest in 1834.

“Remembering the anathema pronounced by the Roman Catholic church for contempt of any one decree, I might conclude my letter here, as having gone quite far enough to leave that church, without a hope of my being ever saved. And so I would conclude, but that I consider you entitled to a knowledge of the self examination you advised me to enter into, when in relation to the church’s view of sinners finding mercy you got me to repeat the *confiteor*. I began by laying down that passage, ‘If we confess our sins,’ etc. (1 John i.), and then, pretty much as follows, I reflected on the way in which the church declares salvation, and on that which gives delight to some whom she condemns. According to the Roman Catholic church, when a sinner heartily desires forgiveness, all the saints in heaven must be confessed to as well as God, and invoked to intercede with Him for pardon of the

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sins confessed; and when the priest, through whom confession has been made, pronounces absolution, the penitent must be careful not to feel as though he had been fully pardoned. He must believe himself in some degree indebted to God's justice still, and hope to render satisfaction in the way of penance in this life, or by suffering in the next, in case he dies too soon to have performed whatever was enjoined. Even those to whom a plenary indulgence is given at the hour of death, and who receive the unction appointed for the dying, must feel as if they erred in hoping to be fitted for an entrance into rest; they must expect to suffer for a while, but they are solaced with a hope that prayers and alms on earth shall mitigate their pain, or soon release them from it.

"O my soul! thou hast long since considered all this doctrine, so as to reject it wholly; and wilt thou not for ever cleave to that which thou hast chosen? For how, if contrite sinners be not fully pardoned, wholly freed from condemnation, can God be viewed as faithful to that promise of His covenant,—'their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more,' and just to the merit of His blood by whom He made it?"

Carlow was now quitted with little regret, and the sisters returned to Dublin. Bessie had gained much intellectually by intercourse with Dr. Doyle, who used to discuss with her deep subjects in philosophy and science. Her mental faculties were thus early developed, and she was now anxious to enter upon a course of regular study; and, being still young, she decided to avail herself of the advantages afforded for mental improvement in a boarding school. Here her high spirits and her liveliness made her a general favourite. One who knew her later on in her life thus speaks of her: "She was the most bewitching person I ever saw. There was an expression in her smile as if there lurked there an inexhaustible fund of arch-playfulness, but held in the strictest subjection, never for one moment passing the bounds prescribed by the consciousness of higher destinies and holier objects than anything of mere mirth."

During the year she spent at school she kept the interests of the spiritual life prominently before her. Amid the ceaseless round of study she was hindered from enjoying those times of communion which she felt were needful for the sustenance of her soul. A year or two before she had passed through a night season, during which the sense of sin had pressed her down almost to despair. She felt then that, although her life was full of work for her Lord, she had neglected meditation and prayer, and that "God had not been in all her thoughts." Prayer had been offered for her by many friends, and words of cheer given her, but all was without avail till Sarah one day repeated to her the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin." The word *all* was applied by the Holy Spirit to her heart, and she realized that her sin as a backslider was included; from that time peace and joy were her portion. Now she felt that it was her highest privilege to keep near to that Saviour who had redeemed her and whom she had taken for her guide. She therefore determined to find a place where she could be alone, and have a quiet time for prayer. At dusk the young people of the school had an hour at their disposal. Bessie longed to have this time all to herself, and finding a ladder which communicated with a flat part of the roof, she thought she had secured a quiet resting-place. Her companions, missing her, went in search, and hearing their voices at the bottom of the ladder Bessie appeared at the top. She resisted all their entreaties to come down and join in their amusements during that hour, and after a few days they ceased to trouble her. All day she looked forward to the quiet hour, when pacing up and down the leads she held converse with her Lord, obtaining strength to testify for Him in the school-room and the playground.

After Bessie left school, the sisters found themselves in a pleasant circle, comprising some interesting intellectual people who were specially congenial to Bessie. She also received much help from association with Lady Powerscourt, whose sympathy was very precious to her in a time of bitter trial,

when called to part with one to whom she was expecting to be united in the holy bond of marriage. He was a faithful servant of God, and they both hoped to enter upon missionary work in a foreign land. The call to another and a heavenly country was so sudden that Bessie could not reach him in time to have a parting word.

In 1838 she had a serious illness. Owing to an injury caused by a blow she had once received, the doctors gave the opinion that an operation would be needful at some future time; but suspense was worse to one of her temperament than suffering. At her request, the operation was performed at once. Bessie was perfectly calm, and when Sir Philip Crampton, the physician who supported her, said "Lean against me, and you are as firm as a rock," she answered, "Oh, Sir Philip! if I were not leaning on the Rock of Ages, I could not go through what is before me."

During the season of seclusion which followed Bessie learned yet deeper lessons in the school of Christ, and she left her sick room with a fuller determination to give herself, body, soul, and spirit to her Saviour's service. A few years before Sarah and Bessie had lost their eldest brother, whose house had been their happy home. He had caught a fever while caring for the sick and destitute inmates of a cabin, and had died after a short illness. This and other circumstances led to the sisters being often separated, and at the time of which we are writing Sarah had been nearly two years with some friends who valued her companionship and help, and by whom she was tenderly loved. She too had passed through the furnace of affliction. After leaving the Church of Rome, and when slowly recovering from a fever caused by all she had gone through, she was suddenly called to Dublin on account of the severe illness of "one to whom she was fondly attached." She enjoyed the privilege of nursing him, and before he died she had the comfort of seeing him "give the clearest evidence of a gospel hope and its attendant peace and joy." The terrible suffering of the parting, to her sensitive nature,

brought on a relapse of the fever, and she seemed on the very borders of the grave. When she recovered, those who knew her describe "the brilliancy which illumined her features" as something "unearthly," and an unchanging calmness characterized her during the remainder of her life. Henceforth she was, more than ever, a blessing and joy to many.

In February, 1840, Bessie was in London, looking forward with joy to being shortly reunited with her sister. She hoped that for the future they would be outwardly, as they had always been in spirit, closely united.

Sarah had acted a mother's part to Bessie until the latter had reached womanhood, "when they had become bound together in a blessed fellowship of mind and soul. Bessie "was counting the hours until she should again embrace her sister," when one Sunday morning she was aroused before it was light by feeling a gentle pressure as of a hand laid upon her head. When she awoke she could see nothing. But turning round she observed a bright figure at her side. The face was veiled, so that she could not recognise the features, but the whole figure was "robed in light." It made a farewell sign of the hand and disappeared. She felt perplexed and anxious, feeling sure that some sorrow was before her.

On the next day the tidings of Sarah's sudden death were received by the friend (Mrs. E.) with whom Bessie was staying. Mrs. E. was so much distressed by the unexpected tidings that she invited a Christian friend to come and break the sorrowful news to Bessie. The latter was proposing to herself to tell him of the vision, when she noticed that he was observing her mournfully and that his eyes filled with tears. He shortly proposed prayer, and as he prayed he disclosed the event. Bessie was stunned by the blow, remaining unconscious for twenty minutes.

Sarah A. had gone up to bed on Saturday evening, bright as usual, and comparatively well, but an attack of apoplexy had terminated her life at about the hour at which her sister was aroused. Sarah's last words were, "For ever with the

Lord." A short time before her death she had said to a friend, "I have been thinking that Bessie and I will never leave each other's side in glory." And even on earth, although the vision of the departed sister was only seen for a moment, may she not have been henceforth the unseen minister of the beloved one whose spiritual welfare had been so dear to her!

Her youngest brother says of Sarah A., in writing to a friend, "her countenance was the most heavenly you ever perhaps looked on." After speaking of some books which were great favourites of hers, he adds: "But her grand treasury and constant study was the Bible. She never slept without it under her pillow, her soul delighting itself in the abundance of comfort its promises supplied, and in the unclouded light in which it revealed the Father's smiling face as looking on her through Jesus, the hiding of which, she once told me, she had never known, from its first bright beaming, not even for a moment. Cheerful and happy herself, a sweet and holy influence proceeded from her look, her manner, her words, her voice. She was naturally tender hearted, and her sympathy for the distressed was unbounded. Well do I remember her ministrations, both spiritually and temporally, in the cabins of the poor and at the bedsides of the sick and dying, as she used to take me with her while I was yet a mere child, perhaps to carry a lantern in the dark winter evenings, or a basket with some little delicacy from the dinner table to cheer some poor invalid." The following stanza from a hymn which was a great favourite of hers well describes the attitude of Sarah A.'s mind:

"If Thou should'st call me to rest,
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done."

As soon as she was able to travel, Bessie went to visit those friends with whom her sister had lately been staying. Here she found a resting place for a time. On the rocks by the sea-

shore she rejoiced to hold communion with her Lord. At every fresh home she liked to find a quiet place out of doors, where she might enjoy spiritual refreshment amidst pleasant scenes. But she did not rest all the time, she went much into the back slums of the city to seek out those who needed the glad tidings which she delighted to carry to all with whom she came in contact.

After a time her health suffered from her exertions, and she went into the country, remaining with Mr. and Mrs. Methuen at Pockeredge House, Wiltshire, during several months. There she met for the first time the only child of these friends. Mary Methuen was a girl full of intense feelings and aspirations. Bessie could understand her, and give her both sympathy and wise counsel. Mary became passionately attached to her newly found friend. She thus describes the impression made upon her by Bessie during their first interview. "Lovely in person she truly was; but it was not so much the loveliness of symmetry and outward beauty that attracted, as the beaming in her countenance of a mind filled with sweetness, gentleness and intelligence." Another friend observes: "I never met with a young person who appeared to dwell in such constant communion with God, in whose whole deportment there was such a savour of holiness."

While in the country Bessie became engaged to Mr. A. W—. Four years previously she had met him, and, as was her custom, she spoke to him about his eternal interests. Circumstances separated them after having met one another only a few times. But she was never forgotten by Mr. W., and her face and words were ever in his mind; he continually prayed that they might meet again.

Happening to come to the watering place at which Bessie was staying, he remembered that a lady who knew her lived there, and made inquiry, hoping to hear something of her whom he desired to see. The lady had left the town, but to his surprise and delight he learned that the object of his search was herself there. He called upon her, but their inter-

view was short, as he had to hasten away. At Pockeredge they again met, and the engagement took place. Bessie's visit at Pockeredge lasted eight months. "She seemed to delight in this quiet country life," writes her young friend, Mary Methuen, "and spent most of her time with the poor who were particularly fond of her; her kind gentle manners won their hearts. She took an interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare, and beautifully identified herself with all the trials and cares of poverty. She gave her counsel to them with wisdom and love; they felt they had her sympathy, so that her admonitions were graciously received because they were graciously administered." Writing of her departure from thence, Bessie says: "I cannot write much; I have to make so many farewell visits to the poor around, in which circle I feel deeply interested, as I feel sure the Lord Jesus would be if He were here."

On the anniversary of her sister's death she writes :

"Feb. 16, 1841. This hope of rejoining my dear sister in the Father's house sustained me, ere the Lord in mercy gave me another comforter, whose tender love has filled the aching void."

Very happy in the love and companionship so graciously given her in her hour of loneliness, Bessie A. was still continually looking for the coming of her Lord, and her desire was to live as a stranger and pilgrim on the earth. To her future husband she writes :

"Your picture of 'our house' is very charming; but oh, let us not forget the place which Jesus is preparing for us, where we shall be ever with Him in whose presence is fulness of joy. And will you be glad to be assured that I should like a simple cottage far better? Indeed, dear A——, I could not conscientiously reside in such a great house. How could we there declare plainly that we seek another, even an heavenly?"

In April, 1841, Bessie A. was married. A friend, Mr. S., whom she much loved and respected, was present at the wedding; he says :

"A few days before I accompanied her to town in order to

make a few purchases. . . I was much struck with her spirituality. She seemed never to have forgotten her position as a saint, risen and united to Christ. He was her bridal dress. She truly had put on the Lord Jesus Christ.

"On the morning of her marriage I saw dear Bessie for the last time in mortal form. Little I thought, as I pressed her hand, and the bridal carriage bore her and her happy partner from the house of our kind and mutual friends, that I should have been so soon called to follow her remains to the tomb."

A few weeks after her marriage severe illness came on, and Bessie's life was despaired of. In writing to a brother she speaks of the "most tender care" which had been lavished upon her by her husband and his mother during her long and painful illness. She adds, "Truly I may well take up the language of the 23rd and 103rd Psalms. How wonderfully provided for have I been!"

Referring to her sister she writes to a friend:

"Oct. 29th, 1841. Many thanks for your sympathy expressed with reference to her, and the precious passage of Scripture to which you referred, viz. 1 Thess. iv. 13-18. It was indeed 'a word in season.' I never sorrowed as others who have no hope. From the moment I was conscious of my loss I felt assured that we should *ere long* be reunited. But at first I viewed the glorious prospect, as it were, through a glass darkly. Vague and confused notions of the spiritual world, combined with an impatient wish to follow my *idol* (for such she was), formed a cloud, which nothing but the doctrine of our Saviour's second coming could disperse. Now the eye of faith is fixed on the resurrection morning, when the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven. . . Does not *He* appear to be the chief object in the scene, the source and centre of His people's joy? And ought it not to be so? Ought we to love any in comparison of Him, who hath washed us from our sins in His own blood? Oh may He give us grace to set our best affections upon things above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God!"

It must not be supposed that Bessie was unmindful of the duties of this life. One writes of her: "She acted as if nothing was beneath her notice, if it could contribute in the smallest degree to the comfort or welfare of her fellow-creatures; hence her great power over the minds of the young; they saw the practical self denial, the willingness to be useful even in the most common affairs of life, united with the consciousness of peace with God; and they felt that, in her, grace was a real thing." The same friend says: "She seemed to live in communion with the unseen world, as one already belonging to it; a stranger here, yet happy from an inward fountain of joy, independent of surrounding things, yet flowing forth upon them all.

"And truly it was the peace of God which held that glowing heart that brilliant fancy, in willing subjection. And her joy was a foretaste of that bliss upon which she so soon entered. . . . But it is vain to attempt to describe her; she left a fragrance behind her wherever she went, it was the perfume of the name of Jesus."

To her husband when absent from home Bessie writes:

"The hope of seeing you, my dearest earthly friend, is sweet. I cannot say that I anticipate the meeting with the same extreme earnestness which I felt a fortnight since. This alteration in my feelings I attribute to a blessed change of mind towards Him whose place you had occupied in my affections. I tell you this, dear, because you must have seen plainly from my last letter that you had indeed become an *idol*; and I know you would not wish me to grieve the Holy Spirit on any account. Oh may your communion with the Lord be as rich as that which I enjoy at present! Then, come what will, it matters little. . . . I rejoice in hope of being with Jesus, yet I should not like to be called hence before the sounding of the trumpet, when you too shall ascend to our final home."

This desire was not granted; on the 12th of March, 1842, Bessie became the mother of a little girl. Much fever and

delirium followed during five days, and it was only a few hours before her death that she became fully conscious. She said: "It is hard to leave my husband and my sweet baby; but oh, to depart and be with Christ is *far* better"; pronouncing the word *far* with the greatest earnestness, her face lighted up with joy.

She repeated several times, "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." When her baby was brought for her to take a last look upon it, she only said, "My sweet baby." To her husband she said "I will give you a text, 'I know in whom I have believed.'" She died in his arms, and her last words whispered to him were the same as those repeated by her sister, "For ever with the Lord." She fell "asleep in Jesus" at the age of twenty-nine years.

Her husband thus speaks of her life: "She seemed to do everything with an *earnest steady dispatch*, as if anxious to work while it was called to-day, and remembering that it is written, 'What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' She spoke to the poor in the tenderest manner, with the greatest spiritual wisdom, and suitably to each one's circumstances. I know not how many, but *very many*, during the time of her testimony for Christ on earth, owe their conversion to her as the instrument, and wherever she went the Lord seemed to go with her with a wonderful blessing, until her work for Him was done and she was called 'to behold His face in righteousness.'"

Their youngest brother thus refers to his two sisters:

... "They both sleep in Jesus now, and the day will declare their acts and reveal their labours of love. They were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not long divided; and soon shall they shine together as stars in the kingdom of God."

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CHRISTIAN EDDY AND LOUISE SCHEPLER.

*Just to follow, hour by hour,
As He leadeth ;
Just to draw the moment's power,
As it needeth.*

F. R. HAVERGAL.

REGISTERED TO USE IN

“SCARCELY can I name any one who can contribute more to the order, to the prosperity, and the happiness of a family than the truly Christian servant. . . . That holy woman, obeying her masters ‘in singleness of heart as unto Christ, not with eye service, but as doing the will of God with the heart’; careful to comply with their wishes and avoiding contradictions; espousing all their interests and faithful even to a scruple; accommodating herself to their infirmities within, and veiling them without; good and noble daughter! raising, in fact, her own position by the dignity of her sentiments, free by faith but a slave by love, what a gift of God is this to a family! Acknowledge that favour, you who have received it.”—ADOLPHE MONOD.

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IX.

CHRISTIAN EDDY.

BORN ABOUT 1815. DIED 1872.

IT is related of Frances Ridley Havergal that, one day shortly after she had entered upon that path of consecration which was as a shining light shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, she was suddenly plunged into the deepest distress. "She had sinned through giving way to a sudden impulse to speak a too reproachful word to a domestic. Instantly there was the deep shadow of a cloud. The expression of her countenance told of inward anguish; the sunlight had gone. Confession to God, and pleading for forgiveness for Jesus' sake, did not result in the full pacification of her troubled spirit. God forgave her; but oh how sad to think the future might be as the past, in regard to this 'besetting sin.' The word was spoken to her, 'Well, but this may be the last time of your being so overcome.' For a moment she looked at the speaker in wonderment, and yet with intense hope; and then on hearing the inquiry, 'Is not Jesus able to keep you from falling?' the truth as to His love and power seemed to flash through her mind, and instantly the joy and brightness returned."¹

We have given this narrative in full because of its valuable teaching, while it is the fact of her distress being caused by her having given an unkind word to a *servant* to which we would call attention. Does it not sometimes happen that fretful, impatient words are given to servants often unjustly, but always

¹ "Sequel to Such a Blessing." Partridge & Co.

with bad results? And are not such words used by mistresses who profess to be Christians, and used too with little subsequent feelings of regret?

We often hear it said that the comfort or discomfort of a family depends largely on the conduct of the servants of the household. This is true; and the faithful servant, who remains in an uncomfortable place from a desire to lead souls to Christ, or out of compassion for mistress or master or little neglected children, is a treasure beyond all price. But in the general way, if we would have good and faithful servants, we must not only receive them into our houses but we must take their spiritual and temporal interests upon our hearts and minds, seeking to help them by wise thoughtfulness and prayer. And, with these feelings, we shall treat them with Christian courtesy. We cannot touch on this subject without having in mind *one* mistress who, during nearly sixty years, was honoured and beloved by her servants. They knew that she sympathised with them in their trials and temptations and in their joys also. If they failed in duty she sought their good in the spirit of Galatians vi. 1, having first carried the difficulty to Him with whom she communed, touching every care and every interest of her daily life. When her servants married, or when family duties called them away, she followed them with her prayers; and in their times of sorrow or sickness she was ever ready to minister to them. One most faithful servant who spent nearly a lifetime in her service had naturally a quick temper, but she had realized the blessedness of that calmness and rest of spirit which pervaded her mistress; and in her last days she mentioned that when her fellow-servants or friends were having "words" about anything it had been her custom to retire into another room until the storm had passed by. Her sister lived in the same household, and married after eleven years' devoted, loving service. For thirty years in her own home she showed unmistakably that she was a true follower of Christ. She was refined in mind, but more than all she was sanctified by Divine grace; and the neighbours, who frequented her little

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shop, testified that never did they hear from her lips any word not gentle and Christiike. Her old mistress and her family loved her as a dear friend, and her sympathy in their interests was unbounded. When her life, which seemed too full of weary toil, was over, her countenance showed forth the beauty and purity of the soul which had dwelt within. The lines which years of care had written on that gentle face were erased, and a look of youth, all radiant with holy joy, rested there. How far the example and precepts of that beloved mistress moulded the character of the servant who was young when she entered her service, it is not for us to determine.

In the following pages we have the records of two noble women who, in honourable domestic service, followed in the footsteps of Him who came "not to be ministered unto but to minister." With a single eye to God's glory in caring for all, even the smallest, material interests of their earthly masters, they became prepared by submission, obedience and faithfulness to labour extensively for souls. The account of Christian Eddy is from the pen of a minister who knew and highly esteemed her. He writes :¹

FIFTY-SEVEN years ago there was joy in a humble home in Cornwall over the birth of a daughter. The mother, who loved Christ, chose for her little one the name of Christian.

At the age of seventeen the girl sustained the heaviest loss that could befall her, the loss of a good mother, who, in dying, committed her children to the care and love of her Saviour.

Christian Eddy left home early, but was driven back by illness. Her stepmother watched the sick bed of the invalid, and, better still, watched for her soul as one who must give account. Another, a heavenly watcher, was also keeping guard over the sufferer ; and she rose from her illness a new being. Henceforth to her "to live" was "Christ." It is an apostolic

¹ "Christian Eddy ; or, To me to live is Christ." Religious Tract Society. By permission of the Publishers.

expression, an apostolic experience. It is a possibility then. Yet few Christians attain, few even aim at it, perhaps because they deem it a dream. Possibly the sight of it before them in this work-a-day world may tend to bring it down for some into the region of realities, and to enable more to resolve "to me to live" shall be "Christ."

I linger over the expression of the apostle. I take it to mean that *Christ is our life*, and that *our life is Christ*. This is not one thought only, but two; and both were exemplified in Christian Eddy.

Christ was her life. Two minutes' conversation with her would have told you this. Jesus was her *foundation*. "You seem," said a fellow-servant to her fifteen years ago, "you really seem to have no doubts." "I read my Bible," she replied; "and God tells me things. I just receive them as they are, and that is my strength."

No one who ever knew her could have disputed or doubted the reality of her faith in Jesus. And as to her doubting it herself, the thought never appeared to cross her mind; she would as soon have doubted her existence as her Saviour. When her journey of life in Christ had lasted nearly forty years she testified, "at my conversion it seemed as though a Dove rested on my heart, and He has never once left me since."

Jesus was her *food*. To live Christ is only attained by living upon Christ. "Moment by moment," Madame Guyon used to say, "the believer must draw water from the wells of salvation." The experience of Christian Eddy was just the same; and so her daily, hourly habit was to "drink of the brook by the way," and to feed upon Christ. She did not give up any duty for this, never neglected any call of affection or of suffering; but whatever she did, and while she was doing it, she was feeding upon Christ all the time.

Jesus was her *joy*; and oh, what joy it was! Her lips continually said to wayworn wanderers, as her hand pointed to Jesus, "Come with us"; and her life, nay her very look, underlined the words; she had no need to add, "we will do

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you good." Everybody felt that it had done *her* good to come to Christ; and the better you knew her, and the oftener you saw her, the more you felt how great that good must be which made her life soar as a lark and sing like a crystal stream.

Once more, Jesus was her *motive* and her *aim*. I never saw before, and hardly expect to see again, such sweet singleness of aim. I suppose the pendulum did throb, and the clock tick; but you could never see the one nor hear the other. You could only see the well kept time by the dial, and hear the hours and quarters chiming with the sun. Such sweet repose was there in Jesus, and such a settled purpose to love Him, to live for Him, to please Him.

What a changed world it would be, if there were many of whom it could be said, as one who observed her closely said of her: "If Jesus had been treading the path visibly at her side, she could hardly have more constantly or consistently walked with God."

It would be deeply interesting to consider how far the spirit can overcome the flesh, or, in other words, what would be the result of making *Christ* our foundation, our food, our joy, our motive, in one syllable *our life*. Suppose we were to make the experiment, what might we hope for then? Why this, I think, that *our life* would be *Christ*. I am sure this was the result in *her* case. Her character was that of one in whom Christ was formed the hope of glory. You seemed to see Jesus in all she said and did and was. Consistency is the rock that re-echoes every prayer, the hammer that drives home every nail, the feather that wings every arrow. One felt it to be so with her; and some of her converts owe their spiritual life, under God, to this alone. Years before she left service her mistress said, "She has been a bright lamp in my house these eleven years"; and a fellow-servant testifies: "I went into the family saying 'such cheerful, consistent piety cannot last.' I watched her closely for six months, and she was always the same. So then I began to think there was something in religion. I

sought Jesus, and she helped me to find Him, nor has she been different all these fifteen years."

Blasphemy lost its bravery in her presence. Sometimes a rude coarse remark would come; but soon you would see the speaker's face drop, and hear his tone alter as he "felt how awful goodness is."

But she was not satisfied with the silent rebuke her life gave to sin, and the silent testimony her character bore to Christ. No miser ever coveted gold as she coveted souls. To seek them she was "instant in season and out of season." When sent to the post, she would take care to have some little remembrancers of Jesus, which without loss of time she might leave by the way. Tracts, little books, and penny Gospels were always at hand. One whom we knew dated his first serious conviction to the Sunday she met him, a stranger, and gave him one of the Gospels. "What could have put it into her mind to give me this?" was his remark to his child, with which began a train of thought which ended in his conversion.

Her winning look and persuasive tone pleaded for a kind reception for everything she said or did; so that when an old lady whose heart was in the world stamped at another monitor as an intruder, she sat down to listen to the words of Christian Eddy; and at the close of the interview she kissed her. This glowing tenderness, caught from a constant looking by faith at the sympathetic face of Him who would never break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax, was doubtless the reason why so many doors were thrown wide open before her. The kitchen, the nursery, the parlour, the shop, the street, the cliff, the hospital, the workhouse, the public house, were all the scenes of her labour. Assuredly she had the blessing promised to those who sow beside all waters. One servant in a household would be watched over, prayed over, wept over for years; and, when brought in herself, would have so caught the spirit of her instructress as to live for Jesus, and speak for Jesus, till all her fellow-servants were won to Him too. A young lady of the family would have words dropped in her ear, irresistible

CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY

words, and would be led to give up the world, and perhaps to minister to the poor and become the guide of the blind.

A kind Providence had put it into the heart of one whose purse was large to leave her a little annuity. This set her free from any service save that of Christ; and nobly did she use her freedom. The moments of leisure, like the drops of a rich elixir, were flung out into the cup of consecration. Nor time alone was given. Like Jesus, she was never satisfied to save the soul and see the body starve. No record of her charities ever was or could be made. Her "record is on high"; her tablets are the living hearts she warmed by her constant bounty. She counted herself now "passing rich on forty pounds a year"; and it is believed that she gave one half of it to others. Many and many a want of her own was stinted, that Jesus and His poor might be clothed and fed. Persons who frequented the home where her last years were spent would find one who was ever laying herself out to save them and serve Christ. The Master had given her a talent, and she was determined to see how much she could gain by trading.

Her gentleness stood her in good stead in the hospital and workhouse. Certain rules are rightly laid down in these establishments, and they for a time prevented extended efforts; but by degrees door after door was thrown open.

"Come in here," a voice would say from one ward. "There are two or three wanting you to speak to them there," would be the remark from another; and (for here was where she differed from most of us) every door opened was entered, every opportunity given was embraced. Fancy preaching the gospel in public houses! But she did it, or if she did not preach she went in and out every Sunday evening with a word here and a look there which spoke for her Saviour; a tract for this fallen woman, a Gospel for that degraded man. And so, like a rainbow round a ruin, the light and hope of a holy life were flung. It was a wonderful work. "Give me five hundred pounds," said a strong man, a strong Christian too, "and I

could not do it." But, unflinching, unflagging, this weak woman went on. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

Years ago, in London, God put it in her heart to visit one of the worst lanes in the metropolis. A policeman remonstrated with her. "It is not safe," he said; "we never go down there, except two at a time." "But Jesus is with me," she replied; and she went, and He *was* with her, and gave her favour amongst the people, and every one received her gift or word.

The Cliff will miss her. There she was often found amongst the pleasure seekers, seeking the highest joy on earth, the joy of saving souls. The lanes and alleys of Brighton will miss her, and scores of poor people there will mourn her loss. Nor the poor only. "I am a man of science, a philosopher so called," said a gentleman whom she stopped in her unobtrusive way; "but I never thought of these things before"; and he turned to learn from a poor woman's lips, by the way-side, the truth as it is in Jesus.

But "the disciple" is not to be above "the Master"; loving appeals will sometimes be met by refusals and resistance. Once, when going about doing good, she was struck down. Instantly bystanders rushed upon the assailant, and would have taken him before a magistrate. "You must let him go," she said. "But he hit you!" "Yes, he did; but you must let him go." "But he struck you to the ground!" "Still you must let him go, I am sure Jesus would." And so her meekness was as rare as her energy, and had the stamp of the same mint, the ring of the coinage of Christ.

Her courage has come out in some of the cases I have mentioned. Let me give another instance. In the next street to where she lived there was a shoemaker, a tall athletic man, who stood six feet two, and could walk forty miles at a stretch. He was the terror of many, and hated religion with a terrible hatred. The devoted clergyman of the district tried to influence him, but in vain. A missionary, a friend of our

friend, went, but came back shaking with terror. She began to go herself ten years ago or more. "How did you find him to-day?" they would ask, when she came back out of the lion's den. "Don't ask me how I found him," she would reply; "I leave all that to Jesus." She confessed, however, that she expected every moment to feel his huge stick, especially one day, when she dropped on her knees and prayed for him in his presence. The brave heart was kept up by its faith. Here were the hidings of its power, the assurance that God would bless His word. "How I love the spot!" she said once, as she passed the window; "what joy it will be when I have him with me in glory!" And this while his fury still raged. For nine years she visited him without apparent result; but at the end of this time he was stricken with illness. She begged to be allowed to see him, and was permitted, on condition that she would neither speak to him nor pray for him aloud. Three times the silent visitor went, and watched, and prayed. In spite of the silence he had enforced on her he had looked for her visits, he told her afterwards, with eager anxiety. "The clergyman has given me up, the missionary has given me up, and now she has given me up, and I shall be lost." Nay, but she had not given him up, nor had God either. On the third visit the shoemaker held out his hand. The ice was broken, and the waters began to flow. The soul was opened to the Saviour; the man lived for a time to Him, and then died to Him, and now may have welcomed his benefactress into everlasting habitations.

Her decision of character was shown as much in her faithful remonstrance with what she believed to be error, as in her steadfastness in seeking those who were known to be lost. Once she wandered into a ritualistic church, and, entering into conversation with some of the sisterhood, she pointed them from images of saints to a living Saviour. At that moment the priest of the church came up. Unabashed, instead of ceasing her testimony, she turned to him, and with admirable tact enlisted him, as it were, on her side by

saying, as she quoted the book he was bound to acknowledge : "Is it not so, dear sir?" "I am afraid you don't reverence the Virgin Mother," he answered, parrying the shaft. "I love her as a blood-bought sister," was the comprehensive reply.

At another time she had been trying to dissuade some people from attending the ministry of one who denied the genuineness of large parts of the Gospels and the Deity of Him whose life they enshrine. "But you have never heard him, how can you judge?" they replied. And so she felt it to be her duty to go and judge for herself. She went, and her whole spirit was stirred within her as she listened to what seemed to her to be the denial of the indwelling of the Spirit in the believer. "I am going into the vestry," she said at the close to her startled companion; "I must speak to Mr. —. Come with me." They entered; but when it was found that she had come to expostulate, and, above all, that she claimed to have that very experience of which the possibility had been denied, they were bidden to withdraw. "No," she said, "I must stay and witness for my Saviour."

Of all the traits of her Christlike character, none was more marvellous than her perseverance. I have known her hold on to effort for drunkards who had grown old in sin, and for fallen sisters who had relapsed into evil, again and again, with the greatest tenacity and tenderness. Some of them are not saved yet. . . . Some of them were infidels; can they resist the testimony of such a life, a life now rounded and completed by a triumphant death? . . .

A group of sceptics came into the little shop one day. They were watched by loving Christian eyes, and spoken to by gentle Christian lips. The ringleader of the band, (I forbear to give his name, but I have heard that he called one of his children Voltaire and the other Tom Paine,) blustered out his brazen defiance. But when, after others had tried, Christian Eddy came near and spoke to him, he quailed and turned away, and said: "I cannot stand you, you talk like my mother." Seven

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

years passed away. The man had long left the town. But distress drove him back in search of work. Fresh disaster at first attended him, for he was laid on a bed of sickness. Then "the iron entered into his soul"; he felt his ruin, but, thank God, he knew one resource. "Pray!" said he, to one of his infidel companions, almost the only friend he had. "Pray?" exclaimed the other. "I pray! impossible." "But I may die," he replied; "you must pray." "Pray yourself," replied the other. "God be merciful to us sinners!" cried the sick sceptic, folding his hands. At this crisis the mercy of God again brought to his side her who had once before been his good angel. "What, *you* come!" he exclaimed with delight. And one can easily imagine with what eagerness he would drink in "the sweet story of old." "The prayers of forty years are answered," wrote his pious father, a missionary in the West of England; and so they were.

The converted sceptic sent for his old companions, and charged them to give up their infidelity and come to Christ. Nothing else, he said, would stand them in stead on a dying day. And now mark the influence of steadfastness to the truth. Moved by what he said, twelve of these men went to seek out the good woman who had been so blessed to their comrade's soul, left their addresses, asking her to come and visit them; and she had the joy of seeing all of them much altered, and four of them hopefully converted to God, while the captain of the gang passed away to heaven, shouting, "Joyful, joyful, joyful!"

But all this holy effort could not go on for ever. "The spirit indeed" was "willing, but the flesh" was "weak." Disease manifested itself, though no one knew the severe suffering it occasioned, or dreamt that it would soon put a period to her beneficent labours. No one but herself. She, it now appears, felt that "the little while" was for her becoming very short indeed. When they spoke of getting ready for any meal, "I hope we shall be ready for Jesus" she would often say. "Next Wednesday, if not in glory," was her weekly

farewell to one dear friend ; " I cannot be here always to help you," her frequent warning to another. Still they could not, would not, heed it. How should they, when, after a day of enforced confinement to her bed, she would come down as if nothing were the matter, bonneted, and smiling as she said, " I hope we shall do some work for Jesus to-night " ? So late as Thursday, April 18th, 1872, she toiled up the long, weary hill that leads to the workhouse. It was the last time. It was noticed that her frame was suffering and her steps were slow. That day fortnight she was carried within sight of the same spot to be laid in her grave.

By the Saturday the symptoms had become violent, and it was said she was to go to the hospital for an operation, an operation which it was hinted might be fatal. " Do you hear that ? " she said, turning to her dear kind friend. " Yes, they say you are very ill. " " They said I may never get well again ; and won't it be beautiful to burst forth in the glory ? " Then, seeing her friend in tears, " Don't be troubled," she said ; " you will spare me for Jesus ; you won't grudge my going to glory ? " " No bride," says the same close observer, " wedded to a lord, ever went off so happily for her honeymoon as she went to the hospital that Monday. " After this there was very little opportunity for her friends to see her. She sent for her minister, who writes these lines, but the letter never reached him, and he had to content himself with her sweet message, " Tell him I am in Jesus. "

The way in which she gloried in tribulation was the wonder of the patients, the nurses, and the doctors. As they carried her to the operating room, they expressed surprise at her jubilant joy. " It is not me," she said, " it's Jesus. " The secret of that supernatural joy indeed could never be self, it could only be the Saviour.

When asked a day or two after by a friend how she had felt when the hour of suffering came, " I felt," she said, " as if in the glory. And now Jesus is so precious, so precious. " " And her face brightened as she spoke, like unto the face of an

angel," said my informant. To another visitor she said, "I'm so happy, so happy, so happy!" and she repeated it three times with eyes upraised to heaven. And then, "the ruling passion strong in death," she added in tones lowered to a whisper, "Jesus has found a little work for me to do here. I've given away all my Gospels." "Here is one more for you then," said the friend, handing her the only one in his pocket. "Read a little," she replied; and he read, "In My Father's house are many mansions." Before twenty-four hours she had entered one of them. She walked through the valley of death, but feared no evil; His rod and His staff they comforted her. To her "to live was Christ," and therefore "to die was gain." We are sure of it. If the being unclothed was so glorious, what must be the being clothed upon? The secret of her gracious life, the secret of her glorious death, was Christ. We glory God in her. In such an one it is given us to see how much of the heavenly treasure an earthen vessel may contain. May her death be fruitful as her life. May sinners to whom she spoke rise up to call her blessed, and many half-hearted believers be "baptized for the dead," and live henceforth with something of the spirit of Christian Eddy.

LOUISE SCHEPLER.

BORN ABOUT 1761. DIED 1837.

THE great work which the Pastor John Frederick Oberlin accomplished in the wild district of the Ban de la Roche was largely supplemented by one in humble life, his servant Louise. The work was varied, comprehending the care of the bodies and minds as well as the souls of the people. Madame Oberlin warmly entered into her husband's labours till her death in 1784. Then the orphan girl, who had been her servant for eight years, offered to take charge of the house and the seven

motherless children, the youngest being a little helpless infant. Louise Schepler was at this time twenty-three years of age, and is described as a "sensible, pleasant-looking young woman, habited in the costume of the peasants of the country." She showed her entire devotion to the family by henceforth refusing all offers of marriage, and by her determination to accept no salary. On New Year's Day, 1793, Louise wrote to the pastor Oberlin, who was called by the young and old of his flock by the endearing term, "*Cher Papa.*" The following is her note.

"DEAR AND BELOVED PAPA: Permit me, at the commencement of the new year, to request a favour which I have long desired. As I am now really independent, that is to say, as I have now no longer my father nor his debts to attend to, I beseech you, dear papa, not to refuse me the favour of making me your adopted daughter. Do not, I entreat you, give me any more wages; for as you treat me like your child in every other respect, I earnestly wish you to do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support of my body. My shoes and stockings and sabots will cost something; but when I want them I can ask you for them, as a child applies to its father.

"Oh, I entreat you, dear papa, grant me this favour, and condescend to regard me as your most tenderly attached daughter,
 "LOUISE SCHEPLER."

Ever afterwards Louise was looked upon as a child of the house, yet it was sometimes a trouble to Oberlin that he could not get her to take a present in money, for even when sent by the hand of another she divined by whom it was given and returned it.

Oberlin's death occurred in 1826, forty-two years after that of his wife, and on his removal a sealed letter was found, in which he pays a worthy tribute to Louise Schepler's labours. It was written in 1811, when he imagined his end to be near.

"MY VERY DEAR CHILDREN: In leaving you, I commend to your care the faithful nurse who has brought you up, the indefatigable Louise. The services which she has performed for our family are innumerable. Your dear mamma took her under her care before she had attained the age of fifteen; but, even at that early period, she rendered herself useful by her talents, her activity, and her industry. On the premature decease of your beloved parent, she became at once your faithful nurse, your careful instructress, and your adopted mother. Her zeal for doing good extended beyond the confines of our own family. Like a devoted servant of the Lord, she went into all the surrounding villages, where I sent her, to assemble the children together, to instruct them in God's holy will, to teach them to sing hymns, to direct their attention to the wonderful works of nature, to pray with them, and to communicate to them all the knowledge that she had herself derived from me and your mamma.

"This was not the labour of a moment; and the innumerable difficulties which opposed themselves to her benevolent employments would have discouraged a thousand others; for, first on the one hand she had to contend with the wild and backward characters of the children, she had on the other to correct their patois, and consequently, after having spoken to them in that dialect which was necessary to make herself understood, to translate all she had said into French. The bad roads and the inclement weather, so frequent on these mountains, presented another difficulty; but neither sleet, nor rain, nor wind, nor hail, nor deep snows under foot, detained her from her purpose; and when she returned in the evening, though exhausted, wet and weary, and chilled with excessive cold, she would set herself to attend to my children and to our household affairs. In this manner she devoted not only her time and abilities, but also her health and all her bodily powers, to my service, and to the service of her God. For many years past indeed her lungs have been injured and her constitution absolutely ruined by over fatigue, and by sudden

transitions from heat to cold, and from cold to heat, having often, when warm with walking, crossed the snows, and sank into them to such a depth as to be scarcely able to get out. She received a sufficient recompence, you will perhaps say, in the ample salary that I allowed her. No, dear children, no; since the death of your dear mother I have never been able to prevail on her to accept the least reward for her services; she employed her own little property in doing good, and in the purchase of her scanty wardrobe; and it was always as a favour that she received from me some slight articles of dress and provisions, which I owed notwithstanding to her economy and good management. Judge, dear children, judge of the debt you have contracted from her services to me, and how far you will ever be from repaying it.

"In times of sickness and affliction how kindly has she watched over both you and me; how tenderly has she sought to mitigate our pains and to assuage our griefs. Once more I commend her to you. You will evince, by the care that you take of her, how much attention you pay to the last wish of a father who has always endeavoured to inspire you with feelings of gratitude and benevolence. But yes, yes; you will fulfil my wishes. You will be in your turn, both individually and collectively, all that she has been to you, as far as your means, situation, and opportunity permit.

"Adieu, my very dear children, your papa,

"J. F. OBERLIN."

At his death Oberlin's children were anxious to carry out their father's wishes, and offered Louise an equal share of the little property he had left. This however she refused, asking only to remain in the family and to "add the honoured name of Oberlin to her own." One of the children writes: "It is almost superfluous to say that, whilst a descendant of Oberlin remains, Louise shall want for nothing, at least until they themselves are destitute."

In 1829 Louise Schepler unexpectedly received a "Mon-

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

thyon prize" of 5000 francs. This gave her great pleasure, not merely on account of the honour, but because it enabled her to help the needy. This she continued to do so long as her strength permitted. Almost to the end of her life she was occupied with her schools. She died in 1837, "respected and beloved by all who knew her, and tenderly cherished by the children of her revered master."

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WATCHING FOR SOULS.

FIDELIA FISKE.

*Yes, I rest in Thee, Belovèd,
Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
Know Thy certainty of promise,
And have made it mine.*

J. S. PICOTT

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

[St. Matt. xiv. ; St. Mark vi. 31 ; St. Luke xxi. 37 ; St. John
xxi. 37.]

“Now it is this being alone, this abiding for a night on the
mount, this resting awhile, this going apart to pray,—it is this
that I would suggest as a corrective to those influences which a
life of uninterrupted activity cannot fail to exert for evil on our
spirits. . . .

“And this mingling of contemplation with action, of spiritual
repose with unusual energy, has been the secret source of the
superiority of many of those whose names shine brightest in
Christian annals, the inner spring of that sanctity and zeal which
seem in some men only to have increased in freshness and in fra-
grance as they laboured the longer.”—From “*Sermons Preached
before the University of Cambridge*,” by the late Frederick Myers,
M.A., Perpetual Curate of St. John's, Keswick.

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FIDELIA FISKE.¹

BORN 1816. DIED 1864.

FIDELIA FISKE was born May 1st, 1816. It was a quiet out-of-the-world mountain home in Massachusetts where the little girl imbibed those lessons of self reliance and completeness which helped to form her character, and prepare her for the responsible duties of her future life. The home was a plain one-storey farmhouse, with one large family room, where the domestic duties were carried on during the day. In the evening parents and children gathered round the blazing wood fire, "while sewing, knitting, reading, and studying, enlivened by grandsire's stories of the olden times, filled up pleasantly and profitably the swift hours, till at length the great Bible was brought forth, a chapter read, and fervent prayer offered." Then all retired to rest, to rise at dawn and enter upon the varied duties of another day. A strong and cheerful religious influence pervaded that home. Fidelity's ancestors for several generations had been earnest, devout men and women. Indeed, it was for the purpose of enjoying religious freedom that the original settlers, the two brothers Fiske, went from England to Massachusetts in 1637. Fidelity's great-grandmother was eminently a consecrated woman. She would set apart whole days "to pray that her children might be a godly seed to the latest generation." And we learn that in 1857 three hundred of her descendants were members of Christian churches. How would she have rejoiced over her great granddaughter who entered into her labours, wielding such mighty power in prayer!

¹ Principally taken from "Fidelity Fiske: the Record of a Consecrated Life." Morgan and Scott. By permission of the Publishers.

Little Fidelia was very thoughtful. "Nothing seemed to escape her." She was always looking out for information, and was "quick alike to detect mistakes and to treasure new and important facts." From the age of four to about sixteen she attended the district school. She was as a young child very independent, not liking to be helped over a difficulty in her studies, choosing to plod on till she had mastered it herself and had made the lesson her own. She had a strong will, which showed itself very definitely on one occasion, when she was only two or three years old. The mother was a praying woman, and she did not weary of extending "protracted punishment" to her child until she yielded. Fidelia ever felt grateful for the experience. No doubt it was easier, in after years, to come into submission to God's will, because, as a child, she had been brought under subjection to her parents.

The children were thoroughly instructed in the Bible by their father. He was fond of general reading, but the Bible was his "special delight." When Fidelia was three years of age her uncle, Pliny Fiske, went as a missionary to the Holy Land. From that time the interests of the foreign mission field were daily talked over in the farmhouse at Shelbourne. As soon as she could read Fidelia devoured missionary intelligence, and always welcomed the *Missionary Herald*, which she often read aloud to her mother. At the age of thirteen her sabbath school teacher spoke to her scholars on the importance of decision for Christ. The word penetrated the girl's heart. For months she was distressed on account of her sinfulness. One day the mother gently asked her, "What is it, my child?" With bursting heart she answered, "Mother, I am a lost sinner." The mother dealt tenderly, wisely, with her, and Fidelia received the glad tidings of salvation into her heart, and in 1831 made a public confession of faith in Christ. From this time she sought to bring others to the same Saviour. She began to teach in the sabbath school, and in other ways to work for those around.

When twenty-three Fidelia left her childhood's home, and

entered Mount Holyoke Seminary, becoming a member of the middle class. The following description of the advantages she found there will be read with interest. "This institution had a high reputation for its educational and religious tone. There presided over it one of the most gifted, fascinating, and holiest of women, Miss Lyon. Here Fidelia found herself in a thoroughly congenial element. The very atmosphere was exhilarating to her intellectual and spiritual nature. The diligence and thoroughness in study there required, and the almost rigid order and system which prevailed throughout the establishment, suited her mental habits. The prominence given to religious instruction and religious duties happily met the wants of her rapidly developing religious life. She felt the quickening influence of contact with so many other minds whose general aims and sympathies accorded with her own. Especially did she feel and respond to the rare influence of that imperial mind which originated and presided over the institution. She early conceived a profound and reverent attachment for Miss Lyon, which became intensified and was in no small measure reciprocated. It was a wise providence that brought two such natures together, fit teacher for fit pupil."

At the close of the first year of Fidelia's studies typhoid fever appeared in the school. Fidelia returned home, and shortly sickened with the disorder. During this illness she had an experience which she held very sacred, and seldom alluded to it. She thought herself dying, and the glories of the unseen world appeared opening around her, and her Saviour seemed very near, speaking words of peace to her. Ever afterwards the thought of death was pleasant to her. But she had other experiences during that visit at home. Her father and a sister took the fever and died. The sister was younger than herself and tenderly loved; she had previously been led to Christ for salvation through Fidelia's prayers and entreaties.

After nearly a year at home Fidelia Fiske returned to Mount Holyoke and entered the senior class. After graduating she became a teacher in the seminary. Profitable and stimulating

and thorough as the course of study was in the school, the assistance afforded in the soul's training had for Fidelity Fiske and for many others a value altogether priceless. One arrangement in the school was greatly prized by the Christian members of that large gathering, and often these formed a large proportion of the two or three hundred pupils. The description of the "half-hour system" in the American edition of *Mary Lyon's Life* gives a little insight into the thought for everything which characterized this remarkable woman. It mattered not whether it were making bread (an accomplishment she mastered after she went to Mount Holyoke), or giving an abstruse lesson, or making opportunities for religious edification for her pupils, she rested not till she had found out the plan which was the most perfect that she could devise. Her versatility was wonderful. In the matter of seasons for communion with God, Miss Lyon held it to be her duty to arrange stated times for the private reading of the Scriptures and prayer for her numerous pupils, whom she received into her heart when they entered her home. For this purpose half an hour was set apart morning and evening, and provision made that each pupil should be alone during these seasons. No inquiry was made as to how she had employed the time, only whether she had been free from interruption and had abstained from interrupting others. To the Christian girls the time thus given for retirement was accepted as a precious boon. Many others received impressions for good during these half-hours, and dated from them the commencement of a permanent blessing.

Had the school at first been composed of frivolous girls, to whom the time of silence would have been irksome, Miss Lyon would have waited till the majority could appreciate it before arranging the plan. But on her first opening the seminary in 1837 nearly all who entered were Christian young women. Miss Lyon's daily morning Bible expositions were of great value. From the storehouse of her own deep experience she drew lessons to illustrate her Scripture teaching. Fidelity Fiske had doubtless known the benefit of daily prayer and devotional

reading of the Bible before she went to Mount Holyoke, but the habit must have been greatly strengthened there.

In 1842 Mary Lyon felt deeply anxious that her beloved seminary "should be more thoroughly pervaded with the missionary spirit." She called a meeting of all present and told them that "one great aim in founding the institution had been to advance the missionary cause." At that meeting the seminary was again dedicated to the interests of missions. Miss Lyon was often heard to say in after years, "I little knew how much that prayer meeting would cost me." Six of the twelve teachers then at Mount Holyoke sooner or later devoted themselves to mission work among the heathen.

Shortly after this meeting Dr. Perkins visited Mount Holyoke, in order to lay before the teachers his need for a missionary teacher in Persia. Miss Fiske in consequence sent him a little note containing these words, "If counted worthy, I should be willing to go." However, her mother and other friends placed difficulties in the way "on the ground of health." Fidelia yielded to these objections. Later, when the time for the departure of the mission party was near at hand, the call to go pressed so heavily upon her that, after a sleepless night, she felt she must offer herself if her relations would relent. In the morning the friend to whom she had confided her distress spoke to Miss Lyon, who, with her accustomed promptitude, offered to go with Fidelia at once to Shelbourne. They started in a sleigh and travelled thirty miles, reaching the mountain home, after sundry overturnings in the snow, late on Saturday evening. The family were awakened, and rose to welcome the travellers. "Prayers and tears mingled with the discussions of the hour," and before the sabbath closed the mother was able to say, "Go, my child; go!" During the short time that remained before the departure of Miss Fiske, her friends at Mount Holyoke spent all their spare time in sewing, for her outfit.

On the day of her departure a meeting was held to give her the parting blessing. Then all gathered round her, and with

many tears took leave of one whose tender thought for them had won the love of all. She only smiled and said, "when all life's work is done we shall meet again." One present at this meeting writes : "Shall we ever forget how affectionately she implored her sisters in Christ to live faithfully for Him, how tenderly she entreated the impenitent to listen to mercy's call? Shall we forget the tones of that voice which had so often led us in our devotions, as she once more commended us to her God and our God?"

Miss Fiske carried with her many notes from her pupils, containing words like these : "Pray for me that my present feelings be not lost, that I may come to Jesus *now*." "While you labour for Persia's daughters, will you not sometime offer a petition for your unconverted friend on Christian ground?" "When your eye glances over these lines on the broad waters, will you not offer one petition for me, that I may not be lost for ever?"

This praying work was most congenial to her; and in her cabin, and often on her land journey of eight hundred miles, she poured out her heart for these souls so precious to her. It was not until her arrival in Persia that she learned that most of these prayers had been answered in the conversion of a large number at Mount Holyoke. Her joy and thankfulness were almost overpowering, and words failed her to express her feelings. During the voyage Miss Fiske diligently studied the Persian language, in which she afterwards became an accomplished scholar. She also devoted much time to guiding the studies of the young daughter of her companions, Dr. and Mrs. Perkins.

After landing at Trebizond, a visit was paid to some missionaries who, in loneliness and great discouragement had been toiling for years. To these Miss Fiske's bright faith and words of cheer were both soothing and stimulating. None know so well as the isolated missionaries in a heathen land the value of a little Christian fellowship.

Oroomiah has 25,000 inhabitants, of whom 900 are Nestorians,

2,000 are Jews, and the rest Mohammedans. During the fourteen centuries which had elapsed since the rise of their founder the Nestorians had become much degraded, and had little religion left among them.

For about eight years before Miss Fiske's arrival, American missionaries had been working among this people in the neighbourhood of Oroomiah, but their drawbacks had been many, and no revival of religion had taken place. They had succeeded, however, in establishing a seminary where men as well as boys were taught, and a number of day schools were scattered about in the surrounding villages. The degradation of the women seemed complete, and Miss Fiske desired to establish a boarding school for girls as the only way of teaching them decent habits. The idea was looked upon as almost chimerical by her fellow missionaries. A devoted missionary, Mrs. Grant, had commenced a female day school, and this had been continued since her death; but the home life almost counteracted the good effect of the few hours spent weekly under civilized training, at least so far as moral influences went. The poor women were used as drudges, and spent much of their spare time in quarrelling and fighting among themselves. They appeared to have no desire to learn, and for long no fathers would give up their daughters to enter the school. They feared losing some favourable chance for marriage; and they were also afraid that education would unfit the girls for the heavy field labour to which they were accustomed. But notwithstanding all these obstacles the Mission Board offered Miss Fiske funds if she could procure six pupils for her boarding school. She determined not to give up the project till she had used all the means within her power to obtain the desired result. She gave herself five years for trial, but long before the first year had passed over six little girls had learned to love her as a mother. The first two, Selby and Khancee, were brought by the Nestorian bishop, Mar Yohanan. Miss Fiske saw them coming, and hastened to open the door. "I wept tears of joy," she writes, "over these two. Their little

hands were placed in mine as the bishop said to me, 'They are your daughters ; no man shall take them from your hand.' I shall be glad to give them to the Lord Jesus, and love to think of them as the beginning of the new school. Mar Yohanan said, 'Now you begin Mount Holyoke in Persia.'

There was much to be done before continuous mental instruction could be given. "It is no pleasant work," she says, "to do for these children when they first come to us. Our own hands must wash their poor bodies. You can have little idea of the filth and degradation from which we take them. We must first try to make them outwardly clean, and we are glad to do this, asking Jesus to give them a new heart." The habits of lying and stealing seemed ingrained. Nothing was safe from the little hands when the teacher's back was turned, and it was useless to ask where the articles were, as they told lies in abundance with perfect nonchalance. Miss Fiske felt that she must, if possible, put a stop to this pilfering, and she had recourse to the following expedient. It was a summer evening ; the children were about to go through her room to their beds on the roof. She placed six black pins on her cushion, and slipped out as they passed. On her return the cushion was empty, and she went and told the girls of her loss. The twelve little hands were all lifted up as they said, "God knows that we have not got them." Miss Fiske replied, "I think that God knows you have got them." She searched each carefully, with no success. She then knelt down with them, and prayed that God would show her where the lost pins were, adding, "He may not see it best to show me now, but He will do it sometime." As she rose from her knees she remembered that she had not examined the cloth caps, and she proposed to do so. Instantly one little girl put her hands to her cap. This was first examined, and there were the six pins carefully hidden in the folds. This circumstance had a marked influence on the children. "The pupils looked upon the discovery as an answer to prayer, and so did their teacher."

A devoted young teacher, in the depths of the country among our little English heathens, had the same difficulty with the stealing and lying propensities of the children. Probably she had not read of Miss Fiske's experiences, but she once tried the same plan when an article had been stolen by one child from another. The same result followed; after prayer with her children the culprit was discovered, and all the scholars had a salutary and practical exposition of the text, "Thou God seest me." The little girl who stole the six pins became a useful Christian woman.

Besides her school duties Miss Fiske undertook to visit the women and try to get them to attend the preaching. They, however, could not be induced to go and hear a man, and she had to instruct them herself. The first expositions were of the simplest character. Here is one. "After reading the history of the creation, she asked 'Who was the first man?' Answer, 'What do we know? we are women.' This was about equivalent in English to 'We are donkeys.' Then she told them that Adam was the first man, and made them repeat the name 'Adam' over and over, till they remembered it. The next question was, 'What does it mean?' Here too they could give no answer; not because they did not know, for the word was in common use among them, but they had no idea that they could answer, and so they did not, but were perfectly delighted to find that the first man was called *red earth* because he was made of it. This was enough for one lesson. It set them thinking, it woke up faculties previously dormant."

At a distant village hundreds of women came together to meet the missionaries. After fruitless attempts to keep them from talking, Miss Fiske told them that, unless they would put their fingers on their lips and not say a word, she could not speak. After some minutes silence was obtained in this way, and when she had gained their attention she read a story out of the New Testament, and prayed with them.

In June, 1844, Miss Fiske was going to Seir for the summer

rest, intending to take her boarder, now twelve in number, with her, when a storm of persecution burst upon the missionaries. All the fifty schools, in the villages on the plains, were dispersed, and Miss Fiske had to part with her beloved children, with the exception of the daughter of Priest Abraham, who insisted on her remaining. The hostility against the mission work began in the patriarchal family; the patriarchs, uniting with the Jesuits and Mussulmans, "vowed to exterminate the mission." Miss Fiske writes of this dark hour: "The thought of turning our back on those whom we had hoped to be instrumental in raising to life and immortality is truly painful. The possibility of its being so has cost me many a struggle; but I am now willing to go anywhere that my Father sees best to send me. . . . I knew not before that my affections had become so closely entwined round this poor people, nor how severely I should feel a removal from them."

She writes subsequently: "I called [the children] together, and Mr. Stocking briefly told them the reasons why they were to be sent away. I wept like a child, and they all burst into audible weeping. I have wept before when called to part with those for whom I had been permitted to labour; but oh, I knew not then the bitterness I now felt! I was about to send these children to a darkness almost like heathenism. Had I not remembered that the Lord taketh care of His own, and believed that He would bring light out of darkness, my feelings would have been insupportable." A German Jew who was with them exclaimed, as he saw the weeping children depart, "I seen much bad to missionaries in other countries, but nothing bad like this, to take little children from words of Jesus Christ."

When everything seemed hopelessly dark the Russian ambassador at Teheran stepped in, and through his kindly intervention the missionaries were able to resume their work, though still under great opposition.

In November the children returned, bringing others with them, so that by the end of the year there were twenty-five

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boarders in the school. Miss Fiske was now assisted in the establishment by a Nestorian deacon. The following account of her ceaseless care for the bodies and souls and minds of those entrusted to her is from her own pen : "Most of my girls leave me to-day for a week's vacation. I find that I am needing rest. You may wonder that I should be worn, with no larger school and with native help. But you must know that I must be mother and housekeeper as well as teacher. The girls come to me needing a great deal of care at first. Each one must be separately cared for as she comes in ; otherwise the filth, etc., that she has brought from her home will spread through our partially purified family. . . . I must look to all their food and all their clothes ; I must see that they are in readiness for every duty, and also that they perform it. I must see that they are all quiet at the hour of sleep, and that they are awake at the hour of waking. In short, there is no hour in which I can sit down and feel perfectly at ease in regard to my little ones, if I am absent from them ; and yet I doubt not that I have found more help than many who undertake such a charge in foreign lands. It is no small work to prepare lessons, even in the imperfect way I give them. I have enjoyed much in reading the Bible with these children ; we spend hours each day thus employed. God may yet sanctify them through His truth, though now they seem far from it. When tried with the filth and degradation of these girls and of their mothers, I am comforted by the thought that Jesus has been in just such homes and blessed their little ones. How much more He felt these things than I *can* feel them ! I love to rest in this thought when a new child is brought to me, and when I am wandering in the lanes of our city."

She writes on March 8th : "Not long since I invited the mothers of all my children to spend an afternoon with their daughters. Almost all came, some walking five or six miles in the snow and mud. It was an interesting hour when we could thus bring mothers and daughters together, and enforce upon them their relative duties. I hope the afternoon was not

spent in vain, and that I shall enjoy many such precious privileges with the mothers and daughters of this fallen Israel."

It was now easy to obtain boarders, indeed so many applied to be admitted into the school that Miss Fiske was obliged to resume the day school which had been discontinued. This was at first taught by a former pupil named Selby, a girl of fourteen who had left the school to marry a little boy a year younger than herself. After the summer vacation in 1845, Miss Fiske writes on October 23rd :

"You will be glad to hear that my school is reassembled for the year. I do not think the fond mother more anxiously longs for the return of a loved absent child than I do for the return of my dear ones. It would have done you good to see the pleasure depicted on their countenances as they again entered our dwelling. As we are crowded, and obliged to refuse many applicants, we insist that none but those perfectly happy with us and willing to abide by our every rule shall remain with us. Selby is not with us this year. We hoped to have her here, and her heart was strongly set on coming, but her avaricious father-in-law demanded such pay for her services that we could not think of employing her. I feel deeply for this lamb of Jesus (for such I believe she is) in her seclusion from Christian society. But the Lord knows His own, and will keep them to the end. In her place I have a young deacon of good abilities, but who gives no evidence of piety. Pray for him that he may become the Lord's. Perhaps the Lord has designs of mercy towards him, and for this reason has brought him to us.

"It is exceedingly gratifying to see that our pupils have not lost their religious interest during their absence. The last sound that falls from their lips at evening is the voice of prayer. They retire to their rooms for the night about eight o'clock ; after a few moments we ring a bell for their lights to be extinguished, and for them to cease speaking one to another. After this, often five or six are known to engage in audible prayer. There is something affecting to me, as I pass by their

door, in hearing their supplications and in remembering that Jesus hears the infant's prayer if offered aright. I often feel obliged to seek my pillow before nine o'clock, having no time to rest during the day. I never looked upon the school with a deeper feeling of responsibility than I now do. Oh, may it be not only what its patrons in America, but also what the Lord, would have it to be!"

The first Monday in the New Year was observed by the mission as a day of fasting and prayer. There had been previously only some slight indication of the blessing that was about to descend upon the children of both seminaries. "We had spoken," writes Miss Fiske, "of passing that day in 'wrestling for souls.' But we had only begun to seek, not to wrestle, when we learned that souls were pleading for themselves. I went into my school as usual, at nine o'clock; and after telling the pupils that many prayers would, that day, be offered for them by friends far away, I prayed with them, and then asked them to retire to another room, where they would study with a native teacher. All but two passed out. As these two lingered I said, 'Did you understand me?' They came nearer, and I saw that they were in tears. 'Have you heard bad news?' I inquired. They gave no answer; but, coming still nearer, whispered, 'May we have to-day to care for our souls?' one of them (Sarah) adding 'Perhaps, next year, I shall not be here.' I had no private room or closet to give them, but the dear children would find a place. They went to the wood cellar, and there they spent that cold day, seeking the forgiveness of sin. Nor did they seek in vain; they were soon trusting in Christ, and we were led to hope for yet greater blessings.

"I cannot well describe the scenes of that week. One after another bowed under a sense of sin. Every place was occupied for prayer. The two schools hardly knew anything of each other's condition till Friday, when they met in the usual weekly prayer-meeting, in the room which Mr. Stoddard had asked might be 'wholly consecrated to the Lord for ever

We felt that evening that the room was no longer ours but the Lord's, and we all wanted it to be His for ever. The boys sat on one side, and the girls on the other; and I never saw a company that seemed more fully impressed with eternal realities. The careless ones had stayed away, and those present were earnest seekers. It seemed to me that Mr. Stocking and Mr. Stoddard were Heaven-inspired that night, as they spoke of sin and of Him who saves from sin. Souls were born there; and we do not wonder that many of our native friends think the place a Bethel.

"For three weeks after the revival commenced we had but little company. The time seemed to be given us to labour expressly for our pupils, and it was to us like one continued sabbath. Every place in our house was consecrated by prayer, and all our work was for souls. At the end of three weeks Nestorians from without began to flock around us, and now our dear pupils were true helpers. I often had as many as ten or fifteen women to pass the night with us. . . . I love to remember these nights of watching with the Lord Jesus for those precious souls. Oh, how easy to watch when He is with us."

Speaking of the earnestness in prayer manifested by the converts Miss Fiske writes :

"If they do not pray several times a day, they feel that they are becoming very cold hearted. To-day, as they were going out to walk, one of them, who perhaps had not prayed for three hours, felt that she could not go until she should have a few moments alone. I have the whole school divided into little circles of five or six each, and have a prayer meeting with one circle every day. These are precious seasons to me, and, I trust, to them also.

"One night the girls of the school, while walking with their teacher, came to a grove, when one of them said 'See, here is a grove; what doth hinder us to be praying?' So they scattered in different parts of the grove, and all prayed."

Again she writes :

"It is delightful to hear those who have but just begun to love the Lord, pleading for entire consecration to Him, and also, with the deepest apparent feeling, wrestling for their impenitent friends. Can it be, I often think at such times, that these are indeed sisters in Christ, redeemed by His blood, and heirs of heaven! If so, what an inroad has been made on Satan's kingdom! God has brought to pass in a day what years of man's labour could never effect. To His name we will give the glory."

Two months after the beginning of the awakening the pupils went to their homes for a vacation. As they took leave of their friends at the mission house they said, "Pray for us!" "Pray for us!" One little girl said, "Did you ever see a newborn lamb cast into the snow and live?" Miss Fiske adds, "Thank God, most of them did live, and we trust are to live for ever."

In the future of the mission many similar revivals were witnessed in that house, consecrated by so many prayers. Miss Fiske was very desirous to avoid excitement in religious things, and indeed the revivals seemed to come without anxious effort, save her abiding travail for souls and prayerful instructions in Scripture truths. The practical effects of these awakenings were most encouraging. Faults which the teachers had long sought in vain to correct "almost entirely disappeared."

Miss Fiske says: "God made me feel my utter helplessness, and then He did the work. Stealing and lying, to which they had been addicted, were afterwards of rare occurrence. Great tenderness of conscience was manifested; sins of which they had not been suspected were confessed; stolen articles were restored.

"Khanee, one of my girls, came to me greatly troubled, saying: 'Do you remember the day when, two years ago, Sawdee's new shoes were taken from the door?' I said 'Yes.' 'You thought a Moslem woman took them!' and then, bursting into tears, added, 'but I took them. I was angry with Sawdee, and I threw them into a well where no one could get them. What

shall I do? I know Jesus will not receive me till I have confessed it to Sawdee. Can I go and tell her to-night, and pray with her, and then go and work to get money to pay her for the shoes?' She paid for the shoes, and became a bright and shining light in her dark home. There were many cases just like this."

We learn also that "the intellects of the girls seemed greatly quickened by grace in the heart. They brought better lessons, wrote better compositions, and were in all respects better scholars, strikingly illustrating the power of the gospel, when received by faith, to elevate and improve the whole character and life."

Notices of two of the converts, firstfruits of the harvest which followed, will show the reality of the work. Miss Fiske thus writes of one of these :

"Sarah was a tall, dark eyed girl, of twelve or thirteen years, when she first came to my school. We had few books except the Bible, and so our pupils studied that most of the time. Sarah learned her Bible well, and could repeat large portions of it and tell all its stories. I could scarcely ask her to find a text to which she would not turn at once; I called her my concordance. But she did not learn that she was a sinner till January, 1846. She was the first at that time to ask the way to heaven, the first to find the way, and the first to enter heaven. She lived just five months after she said to me, on that first Monday in January, 'Perhaps next year I shall not be here.' Only a few days after her conversion her father said, 'Sarah knows the way to heaven better than I do.' He never felt that his 'daily bread' had been given him unless he had knelt with the dear child in prayer, and been carried to heaven by her petitions as well as his own. Mr. Stocking used to enjoy conversing with her very much. He often said, 'If I want to write a good sermon I like to sit down first and talk with Sarah, and then be sure that she is praying for me.'

"You can easily imagine that it was a most delightful privi-

lege to watch over the dear girl as she was nearing heaven. We would sit for an hour at a time, and talk of the home of the blest, while she, seeming to see its glories, would sing,

‘It will be good to be there.’

. . . then her thoughts would turn to souls around her. . . She was very feeble at the time of her conversion, but she *would* work for Christ. The girls, and women too, always loved to have Sarah tell them ‘the way.’ They would say, ‘We can see it when she tells us.’ I do not wonder that they saw it, for she seemed to see it all the time. I depended upon her so much that I doubt not I let her do more than she was able to do. Never perhaps was a young Christian going to the grave watched with more interest than was Sarah. ‘Will her hope sustain her at the last?’ ‘Will Jesus stay by her?’ ‘Will He come for her?’ they asked, ready to test the Lord’s faithfulness by the manner in which He should support this young sister in her trial. Their expectation was not disappointed; and since Sarah died the Nestorians have looked upon death as never before. Heaven’s gates are wider opened to them; and it is to them more a blessed reality that Christ comes Himself for His own.”

On the Sabbath on which she died Miss Fiske spent some time with her, and when obliged to go to the school she said to Sarah’s mother: “Send for me when the Master calls for the dear child, for, if I may not go over Jordan with her to-day, I wish to go with her to the swelling stream.” But when the hour approached and her sister started to fetch Miss Fiske, Sarah called her back, saying: “It is the hour when she prays with my companions; don’t call her. I can die alone.” She had encouraged her father to leave her to preach the glad tidings of the gospel, and she would not have him sent for, saying “I can die alone.” Miss Fiske writes:

“In my own room (the Bethel) I heard footsteps on the stairs; the door opened, and one stood by my side with the message, ‘Sarah is asleep.’ I was so thankful to be told in

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"Sarah was buried that same evening, according to the custom of the country. I followed her to the grave with the whole school, and we laid her very near dear Mrs. Grant. Will you wonder if I tell you that I trod the way to that grave in sadness? The great loss I had sustained seemed to crush me. I realized that Sarah would help me no more. And when I reached the place I could only look into the grave. But just as the coffin was lowered I looked up, and there was the bright star of evening; and I seemed to hear a voice saying, 'Thus your dear child has risen, a bright star in heaven.' Then I was glad she was there; I was glad that the first to love the Saviour was the first to go home. I love to think of her as there, waiting for us who prayed with her on earth. Her Christian life was a short one, but she did much, for she taught many how to die."

In the autumn of 1845 Deacon Gewergis had come from the mountains to bring his eldest daughter, twelve years of age, to the school. Miss Fiske, knowing him to be "one of the vilest of the Nestorians," very unwillingly received a member of his family into her house. She was thankful when he departed for his distant home, for he showed "such supreme selfishness and avarice" that it was a bad example to those around. When he returned in February he found the children anxious and praying for their souls. He ridiculed them, and when his daughter asked him to go alone with her to pray he laughed at her, and when he heard her pray "Save my father going down to destruction" he raised his hand to strike her, but was restrained. He used afterwards to say "God alone kept me from it." Miss Fiske writes of this eventful time :

"Sabbath noon Deacon Mured Khan came to me, and pleaded with me to go and talk with Deacon Gewergis. I wanted Mr. Stocking to go, but he said, 'You had better go now; I will see him afterwards.' So I went to the room where he was. He was sitting in the only chair in the room. He

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did not rise when I went in, or even offer me a seat ; so I stood by his side, and told him I had come to talk with him about his soul. He laughed at me, but said, 'I am safe,' and laughed yet again. I tried various ways to reach him, but all in vain. He opposed every doctrine of the gospel for more than an hour.

"I was about turning from him, when I seemed to have a new view of the worth of his soul. I turned to him, took his hand, and said: "Deacon Gewergis, I see you do not wish me to speak with you of your soul. I promise you that I will never do so again, if you do not wish me to ; but I want you to make me one promise : when we stand at the bar of God, and you are found on the *left hand*, as you certainly will be if you go on in your present course, promise me that you will tell the assembled universe that, on this twenty-second day of February, 1846, you were told your danger. I leave you, to pray for you.' I could say no more ; my heart was too full. I turned and was about leaving him, when he burst into tears, and said, 'My sister, I need this salvation ; I will go and pray for myself.'

"The hand was withdrawn, and Deacon Gewergis passed into the nearest room. I could hear a low voice, but I could not believe that it was prayer. The bell rang for chapel service. I sent my dear children alone, and I stayed to watch the praying man. I thought he would probably remain for a time, and then steal whatever he could lay his hands on, and depart. I had no faith ; so there I stayed and watched till I seemed to hear a voice saying, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' I was ashamed of myself, and went and found my place in the solemn assembly, where Brother Stoddard was preaching. I had been there but a few minutes when the door opened very gently. Deacon Gewergis entered ; his gun and dagger were gone, his turban had fallen over his face, his hands were raised to his eyes, and I could see the big teardrops falling. He stumbled into the nearest seat, and laid his head upon the desk. At the close of the service I asked Mr. Stocking if he

could see Deacon Gewergis, for, I said, 'I cannot see him again now.'" This good brother was ready for his work. After pleading with the deacon he left him alone, and soon the soul of this once degraded man "escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers." In the morning Mr. Stoddard visited him and found him full of love to Christ. "My great sins, and my great Saviour" was all he could say. Miss Fiske adds: "I said to Mr. Stoddard, 'You will not be deceived by this man.' He looked mildly upon me, saying, 'My sister, be not faithless but believing. I asked Mr. S. if he was willing to take the deacon home with him, and take care of him. He replied, 'I shall be but too glad to do it.' But before noon the man had left for his home, for he said, 'I must tell my friends and neighbours of sin and of Christ.' We heard nothing of him for two weeks, when one of our helpers was sent to find him. He found him in his own house, surrounded by his friends, telling them of 'sin and of Christ.' The helper spent the Sabbath with him, and on Monday they came to Oroomiah. The deacon soon found his way to my room, and I saw him at once. With tears in his eyes and hands extended, he approached, saying, 'I know you did not believe me, but you will love me, will you not?' Yes I loved him and wondered at my want of faith.

"The June after his hopeful conversion I went with Mr. Stocking's family to his house in Tergawar. This was the first time ladies had been into the mountains. The good deacon was greatly delighted with this visit; and we then commenced labours for females there, which we have loved to continue to the present time. One day we went upon the top of a high mountain; the road was rough and difficult of ascent, but the deacon, as much at home on those steeps as the wild goat, could not only take care of himself but of others. As he offered to help us, we said, 'We get on very well.' As he heard this I saw his eyes filled with tears, and he said, 'You helped me in a worse way, may I not help you?' We were made willing to be helped.

"The deacon gave himself, from the time of his conversion,

to labour for the mountains. The countenance, a sin and of Christ many times, with sack thrown among the rocks, cleft for side he was even is a fountain filled and pointed the was called to help.

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sin and of Christ.' He went through the mountain districts
many times, with his Testament and hymnbook in the knap-
sack thrown over his shoulders. As he entered the passes
among the rocks, he was sure to be found singing, 'Rock of
ages, cleft for me'; and when he sat down by the fountain's
side he was ever ready to burst forth with the hymn 'There
is a fountain filled with blood.' He warned all whom he met
and pointed them to Christ. After [ten] years of labour he
was called to his rest March 12th, 1856."

In 1847 Miss Rice joined Miss Fiske, and was her devoted
helper, and finally her successor, in the mission. Miss Fiske
writes to her mother:

"I am much pleased with my new companion. I love her
more and more every hour. I feel that she is just the one to
come here. The girls are delighted with their new teacher,
and well they may be. I do believe she is one of heaven's
choicest spirits. When she told me about her visit to you I
could not control my feelings. I laid my head on her shoulder
and wept aloud. Oh, it is such a comfort to me to think that
she has seen you! I have not forgotten to love you. My
heart is as warm as ever, and nothing has brought you more
freshly to my mind than seeing this dear sister. I am very
thankful that she was able to see you."

We can give no detailed account of the work which went
on, with just the interruption of the summer vacations, for
sixteen years; but we must refer to a few points of special
interest. The origin of the revival in 1849 is particularly
interesting. On the 20th of December, John, a native helper
in the mission, came before it was light to Miss Fiske's room,
saying that he could not sleep from distress at the state of the
mission, as he felt that they needed the presence of the Holy
Spirit among them. He added, "When I am praying, I feel
as if God would come among us."

To the teachers at Mount Holyoke Miss Fiske writes of this native :

"For days his head was bowed down as a bulrush, and he was mourning over his backsliding. He dwelt on his wanderings so much that, on being asked one day by one of the brethren, what he was doing, he replied in his imperfect English, 'I am studying backsliding; and oh, sir, I love it very much!' His meaning was not that he loved backsliding, but that he loved to get back to his God. His own quickening was followed by earnest desires for the salvation of others; and all within his reach were earnestly besought to be up and preparing the way of the Lord."

The distinctive feature, in this revival, was the distress for sin which those passed through who had been looked upon as "hopefully pious." After deep searching of heart these dedicated themselves afresh to the Lord's service and were very helpful in working among the inquirers. During this time Miss Fiske had to part with three girls from the distant mountains. Their parents had escaped to the plain in the dreadful massacre of 1843, and the girls had been taken into the seminary. They improved quickly in manners and knowledge, and when the time came for their departure appeared to be established Christians. The parting from their friends at the school was most touching. It is very interesting to learn that "years afterwards they were found by the native preachers, with the love of Christ still burning in their hearts, ready to welcome and assist them in their missionary labours."

At the close of this term the first public examination was held; about two hundred guests, parents, etc., coming to see what had been accomplished. The pupils were examined in ancient and modern Syriac, Bible history, geography and natural philosophy, and were found to be well grounded in these subjects. Useful employments for the hands were not overlooked; the report goes on to tell us that the scholars "cut out and make all their own clothing, and do considerable sewing and knitting for others. They earned about six dollars

in this way last year, which they will devote to some benevolent object. It will be seen that they can have but few idle moments, when it is known that they knit more than a hundred pairs of stockings and gloves, in their recreation hours, during the winter term. Our pupils now furnish their own clothing in part. This, with the greater economy of the girls in domestic management, and saving the hire of help, enables us to reduce the expenses of each pupil to about eighteen dollars a year. This sum includes rent, repairs, board, clothing in part, fuel, lights, etc."

One great encouragement in the work was the postponement of the marriages till the girls were seventeen or even nineteen years of age. This of course grew out of the value felt by the natives for the instruction given. One girl would have her marriage day fixed only by the teachers of the male seminary, saying that when they decided that her *fiancé* "had studied enough she was ready."

Many of these young married Christians became lights in their homes; Miss Fiske writes of one of her girls:

"Moressa, one of our older pupils, was to-day betrothed. When the time came for placing the ring, which is the seal of the engagement, upon her finger, she was not to be found. The house was searched, and in its remotest closet her plaintive voice was heard pleading for the blessing of the Holy One on what she was about to do. The company who had assembled were long detained, but were deeply interested in thinking that a child of prayer was to be added to their family. It was a day, not of customary mirth, but of deep and holy feeling. May we not hope that she, and the youth of her choice, will indeed be blessed? Only those who have seen the rioting and folly common on such occasions can realize what were our feelings in view of such an engagement, begun and ended with fervent prayer."

The change from wild, boisterous, untutored girls, given to lying and stealing, to quiet, matured, Christian women, is evidenced by the words of some of these during their last hours

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

of intercourse with their beloved friend. It was in 1859; many had come from distant homes to the May communion. It was a time of deep feeling to Miss Fiske when in a room at the seminary she gathered around her those for whose temporal and spiritual welfare she had laboured and prayed years before. We will give her own words :

“After singing, I said it would be pleasant to have them tell of their joys and sorrows in the Christian life, and then together to carry them to Christ. Hardly a moment passed before Khance, one of the two little girls first received into my school, spoke. She had recently buried her only child, and with a full heart said, raising her arms as if still holding her little one—

“Sisters, four months ago, you saw me here with my babe in my arms. It is not here now. I have laid it into Jesus’ arms. I have come to-day to tell you that there is a sweet, as well as a bitter, in affliction. When the rod is laid upon us, let us not only kiss it but press it to our lips. When I stood by that little open grave, I said: ‘All the time I have given to my babe I will give to souls. I have tried to do so. Pray for me that I may be faithful.’

“We had all followed the dear sister in what she said, and were all weeping. I could only say, ‘Who will pray?’ Sanum (whose children were poisoned), understanding well the bereaved mother’s feelings, knelt at once, and carried us to the Saviour, who surely wept with us. I can never forget how she prayed for bereaved mothers, nor how she pleaded for those still folding their little ones in their arms. As we followed her in her earnest entreaties there was perfect silence, except as the sweet voice of her own little babe seemed sometimes to add to the tenderness of the petitions. A child in heaven! what a treasure! And what a blessing that the heart may be there also. As we arose we saw that Nazloo, who had just come from the banks of Jordan, had a word for us. It was this: ‘Sisters, I have just come back from the grave’s brink. I am here to-day, to tell you that it is a very different thing to be a Christian in this pleasant schoolroom, from what it is

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when standing with one foot in the grave. Let us all examine and see if our hopes will stand in the hour of death.' A tender prayer followed, in which it seemed that all must join in the petition 'Search us and try us.'

"The next to speak was one of our early pupils. She had come many miles that day, and said: 'Sisters, I could think of but one thing all the way this morning, "Freely ye have received, freely give." We have certainly received freely, have we given anything? Can we not do something for souls?'"

The disease which was eventually to terminate her earthly labours had begun to show itself in Fidelia Fiske. She fondly hoped that a visit to her native land would give her new vigour to work in Persia. Upheld by this hope she took leave of those who were bound to her heart by very tender ties, and departed to the United States, followed by many prayers and many blessings. One of her scholars writing to her after her departure says: "I think of the time when you used to throw your arms about my neck and entreat me to be a lover of the Lord." Another writes: "especially do I remember how you used to speak of the love, the measure of which no creature can reach. We miss you greatly; but the Lord Jesus has been the gardener of our school, He has come down and watered it with heavenly rain."

Two of her pupils, now women, wrote to Miss Fiske's mother:

"She taught us what Christ was. She used to go often to some of the large villages, visiting from house to house, especially to comfort the poor women. She would sit down by the wheel a few minutes, and show them that as the body has need of food and raiment, so also the soul has wants which must be met, needing for its clothing the garment of Christ's righteousness and for its food the hidden manna. She would also sit at the looms of the boys and young men, and weave a little, drawing their thoughts upward by her excellent skill in many ways, and then she would pray with them. After her visits to the houses she would not spare herself the melting

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

heats of summer, but would go into the fields to the women weeding cotton, and converse with them there.

"If she saw a fault in us (which often happened) she did not reprove us suddenly and with severity, but, although very sad and in tears, she waited, meanwhile asking help of her Father in heaven; then, with words gentle but penetrating and awakening, she talked with us till our hearts melted like wax; then, in the ardour of her love, she knelt with us, committing us to the counsel and guidance of God. There was no heart that would not melt before the fire of her love, unless it were one entirely overcome by Satan."

Once more in the old home Miss Fiske found herself warmly welcomed. At the chapel on the first Sabbath after her arrival "old people threw their arms around her neck and wept; young men and young women, who had been children when she left them, asked with eager love, 'Can you remember such a little girl or such a boy?'"

The Bible classes in her native place begged each to have a visit from her, and all in succession received the blessing of her prayerful teachings.

We must not linger over the manifold interests of the next three years. In weariness, and often in suffering, she was yet full of brightness and zeal, and many of very different positions and ages felt the stimulating effect of her faithful words and holy living. At Mount Holyoke and at other seminaries young ladies looked upon her visit as the "starting point to a higher Christian life." Gatherings were invited to meet her in drawing-rooms, and great was the interest awakened both in the cause of missions and in real spiritual religion by her "talks." Among those who received a rich blessing were people living only for this world, who had been attracted to hear her. Sometimes the private rooms were too small, and she was invited to address large gatherings in schoolrooms or churches. This was a severe trial to her, and she would spend half the night in prayer previously to these meetings. Her rule was "never to speak of her missionary work unless

urged to do so by judicious friends." Among her other engagements she found time to prepare the materials for a work which was edited by one of her friends. It is entitled, "Woman and her Saviour in Persia." She also undertook the commemorative volume of the "twenty-seventh anniversary of Mount Holyoke Seminary," and gathered together her recollections of Mary Lyon.¹ Positions of high usefulness were offered her, but her heart was in Persia, and she waited to see if the guiding Hand would point to her return. But it was otherwise ordered; and when hope of resuming her work there was fading, she accepted the post which had long been pressed upon her, turning her steps towards Mount Holyoke to take the oversight of the three hundred pupils assembled there. This was in the autumn of 1863. Two teachers being absent, Miss Fiske soon expended her remaining physical strength in her labours at the seminary. After January she could seldom mingle in the family, but even then her room became the centre of blessing to the teachers and pupils who singly or in groups went there to pray and to receive the instruction she was so well qualified to give. Towards the end of the term there was much awakening in the school and many tokens of encouragement. Miss Fiske was able to attend some of the prayer-meetings. She writes: "March 11th. It seems certain that I cannot go to Oroomiah this spring. I do not doubt my Father's wisdom in not giving me the health for it. I have been very thankful to be here and see the harvest gathered in." Even in the midst of the bustle of preparing for starting home, the different parties of scholars met together for prayer. Till the carriages came to the door they remained praying. Miss Fiske says, "It seemed so much like other years, just like that Eastern home." Her work was nearly done, and she sought the dear Shelbourne home to die there. The suffering was often severe, and increased by any mental or physical exertion, yet she wrote letters of "counsel and comfort" to

¹ "Mary Lyon: Recollections of a Noble Woman." Morgan & Scott.

her friends. In one, addressed to a missionary starting for Persia, she says :

"You know that you bear to those dear friends in Oroomiah the love and deepest interest of my heart. They will ask, as they have often done, 'Why does she delay her coming?' and they will henceforth ask this very gently if my letters have helped them to understand how I long to be with them. If a sea voyage would take me there, I should not be slow in deciding to go to them. If I could not work I could look upon those dear children again, and ask them to hold in remembrance the one way to our 'home,' when I shall have gone from them. Those dear native friends, how my heart goes out toward them! May you be spared to meet them and bless them in the name of the Lord! . . . We were blessed with the 'early rain,' and my prayer is that in the 'latter rain' you may find a yet richer blessing."

The nervous prostration was very distressing, and if any word which savoured of impatience escaped her lips the poor sufferer would weep over it. But as the time for her departure drew near she seemed lifted above the pain. "As I grow weaker," she said, "I think less of pain, and feel more my Saviour's arms about me, and it is sweet to feel them." On her last Sabbath on earth she asked to have copies of "Immanuel's Land" laid upon her table to give one to each visitor. To the teachers and pupils at Mount Holyoke she dictated a message ending with these words, "Live for Christ; in so doing we shall all be blessed, in time and in eternity."

It was on July 26th, 1864, that the end came; and while a minister, who had called in the early morning, was praying with her, at her own request, the redeemed spirit of Fidelity Fiske entered upon the eternal "summer morn,"

"[Where] to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

"HOLY IN ALL MANNER OF CONVERSATION."

ADELAIDE L. NEWTON.

*Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe, neath the covert of Thy wing
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee!*

*Translated from the French of
J. F. OBERLIN.*

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

"A BOOK came into my hands which interested me greatly. This I read and re-read, and made an abstract of it. It was the 'Life of Adelaide Newton.' What struck me in it so much was, to find that this lady was able to hold spiritual communion with God by means of a Bible only. Is it possible, I thought, to have such close communion with God, apart from the Church and her ministrations? I do not hesitate to say that this was the means, under God, of stripping off some remains of my graveclothes, and enabling me to walk in spiritual liberty."—*From Death unto Life: or Twenty Years of my Ministry.*" Morgan & Scott.

XI.

ADELAIDE L. NEWTON.¹

BORN 1824. DIED 1854.

ADELAIDE LEAPER NEWTON was born at Leylands, near Derby, in 1824. Very bright were the first years of her life, spent in a beautiful home surrounded by every earthly luxury, where she had full opportunity for the development of her talents and tastes. She was very fond of music, and "her peculiarly sweet touch in playing and voice in singing" gave a great charm to her music. She was particularly quick in acquiring languages, and in early life studied several modern tongues; while, later, Greek and Hebrew were her delight, assisting her to derive deeper instruction from *the Book* which in after years was the main companion of her quiet days.

Naturally graceful and attractive she was always modest, and never appeared to be spoiled by the praises which her powers and acquirements called forth. Long after, she writes of this period of her life: "my heart naturally clung very much to the world. Music was my great snare. I took infinite pains to play well, and delighted secretly in the commendation I got whenever I played before any one. Fancy now its being nearly four years since I have touched either piano or organ. And my singing, which I had once even more reason to be satisfied with, is probably for ever silenced. You cannot think how I thank God from my heart that He would not let me

¹ From the "Memoir of Adelaide L. Newton," by John Baillie, D.D. James Nisbet & Co. By permission of the Author.



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gratify the secret pride which was lurking in it, and which was stealing my love from HIM."

Carefully brought up by Christian parents, Adelaide delighted in the times of religious instruction and as a child showed much thoughtfulness. When about eleven years old the words of a visitor impressed her and some of the other members of the family, and they read eagerly such books as Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," Fletcher's "Address," and at one time several of them "each unknown to the other used to spend many solitary hours in devotional reading and in prayer."

But in these exercises Adelaide did not find the rest she desired. The winter of 1838-9 was to her a time of much depression and misery. She writes: "There is something within, which keeps me from enjoying perfect peace. If I could once be sure that I am justified, then all would be right. I wish, more and more, every day, to see some clergyman who would tell me what he thought of me. Still, I can hardly think that God would have brought me so far to put me to shame."

The rest of soul came at last, as so often it does, through the teaching of one outside the family circle. One morning at Leylands Dr. H. M'Neile at family worship read the third of Colossians, selecting the first verse, "If ye then be risen with Christ," etc., urging the necessity of making sure of this starting point, setting forth Christ and His resurrection life as the sinner's immediate privilege, and closing with an appeal on the duty of instant decision for Christ. The message went straight to Adelaide's heart. "The words," says her sister, "were used effectually by the Holy Spirit to decide her to be the Lord's."

And, thus deciding, she entered into the peace of believing and went forward upon the highway of holiness.

"How did I know," she writes some time afterwards in reference to this period, "that my sins were all washed away? Because I was trusting simply to the FINISHED work of Christ, and was not waiting until I had done anything to evidence it. What we *do*, as Christians, proves whose we are *in the eyes of*

the world (Matt. vii. 16-20); but the grand question with us is, whose we are *in the sight of God*; and that depends entirely on our acceptance of the finished work of Christ. Union with Christ makes us Christians; and that should be the test *whose we are.*"

After this change Adelaide's closing years at school were full of influence for good on those around. A friend who knew her well thus writes of her: "Her love to Jesus was her animating principle, and the very joy of her heart. To lead her young companions to HIM was her grand aim. Her winning cheerfulness made the young see how happy Jesus could make them. Every girl loved her, some most devotedly."

In 1842 she visited Ireland and left behind her the savour of a holy life. One who met her then writes thirteen years after: "I can well remember how much we were both struck by her deep spirituality, the very enlarged range of her intellectual powers, the chastened tone of her mind, and the exquisite modesty and simplicity of her manners and character. We were not less delighted with the warmth of her zeal for the enlightenment of the poor Irish people."

Evidently living near to the Lord, many friends and old schoolfellows sought Adelaide's counsel in their spiritual difficulties. To one she writes: "In one sense all conformity to the world is forbidden. We could not have stronger language than St. Paul's, 'Come out, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing.' But then he has balanced that extreme by telling us, on the other hand, that if we kept *no* company with ungodly people we 'must needs go out of the world.' And so far from this being intended, we are expressly commanded to be 'blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world.' Again, we find Jesus when on earth accepting an invitation to a wedding feast (John ii.); and He dined with a Pharisee (Luke vii.), who most certainly was a man of the world. And don't you think

He is as much our example in these things as in visiting the poor, and in relieving the sick and needy?"

To another: "I think the love of the world may show itself very differently in different persons, and that no one can altogether judge for another, whether they are indulging it in what they do, or not. But I believe conscience tells each child of God in secret. I dare not decidedly judge for you, even in my own mind, how far you may rightly go into the world; but I feel sure that if you honestly seek direction from God, you will certainly get it. My desire for you is that you may walk as Jesus walked. I don't think we can aim too high. Let your standard be to be like HIM."

"I hope," she adds, "you will not think me severe upon you in anything I have said; for you cannot think how I feel for you. My natural heart was so fond of the same worldliness, though in a different way. I struggled for months, or I may say years, between God and the world; but never did I enjoy peace or happiness the whole time. No one knew what I endured. May you be spared the bitter conflict, and choose the better part at once and unreservedly!

"Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now;
Our deep, Divine, unfailling spring
Of grace and glory, Thou!"

Adelaide had to give up some of the prized companions of other days because her path and theirs diverge^d but as she went on in her Christian course she made many friendships both among rich and poor.

In 1843 she commenced teaching in the sabbath school, and her life became full of unwearied activity for others in her class and in her districts. She was richly blessed in her different departments of work, the secret of her success being the completeness of her surrender and the spirit of prayer in which she continually abode.

One day her sister assisted her in taking books and tracts from house to house in the district. "Noticing how long she

had waited at the different doors before going in, I asked her, as we were walking home, 'Do you always wait, when you knock at a door, till they open it?' 'No,' was her reply, 'but I always like to wait a moment, before I knock, to ask for the Holy Spirit to be with my mouth and teach me what to say in each house.' I have often thought of it since," her sister adds, "and have attributed to it her wonderful success among the poor whom she visited."

Adelaide Newton worked as if she knew that the time for *active* service would not be long. One day in June, 1846, after many hours spent in house to house visitation, she hastened home, became over heated, and took a chill. From this time she was more or less an invalid to the day of her death eight years later.

Writing from Malvern, whither she had gone for change at this time, she says: "You ask about my health. I am not well, but not ill. A troublesome cough has got me at last into the doctor's hands. He has ordered me to the seaside, where I may get my constitution strengthened and have no temptation to work as I was doing at home. He has positively forbidden me to go into crowded rooms, Sunday schools, etc., or to sit in the open air. I have had appliances to my chest; and I hope, in time, to be either restored to health again, or to go where pain and *sine* are known no more, to that perfect 'rest which remaineth.' My times are in His hands."

Resting in this belief Adelaide Newton entered upon this new experience with courage, and found fresh avenues for usefulness which her active life would probably never have developed. She found also that the comparative seclusion of an invalid is in no manner beyond the reach of temptation. It is a fallacy often fallen into by those in the storm and battle of life to believe that in the absence of outward noise and bustle is necessarily a quiet resting place. The nun in her cell knows very well that her tempter has only shifted his ground. He is quite capable of adapting his wiles to every variety of situation and every phase of character. From her

quiet lodging at Torquay where she spent several winters, or from the pleasant apartments devoted to the invalid at home, Adelaide Newton sent forth words of wise counsel and tender sympathy and strong encouragement, by means of letters to her friends and by her published works, to those who were in the rough paths of the everyday battle of life and to those also who like herself were called aside to rest from active labour.

Two works specially engaged her attention, and her delight in "digging out" thoughts from the Scriptures in the original languages was very great. Her first published book¹ was the Song of Solomon compared with other parts of Scripture. A thought which she specially desired to bring out in connection with Canticles was that "repeated declensions cause greater and more lengthened seasons of distance from the Lord, and He does not so immediately give the renewed sense of His presence."

When this book was completed she was encouraged to compare the Epistle to the Hebrews with the Old Testament. The preparation of this volume¹ was a source of deep interest to her, and during the last months of her life she laboured diligently to complete it. "Hebrews has shown me so much what sin is, by what it cost; I owe it so much," were her words one day when this testimony for her Lord was nearly finished.

But the Lord taught her through her literary labours that her pen, which early on she had consecrated to Him, was in His keeping. "I cannot do Hebrews," she tells us at one time, "I am so humbled over it still. I seem to have no power to touch it. How dependent we are upon God, are we not? I have not a word to say till He opens my lips, and I feel as if He had laid me down with my face on the ground, and as if I must wait till His hand touched me and set me on my feet again. It is worse than useless to try to do anything in my own weakness (I need not call it strength)."

The friend (the Hon. Mrs. C——) with whom Adelaide

¹ These volumes are published by Nisbet & Co.

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and to those also
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most intimately communion concerning the thoughts which the Spirit opened up to her, thus writes of her. "How I should like her portrait with her open Bible in her hands, as it always used to be, and all the energies of her penetrating mind digging deep for its unsearchable riches, now bringing up a bit of the precious ore with such delight as another bright addition to her store, and now surveying with increasing joy all she had already got. . . . The study of Jesus, His thought as perfect man, His mind as God, occupied her almost continually; and so richly was she repaid in these researches that there were seasons when her soul was so filled with adoration at the discoveries opened up to her, that for a time they seemed to extinguish temptation and leave her free to delight herself in God. Then again there was a reverse side to this picture, when this very study would open the floodgates of temptation and raise strong conflicts within. She could not bear to feel she had any thought which did not seem to harmonize perfectly with the mind of Him she worshipped. . . . Her spirit could find no rest when she found herself in a state only to acquiesce in any word of God: she wanted to go along with it; and if the hindrance to her doing so arose from imperfectly understanding it she ceased not to ask, to knock, to seek! Oh, how diligently did she spread her sails, how patiently did she wait for the precious gales of the Spirit, to carry her into that Presence without which existence was really a burden to her!"

The help she gathered from her Bible is illustrated by the following extracts from letters:

"Deuteronomy strikes me most as the book which instructs the true Israel of God as to their condition 'in the land.' I take it to be a stage beyond the wilderness, beyond even the conquests of the book of Joshua. It is not the first taking possession so much as the unflinching yielding up of the whole heart and life to God in after experience. It does so condemn me, dearest —, from page to page, that I almost shrink from saying what I seem to see in it: nought of the 'cursed thing,

cleaving to one's hand ; the cities of the enemy burnt to the ground, and all the spoil, every whit ; the diligent careful hearkening to God's words, and the holy obedience and truthfulness required ; and then, too, the rejoicing even before the Lord, and the intense holiness which the whole atmosphere of the entire book seems to breathe. Altogether it makes one breathless, if you understand me, to be in so pure an air. I think it is not studied by Christians as it deserves. We should be saved out of such mixture with the unholy and unclean if we saw our true standing in the land."

Again she says : " I have been struck to-day with Mark vi. 48. Jesus looking on whilst His disciples were 'toiling in rowing' on the sea, and He Himself was on the land ; and, though He saw them, yet He went not to them until the fourth watch of the night. And even then He would have passed by them. Don't you think we may gather from incidental remarks of this kind how much less our mere enjoyment or relief from trouble is His object than it is ours ? His thoughts are so very much higher than ours in all these ways. He seems so often to be represented as looking on while His people are suffering, yet not bringing relief for some time, like Israel in Egypt, ' I have seen, I have seen.' It has occurred to me lately that these words could almost convey the impression that His own heart of love had been wrung with anguish with what He had seen (if one may speak of Him in language so human), as if He could not speak strongly enough of what He had seen. And yet how long it was after that ere they were finally rescued ! It often wants David's kind of waiting in 'waiting,' does it not ? (Ps. xl. 1, margin.) But they who wait on Him shall not be ashamed."

" I have been looking out all the different meanings to the Hebrew words for prayer, and have found nearly thirty, each having some rather different idea attached to it. One, for instance, signifies 'a low, whispering sound' (see Isa. xxvi. 16, margin 'secret speech') ; another, 'words set in order before God, like the shewbread' (as in Ps. v. 3, 'in the morning will

I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up'); there is also the pouring out of the soul like liquids; and there is the opening of the heart, like a cloud of incense expanding itself, etc., etc.; all showing, I think, most wonderfully the minuteness with which God has taught us how well He knows all our varied ways of approaching Him."

"I must tell you," she writes again, "a word which was lighted up to me the other day by what you call

'The light of affliction's fire,'

It was a dark night season with me, through some painful outward circumstances; and oh, how exquisite that word of Jesus did seem to me, 'I am the bright and morning star.' I looked to the Greek word, and found it defined 'lustrous, dazzling, shining, resplendent'; the very darkness added to its brilliancy. And is it not so with Jesus?"

Delighting often in communion with her Lord, and feasting on His thoughts, she much enjoyed conversation with Christians when they could enter fully into fellowship with her.

Sometimes she was so much absorbed in communion with Him that she seemed hardly able to take part in ordinary conversation with those around, once remarking to her most intimate friend, "While they are talking I am occupied with singing and making melody to the Lord in my heart. I can talk to Him, and I can hear His 'still small voice.'"

Not that she was unsocial. To those who sought her sympathy in spiritual or other troubles her warm heart was ever open to take them in, and to many her written or spoken words brought solace and strength.

During one winter at Torquay Adelaide's sister had to leave her, and she passed six weeks in a select boarding house. There her words, but specially the influence of her daily life, were blessed to five of that little circle, who testified afterwards that they owed their entrance upon a new life to Adelaide Newton's instrumentality. Yet of this season she writes that she felt deeply her inability to speak "to these people," but

prayed that "God may use her to say what He wants said to them."

Fluctuations, both physical and mental, were her portion; and they were one means of enabling her to understand and to sympathise with the varied trials of other invalids. Sometimes she was well enough to visit her friends; at other times, when those around her thought her strength returning, she was keeping up at severe cost to herself, and her sufferings from weariness and restlessness were often great. During the springs of 1850 and 1851 the mildness of the seasons allowed her to remain at home, and during the latter of these she was much the companion of her father's last days. As he faded, her tender loving heart was wrung with the prospect of the parting before them. When however the end had come, she entered so into his joy that she felt the "real trial" was "to be left behind."

At another time, after "a most dreary and desolate day" in the early part of her illness, she writes: "A thought on Genesis xxix. 20 has made me feel quite ashamed of being in such a hurry to die. If years of service seemed so little to Jacob for the love he had to Rachel, what ought they to seem to us for Christ?"

Ever since visiting Ireland Adelaide had collected for and supported one or more missionaries in that country, and her heart was ever interested for the spiritually destitute there. Sometimes, when her mental work was too much for her head, she would turn with pleasure to oil painting, in which she excelled. The proceeds of the paintings were devoted to the Lord's work in Ireland and elsewhere. She writes: "I have been painting in oils a little lately, for a rest to my too active head, which cannot bear such constant thought. Yet it is very, very tempting, to be always mentally at work." And another day: "I have actually spent seven whole days on oil painting, which I find easier to me than water colours. The first day I painted one pretty little picture of the Garden of Gethsemane. Then I did the Sinaitic inscriptions, which took

two days ; and I have done two others since. If I can only paint without self gratification and self exaltation, I think the talent may be turned to account."

We may here introduce a beautiful picture of Adelaide Newton from the pen of Canon Stowell.

"Seldom or never has it been my happiness to see the mighty power of grace so marvellously manifested as in her. She seemed to dwell in the vestibule of heaven, to live on the steps of the throne of grace. The vigour of her understanding, the acuteness of her judgment, the force of her reasoning, the originality of her ideas, and the beauty of her style, astonished me. You could not converse with her without being charmed with the freshness, the vividness, the activity, the refinement of her mind. The spring of all was love to her Saviour, intense desire to glorify His name. This strung up all her energies ; this animated all her pursuits. Grace changed the whole tone of her character. From the flexible, tasteful, buoyant girl, she rose into the earnest, elevated, reflective woman ; yet all was artless and easy, clothed with humility, and adorned with simplicity. . . . She lived *on* and *in* the Bible. It savoured every sentiment and toned every thought of her soul. She caught the faintest whisper and analysed the minutest expressions of 'the lively oracles.' The Scriptures were wrought into the very texture of her inner life ; she fed upon them in her heart. Hence the newness, the unction, the savouriness of her writings. . . . Flesh and blood had not taught her, but the Spirit of her Father in heaven. In all she wrote and said and did, to glorify Christ was her single aim. This desire was as a fire in her bones ; her zeal was ever burning. Nor was the light of her joy less remarkable. Whilst most humble she was most assured. Doubt seemed never allowed to overshadow her soul, anxiety to disquiet it. When you entered her chamber you felt that she was enveloped in an atmosphere of heavenliness and peace. When she mingled with the family circle she seemed like the denizen of a higher world come down on some errand of love."

But our readers will not be fully acquainted with Adelaide Newton without perusing a few more of her experiences and interests and thoughts, from her own pen. We can, however, only devote a small space to these interesting records.

The following extracts from letters will doubtless encourage some of the deeply tried ones who are ready to think that no sorrow is like unto their sorrow.

Feb. 22, 1847. "I never remember to have endured more intense pain than during the last fortnight; and, the last day or two, mental anguish has aggravated bodily suffering to a degree I never at all understood before. I have no doubt that Satan took advantage of the state of extreme weakness I was reduced to, to make his temptations the more effectual; but stronger is He that is in us than he that is against us, blessed be God! And I delight to tell you, for your own encouragement, that yesterday, in the midst of such mental darkness and bodily pain, I still felt the assurance that God was the same unchanged God as when I was able to feel Him precious to me. I could not help thinking that it might be in answer to a prayer I have often prayed with trembling, 'that I might know Him and the fellowship of His sufferings,' that I was made to taste of the bitterness of that cup which He drank when tempted of the devil; for that too was at a season of peculiar bodily weakness."

And she adds: "I like to tell you all this, dearest N—, because I feel it is *real* experience, which is worth many thousand times as much written from head knowledge of Bible truths. I am certain now that it is chiefly in the furnace we are purged from sin. And, however trying it may be, I hope you will pray that God will accomplish all His will in me. I want to feel more thankfulness for His chastening love, and not to shrink from suffering."

To a friend in deep affliction: "The verse I should like to send you is Psalm xlii. 7, 'all *Thy* waves and billows are gone over me,' *tides of love*, 'waves and billows' springing out of the ocean of God's love, so that they cannot overwhelm but

only plunge us into its unfathomable depths; I have thought of it many times for you in connection with Philippians ii. 27, 'God had mercy on him, and not on him only but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow.' And it is followed so beautifully in the next verse by God commanding His loving-kindness in the daytime, and enabling the soul even in the dark night to sing 'His song.'"

Feb. 12, 1851. "'Day by day.' The child of God must learn that his heavenly Father maintains his cause on this wise: 'the thing of a day in his day, as the matter shall require' (1 Kings viii. 59, margin). For every trial He sends He gives sufficient grace for its endurance; but He promises no grace to bear *anticipations* with; and we little know how very large a portion of our mental sufferings arises from anticipation of trial. It is most conspicuous, for example, in Jacob; and in his case his anticipations were, in great measure, positive waste, things turned out so widely different from what he had anticipated. These are the bitterest ingredients of our trials, just because they are self imposed, and must be borne as best we can of our own (*weak*) strength. No wonder they are so hard to bear, if God provides no strength to bear them with! Should not we learn, therefore, how utterly vain it is to anticipate? And more, should not the fact that God has made no provision for our anticipations make us shrink from the indulgence of them? 'Day by day' is His direction to us; and 'no thought for the morrow' is His gracious and tender and positive prohibition."

In the winter Adelaide Newton was often shut out from the sanctuary for months together. In reference to this experience she says: "I sometimes enjoy my lonely sabbaths very much. . . . God can feed us both with Himself, dear N—, without either ministers or church; and it is well worth being deprived of the comfort of either or both, to be driven to Him, the fountain of living waters.

'Break all thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest find thine all in ME !'

Is not that just our experience at this very time?"

But when in any way able to join in public worship she was most thankful for the privilege.

Adelaide Newton was a sincerely attached member of the Church of England, and took delight in her ordinances; but she ever put Christ first, the Church second. "Oh, how sadly in these days," she exclaims, "the church is exalted and Jesus left out! To look at things as *I* cannot fail to do, more in the light of eternity than others who have not felt on its brink, makes everything which will last only whilst time lasts appear comparatively unworthy of thought; whilst the things which are unseen, the Spirit working in us (like the wind, which is heard, though unseen), Christ who is our life (though now hid within the veil), the sustaining vital principle of God's strength made perfect in our weakness, all these truths are forgotten, or not to be talked about because they are too sacred! and we live very unlike those who are sojourners only in a world which must itself soon pass away."

On the subject of self sacrifice she writes:

"We are too prone by far to cry out for 'money, money,' and to be lamenting that we can give so little, whilst the secret truth is that what God asks and expects is *OURSELVES*. 'My son,' says God, 'give Me thine heart'; and well did He know, when He said that, that everything else would follow. At the present day few offer themselves to work for God without being well paid for it; and I begin to think we shall have to find that, if missionary work is to be done, it must be done by the sacrifice of ourselves. 'Here am I, send ME.'"

The following passages from her inner life show us the reality of the Holy Spirit's teaching and training.

May 28th, 1851. "God has been leading me in the valley of humiliation of late, and sometimes my spirit has seemed all but crushed. I keep saying to myself, as I go about like the leper of old, 'unclean, unclean!' and can truthfully say, 'I abhor myself!' I suppose I may read in it all the answer to my own prayers; for I have so entreated to be laid low and

kept humble, because I felt I was horribly self complacent. And yet I cannot but thank Him that He is chastening me and humbling me; I *know* it is to do me good at my latter end. And this revival of old, secret, unutterable deeps of sorrow, which in their very nature seem unfit to be told to any one on earth, revives a hope that perhaps God is preparing me to work for Him again."

Jan. 24, 1852. "For many weeks the constraint upon me has been to pray; and much time has been spent in the attempt. As to the expression of prayer, it has been a mere nothing; but I have found the greatest strength in those words, 'He that searcheth the heart knoweth what is the *mind* of the Spirit,' which, I suppose, refers to the groanings which could find no vent in utterance or outward expression. If so, are not these inward 'groanings' (for no other word half expresses it) the very things which the Spirit is working in us, and which, after all, constitute the truest prayer?"

"Don't you find the feeling grows upon you, that very few words are necessary in speaking to the Lord? He reads each thought; and as one realizes this more, don't you think it takes off very much of what, in earlier experience, one might call the burden of prayer? Does it not turn it rather into fellowship and continual breathing in the spirit of prayer? and that, you know, is so different from the set speaking of certain seasons. I can't express exactly what I mean; but it is like thinking all one's thoughts aloud in His presence. Oh, for more of it! Oh, to have no silent moments towards God!"

On guidance she says: "The subject you mention, of guidance, is one on which I feel strongly. Don't you think that wherever guidance is honestly and simply sought, it is *certainly* given? As to our discernment of it, I believe it depends upon the measure in which we are walking in the light. One indulged sin so clouds the sky that it spreads a mist, so that to see what God is doing is impossible."

"I do so feel," she writes, "that very spiritual thoughts can be expressed in spirit to God, but not in words to man, except

as His Spirit makes two minds to receive the same thoughts, and then they are mutually understood, though scarcely perhaps expressed at all."

"I had a sharp conflict, some days ago, literally with the powers of darkness; but I can't help telling you how one text helped me, it must have been given to me, 'Take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one.' It did seem to me so wonderful at that moment that the fiery darts, which one might almost say are lighted at hell's unquenchable fire, should be quenched, one after another, as they touch the shield of faith."

On a subject which frequently exercised her mind she writes: "I often feel that we go tossing about on the tides of Christian experience, which are for ever fluctuating, instead of lying peacefully at anchor on the Rock of Ages." And again she says: "I cannot help thinking that Christian experience has far too much taken the place of the study of Christ and of the character of God, and that this accounts in great measure for the low and desponding state of so very many Christians. Do you not think that the constant study of His character would far more effectually teach us our depravity than poring into our own?"

Her own sufferings and the comfort she received are both shown in this extract from a letter.

"Dec. 6, 1853. The subject which has been on my mind this week is the way in which our sufferings have been made to unfold the character of God. Formerly I had always thought of suffering, as appointed or permitted of God for our good; and I saw little or nothing more. But now I can see, in His choice and arrangement of it, and in His methods of dealing it out to each single believer in the countless multitude of the redeemed, the most magnificent display of His own character. And I cannot tell you how altered a view it has given me of it. His wisdom so exercised and exhibited in always selecting the right kind of trial for each individual character; the right quantity; the right time for sending it, so as that it should not

clash with any other's; the right duration! And then His power, almightiness, tenderness, and patience, how wonderfully they are developed in sustaining and comforting us under them! Do you like the thought? To me it is most precious, and takes me off self so much, and fixes the eye on God, which is just what I need when suffering presses somewhat sore."

On another subject her words are full of teaching.

"Feb. 27, 1853. . . I feel more sure than ever that the right thing is to take each sin, the moment the conscience feels it, to the blood of Jesus, and there, having it 'once purged,' to remember it 'no more.' I don't think of one scriptural example in which a forgiven sin was charged upon the conscience a second time by God; and I suppose that the year's sins were never expected to be *again* brought to mind after the scapegoat had borne them away into the land of forgetfulness. Oh, for grace to plunge into the ocean of Divine forgiveness!"

She thus addresses a friend under bereavement:

"It seems to me the only comfort in looking at such of God's dealings with us as are otherwise perfectly inexplicable, that He is doing what He wills with His own; and, since 'He does all things well,' since 'His work is perfect,' since all He does He makes 'to work together for good to them that love Him,' it seems to leave us without ground of complaint, whilst God is trying our faith to see whether we can trust Him so to order each event of our lives now as best to promote our eternal happiness and His own glory. It is a great exercise of faith; and yet how can we doubt it? I never felt the comfort of that twentieth chapter of Matthew so much before as I do now: to think that your dear, dear baby, who had literally 'continued one hour only,' should be made equal to those who had 'borne the burden and heat of the day,' is a very precious thought to me, and seems to magnify the sovereignty of God's grace. I can only pray that God may enable you to trace His 'bright designs,' 'treasured up,' as Cowper so beautifully says,

‘in deep unfathomable mines of never failing grace.’ May the God of love and peace and of all comfort be with you !”

To a schoolfellow on her marriage :

“ May you but be united in the bonds of Christian love, and I have no fear of excess or of danger of diminution. For, in its very nature, it is everlasting ; and, as one of the fruits of the Spirit, it will grow and increase continually. Poor M——, on her becoming Mrs. ——, once wrote to me so very strongly about the blessing of having at least one earthly friend to whom she could confide everything ; and when I reminded her of the possibility of losing that one earthly friend, and the blank which would then be felt, poor girl ! she could not bear it. How different it is to have our ‘ Maker for our Husband.’ But I trust you have. ‘ Then, if you marry ‘ in the Lord,’ you do well.”

The following hymn was written by Adelaide Newton on the words, “ When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then ‘ Thou knewest my path,” and well describes her own trustful experience.

My God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling Thee “ Father,” sweet endearing name !
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to Thee.

From human eyes ’tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel ;
But oh ! this thought doth tranquillize and heal,
All, all is known to Thee.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned ;
Each drop that fills my daily cup Thy hand
Prescribes ; for ills none else can understand,
All, all are known to Thee.

The fittest means to cure what I deplore ;
In me Thy longed for likeness to restore ;
Self to dethrone, and let it rule no more ;
All, all are known to Thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
 When I recall the Son of Thy dear love ;
 The cup Thou would'st not for our sake remove,
 That cup He drank for me !

And welcome, precious, can His Spirit make
 My little drop of suffering for His sake :
 Father ! the cup I drink, the way I take,
 All, all is known to Thee.

As Adelaide Newton approached the end of her pilgrimage she became yet more absorbed in communion with Jesus, and the holy calm that surrounded her testified her nearness to Him. Yet, even here Satan tried to unsettle her ; but though unable for a time to realize communion or enjoy the light of His countenance, her faith failed not.

Three months before her departure she writes of this trial and of her deliverance :

"I am happier now. I must first tell you, however, that for some time past it has been rather trying to me not to find anything in the Bible which quite suited my case. Isaiah l. 10 did not ; for I could not say I had 'no light.' Micah vii. 9 did not ; for in this particular instance I had no particular sin with which to charge myself. And so on with other similar texts ; whilst I never could, for one moment, believe that God was hiding *His* face. I felt I was myself crushed, and I could not look up. You will believe, therefore, how exactly I found myself described in Exodus vi. 9 : 'Moses spake so unto the children of Israel ; but they harkened not unto Moses for anguish (marg. shortness, or *straitness*;) of spirit and for cruel bondage.' And then I felt that redemption was only 'promised' to them ; but for us it is 'obtained,' actually for the soul, and, in Christ, for the body. And it seemed as if, for the first time, God had in this trial spoken through His word and brought it home. I never am happy till I have verified my experience by the Word."

"She brightened," says her sister, "from that moment."

Though gradually growing weaker for months she continued to use her pen even till the day before her departure. Her sister thus speaks of the last fortnight: "It looked like heaven. She seemed already there in spirit, though treading our vale of tears. There was nothing of triumph; but such solid, rock-like peace I scarcely hope ever to see again." On one of these days she had a long and delightful conversation with her mother, leaving with her as a legacy this charge, "For one look at self take ten looks at Christ."

The trial of dependence must have been great to one who, during the years of illness, had never allowed others to do anything for her, "however costly the struggle which enabled her to do it herself." Now however her prostration was complete; "yet she never uttered anything like complaint, but most humbly and gratefully and lovingly accepted the services" of those who tenderly cared for her. "Ah!" she would say with a smile to the faithful old family nurse as she was waiting upon her, "a cup of cold water shall in no wise lose its reward."

On the last afternoon her sufferings were excruciating, yet even then "her expression of countenance never altered in the least, nor did her consciousness leave her for a moment."

As the doctor left her, Adelaide said to her sister, "I have just been asking Dr. — how long he thinks I may continue in this state; and he told me it could not be long."

"For your sake," said the other, "I cannot wish it should be."

"I," Adelaide replied, "have no wish about it."

In the evening she was lifted into bed, "thanking those around her for their tender care." About nine o'clock the physical distress seemed returning, and she begged that the physician might be called, saying "Surely the bitterness of death is past." Mercifully she was spared further suffering. Till four in the morning she was "still and calm, not uttering a word, though apparently quite conscious."

Her sister says: "As she leaned against the pillows I

fancied she would have spoken to us, had she been spoken to; but no one broke the solemn silence."

"A smile of heavenly peace rested on her pale face," and it was only when the physician who supported her said "She is here no longer," that those around her realized that their beloved one had gone from earth. It was on April 26, 1854, that Adelaide Newton passed within the veil, and awaking in her Saviour's likeness was "satisfied."

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

"KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD."

LENA HUBER.

*Who says the widow's heart must break,
The childless mother sink ?
A kinder, truer voice I hear*

Bids weep no more.

KEELE.

You know, or at least you might know if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many widows and orphans. We have none of us heart enough truly to mourn with these. But at least we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with them. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience towards God vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for His killed creatures.

. . . Let every lady in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear *black*—a mute black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, or evasion into, prettiness. I tell you no war would last a week.”—
“*Crown of Wild Olives:*” *Ruskin.*

XII.

LENA HUBER.¹

LENA OVERBECK was a native of Westphalia. Her father was the pastor of a country parish, a good man, who taught his children carefully both by precept and example. He had a large family, but Lena was his favourite daughter. She was the fairest and the most intelligent, and from her earliest infancy had shown a remarkably ingenuous disposition. There was nothing in the place in which her father lived to give her great prospects in the world. Her sisters were married to small merchants or the better class of peasant farmers; and her brothers, though sent to the university, looked forward to nothing higher than the humble offices of the German Evangelical Church. Lena grew up a good and simple maiden, much interested in every work which had for its object either piety towards God or benevolence towards men. It was in her twenty-second year that Hans Huber, the son of a gentleman of high position in the Prussian Government, came on a visit to her father's parsonage. Young Huber was her brother's friend at the university of Heidelberg, and had come to spend a few days of the summer vacation. To the great joy of the whole family the visit ended in the betrothal of Lena to Hans Huber. He returned to the university to finish his studies. Two more years were spent there, when he was appointed, through his father's influence, to a government situation in Berlin, and the parsonage was the scene of the rejoicings which usually mark the brightest day in the life of

¹ Extracted from *The Day of Rest*, vol. for 1876. Alexander Strahan & Co. By permission of the Publishers.

and for woman when the world is all before them. There was joy in the parsonage, yet joy sanctified by religion. The old pastor performed the ceremony, and when they departed for Berlin he gave them the blessings which Jacob gave to his son Joseph, blessings of heaven above and blessings of the earth beneath, with the other benedictions suitable to their state and condition.

Lena Overbeck, now Huber, from her position as the wife of Hans Huber, had to mix with the best society in Berlin. She found but little of the religion which she had been accustomed to see in her father's house. The fashionable world there seemed given over to the vanities and pleasures of this life. This gave her great anxiety, but she spent much of her time in good works, helping all the charities that were in existence, and devising others. These things were done in the midst of urgent domestic duties, for Lena had three sons and four daughters. Of the latter, two died in infancy, the third at the age of eighteen, and the fourth was a delicate child, with little prospect of ever gaining strength. Her three sons were the joy of Lena's heart. They grew up to manhood, passed creditably through the university, and promised well for prosperity in life. In 1870, Gottfried, the eldest son, was in his twenty-sixth year; Heinrich, the second son, was in his twenty-third; and Rudolph, the youngest, was but nineteen.

It was an evening in the summer when their father came home from court, and found his wife and their three sons sitting in the garden. He sat down beside them, and though he did not seem sad there was evidently something serious in his thoughts. "Matters do not look well for France," he said, after some little conversation on other subjects. "There is a rumour of war, and I have fears that we shall have a terrible struggle with that country." Lena's heart beat so loud that it might have been heard by all who were near her. In case of war between France and Germany, her three sons would be in the thick of the battle. An almost involuntary prayer was breathed, that God would arise and stay the madness of the

nations. Next day the news was current in Berlin that war with France was inevitable. The martial spirit was aroused.

The three Hubers were appointed to regiments that went forth at the first call to arms. They were present at Saarbruck, and all of them won marks of distinction for their bravery as soldiers and the heroism with which they inspired their men. Lena received their letters with joy, and was glad to know that they were fighting successfully for their country; but she thought ever of the terrors of battle, and the many chances of danger; for she had not one son only, but three, whose heads were exposed to the cannon balls.

Six months after the war with France had begun, Lena's sick daughter became worse and died. A fortnight had not elapsed when her husband also departed this life. She was thus left a solitary widow, with her three sons on the battle-field. While these trials made her sad, she became even more active in works of benevolence. She knew what suffering was, as once she had known joy, and this made her feel more for the sufferings of others. Gottfried's regiment was ordered to the siege of Strasburg. Frequent letters informed his mother of his welfare, and added assurances of certain victory, when he would again return to Berlin and take his father's place in the household. The siege was long, the letters continued to come. Lena became less anxious, for now all her sons had been in the midst of the war and had survived. They might therefore, she inferred, survive all dangers, and come home in triumph.

One morning there was a terrible engagement. The Germans had advanced on Strasburg, committed great havoc, but had been repulsed with loss of some of their bravest men. Lena read the account in the morning paper with unusual eagerness, and yet with less anxiety than she had often done. She was about to lay down the paper when her eye was caught by the list of killed and wounded. The last name among th

slain was *Gottfried Huber*. The paper fell from her hands, her face grew pale, and she uttered a groan which was overheard by a servant, who immediately came into her chamber. Lena had fainted. Restoratives were applied, when she opened her eyes, and, exclaiming "*Gottfried*," relapsed again into unconsciousness. The servant wondered what could be the matter, that she spoke only of *Gottfried*. The other servants were called, and when Lena was better she directed them to the paper, saying that her *Gottfried* was no more. As the servants began to mourn, Lena began to be comforted. She had yet two sons living, though amid the din of arms.

The deepest wounds close up in time, though marks remain that speak of sorrows once endured. *Lena Huber* continued her work among the poor with more zeal than ever. She had to visit many, whose sons, like her *Gottfried*, had fallen in defence of their fatherland. Many mothers in Berlin were made childless, and many wives made widows, by the war with France, and of these the larger number were amongst the poor. It formed a bond of sympathy between all classes, (sad one indeed, but still a close one!) that many mothers had sons who had fallen together, fighting for their country's cause.

But *Lena Huber's* sorrows were not yet ended. The reports of the slain before Metz acquainted her with the death of *Heinrich*. He was wounded and carried to the hospital, where he lived for twenty-four hours in full possession of his senses to the last moment. He had heard of his father's death, and how his brother had fallen at *Strasburg*, and his last thoughts were for his widowed and bereaved mother.

Lena had yet another blow. The news came from France that *Rudolph* too was slain. He led his regiment bravely on the day of a terrible engagement, when the Germans suffered fearful loss, and among those who fell was *Rudolph Huber*. For the last blow *Lena* seemed prepared. She loved her younger son no less than the others, but the news was received with more calmness. Her spirit was bowed down. She submitted to the last terrible bereavement in the spirit of *Job*,

whose words were her comfort: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Lena Huber left Berlin and returned to her native province. She opened her home for orphan children, of whom she found many after the peace with France was concluded. Her trials had the effect of making her a more diligent Christian in all the duties that belong to the Christian life. The pastor of a Westphalian parish, from whom I had this account, spoke of her as the purest saint he had ever known. She had to pass through the fires of tribulation, sorrow, and anguish; but she came forth a golden Christian, purified as gold is pure.

II. J.

“ But what recks thy mother, who watches thee sleeping,
The long dreamless sleep on the blood-sprinkled heath?
What recks thy rest mother, while sorrowing o'er thee,
That victory crowned thee, if victory tore thee
From her whom it robbed of thy father before thee,
And bore thee, like him, to the regions of death?

Ah! why should revenge for some wrong but suspected,
Manœuvres of state, that of honour make show,
Of a court ceremonial infringed or neglected,
Plunge a kingdom in blood and a people in woe?
Oh hasten, great Father, the blest consummation,
When 'nation shall ne'er lift up sword against nation,'
When war shall no more be the Christian's vocation,
When the spear shall be shivered and broken the bow!”

WILLIAM BALL.

[From "The Mother's Lament on the Evening of the Battle."]

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

"DOING SERVICE AS UNTO THE LORD."

WILHELMINA, VISCOUNTESS GLENORCHY

*Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own.*

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

"DOES not God measure trial by *what it is to us*? Surely He does. . . . He who judges with other eyes than ours can see that one with whom many are sympathising is bearing no more than you, possibly not so much. He has special tenderness for your need, and entire understanding of it. . . . Those words of Christ to St. Paul hold within them depths of comfort: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' *For thee*: Paul's whole self, physical, mental, spiritual, was included in these words. The secret of the 'thorn in the flesh' lay between him and his Lord. To St. Peter it might not have been a thorn at all. . . . But, for St. Paul, its keen agony was always present; he could not live it down. And so the promise was of grace sufficient '*for thee?*'—From "*Thoughts on the Christian Life,*" by the late Hetty Bowman.

XIII.

WILHELMINA, VISCOUNTESS GLENORCHY.

BORN 1741. DIED 1786.

WILHELMINA MAXWELL was the younger of the two daughters of Dr. William Maxwell, of Preston, Galloway. She was born September 2nd, 1741, four months after the death of her father, and her mother named the little fatherless girl after her lamented husband. As she grew up, Wilhelmina showed that she was endowed with fine talents, and nothing was spared that wealth could give, to promote her mental culture. She was considered one of the finest amateur musicians of the day, and is described as having a "charming voice." Added to all this, Wilhelmina was handsome, and full of wit and liveliness, and was greatly admired and much sought after in the fashionable circle in which she moved. At nineteen, "dazzled with the fascinations of grandeur," she fell in with the desires of her friends and gave her hand to John Viscount Glenorchy, only son of the Earl of Breadalbane. Her sister had a few months previously married William Earl of Sutherland. After they had been married about a year, Lord and Lady Glenorchy spent two years in travelling through France and Italy. On their return, Lady Glenorchy, now only about twenty-two, threw herself into all the dissipations around her, till her health suffered and she was obliged to rest. In 1765, while at Taymouth, she became dangerously ill of fever. The effects of this illness will be best told by the following memorandum, written on her first birthday after her recovery.

"September 2nd. I desire this day to humble myself before

God, and to bless Him as my Creator, who called me into being from the dust of the earth; who hath been my preserver in the midst of many dangers; and who hath, ever since my birth, loaded me with tender mercies and loving kindnesses. But, above all, I would bless His holy name that He hath not left me in the state of alienation from Him in which I was by nature, but that He hath of His free grace and mercy brought me out of darkness, and shown me the glorious light of His gospel, and caused me to hope for salvation through Jesus Christ. Many a time was He pleased to convince me of sin in my early years; but these convictions were as the morning dew that soon passeth away. A life of dissipation and folly soon choked the good seed. Carnal company and diversions filled up the place in my soul that was due alone to God. The first twenty years of my life were spent after the fashion of this world. Led away by vanity and youthful folly, I forgot my Creator and Redeemer; and if at any time I was brought by sickness or retirement to serious reflection, my ideas of God were confused and full of terror; I saw my course of life was wrong, but had not power to alter it, or to resist the torrent of fashionable dissipation that drew me along with it. Sometimes I resolved to begin a godly life, to give all I had in charity, and to live only to God; but I was then ignorant of God's righteousness, and went about to establish a sort of righteousness of my own, by which I hoped to be saved. God was therefore gracious in letting me feel how vain all my resolutions were, by allowing me to relapse again and again into a life of folly and vanity. My ignorance of the gospel was then so great that I did not like to hear ministers preach much about Jesus Christ; I saw neither form nor comeliness in Him, and thought it would have been more to the purpose had they told us what we should do to inherit eternal life. My idea of Christ was, that after I had done a great deal He was to make up the rest: this was my religion! How marvellous is Thy grace, O Lord! to pardon such a worthless creature, who thus depreciated Thy great

sufferings and meritorious death, and endeavoured to rob Thee of the glory which belongs to Thee alone.

“But this was not the only way in which I tried to rob God of His glory. I claimed great merit in the patience with which He enabled me to bear the severe trials and afflictions He was graciously pleased to send upon me, to bend my stubborn heart to His yoke. I thought I had not deserved such a lot; and thus I secretly rebelled against the good will of the Lord. About this time I got acquainted with the Hawkstone family; some of them had the reputation of being Methodists. I liked their company and conversation, and wished to be as religious as they were, being convinced that they were right; but I still loved the world in my heart, and could not think of secluding myself from its pleasures altogether. I would gladly have found out some way of reconciling God and the world, so as to save my soul and keep some of my favourite amusements. I used many arguments to prove that balls and other public places were useful and necessary in society, that they were innocent and lawful, and that the affairs of life could not go on well without them. The Lord, however, followed me with convictions. My own thoughts became very uneasy to me, the burden of my misfortunes intolerable. My health and spirits at last sunk under them, and for some time before I left off going to public amusements (where I appeared outwardly gay and cheerful) my heart was inwardly torn with anguish and inexpressible grief. The enemy now suggested to me that I had no resource left but to give myself up entirely to the gaieties of life, and seek consolation in whatever way it presented itself, without paying any regard to those maxims of wisdom which hitherto had kept me within some bounds.

“To the best of my remembrance, it was the very same night in which this thought was suggested that I was seized with a fever which threatened to cut short my days; during the course of which the first question of the Assembly’s Catechism was brought to my mind, “What is the chief end of man?” as

if some one had asked it. When I considered the answer to it, 'To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever,' I was struck with shame and confusion. I found I had never sought to glorify God in my life, nor had any idea of what was meant by enjoying Him for ever. Death and judgment were set before me, my past sins came to my remembrance. I saw no way to escape the punishment due unto them, nor had I the least glimmering hope of obtaining the pardon of them through the righteousness of another. In this dismal state I continued some days, viewing death as the king of terrors, without a friend to whom I could communicate my distress, and altogether ignorant of Jesus the Friend of sinners. At this time the Lord put it into the heart of Miss Hill to write to me. I received her letter with inexpressible joy, as I thought she might possibly say something that would lessen my fears of death.

"I immediately wrote to her of my sad situation, and begged her advice. Her answer set me upon searching the Scriptures, with much prayer and supplication that the Lord would show me the true way of salvation, and not suffer me to be led into error. One day in particular I took the Bible in my hand, and fell upon my knees before God, beseeching Him with much importunity to reveal His will unto me by His word. My mouth was filled with arguments, and I was enabled to plead with Him that, as He had made me and given me the desire I then felt to know Him, He would surely teach me the way in which I should walk, and lead me into all truth; that He knew I only wished to know His will in order to do it; that I was afraid of being led into error, but as He was truth itself His teaching must be infallible. I therefore committed my soul to Him, to be taught the true way of salvation. After this prayer was finished I opened the Bible then in my hands, and read part of the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where our state by nature, and the way of redemption through a propitiatory sacrifice, are set clearly forth. The eyes of my understanding

were opened, and I saw wisdom and beauty in the way of salvation by a crucified Redeemer. I saw that God could be just, and justify the ungodly. The Lord Jesus now appeared to me as the city of refuge, and I was glad to flee to Him as my only hope. This was in summer, 1765. Since that time I have had many ups and downs in my Christian course, but I have never lost sight of Jesus as the Saviour of the world, though I have often had doubts of my own interest in Him. I can safely say that I would not give up the little knowledge I have of Him for anything on earth. And although I have already suffered reproach for observing His precepts, and shortly expect to be scoffed at by all my former acquaintances, and to have my name cast out as evil, yet I rejoice in that He thinketh me worthy to bear His cross. And I now beseech Thee, O Lord, to accept of my soul, body, reputation, property, and influence, and everything that is called mine, and do with them whatever seemeth good in Thy sight. I desire neither ease, health, nor prosperity, any further than may be needful to promote Thy glory. Let Thy blessed will be done in me, and by me, from this day forth. Oh let me begin this day to live wholly to Thee. Let Thy grace be sufficient for me, and enable me to overcome the world. And to Thee be ascribed the honour and glory, now and for evermore. Amen and amen."

Miss Hill, to whom reference is made in the foregoing pages, lived at Hawkstone near to Great Sughal, Staffordshire, where Lord and Lady Glenorchy sometimes resided. The following sketch of their early intercourse is interesting. Living near together, "the families had become acquainted with each other so far as to exchange visits. At this period several of the younger branches of the Hawkstone family, Mr. Richard Hill, the Rev. Rowland Hill, Miss Hill, and a younger sister, were decidedly pious; and they bore and braved the reproach: ordinarily drawn down by a religious character from the thoughtless, the formal, and the profligate. Lady Glenorchy was not yet twenty-four, and Miss Hill was not much older, when, by

this correspondence, their slight intimacy was ripened into a warm and permanent friendship. Nothing could be more judicious, faithful, or affectionate, than the first letter which Miss Hill wrote in answer to the unexpected communication from Lady Glenorchy, in which her once gay friend laid open the agitated and anxious state of her feelings, under deep religious convictions. By the blessing of God that letter was attended by the happiest effect; it was the means employed by Divine grace to rescue her from despondency, and to direct her to the 'city of refuge.' From that moment, without conferring with flesh and blood, Lady Glenorchy resolutely turned her back on the dissipated world, and devoted herself, and all that she could command or influence, without reserve, to the service of her Redeemer and the glory of God. The correspondence between these two friends was carried on without interruption from 1765 to 1768, and was doubtless of the utmost benefit to both."

During the winter of 1765-6 Lady Glenorchy divided her time between London and Bath, where every device was employed to lure her back to the gay scenes in which she had formerly found such intoxication. We are told that "neither severity nor artifice, both of which were put in practice, could divert her from her steadfastness." Miss Hill congratulates her on "the resolution and fortitude she had displayed in resisting all places of public amusement at Bath, from the fear of again being entangled in the world." Her firmness in carrying out her conscientious views of what was her duty increased rather than diminished the respect felt for her by her father-in-law, the Earl of Breadalbane; and although he did not sympathise with her views, he showed to his latest hour the warmest esteem for her. From others she had to endure much that was very painful and trying.

In 1766 Lady Glenorchy had the severe trial of the loss of her only sister under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Lord and Lady Sutherland had gone from their seat at Dunrobin to Bath, after the decease of their eldest daughter. This event

had deeply affected them, and they sought in change of scene and the amusements at Bath a little diversion from their sorrow. Soon after their arrival the Earl was seized with a malignant fever. It lasted fifty-five days, at the end of which time he died. During the first three weeks, by night and by day, the Countess nursed him devotedly; but at length, overcome by fatigue and grief, she became ill, and expired before her husband. So occupied had those around been with the double care and nursing, and so slow was the transit of information in those days, that her mother (now Lady Alva) did not know what had occurred when she started to join her daughter at Bath. On the way, when alighting from her carriage at an inn, she saw two hearses, and on inquiry, found that they contained the remains of Lord and Lady Sutherland on their way to the royal chapel of Holyrood House.

The winter of 1766-7 was a time of still further proving to Lady Glenorchy. She was residing in the country, far from all her religious friends, and "deprived of almost every outward means of religious instruction or comfort, and exposed thus singly to all the odium and unkind accusation which the singularity of consistent piety never fails to provoke. Every effort seems to have been made to reason or to laugh her out of her convictions. She was charged with hypocrisy and superstition; and she felt these reproaches with an acuteness which occasioned the most poignant distress." But her faith and continuance in well doing were rewarded. She never lost her influence over her husband, and at length received his "tacit acquiescence" in her plans for the good of others.

On her return from Taymouth she often invited clergymen to the castle to preach on the Sabbath, after service hours, to the household and to neighbours who inclined to be present. At Edinburgh Lady Glenorchy formed one of a select circle of congenial Christian friends, who met for religious edification, first at one another's houses and then at the house of the senior minister of the High Church at Edinburgh, Mr. Walker, who usually either expounded the Scriptures or delivered a sermon.

In 1770 Lady Glenorchy, in conjunction with her friend Lady Maxwell, formed a plan which displays her large heartedness. That it did not succeed need not surprise us, for in this state of being, with such endless variety of mind and with such imperfect vision, we cannot expect to see eye to eye. Indeed we are not promised this experience till "the Lord shall bring again Zion." As no human vision can take in the whole scope of truth, we gain the nearest approach to it by taking our observations from our different standpoints, and gathering all the added light we can from the distinctive views of those who are sincerely looking towards our Lord Jesus Christ as the "central Solar Glory of humanity."

The plan proposed was to have a church in Edinburgh in which alternately Episcopal and Presbyterian ministers should officiate on Sabbath evenings, while a week-day service was to be undertaken by Mr. Wesley's preachers. Lady Glenorchy therefore hired St. Mary's chapel, which was opened by "one of the six students who, a year or two before, had been expelled from Oxford for attending private religious meetings." It is not needful to go into details at this distance of time, but we learn that, owing to differences of opinion among the preachers, it was found desirable to alter the arrangement, and when Lord Glenorchy appointed a domestic chaplain to the castle he also took charge of St. Mary's chapel.

In the year 1771 Lord Glenorchy died. In October he had a fit, and early in the following month the symptoms returned, and on the 11th, while Mr. De Courcy was praying for him, he passed away from earth. His last days gave evidence that the prayers of his wife and her godly example had not been in vain. His confidence in her and his respect for her religious views were evidenced by the way in which he left his property. His will gave her "his whole real or landed estate of the baronies of Barnton and King's Crammond, and other lands, and all things belonging to him in full right, constituting her sole executrix and legatee; with full power to convert the whole into money, and to employ or bestow the whole, or any part,

for encouraging the preaching of the gospel and promoting the knowledge of the Protestant religion, erecting schools, and civilizing the inhabitants in Breadalbane, Glenorchy, and Netherhouse and in other parts of the Highlands, in such a way and manner as she shall judge proper and expedient."

Lady Glenorchy had no knowledge of the existence of these documents. She deeply realized the heavy responsibilities thus entailed upon her, and it was her desire and aim to use her wealth to God's glory. A large part of it was expended in the cause of religion and of education. In several districts, both in England and Scotland, she built or purchased chapels and endowed them, seeking out ministers who would preach a clear and full salvation. On one occasion, on her way to or from the west of England, where she spent many winters, her carriage broke down, and Lady Glenorchy had to remain over the Sabbath at Matlock. She found the state of religion, on inquiry, very unsatisfactory in the village, and immediately determined on purchasing a chapel and house adjoining, which was afterwards accomplished and an earnest minister supplied.

She was ever looking out for similar opportunities of extending the Redeemer's kingdom. She sent missionaries to preach the gospel through the Highlands and islands of Scotland.

The following account of some of her other works of benevolence is extracted from the short memoir of her, published nearly sixty years ago.

"Lady Glenorchy's charities were very extensive, but many of them were distributed with such secrecy that the benefactress could hardly be traced. She sometimes expended hundreds of pounds in relieving indigence, and placing whole families in situations of comfort and usefulness. Her attention was much directed to the most useful of all charities, the religious education of youth. For this purpose she employed different teachers, of acknowledged piety and abilities, by whom hundreds of children have been trained up in the knowledge of our holy religion, and fitted for useful stations in society. Many of

them are now doing honour to their noble benefactress, as teachers in different departments; some of them, we trust, are reaping the happy fruits of a pious education in the heavenly state. And very many indigent youth will, we hope, be indebted in like manner to the means which she has provided for the benefit of future generations. To her chapel in Edinburgh is added a free school, where are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, which also she endowed. Many young men of piety she educated for the Christian ministry. To some able and faithful ministers, whose congregations were in poor circumstances, she paid the whole of their salaries; to others, a stated annual sum in part; to many, occasional donations as she saw needful. In private, the widow and the fatherless, the stranger and the distressed, experienced her abundant beneficence. To enable her to prosecute these schemes of benevolence, she herself carefully looked into all her affairs, and studied the strictest economy; and though her dress, her table, her attendants, her equipage, always corresponded to her station, yet she denied herself the splendour which her fortune and rank could well have afforded and excused."

In 1781 Lady Henrietta Hope, on the death of her father, the Earl of Hopetown, came to reside with Lady Glenorchy. Both were in feeble health, yet they encouraged one another to labour diligently for the good of others both spiritually and temporally. The two friends were "one in heart and mind in all things." Though an invalid Lady Henrietta was lively, and so wise in judgment that she was a valuable companion to her friend. Lady Glenorchy and Lady Henrietta proposed to erect a chapel at Bristol Hotwells at their joint expense; but the latter did not live to see her design carried out. She bequeathed two thousand five hundred pounds for this purpose, and Lady Glenorchy gave the building the name of Hope Chapel in memory of her beloved friend. The loss of one so closely united to her was a severe blow to Lady Glenorchy.

The friends were however not long separated. In June, 1786, after her winter residence in a warmer climate, Lady

Glenorchy set out once more for Scotland. On her way she visited Workington in Cumberland, where she purchased ground for a chapel and saw the commencement of the building. On her arrival in Edinburgh her friends thought her failing in health, and much changed since they had seen her before. On the 14th of July she became seriously ill. "In the forenoon of the following day, the curtain of her bed being drawn, a relative, approaching as softly as possible to ascertain whether she slept, heard her say, 'Well, if this be dying, it is the pleasantest thing imaginable.'" She spoke but little after this, continuing to sleep softly till near noon on the 17th of the same month, when she breathed her last so gently that those around were not able to tell the moment of her departure. She was in the forty-fourth year of her age. According to her desire her remains were laid in a vault beneath her own chapel at Edinburgh. Lady Maxwell, her executrix, erected a neat marble slab with an appropriate inscription.

She who had so carefully and wisely dispensed her wealth in life, left directions for the wise and generous disposal of what she left behind.

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

*"FORGETTING THE THINGS THAT ARE
BEHIND."*

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

*Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.*

KEBLE.

“WHEN two well-tuned lutes are in perfect concert, that which is not touched renders the same sound as that which is touched. There is the same spirit in both, the same sound, one pure harmony. It was thus that my will seemed to be in harmony with God’s will.”
—*Jeanne Marie de la Mothe Guion.*

XIV.

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

BORN 1742. DIED 1814.

ISABELLA MARSHALL was born at Eldersley, in Lanarkshire, in Scotland. The estate of Eldersley, once the habitation of the great Wallace, was rented by her father, and there she spent her childhood and youth. Both parents loved God, and taught their little girl to look up to Him as her Father and her Guide. In the pleasant woods round Eldersley Isabella loved to rove, and there she chose a bush as her place of prayer, and while yet a child she would resort to her trysting place to pour out her childish troubles before God, and to find frequent consolation and peace.

When young, Isabella devotedly waited upon her grandfather during his last illness, and he bequeathed to her several hundred pounds. Very wisely she requested that this sum might be employed in giving her a good education. She was therefore sent to a boarding school, superintended by a lady of distinguished talents and piety. Isabella attended this school during seven successive winters, and the instruction received there was invaluable to her throughout her life. At the age of seventeen she was admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's supper in communion with the Presbyterian church at Paisley under the pastoral care of Dr. Witherspoon. This is all we learn of her early life. In 1765 she was married to Dr. John Graham, a gentleman of liberal education practising as a physician at Paisley. He was attached to a regiment (the Royal Americans) stationed in Canada, and a year after their marriage he was ordered out to that country. Before they sailed a plan was formed for their settling in Canada. Dr.

concert, that which is
which is touched.
one pure harmony.
ny with God's will."

Graham hoped to sell his commission and purchase a tract of land on the Mohawk river, and his father-in-law proposed to join him with his family. This arrangement, owing to the revolutionary war which shortly after commenced, was never carried out. At Montreal their first child Jessie was born. Dr. and Mrs. Graham afterwards removed to Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario, and continued in garrison there for four years. It was, as far as temporal things were concerned, a very happy time to Mrs. Graham. The circle was select and agreeable; several of the officers were married, and the ladies were on the best terms with each other. There was however one great drawback; they were far from any other settlement, and no arrangement seems to have been made for any religious service to be held on the Sabbath. Isabella Graham conscientiously observed the day of rest, and would wander in the woods round Fort Niagara with her Bible, "to commune with God and her own heart in solitude." It must have vividly recalled the wood near the old home in Scotland, where she had so often met with her Lord.

At the beginning of the revolutionary struggle the regiment to which Dr. Graham was attached, being composed principally of Americans, was ordered to the West Indies. He sought to purchase his discharge and secure a tract of land where he might make a permanent home, but there was not time to make the arrangements; and he and his family, now consisting of three little daughters, Jessie, Joanna, and Isabella, sailed for Antigua. Here they were introduced into a pleasant and congenial circle, including some earnest Christians, whose hospitality and kindness were most welcome to Dr. and Mrs. Graham. Very soon tidings from Scotland plunged the latter into deep distress; her valued mother had been called away from earth, and the daughter was inconsolable. Dr. Graham, seeing that her excessive grief was preying upon her mind, sought to rouse her by telling her that if she did not resign herself to His will, God might call her into yet deeper sorrow by the removal of her husband. These words were shortly fulfilled.

On the 17th of November, 1774, he was seized with fever. During his short illness he looked forward to its possible termination; and when death approached he expressed perfect resignation in the prospect; he "gave his testimony to the emptiness of a world in which its inhabitants are too much occupied in pursuing bubbles which vanish into air, and died in the faith and hope of the Redeemer."

When his wife knew that he could not recover, she was absorbed in her anxiety for his salvation, and when the hour of parting was over her joy and gratitude for his dying testimony to the sufficiency of his Saviour filled her heart. Afterwards, when the funeral was over, she realized that she was alone in a strange land, and her desolation was keenly felt. But she did not despond, and for the sake of her little girls she roused herself to look into her temporal affairs. She found that her husband's comparatively early death had left her with very small means, only about two hundred pounds remaining in his agent's hands.

At this juncture her Christian principles were put to the test. We learn that "she had brought with her from Niagara, as servants, two young Indian girls; they were her late husband's property, and she was now importuned to sell them, in order to augment the small sum which was her only dependence. But no consideration could prevail upon her to make merchandise of two of her fellow creatures, immortal beings, the workmanship of the same heavenly Father. One of these girls accompanied her to Scotland, where she was married; the other died in Antigua before Mrs. Graham returned to Europe."

The surgeon's mate had been so well instructed by Dr. Graham that he was appointed his successor, and Mrs. Graham presented him with her husband's medical library and his sword. The young man sought to repay in some degree the kindness he had received, and on Mrs. Graham's return to Scotland he remitted to her, at intervals, sums of money until the year 1795, when they ceased just at a time when, her circumstances being more comfortable, she did not so much

require the help. Probably this faithful friend had died, for although Mrs. Graham made many attempts to discover his whereabouts she heard of him no more.

After her husband's death Mrs. Graham remained a few months in Antigua, until the birth of a son, whom she named John after his father. When her health was established she hastened to make preparations for her departure to her native land. Before leaving she had one sad duty to perform, that of protecting the grave of her husband by the erection of a railing round it. Then she took leave of that ever sacred spot of ground. Her little stock of money she placed in the hands of her friend Major Brown, asking him to take a passage for her and her four children to Europe. No ship offering for Scotland, she embarked for Belfast. Major Brown and his brother officers accompanied her to the ship, and at parting the Major gave into her hands an envelope which he said contained a bill for the balance of her money. It was however a bill for the whole amount, her kind friends having subscribed the cost of the passage, "as a proof of respect for the memory of their deceased friend."

The passage from Ireland to Scotland was very stormy. The following account of it is taken from her memoir. "The packet on board of which Mrs. Graham with her children embarked was not, as she afterwards learned, provided even with a compass. A great storm arose, and they were tossed to and fro for nine hours in imminent danger. The rudder and the masts were carried away, everything on deck thrown overboard; and at length the vessel struck in the night upon a rock on the coast of Ayr, in Scotland. The greatest confusion pervaded the passengers and crew. Among a number of young students, going to the university at Edinburgh, some were swearing, some praying, and all were in despair. The widow only remained composed. With her babe in her arms, she hushed her weeping family, and told them that in a few minutes they should all go to join their father in a better world. The passengers wrote their names in their

pocket-books, that their bodies might be recognised and reported for the information of their friends. One young man came into the cabin, asking 'Is there any peace here?' He was surprised to find a female so "unquiet: a short conversation soon evinced that religion was the source of comfort and hope to them both in this perilous hour. He prayed, and then read the 107th Psalm. While repeating these words, 'He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still,' the vessel swung off the rock by the rising of the tide. She had been dashing against it for an hour and a half, the sea making a breach over her, so that the hold was now nearly filled with water. Towards morning the storm subsided, and the vessel floated until she rested on a sandbank. Assistance was afforded from the shore; and the shipwrecked company took shelter in a small inn, where the men seemed anxious to drown the remembrance of danger in a bowl of punch. Mrs. Graham retired to a private room, to offer up her thanksgivings for this merciful interposition of Divine Providence, and to commend herself and her orphans to the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God."

On reaching Cartside she entered her father's dwelling, not the large mansion in which she had left him, but a thatched cottage containing only three rooms. Being of an easy temperament Mr. Marshall had become security for some friends, whose failure in business had reduced him to poverty. He had become factor to a gentleman whose father had been his intimate friend, with the salary of £20 per annum and the use of a small farm.

Soon Mr. Marshall's health failed, and even this scanty sum was withdrawn. Happily his daughter was ready for the emergency. She laid aside her children's fine frocks, and dressed them in homespun. At Cartside she sold the butter she made, and the children were fed largely on milk. At Paisley, to which place she removed, she taught a small school; and the slender profits from this source, together with a widow's annual pension of £16, was her means of sub-

sistence. Her food was composed of porridge for the morning and evening meals, with potatoes for dinner; but in her cottage home there were love and contentment and peace to season the simple fare.

On the return of her friends Major and Mrs. Brown from the West Indies, the latter devised a plan for bringing Mrs. Graham out of her seclusion into a position of large usefulness. Mrs. Brown consulted with the Viscountess Glenorchy and other friends, and then proposed to Mrs. Graham to open a boarding school in Edinburgh. Well educated, eminently pious, and with a large knowledge of life, she was considered highly qualified for such an undertaking. Her want of funds was the only obstacle. That which remained of the money brought from Antigua she had carefully saved for future needs, until at the recommendation of a friend, a merchant, it had been invested in muslins. These she embroidered and made into articles of dress for sale in the West Indies. In her loneliness she had much time to grieve over the loss of her husband, and her friend thought that the needlework, besides increasing her funds, would divert her mind from dwelling so much upon the past. She gladly accepted the employment, but the ship which carried the muslins was captured by the French and she felt that there was no prospect of regaining any part of the lost money.

In her perplexity she set apart a day for fasting and prayer. She laid all her difficulties before the widow's Friend, earnestly pleading with her God that He would "make His word a light unto her feet and a lamp to her path, and lead her in the way she should go; especially that she might be directed to choose the path in which she could best promote His glory and the highest interests of herself and her children."

Thus seeking guidance she turned to her Bible, and the passage John xxi. 15 impressed her: "Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon son of Jonas lovest thou Me more than these? He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith unto him, Feed My lambs."

She accepted these words as the answer to her inquiry, and she then made up her mind to commence the school, not merely as a source of livelihood, but also as a sphere in which she might glorify her God and Father.

Although her mind was now at rest regarding this decision, all she had gone through had affected her health and an attack of fever supervened. On her recovery she resolved to go forward, and made all arrangements for her departure. On the Saturday before she left Cartside (she was looking towards starting on the following Monday), while pondering how the Lord would make a way for her, she received from her friend the merchant a letter containing a sum of money recovered from the underwriters on account of the captured muslins, Mrs. Graham did not know that he had kindly insured her property, and this assistance, so unexpected and so timely, enabled her to set off for Edinburgh with a renewed trust in Him who is the Judge of the widow.

Once in the capital, friends were raised up to assist her in the commencement of her school. A merchant in Glasgow who, from his integrity, went by the name of "honest George Anderson" came forward with generous aid. He had been an early friend of Dr. Graham, and he now placed at the widow's disposal his services and the use of his purse to forward her project. Occasionally she availed herself of the help thus freely offered, and she had the joy of repaying both principal and interest in due time. Among her intimate friends and supporters she numbered Dr. Erskine, the Viscountess Glenorchy, Lady Ross Baillie, Mrs. Walter Scott, and others. Lady Glenorchy valued her highly, and frequently made Mrs. Graham the dispenser of her bounties, and also bestowed upon her friend some of the "seeds of kindness" which she scattered all around her. She took one of Mrs. Graham's daughters into her family for a time, giving her instruction herself, and afterwards she sent her for a year to a French school at Rotterdam. There, not content with providing the means for her education, Lady Glenorchy allowed

her a liberal supply of pocket money, that she might not have the pain of seeing distress which she was unable to alleviate.

It was the request of Lady Glenorchy that Mrs. Graham should be sent for to attend her dying bed should she be within twenty miles of her when her end was near, and she was enabled to fulfil this last wish of her friend in 1786. Lady Glenorchy left her the sum of £200. Mrs. Graham's school became highly popular. Both as regards their mental culture and moral training, her arrangements for her pupils were eminently successful. She gained their affection by her love and tenderness, while she enforced diligence in study and obedience to her commands. She delighted to see them happy, and she devised many little plans to make the school life bright and pleasant.

In sickness her tender care and watchfulness were unremitting. But above all she watched for their souls, as one who should give account of the precious trust committed to her care. Morning and evening she prayed with them, and on the Sabbath she took opportunities for giving special religious instruction.

In the midst of a life of so much usefulness she was often heard to lament that she was an "unprofitable servant." But though the fruit of her labours may not have been fully apparent at the time, many bore testimony in after years to the blessing which had attended her efforts, and to the religious impressions they had received during their school days spent under her roof.

Isabella Graham did not forget the time of adversity she had passed through, and this remembrance enabled her the better to feel for others whose means were straitened. Thus she received the daughters of ministers into her school at half price. It was through her that a society was formed in Edinburgh for the help of the sick poor. It was called "the Penny Society"; the payment being a penny, subscribed weekly, as provision for a time of sickness. The institution was permanently established, and eventually became possessed of a large capital.

Another of her plans for the good of others was to make advances to small struggling tradesmen, of sums from ten to twenty pounds, the value of which she took back in the articles sold by them, charging no interest. The board of her scholars being paid in advance, she was enabled to do this.

During her residence abroad Mrs. Graham had imbibed a great love for America, and when Dr. Witherspoon revisited Scotland in 1785 he conversed with her much on the subject of removing to that country, and she gave him reason to believe that she would go as soon as her daughters should have completed the course of education she had proposed for them. On his return to America, Dr. Witherspoon continued to urge her to carry out her design, and many inhabitants of New York promised her support if she would open a school in that city. She therefore sailed for the United States in September, 1789, leaving her son to complete his education in Edinburgh. In New York she was warmly welcomed. She opened her school early in October with five scholars, and by the end of the month it had increased to fifty. This seminary was very attractive, and persons of distinction attended the annual examinations. Mrs. Graham united in communion with the Presbyterian church under the pastoral care of Dr. John Mason. This excellent man was her faithful friend and adviser. Under his ministry her two younger daughters, Joanna and Isabella, joined the church in 1791. Her eldest daughter, Jessie, was married in 1790 to Mr. Hay Stevenson, merchant, of New York. He also was a Presbyterian, but was in connection with a church in another part of the city.

In 1791 the son left in Scotland paid his mother a visit. The boy had a warm affectionate heart, but his training does not seem to have been all that his mother had hoped for him. He was of a bold and impetuous disposition, and had taken a great fancy for a seafaring life. His friends in Edinburgh had therefore apprenticed him to the merchant service, and during a voyage he was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland. A friend of Mrs. Graham, living at Rotterdam, kindly took him

to his house, and enabled him to take his passage to New York. He remained there for some months, when his mother thought it right for him to return to Scotland to complete his term of service. As he so evidently inclined for a sailor's life, she fitted him out liberally, and he embarked for Greenock, accompanied by Dr. Mason's only son, who went to attend the theological lectures at the Divinity Hall, Edinburgh. The mother's heart was wrung with anguish at the parting, for she did not perceive in her boy the evidence of a change of heart, and she naturally dreaded for him the temptations which he was unprepared to meet.

The following from her private papers will best pourtray her feelings at this time.

“NEW YORK, *May 20, 1791.*”

“This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart ; he is again launched on the ocean, God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affections over him. He has been with me but a short time, and ill have I improved it ; he is gone from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord, have mercy on the widow's son, ‘the only son of his mother.’

“I ask nothing in all this world for him ; I repeat my petition, save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not the danger of the seas that distresses me ; it is not the hardships he must undergo ; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world ; it is because I cannot discern the fulfilment of the promise in him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruits, but every symptom of captivity to Satan, the world, and self will. This, this is what distresses me ; and, in connection with this, his being shut out from ordinances, at a distance from Christians ; shut up with those who forget God, profane His name, and break His sabbaths ; men who often live and die like beasts, yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time, and every word, thought, and action. O Lord, many wonders hast Thou shown

me; Thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones: add this wonder to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate, and establish a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with Thee; glorify Thy Son, and extend His kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon Thee. Many friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation; only confirm to me Thy precious word, on which Thou causedst me to hope in the day when Thou saidst to me, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive. Only let this life be a spiritual life, and I put a blank in Thy hand as to all temporal things.

"I wait for Thy salvation. Amen."

Three months afterwards she learnt that a press gang had boarded the ship in which her son had sailed, and though he was saved from their grasp by the stratagem of the passengers he had his outfit taken from him. After undergoing many hardships he wrote to his mother from Demerara, in 1794. He had been made prisoner, had been retaken, and then intended to go to Europe with a fleet which was soon to sail under convoy. His trials had evidently been the means of softening him, and he expressed the hope that he should profit by all the experiences of his past life. Mrs. Graham never heard of him again. All inquiries respecting him proved unavailing, and his mother stayed herself upon the trust that in answer to her prayers the compassionate Saviour had met with the prodigal. She had known a case in her father's family, the remembrance of which now strengthened her faith in God's willingness and power to save, in answer to believing prayer. The narration, which refers to her youngest brother, is of too much interest to be omitted. It is as follows. "Archibald Marshall, a lad of high temper though of an affectionate heart, had gone to sea, and was not heard of at all for several years. A pious woman who kept a boarding house at Paisley found one of her boarders one day reading Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul of Man,' with Archibald Marshall's name written

on the blank leaf. On inquiry the stranger told her he got that book from a young man on his death bed, as a token of regard. That young man was Archibald Marshall, he was an exemplary Christian. He added, 'I have reason to bless God that he ever was my messmate.' The woman who heard this account transmitted it to Mr. Marshall's family."

In July, 1795, Joanna Graham was married to Mr. Divie Bethune, a merchant of New York, and in the following month Mrs. Graham was called to the dying bed of her eldest daughter who had been failing in health for some years. Jessie Stevenson was a sincere Christian, and death had no terrors for her. During the last hour she was engaged in singing a hymn, when her voice failed and she soon passed away to continue the act of praise in "a sweeter nobler song" than anything that earth can produce. When her mother saw that the spirit had fled, she raised her hands, and looking upwards exclaimed, "I wish you joy, my darling!" She then washed her face, took some refreshment, and retired to rest. But while she rejoiced in her child's joy she greatly missed the presence of the dear one who had helped so much to brighten her path in life. In 1798 her daughter Isabella was married to Mr. Andrew Smith, of New York. Her daughters being thus satisfactorily settled, Mrs. Graham was persuaded to retire from the cares of school keeping. She resided alternately with her two daughters till 1803 when Isabella, removing from New York, she made her home with Joanna during the remainder of her life.

The following letter, written in 1800, gives an interesting review of the way the Lord had led Isabella Graham in spiritual things during her lengthened life.

"My dear Miss M——. I am now old, and I hope have done with the world; but I have been young, and I once drank deeply of youth's choicest pleasures. I was blest with the most excellent and most indulgent of parents; I was the wife of a man of sense, sentiment, and sensibility, who was my very first love and lover, and that love ripened and improved with years. My children were good and healthy; love, health,

peace, and competency blessed our dwelling. I had also, in early life, taken hold of God's covenant, and tasted His covenant love, and devoted myself to His service; but very far was I from that nonconformity to the world which the precept of the gospel requires. Had I kept close to my covenant God, enjoyed His bounty with thankfulness, occupied my talents, devoted my time to usefulness and communion with Him; had I prayed against corruption within, and temptation without, the Lord would have directed my steps, and held up my goings. . . . The goodness of God, which ought to have been a powerful motive to gratitude, love, and diligence, was misimproved. I enjoyed the gifts and forgot the Giver, 'hugged my comforts to death.' Many, many light chastisements my dear, my kind, my indulgent heavenly Father exercised me with. I had many repenting seasons under His strokes. I received many manifestations of pardon; and many fresh and solemn dedications of my heart, life, and substance did I make; but no sooner were ease and comfort restored than my heart 'turned aside like a deceitful bow.' My whole life, from fifteen to the thirtieth year of my age, was one continued succession of departures and backslidings on my part, of chastening, forgiving, restoring, and comforting on the part of my God.

"He did not cast me off, but dealt with me according to the constitution of His well ordered covenant. (Psalm lxxxix. 30). . . This is the covenant of which I took hold in early life. My God kept me to my choice, and manifested His own faithfulness and the stability of His covenant. When lighter afflictions proved ineffectual, He at last, at one blow, took from me all that made life dear, the very kernel of all my joys, my idol, my beloved husband. Then I no longer halted between two opinions, my God became my all. I leave it as my testimony that He has been 'a Father to the fatherless, a Husband to the widow, the stranger's shield, and the orphan's stay.' Even to hoar hairs and to old age has He carried me, and 'not one good word has failed' of all that He has promised. 'He has done all things well,' and at this day I am richer and

happier than ever I was in my life. Not that I am yet made free from sin ; that is still my burden, want of love and gratitude, indolence in commanded duty, self will, and nestling in the creature. But my heart's wish and earnest desire is conformity; the bent of my will is for God, and if my heart deceives me not, my God is the centre of my best affections. It is by grace that I am what I am, and the same grace engages to perfect the work begun."

Mrs. Graham, having now her whole time at her disposal, entered upon a career of unwearied devotion to the interests of the suffering and destitute poor. Not that her ministrations were confined to the poor ; the sorrowful and the sinning ones of whatever rank in life were the objects of her interest and her prayers. The spirit in which she entered upon these enlarged labours (which extended over sixteen years) will be seen in the following extract from her diary, dated October, 1797.

"How condescending is our covenant God ! All we have or enjoy is from His hand, He gave us our being ; our lives, although forfeited a thousand times, have been preserved. 'Our bread has been given us, and our water has been sure' ; and not only these necessaries, but many comforts and good temporal things, have fallen to our lot. 'Thou hast furnished our table,' Thou hast provided medicines and cordials when sick. Lord, I thank Thee for all these mercies ; but, above all, that we can call Thee our reconciled Father, that we have them not as the world have them, who are far from Thee, but that we have them as Thy redeemed, as part of covenant provision and with a covenant blessing, and among the 'all things' that work together for our good. Lord, enable us to be rich in good works. How condescending that Thou accepted a part of Thine own as freewill offerings, and hast annexed promised blessings to those 'who consider the poor,' hast said 'he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord !'

"I thank Thee that Thou hast laid to hand a sufficiency to enable me and mine 'to eat our own bread,' even that which,

according to the regulations of society, men call our own. Thou only hast a right to call it not so, for we are Thine, and all that Thou hast given us; but of Thy free bounty and kind providence Thou hast enabled us to 'provide things honest and of good report in the sight of all men,' and to give a portion to them who need.

"I trust Thy Spirit has directed my judgment in the determination I have taken to set apart from time to time this portion, according as Thou prosperest us in business, and preservest us in health and ability to pursue it. I bless Thee for indulgent, encouraging appearances, that, since I began the practice, Thou hast added to my stock, and that which I have given has never straitened, but Thou hast prospered more and more. My poor purse has never been empty when called for, neither has my family purse. Of Thine own I give Thee, and bless Thy name for the privilege."

In 1797 a Society for the "relief of poor widows with small children" was established at the suggestion of Mr. Bethune, and Mrs. Graham was chosen first directress, an office she held for ten years. During the following winter the distress in New York was extreme, owing to the ravages of yellow fever, and Mrs. Graham's exertions in visiting the bereaved families, procuring work for the widows, and caring for their orphans, were incessant. For the orphans she opened a school, and some of her former pupils volunteered to teach the children in rotation. She also engaged some of the best educated widows to open free schools in different parts of the city for the children of other widows. She established two sabbath schools, one of which she superintended herself, and the other she placed under the care of her daughter.

The Annual Report of the Widows' Relief Society was generally drawn up by Mrs. Graham. That in April, 1800, states that "again the pestilence had emptied the city, again every source of industry was dried up, even the streams of benevolence from the country failed." The Report thus proceeds:

"Those storehouses from which relief was issued to thou-

sands in former calamities now disappointed their hopes ; and those spared by the pestilence were ready to perish by the famine. Such widows as had no friends in the country under whose roof they might for a time seek shelter were shut up to the only relief within their power, even to *that Society* which had formerly saved them in many a strait. They came, were received with tenderness, assisted with food, advice, and medicine. Four of the Society's board, at the risk of their lives, remained in the city, steady in the exercise of their office. One hundred and forty-two widows, with four hundred and six children under twelve years of age, by far the greater part under six, have from time to time, during the winter, been visited and relieved. *Widow* is a word of sorrow in the best of circumstances ; but a widow left poor, destitute, friendless, surrounded with a number of small children, shivering with cold, pale with want, looking in her face with eyes pleading for bread which she has not to give ; nor any probable prospect of procuring, is in a situation that calls for the deepest sympathy. Many such scenes were witnessed during the last winter ; and though none could restore the *father* and the *husband*, the hearts of the mourners were soothed by the managers, while they dispensed the relief provided for them by their *Father* and their *Husband*, God."

The winter of 1804-5 was unusually severe. The river Hudson was icebound so early as November, and the poor suffered terribly from the scarcity and dearness of fuel. Mrs. Graham visited and assisted many families. It was her custom to leave home directly after breakfast, taking with her some rolls of bread, and spending the whole day in these visits of mercy, not returning till eight o'clock in the evening. She was often accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Hoffinan, a member of the Episcopal Church, and the two missionaries "travelled many a day together in the walks of charity, dispensing temporal aid from the purse of charity and spiritual consolation from the word of life."

In 1805 the manager of the Widows' Society felt the need

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for an asylum for the orphans left a second time destitute on the occasion of the death of their widowed mothers. They therefore called a public meeting, over which Mrs. Graham presided. An institution, small at first but afterwards largely increased, was established ; and Mrs. Graham and members of her family taught the children until the funds admitted of competent teachers being provided. Eventually the Legislature erected a handsome building in the neighbourhood of New York for the use of the orphans.

Another work in which Mrs. Graham engaged was the visitation of the patients in the public hospital. She also visited the sick female convicts in the state prison. In 1811, on the formation of a Magdalen Society, she was made president. In 1812 another mission was laid before her and the Christian women who associated with her in her labours of love ; this was a request from the trustees of the Lancasterian School to give catechetical religious instruction to their scholars one afternoon in every week. Mrs. Graham was one who attended regularly for this purpose.

There was at this time neither a Bible Society nor a Tract Society in New York. During the visitation of the yellow fever Mrs. Graham requested one of her friends to write some religious tracts suited to the needs of the afflicted families suffering from illness or bereavement. These she widely distributed, and she also gave a copy of the Bible to every family whom she found destitute of the Scriptures.

As years increased upon her, Mrs. Graham's active labours made rest and recreation needful during the summer, and for several successive years she accompanied an invalid granddaughter to Rockaway for the benefit of sea bathing. There her society was much sought after, in the boarding house at which she stayed "Her fund of information, her vivacity of manner, and the interest which she felt in the happiness of all around" made her a most pleasant companion. Many of her lady friends at parting begged her to visit them in their own homes should she ever travel near to where they dwelt.

During one summer an event occurred which occasioned much alarm to her friends. It is thus described.

"While bathing, Mrs. Graham was carried by the surf beyond her depth, and for some time there was scarcely a hope of her regaining the shore. Her grandchildren were weeping on the beach, and the company assembled there were afflicted, but helpless spectators of her danger. At that moment of peril she prayed to the Lord for deliverance, but acquiesced in His will if He should see fit to take her to Himself in this manner. Able to swim a little, she kept herself afloat for some time; she became at length very faint; and when her friends on the beach apprehended her lost, they perceived that the wave had impelled her somewhat nearer to them. A gentleman present, and her female attendant, stepped into the surf; and, extending their arms for mutual support, one of them was enabled to lay hold of Mrs. Graham's bathing gown, and to pull her towards them. When they brought her ashore she was much exhausted. It was some hours before she revived, when she addressed the company in a very serious and impressive manner, that affected them to tears. Her health, during the following winter, was much impaired by the shock it had received."

Early in 1814 her bodily powers began to fail, yet her lively interest in the welfare of her fellow creatures showed no abatement. In May she read with deep interest a report from England relative to the establishment of adult schools; and she immediately took the initiative in forming such a school for the young people employed in the manufactories, and she invited them to meet her every Sabbath morning at eight o'clock. During this spring for a few weeks her strength was restored, and both naturally and spiritually she had a season of much enjoyment. On Tuesday the 19th of July she was taken unwell with what proved to be an attack of cholera. On Saturday she sent for Mrs. Chrystie. This alarmed her daughter, who knew that these two aged friends had engaged that, if possible, the one who died first should have the minis-

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trations of the other during her last hours. On Mrs. Chrystie entering the room Mrs. Graham welcomed her with a sweet expressive smile, which seemed to say: "I am about to get the start of you; it will be your office to fulfil our engagement." As Mrs. Chrystie sat beside her dying friend Mrs. Graham said to her, "Your face is very pleasant to me, my friend."

On the Sabbath she was very drowsy, but on seeing her son-in-law looking much distressed she roused herself and, embracing him, said: "My dear, dear son, I am going to leave you; I am going to the Saviour."

"I know," he replied, "that when you do go from us, it will be to the Saviour; but, my dear mother, it may not be the Lord's time *now* to call you to Himself."

"Yes," she said with tears, "now is the time; and oh, I could weep for sin."

"Have you any doubts then, my dear friend?" inquired Mrs. Chrystie.

"Oh no," was her answer, and looking at her weeping children she added: "My dear children, I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour than if I were already in His arms; my guilt is all transferred, He has cancelled all I owed. Yet I could weep for sins against so good a God. It seems to me as if there must be weeping even in heaven for sin."

After this she conversed still more with her friends, mentioning portions of Scripture and favourite hymns which had helped and comforted her. Some of these she had copied into a little book she had entitled "Provision for my Last Journey through the Wilderness and Passage over Jordan."

The waters of the river did not rise high as she passed over to the "shining shore" beyond. Her last word, uttered with a smile, was "*Peace*."

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

"CONSECRATED UNTO THE LORD."

MARIE.

*Wearing all that weight of learning
Lightly like a flower.*

TENNYSON.

"It is not by the toil of their own hands that the lilies are arrayed in a glory surpassing that of Solomon. Their pure, white garment is not of their own spinning; it is the free gift of God's bounty. Nor have the souls, which are arrayed in a purity like that of the lily, wrought that purity for themselves. . . . All the wisdom, and all the strength, and all the courage that have ever been found among the children of men, would never attain to a single thread in that robe of righteousness. If any are indeed clothed in this purity, like the lilies of the field, it can only be through God's infinite mercy and love. It can only be through their having their souls washed in the blood and arrayed in the white robes of the Lamb."—*From a Sermon by Julius Hare, "Harvest Parables."*

XV.

MARIE.

THIS brief description of a refined and elevated character, sanctified by Divine grace, is written by "Charlotte Elizabeth," the sketch of whose life forms one of the early chapters of this volume.

Totally deaf from childhood, Charlotte Elizabeth's literary work was an intense interest to her. Not less so was the cultivation of her garden, which she kept entirely in her own hands, by which means she became personally acquainted with each plant, its manner of growth, requirements, etc. She was highly imaginative, and it was her fancy to connect a favourite flower or plant with each of her most intimate friends, both rich and poor.

In the present instance a sprig of "lemon plant," or ver-bena, given her by Marie on their first acquaintance, caused Charlotte Elizabeth to link her friend and the plant together. And there is a likeness we cannot fail to trace between the plant and the beautiful traits of Marie's character. The leaf of the lemon plant gives forth its sweetest scent when bruised. Marie's earthly life had been crushed and bruised by sorrow and bereavement, and the result was a holy fragrance which filled the atmosphere around her wherever she went. The following is only slightly abridged from the original sketch.¹

¹ The sketch of Marie forms one of a series of papers, originally, it would seem, brought out in a monthly periodical, and consisting of memorials of persons known to the author, and whose characters were associated in her mind with some flower which was generally in bloom at the time she wrote. These "Chapters on Flowers" were afterwards published in a separate volume by "Seeley & Co.," by whose permission the sketch is now reprinted.

“While engaged in writing these simple memorials, I have often been led to think on a friend, before whose eyes the pages must frequently have brought scenes and characters no less familiar to her than to myself. Circumstances had parted us many years ago; and under the pressure of our respective cares, amid the multiplying demands on our attention, the correspondence had died away; but many a sweet anticipation had gladdened my thoughts, as they dwelt on a future reunion, either in her own green isle, or wheresoever the Lord might permit us to renew the intercourse which, for three years, subsisted, to our mutual delight, almost without a day's separation. Together we watched the fading of the interesting snowdrop, poor Theresa! and our tears were mingled over the tidings of her blessed transition to the world of happy spirits; together we rejoiced over the first manifestations of Divine grace in the little dumb boy. To her I took the passion flower; and the nun, whom she personally knew, formed the theme of numberless conversations between us; while there also I had the help of her persevering prayers. So intimately was she acquainted with all most interesting to me, that I have almost marvelled she should not have broken through the lengthened silence. Alas! I little thought that she had gone to rejoice with those who had awakened so intense an interest in us; and that the lemon plant, or verbena, a sweet shrub which I had, from the first day of our acquaintance, held in a manner sacred to her, was soon to be placed among the mementoes of the dead.

“As I have before remarked, my floral associations are very arbitrary. They are sometimes founded on a resemblance traced between the individual and the flower, but more frequently upon some incident which has connected them; and then I love to follow up the union, by making out some actual point of likeness. Not a few of my best beloved friends, thus fancifully identified, are still bright and blooming as their gentle representatives, and very delightful is it to behold them together; more particularly if the friend and the

flower unexpectedly meet, the first after a prolonged absence, the other in the earliest beauty of its annual reappearance ; and my heart has bounded with a joy that few can realize, with a fond anticipation of future reappearance even on earth, and the more sober but far more satisfying prospect of eternal reunion in that better land where the flowers fade not and friends can part no more.

“But I am wandering from the lemon plant, and from her whose memory is, like it, fragrant and evergreen. Before we met I had heard so much of her extraordinary attainments and acknowledged superiority in all that is both brilliant and valuable, that I rather expected something more to be admired than loved, and froze myself as hard as people *can* freeze amid the sunshine of Irish society, under the impression that if I took a fancy to Marie she would prove too abstracted a person to reciprocate it. How much was I mistaken ! Never, in my life, did I behold a softer personification of all that is modest in the truly feminine character, arrayed too in the meek and quiet spirit wherewith God loves to adorn His dearest children.

“Her dress, her manner, every feature of her intelligent and pensive countenance, bespoke the unassuming disciple of a lowly Master. Elegant she could not but be ; fashionable she had been, and, as she told me, proud and overbearing. I was forced to believe it, for Marie was infinitely superior to the affectation of self-condemning humility ; but years of close observation did not enable me to detect a vestige of such characteristics. It often astonished me that she, who so dearly prized in others the gifts of intellect and superior information, should be so utterly insensible of her own elevated scale in both respects ; but I believe it to have been that, having long traded in goodly pearls, she so justly appreciated the one pearl of great price, which she had happily found, that her former collection faded into absolute nothingness in the comparison.

“One hour passed in her society sufficed to rivet my regard ;

for, interested by some painful circumstances that she had previously heard as connected with my situation, she laid aside her habitual reserve, and bestowed on me such sweet attentions as would have won a much colder heart. It was on that occasion that she gave me half of a sprig of the lemon plant from her bosom; and finding that it was a favourite shrub with me, she reared one from a cutting, to perfume my little study. The growth of our friendship, however, outstripped that of the plant, so that before the slip had taken root Marie and I were daily companions.

“Our earliest walks were beside a river, the banks of which were fringed with tall trees, or along a road where the lofty mountains of Slieve-na-man towered many a mile to the right, while in nearer prospect, across the river, was one of the proudest and most ancient of Ireland’s embattled castles. After a while we became so enamoured of the precincts within that castle’s walls that our more extended rambles were given up for the delightful privilege of sauntering beneath the rich foliage of its venerable trees, and talking over tales of the olden times, dear to the children of Erin. The noble proprietors, on leaving the country for a time, had given me the privilege of free entrance at all hours, by a private door, into the grounds, with permission to extend my rambles into every room of the castle. Often have we availed ourselves of this indulgence to gaze on the antique tapestry, to examine the curious reliques of other days, when one of the purest patriots that ever drew Irish breath held viceregal state beneath those battlements; or to promenade the long saloon, enriched by the portraits of many generations, and terminating in a projecting window which, from an almost incredible height, looked commandingly down upon the slow deep river that guarded the foot of that impregnable fortress. My beloved companion had not, in becoming spiritual, lost a whit of her patriotism (would that none ever did so!), and she was proud of the castle, and looked on the waving honours of its surrounding trees with a depth of feeling truly Irish. Indeed, under their shadow I

seemed to become Irish also ; for it is from that spot, and from that period, I date my fervent devotion to dear Ireland and her cause, a devotion which I hope and trust will abide in the veins of my heart till they cease to throb with life.

“ But there were traits in Marie’s character more endearing than even her nationality. She was a truly consistent Christian ; her views of Divine things were uncommonly deep and clear ; and the powers of her fine mind were unreservedly consecrated to His service who had so richly gifted it. She was slow in asserting an opinion, because she always made sure of her ground ; and rarely, if ever, had she occasion to retract it. Great decision of character was tempered with such softness of manner, and powerful arguments were so modestly put forth, that even a child might feel as if on an equal footing with her, while imbibing the lessons of wisdom. How tender she was in this respect, a little instance may show : I never could forget the circumstance, nor think of it without emotion.

“ We once, when setting out on a long walk beside the river, started a subject whereon our opinions considerably differed ; it was something connected with the grand doctrine of redemption. My notions were very crude, but I was abundantly dogmatical in proclaiming them. Marie had the better of the argument throughout ; and not a word was spoken on either side, approaching to intemperance of feeling.

“ We had not quite concluded when we reached my door, and stood awhile to finish the discussion, as the dinner hour forbade a longer interview. It ended by my conceding to her the palm of orthodoxy, which I did I believe with a good grace ; and we parted most affectionately, agreeing to meet on the morrow at noon. The following morning, before I was well awake, a billet was brought to my bedside, the contents of which amazed me. It was from Marie, written at three o’clock in the morning under the most extreme depression of spirits, occasioned by an apprehension which had seized her that she might, in the earnestness of our discussion, have said or looked something calculated to pain me ; and the idea

was, she said, intolerable that she perhaps had added a mental pang to the many I was called on to endure, by some seemingly unkind remark or overbearing assumption. She had wept at the thought, and prayed over it; had acknowledged it to her mother, and now took the pen to implore my forgiveness if such should have been the case. A more simple, touching effusion I never perused; and when I had written my assurance that nothing of the kind, nothing even remotely approaching it, had occurred, I sat down to meditate on the immense distance to which the once proud Marie had advanced on the heavenly road beyond me, who said a thousand peevish things almost daily to my most indulgent friends, and rarely repented of them.

“Another distinguishing feature in her sweet character was the perfect absence of egotism. With feelings exquisitely refined, she struggled to conceal their delicate sensitiveness lest minds of a rougher mould might feel ill at ease in her company. This species of self denial I have scarcely ever seen practised except by my beloved Marie; but in her I have marked it constantly developed. On the same high and generous principle she concealed her extraordinary attainments in science; she was deeply versed in even very abstruse philosophy, and her acquaintance with learned languages was at once extensive and solid. She had books that would have graced the library of a university professor, and used them too, but they were never seen on her table or her shelves, and I verily believe that, to the day of our separation, she did not know I was acquainted with the number or nature of her accomplishments; yet she had no friend so intimate as I was.

“I recollect that one day she was showing me a little circular flowerstand, where she had arranged her choice plants, just before the window of her favourite boudoir. I looked around me; the room was not large, but delightfully fitted up. There was her piano on one side and her harp in the corner; her bookshelves elegantly arranged, with drawings hung round, every one of which she said was a memento of something

dear to her heart. The love of a mother, who perfectly appreciated and almost idolized this one survivor of her domestic circle, had contrived many little useful and ornamental appendages; while the flowerstand, loaded with odoriferous plants, basked in the pleasant light of a window which overlooked her little garden, where her two pet families of rare carnations and splendid tiger lilies flourished to her heart's content. I remember thus addressing her: 'Marie, you perplex and almost make me discontented. You are a child of God, yet have no cross.' She looked at me with a short laugh of surprise, then, while her aspect softened into deep humility, she answered: 'I am, by Divine grace, a child of God, loaded with innumerable blessings by my heavenly Father; every want supplied, every wish gratified. But don't doubt that, when He sees fit, He will find a cross for me.' She presently after brought a miniature and laid it before me, asking if I knew whom it represented. I replied I had seen one like it, but could not tell where. Her mother, who had joined us, said, 'Five years before you met, that was a most striking likeness of Marie.'

"I gazed in astonishment, comparing the lofty and spirited mien, the brilliant glow of youthful beauty, and deep rich auburn tint of a profuse head of hair, as represented in the miniature, with the meek quiet aspect, the faded complexion, and the very thin locks of pale yellow, that marked my friend. She sat quite still during the scrutiny, then said, 'It really was a surprising likeness, taken just before I lost my darling brother.' Her tears flowed, and, smiling through them, she added while closing the miniature, 'You must not suppose that I had no troubles to bring me to the cross.'

"This was the only allusion that she ever made to former trials; but the incident sunk deep into my mind, showing me the Lord's mercy to His dear child, in giving her a season of calm enjoyment after severe tossings on a stormy sea.

"Dear gentle Marie! it was not the combination of external things that, gratifying her taste, produced such an atmosphere of tranquil happiness around her; it was the calm

and holy frame of a spirit subdued, a heart attuned, under the hand of sanctifying grace. She was eminently devout, and had a method in all her exercises, a methodical arrangement of her time, which conduced, beyond any other means, to the consistency, the usefulness, the self-possession of a child of God. A perfect knowledge of herself gave her infinite advantage over those who had more superficially, or more partially, investigated their own characters. Beholding continually her original and actual sinfulness, her failures in attempting to follow the steps of a perfect Guide, and all the secret iniquity of a heart naturally most proudly averse from godliness, beholding these things as in the sight of the Omniscient, she was kept from the fatal snare of thinking of herself more highly than she ought to think ; and thus no slight, no rudeness, no severity of remark, could ruffle even the surface of her patient temper. With all this she was exceedingly cheerful, and by her frequent flashes of genuine humour often won a smile when no one else could have extorted it.

“The details connected with my beloved Marie’s history would far surpass, in touching and heart-thrilling interest, those of any individual to whom I have yet alluded ; but her character needed not the aid of such contingent circumstances to render it engaging in the eyes of those who knew her ; nor does it require that aid to make it attractive to those who love to see a contemporary adorned in like manner as the holy women of old adorned themselves. I could have made my readers weep with me, but I would rather lead them to reflect and to pray, encouraged by the exhibition of what God wrought in my Marie, and what He is equally able, equally willing, to work in them also.”

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Butler & Tanner, The Selwood Printing Works, Frome, and London.

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