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Gallie K. Caldwell

THE
SACRED HOUR;

BY

REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS,
AUTHOR OF
"FOOTPRINTS OF AN ITINERANT."

'I AM DETERMINED TO BE A CHRISTIAN, AND WORK FOR GOD.'

FIFTH THOUSAND.

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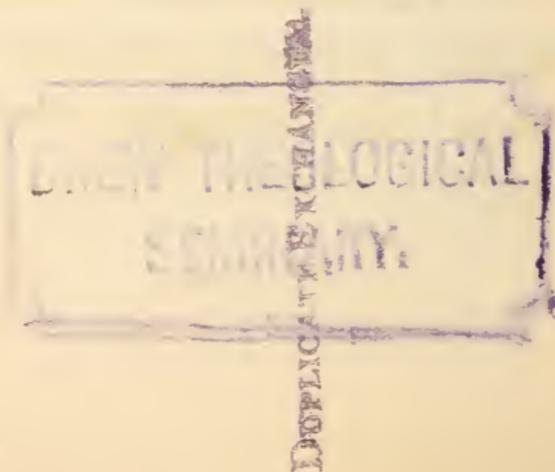
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PREFACE.

THIS book owes its existence—FIRST, to the burning desire which still glows in my heart to be a “co-worker with God”—to contribute my “mite” toward the “perfecting of the saints” and “edifying of the body of Christ.” SECONDLY, to an ardent hope that through this medium I may also be able to procure the means of subsistence for myself and family, without being obliged to rely upon the usual yearly “church collections” for the support of her “superannuated ministers.” I remained at “my post,” in the field of battle, with my “harness on,” until my strength entirely failed, and I was compelled to retire from the toils and responsibilities of the active ministry. *When my voice failed, I resolved to use my pen.* I could not bear the thought of standing “all the day idle,” in a world where the “laborers are few, and the “fields white unto the harvest.”

It is almost three years since I have attempted to preach. I am very grateful to God that during my *exile* from the pulpit I am again permitted to speak to the public and my old friends through the medium of the religious press. In writing and preparing the SACRED HOUR I can truly say, "THIS I HAVE DONE FOR JESUS, MY SAVIOR"—the building up of his people, and the conversion of sinners. *Indifferentism* will no doubt exclaim, What! another new book? O, what an onerous burden, to be compelled to purchase so many religious books for my family. Stop! my dear friend, I would speak kindly with you. The purchase of books which *benefit the heart*, and at the same time improve the mind, is a good investment. We have a superabundance of unprofitable books, works of an infidel, corrupting character—almost daily issued from the press. The only way their evil influence can be neutralized is, by writings of a different tendency. It is a matter of sincere congratulation among the friends of a pure *evangelism* that a growing

appreciation for works of this character is everywhere manifested among pious christians of every denomination.

It affords me great pleasure to insert the following testimonials from well known ministers, "beloved of God:"

FROM REV. MICHAEL MARLAY, P. ELDER OF DAYTON DISTRICT.

"In these days of cold formalism and worldly-mindedness, of unsanctified talent and misguided effort,—it affords me great pleasure to recommend to the public this tribute to the grace of God, as illustrated in the life and writings of a gifted and devotedly pious young lady. It was my privilege, during a two years' residence in Piqua, and while traveling on the Urbana District for the last four years, to form an acquaintance with all the persons especially referred to in these pages. I have no doubt the faithful delineations of the character and whole-souled devotedness to the cause of Christ of Miss Sallie K. Caldwell, as exhibited in this unpretending little volume, will be the means of stimulating many professors of religion to more entire consecration and self-denying efforts in the cause of Christ. I received her friend "Amelia" into the church at Piqua, and take pleasure in bearing testimony to her deep-toned piety, brilliant example, holy walk, and unblamable conversation before the world.

"I hope that a large measure of the warm and active faith, with all its glow of feeling and life-giving vigor,—deadness to the world and entire conformity to the will of God, that pervades the SACRED HOUR may be imparted to all who read it. I would especially recommend its circulation among young converts, and in all our Sabbath Schools. But it will doubtless prove highly beneficial to all classes of readers.

"Dayton, March 7, 1856.

M. MARLEY."

FROM REV. ROBERT O. SPENCER, PASTOR OF PARK-STREET
M. E. CHURCH, CINCINNATI.

“Having through the politeness of the author, been permitted to examine the proof-sheets of the SACRED HOUR, I take great pleasure in recommending it to all pilgrims, who are traveling to the Celestial city. It will quicken their christian graces, and impart new spiritual strength for the journey. With Miss Sallie K. Caldwell, whose life, character, and triumphant death are here so vividly portrayed, I had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance—having had her under my pastoral care. She was all that she is here represented to have been. The picture is truthful, and by no means overwrought. Like a bright luminary, she shone in the church, and her sun at setting broke forth into meridian splendor. May our life and end be like hers.

“March 5, 1856.

ROBERT O. SPENCER.”

FROM REV. WILLIAM I. ELLSWORTH, PASTOR OF RAPER
CHAPEL, DAYTON, O.

“Having been permitted to examine most of the proof sheets of your charming little volume, entitled THE SACRED HOUR, it is with unaffected pleasure that I commend it to the reading public. The history and epistolary correspondence of Miss Caldwell and her friend Amelia, cannot fail to interest, instruct, and benefit all who read them; and the practical use made of these and other interesting matter introduced by the author in the subsequent chapters of the book is most happy, and will lend an additional charm to the work.

“There is also a deep vein of piety running through the whole book, which will improve the heart of the christian reader, and create fresh aspirations after Bible holiness.

W. I. ELLSWORTH.

“Dayton, March 9, 1856.”

The KEY that unlocks the SACRED HOUR will be found in the Introduction, Chapter first, on the thirty-first and thirty-second pages.

This book does not deal in untried theories

—it exhibits the reduction of *theory* to heart-felt *experience* in the life of the pure and good. I have never yet found time to deal in abstractions or subtle metaphysics.

“A weary pilgrim
Sighing for the rest to come,”

I would rather promote the POWER of Godliness—the *life of Christ in the soul*—I love to view religion on the practical side, as designed to operate by a few simple and grand truths, on the affections and habits of men. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” “We want nothing so much in the church,” said the late Doctor Olin, of precious memory, “in the nineteenth century, as DEEP-IONED PIETY—the ministry alive—as blazing torches, and a holy, wakeful membership. The sole element of power by which the church can do the work assigned her by Jesus Christ, is *piety*. There are many churches that have only the form of Godliness but deny the power. A mere *formal* christianity is weak and worthless. It is worse—it obscures the

true light and turns men's attention away from the living fountain. What we want at present so much, is neither *wealth, nor learning, nor worldly influence*, but LIGHT AND LOVE—the light of Christ and the love of Christ. Other things are not to be undervalued in their place; but this is the *only element of power as an instrument* by which the world is to be regenerated.

“A church may be what the world calls a strong church in point of numbers and influence. A church may be made up of men of wealth, men of intellect, men of power, high born men, and men of rank and fashion,—and being so composed may be in a worldly sense a very strong church. There are many things such a church can do—it can launch ships and endow seminaries, it can diffuse intelligence, and uphold the cause of benevolence, and make religion respectable in the eyes of worldly-minded men. Its members can give to the needy of this world's goods. It can build splendid temples for God's worship. It can rear up a magnificent pile and adorn its front

with sculpture — lay stone upon stone, and heap ornament upon ornament until the *costliness of the ministrations at the altar will keep any poor man from entering its portal*. All this it may do, and be what the world calls a strong church. But there is one thing," said the Doctor, "it can not do — it can not SHINE.

"It may glitter and blaze like an iceberg in the rays of the sun, but without INWARD HOLINESS it can not 'shine.' Of all that is *formal and material* in christianity, it may make a splendid manifestation, but it CANNOT SHINE. It may turn almost everything into gold at its touch, but it can not *touch the heart*. It may rear its marble front, pile tower upon tower — and mountain upon mountain, but it can not 'touch the mountains and they shall smoke.' It can not conquer souls for Christ. It can not awaken the sympathies of faith and love. It can not do Christ's work in man's conversion. And with all its strength that church is *weak*, and for Christ's *peculiar work, worthless*. And with all its glitter and gorgeous array it is a

dark, cold, formal church — ‘IT CAN NOT SHINE.’

“On the other hand show me a church of poor, illiterate, unknown, obscure, unnoticed but *praying people*. They shall be families that do not know one week where they are to get bread for the next—they shall be men of neither wealth, nor power, nor influence, and they shall worship God in rough dingy out of the way conventicles; but with them is the ‘*hiding of God’s power*,’ and their influence is felt for eternity, and their *light shines and is watched*, and wherever they go there is a fountain of life—and Christ in them is glorified and his kingdom advanced. They are his *chosen vessels* of salvation, and his *luminaries* to reflect his light. They may be a church weak in numbers and poor, and despised, and destitute of worldly influence—but they are *strong in*, and for Christ, they do *his work* and bring home souls to glory. This is the true strength of the church — LIGHT AND LOVE — and all that is worth coveting or possessing.”

I subscribe to the foregoing sentiments with

all my heart. It is certainly our high privilege to be raised above the world and completely consecrated to Christ. O my brethren, does not the language of our fears and complaints rather resemble the complaints of captives than the shouts of victors?

We want in all the churches, a general "BAPTISM OF FIRE." We want more "*light*," "*love*," "*heat*," "*salt*" and "*charity*." We have too many worldly-minded, "*one story*" christians — the spiritual edifice is incomplete. My dear brother and sister, raise the soul a "*story higher*" — Amen.

I would address you in the language of the ship-master to Jonah,—"What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we *perish not*." Awake! awake! Determine to be a more devoted christian, and "work for God." Like your Master go about and do good. There is a reward in the good done to *others*. And there is a reward in the good done *to those that do it*. It brings a healing with it.—"Blessed

is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing." O, for one more lofty song of praise. "Rejoice evermore."
'AND AGAIN I SAY, REJOICE.'

"Lord, I will mean and speak thy praise,
Thy praise alone.
My busy heart shall spin it all my days:
And when it stops for want of store,
Then I will wring it with a sigh or groan
That *thou* mayest still have more."

HERBERT.

I rejoice that I have the opportunity while confined at home by affliction, to send occasionally a few good thoughts abroad as it were on wings to thousands. In this way the *heart* can tell *its story* abroad, and lose not its delicacy—it can lay itself bare, yet still remain sensitive. My warmest wishes and fervent prayer shall follow the SACRED HOUR, until called to leave the watch-towers of our spiritual Jerusalem. O, may it be graciously sanctified to that class of persons for whom it is especially designed. Read it prayerfully—not to criticise, but to become wise unto salvation. And learn to cultivate the practice of that "*charity*" which is

pronounced greater than "FAITH" or "HOPE"
— of which it may be said —

"None half so fair!
To all the rest, however fair, thou givest
A finishing and polish, without which
NO MAN E'ER ENTERED HEAVEN."

MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

WEST END, *Dayton, O.*, March 12, 1856.

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INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the first fruits of my ministry in the Green street Station, in Piqua, was the much loved and lamented Miss SALLIE K. CALDWELL. She united with our church at my first Quarterly Meeting, in Oct., 1851.

She was the daughter of Matthew Caldwell, Esq., and was born in Piqua, Miami County, December 7, 1831. She had an amiable disposition and a cultivated intellect, united with remarkable firmness and decision of character. Her parents were at that time, and still are, members of the New School Presbyterian Church, and have been long and favorably known, in Piqua city, as consistent and devoted followers of the Savior. Sallie was a devoted and dutiful daughter. Her first aim was to serve God—next, to “HONOR and OBEY” her affectionate parents. She was never known to pursue any course of conduct that did not fully accord with their wishes.

It will appear in the sequel of this narrative that, being thwarted in her first efforts to seek religion, she became fond of worldly pleasure, and turned a deaf ear to all the warnings and invitations of the Gospel. But the spirit of God continued to strive with her for a long time. When fully awakened, a second time, to a sense of her sinful state, she still manifested a desire to become a member of the M. E. Church. Her parents having considered the whole matter in relation to the eternal destiny of their beloved daughter, did not now interpose the slightest objection to her wishes. With their most cordial approbation I then admitted her to our communion as an "*earnest seeker*" of salvation—having a strong "desire to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from her sins." From the time of her earliest connection with the Church of God until the close of her brief christian pilgrimage, she continued to "evidence this desire of Salvation," by "DOING NO HARM," "avoiding evil of every kind," and a diligent use of *all the means of grace*.

I have a higher and a holier object before me than to write a glowing eulogium. I do

not write to praise the dead—but to profit the living—to edify the people of God, and encourage the weary pilgrim on his march Zionward.

Miss Caldwell drank the cup of repentance to its very dregs. She “tasted the wormwood and the gall,” and “sorrowed after a “godly manner” until sometime in January, 1852, when the burden of guilt was removed, and she experienced much comfort; but the spirit of *assurance* was not yet imparted. I greatly prefer, however, to let her tell her own sweet “story of redeeming love.” It will be found in the following brief extract from her Journal.

“From early childhood I have been blest with the strivings of the Holy Spirit; but I long resisted its calls. At the age of *fourteen* I was powerfully convicted. I could find no rest. I was awfully distressed in mind; I even wished for *annihilation*. But at last these impressions wore away, and I became hardened in sin. I then thought when I arrived at *eighteen* years of age I would seek God, but when that period arrived I was wholly absorbed with company, dress, novel reading, and gayety of every

kind. I entered society with a warm and confiding heart, but soon proved, as many others have done, that the immortal mind could not be satisfied with such hollow-hearted professions of friendship as greeted me on every side. My heart was filled with pride and vanity, but God only knows the bitterness of heart I experienced at times. My conscience condemned me for the course I was pursuing. Finding that Fashion made slaves of all her votaries, I turned from her *shrine* in disgust, resolving to seek for happiness in *Fame*. But, alas! I soon proved that all these combined were unable to bring happiness and peace to the soul. At last, I turned my weary, aching heart to seek for rest in the wounds of Jesus. After a struggle of many weeks to understand the way of faith, I obtained relief sometime in January, 1852. But still the evidence of my acceptance with God was not as clear and satisfactory as I desired it should be. Glory be to God! on the 13th of May, 1852, at the sweet hour of sunset, while reading and praying over a work called '*Faith and its Effects*,' I grasped the promise—'*He that believeth*

shall be saved,' and *instantly* light from on High shone into my soul. *I was happy.*"

From this joyful period her "path was that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." On her *twenty-first* birth-day she writes in her Journal thus—

“DEC. 7, 1852.

“I feel a deep solemnity of heart when I think what a small portion of my life has been devoted to God. Many years I have spent in sin and folly, for which I must give an account to my Judge in the presence of men and angels. O, what remorse of conscience I feel in view of mis-spent time! Alas! I not only boldly rejected my Redeemer, but served Satan with all my ransomed powers, and rejected every offer of mercy from the sacred desk. But I call God to witness, from henceforth I will pursue a different course. I have this afternoon solemnly consecrated myself to the cause of Christ. *I am no longer my own.* I have been bought with a price, even the precious blood of the Son of God. My determination now is to be a whole-hearted Christian — a *Bible Christian.* I renounce the world, with all its ‘*parties*’ and ‘*sinful amuse-*

ments.' I wish to live in such a manner as not to bring a reproach upon the cause of Christ—a cause that I love above all others. . . . This Journal shall be exclusively devoted to record the gracious dealings of God with my soul. I have found by experience that I am greatly blessed in committing my thoughts to paper. I praise God for his great goodness in casting my lot in a Bible land, where I can enjoy all the means of grace. I thank him for pious parents, for early religious training, mental culture, and all the facilities for improvement with which I have been favored. The few talents I possess—my *whole heart*, and whatever else I possess—are this day unreservedly given to God and his service. It shall be the delight of my heart to instruct those around me in the knowledge of a Crucified Redeemer. My sole aim and purpose shall be to *do good*—to *be useful*, and contribute all I can to make others happy. O, may God make me instrumental in some way of spreading the glad tidings of 'salvation among my fellow men.' I feel a growing desire for *Holiness*—full conformity to all the will of God. O, that I could even

now plunge beneath the purple flood, and be 'wholly freed from inbred sin.' I feel happy in a Saviour's love. *Lord, I am Thine.*"

Not long after Miss Caldwell united with the church, the heart of the gifted, and devotedly pious Sister Amelia was drawn toward her in a mysterious way. The attraction and attachment soon became mutual. They were as firmly united in the bonds of christian fellowship, as were the hearts of Jonathan and David. As time rolled on, this "union of hearts" increased in strength, daily, until they could sing, and feel it to,

"Present we still in spirit are
And *intimately nigh*,
While on the wings of faith and prayer,
We to each other fly."

This bond of union was productive of highly beneficial results. FIRST—A regular correspondence was agreed upon, which was exclusively devoted to *religious experience*. SECOND—An hour each day was set apart for *secret* prayer, at which time they were *unitedly* to pour out their fervent prayers before our "Father's Throne" for

the blessing of sanctification. This special season of prayer was frequently called "our hour," or the "SACRED HOUR." THIRD—A *regular* course of reading the scriptures was adopted and diligently pursued at this SACRED HOUR: each in their own rooms reading two chapters, and the *same chapters*, at the same time. FOURTH—The first Friday in each month was set apart as a FAST DAY, and a period for the work of self-examination and fervent prayer, especially for a revival of religion in the M. E. church, and Piqua City. FIFTH—To this was added the daily practice of reading and committing to memory from a "Scripture Diary," one passage of the Word of God each morning, with the verse of poetry attached, as a theme for meditation and a stimulus in the discharge of christian duty.

Upwards of THREE HUNDRED letters passed between them in the course of three years. TWO THOUSAND Five Hundred Hours were spent in united prayer for each other and their friends at this SACRED HOUR. The sequel will reveal to the reader that they did not pray in vain.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAPTER II.

LETTER I.

PIQUA, July 16, 1852.

DEAR SISTER SALLIE:— Pardon the liberty I have taken, in thus addressing you I will offer no plea, but that of a deep heartfelt interest in your spiritual welfare. You may think it strange, that I, a comparative stranger, should take such liberty, but there is a something that draws you to my heart. O how I desire to see you prosper in the *Divine* life! and could I but say a word to encourage you to persevere, how happy I should be! I have thought, perhaps a little of my own experience might not be amiss; not that I wish you to follow my example, for I am too unworthy; but it is that you may avoid some of the almost fatal errors into which I fell. But first, my dear sister, let me tell you the deep interest which I feel for you, is not of recent date. Nay, my sister, when you first started in this cause,—this glorious cause,—when a

penitent at the *mourner's bench*, oh, how often did my heart bleed for you! Though not permitted to enjoy any of those precious meetings, yet I had an opportunity of hearing every morning of the meeting of the previous night, and of the rich blessing attending it. Time and again did I hear of my sisters, bowed at the *mourner's bench*. It was then that I felt my heart drawn out toward you; and whilst pleading at a throne of grace (as I often did) in your behalf, have I been blest and felt a sweet assurance "that the day of your deliverance was at hand." O what pleasure did it afford me afterwards to meet you in the same class: I felt that God had strangely brought us together, and that interest has not abated; but I feel it is still deepening, constraining my heart at this time to thus encroach upon your kindness.

Dear sister, you have indeed started in the best of causes, and I trust you will never weary in the way. In the name of heaven's King, I would urge you to go on. You have commenced drinking at the fountain. May you drink deeper and deeper

still. And as you advance, your joys will increase, your faith grow stronger. God forbid that you should stop short of the Eternal City. O, sister, set your mark high. Rely entirely upon the all-sufficient arm of your Lord and Savior, and grace and strength shall be given you in time of need. You will never regret it—though your pathway may at times appear hedged up, yet do not be discouraged—light will again spring up. What blessed privileges do you enjoy! You can enjoy all the means of grace without *opposition* or *restraint*. You have a dear sister to go with you—hand in hand you can go to your class, to prayer-meeting, to the house of God. O how would some of your less favored sisters rejoice, could they but enjoy the means of grace to the same extent. They can only gather but a *crumb* here and there, as it were. Yet God is good, and he does manifest himself to their joy and consolation.

My dearest sister, you have now put your hand to the gospel plow; O never look back. If you should, what remorse of conscience will it cost you! This I know from

my own bitter experience. I now regret that I did not in the sunny hours of my girlhood give myself to God. But God has been merciful. If I had but proved faithful from the time I first started in this warfare, how many bitter pangs would I have escaped, and how much further I might have been advanced in the Divine life! Ah, when I look back upon my past life, what a checkered scene it has been! I would that I could but go back and relate all my past experience; but time and space will not now admit of it. I can but give a mere sketch. From my earliest recollection I have felt the necessity of being a child of God; but it was not until about my fourteenth year, that I was powerfully convicted of sin, and felt myself lost and undone without an interest in a Savior's blood; but those impressions gradually ceased. My gay companions and society had charms which I could not resist. I thought to be a christian would not harmonize with my feelings. I was too young; I would wait until I was older, and then I would seek the favor of God. Thus I lived for some four or five

years. It then pleased God again to awaken me to a sense of my awful condition, and I sought my Savior, sorrowing, and found him to the joy of my soul. For some four or five years I felt that it was my "meat and drink" to do the will of God in all things. But, alas, I grew cold and indifferent to my soul's best interests. (I had then no class-meeting to attend, as I was not then a member of the Methodist church.) I neglected all the means of grace, both public and private. I became perfectly *hardened*, and for three years I never entered the house of God, nor scarcely ever opened my Bible. The Bible was no book for me—my condemnation appeared to be written on every page. What a mercy that God did not cut me off in this dreadful condition. O the depth of divine grace! God's Holy Spirit again strove with me, and I became fully conscious of my lost condition, and how far I had wandered. I thought I would retrace my steps—I would again seek the favor of God. I commenced once more attending upon the means of grace; but I found no consolation. I thought I was forever un-

done, and there was no mercy for me. I resolved I would never again enter the house of God. But my Savior still plead for me. How can I give thee up? O wondrous love!

After making this resolve, God directed my footsteps to the Methodist church. Never shall I forget that blessed Sabbath morning; (about three years ago;) I had not been at this church for some five years. Rev. W. H. Lawder was stationed here. He took for his text: Hebrews vii. 25. "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." O, shall I ever forget that sermon? It sank deep into my heart. It appeared as though every word he said was intended for me. How plainly did I see what an awful backslider in heart I had been. Yet hope sprung up in my soul; I felt that perhaps there was still mercy for me, although the very chief of sinners. I resolved again I would return unto my God; perhaps he would yet have mercy; but, oh! language falls far short of describing the agony, the remorse of conscience which I en-

dured when I became fully awakened. O, how often did I wish that I could blot out my existence. O what thick darkness spread itself on every side; so that neither sun, moon, or stars, appeared in my spiritual horizon; and then the enemy of my soul, with all his art and power, rose up against me and labored to trample me down in hopeless ruin. He tried to persuade me that I was already beyond recovery; that it would avail nothing for me to attempt it; that every effort, every attempt at amendment, every act of repentance would but make my case more aggravated, and plunge me still lower into hell.

I will not dwell on this sad picture any longer, but will just add, the agonies of a sinner in the first pangs of repentance, are not to be mentioned with those of the *backslider in heart*, when filled with his own ways. With this dreadful weight upon my soul, I resolved I would go to Jesus; I could but perish if I fell at the foot of the Cross, and if I staid away I knew I should *forever die*; I resolved if I perished it would be at the foot of the Cross; but, my sister, did

ever a guilty sinner perish there? No! no!! Thanks be to God, none are ever sent empty away, who come with "faith believing." But now a new trial presented itself. I felt it my duty to come out and be a decided christian. I thought I would return to my own church, or to that of which I was a member. But some how there was something urged me on to the Methodist that I could not resist. I would leave home often with the intention of going to the Presbyterian church; but ere I was aware, I would be seated in the Methodist. I felt it my duty to join with this people. I had always loved them, and believed them to be the true followers of God; but alas! I knew I would meet with strong opposition. I knew not what to do. Where should I go for advice? I wished to follow the will of my God. I feared if I went to some of the Presbyterians, they would advise me to come back; and if I went to even Methodists, they would think it my duty to join in with them. Thus I halted and struggled. I at last resolved that I would not rely upon an arm of flesh—I would go to God—I

would ask him to direct me aright, and that I would then bow submissively to his will ; if he would but lead me, I would follow after. I thank God that I was ever *constrained* to adopt this plan. I feel a blest assurance that he has led me and guided me by a way that I knew not. The more I prayed the clearer the light became, so that I thought it my duty to join with this people. After a three month's struggle and many hard battles, I resolved to gather up my sins, my entire burden, and cast them at the feet of Jesus — 'twas all that I could do — and let opposition or what would come, I would join the M. E. Church. I did cast my lot in with them. Do you think, my dear sister, I have ever regretted it? No! no!! Never! never!! God forbid that I should. O never shall I forget the kindness which they manifested for me. Here I have found nursing mothers and kind fathers. With the help of their prayers and kind advice I soon became in a manner strengthened ; but it was not for some two months after this that God again spoke peace to my soul and rolled the burden of guilt away. My dear

sister, I cannot describe the joy and peace which again sprung up in my soul—words fail me—but you know, by happy experience, the joy, the peace, the consolation of that hour when Jesus speaks *peace*; when he bids us return, for he has blotted out all our sins. O bless the Lord; praise his holy name; my soul now exults in this rapturous theme. Well may the poet say, “Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace of a soul in its earliest love.” O how often does my mind go back to that hour. How calm and sweet the message, “Thy sins are forgiven.”

There was no rapturous joy; all was quiet and peace. Would that I could always have dwelt in that same happy frame. But we cannot always be upon the mountain top. We must go down into the valley and contend with the world. This has been my position. Since that happy hour I have had conflicts, sore, and many; but thank God, I have not as yet been overcome. I have never entirely lost my confidence. For some eight weeks after that happy hour, my peace was as a river; I thought my conflicts

were over. How sweetly was I sailing along! But, ah! this did not continue long. I again encountered a desperate struggle. I began to think it is of no use for me to try to be a christian. I will just give it up; and if I am to be lost, why it will certainly not be my fault. The opposition appeared so great, I thought I could never endure it. I thought I would go to Bro. Marlay and get him to take my name from the Church Book; but then I thought if I do where shall I go, or where find rest? What would my friends say? What would the world say? Would not this course bring a reproach upon the cause I had so lately espoused? [After pondering over these things, I thought I would take my Bible and retire to my closet and lay my suit at the feet of Jesus.] After giving vent to my soul, at a throne of grace, I arose and opened my Bible. The first words that met my eyes were these: “Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ’s sufferings, that

when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you. On their part he is evil spoken of; but on your part he is glorified." 1 Peter iv. 12, 13, 14. This was enough; it inspired my heart with new courage. I then resolved that I would sooner die than yield. Since then I have never had a doubt but that I was in the *right way*, and that God had led me into this way, no doubt, for some wise purpose. I feel as much as ever bound to make my home in the Methodist church, if they will bear with my manifold weaknesses. I know I am not worthy to be counted one of their number; but I believe they will not cast me out. I have felt, and still feel, that we have greater privileges and better calculated to inspire our hearts with courage than any other church. — Among which are our class-meetings, love-feasts, &c. I have often felt that if it were not for my class-meetings, I should not prosper so well; as it is so seldom I am permitted to attend upon any of the other means

of grace. } This is a sore trial for me; for I think there is no one that enjoys attending upon the means of grace more than your unworthy sister. I am looking forward with fond anticipation to that Sabbath that shall have no end—when we shall be permitted to worship God without fear or opposition. [Whilst a pilgrim here below, I only pray that God will give me grace and patience to “endure unto the end.” Then all shall be well.] I feel, my dear sister, that I could write much more. This is a theme that I love to dwell upon; but I fear that I have more than wearied your patience.

Dear Sallie—bear with me this time. Would that I could ask you, face to face, *just now*, how does your soul prosper? I trust you are happy, and have been all the week. O that God would fill your heart to overflowing, is my ardent wish, and that you may realize more of that “*inner life*.” May you ever *walk* and *talk* with God. I should like to have a full history of your “past experience,” and of your present hopes and joys. I believe that I shall ever take a deep interest in your spiritual welfare. I

love all of my brethren and sisters in the church; but I have a *peculiar* christian feeling for my classmates, and SOME OF THEM IN PARTICULAR.

Did you derive any benefit from a perusal of "FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS." I consider it a precious work.

I trust, my dear sister, I have an interest in your prayers. I feel that I need much grace given me. I ask this of you as a *special favor*. And now I would commit you to our God and Savior, and pray that he may be to you "*wisdom, righteousness, sanctification,*" and "*complete redemption.*"

I am, my dear Sallie, with much affection your unworthy sister in christian fellowship.

AMELIA.

LETTER II.

PIQUA, August 1, 1852.

DEAR SISTER AMELIA:—In compliance with your very kind request I seat myself this afternoon to ATTEMPT an answer to your inquiries upon the ALL IMPORTANT subject of religion. This is a theme which for months past has been uppermost in my thoughts. I rejoice that an opportunity is presented to put my ideas in a connected form for your perusal.

It is one thing to speak and another to *write*, you know. I regret to add that my thoughts are but seldom committed to paper, except it be merely a word of admonition to some of my impenitent friends. Unfortunately, my only religious correspondent is my old and highly esteemed friend, Sallie Dryden, wife of Rev. D. Dryden, now in California.

Please accept my warmest thanks for your interesting letter. God alone knows what a blessing it has proved to my soul. I feel deeply the force of your remarks, and were

I left altogether to myself, I might, probably, fall into the same errors; but I feel thankful I am surrounded with warm christian friends (among whom I number you) to admonish, exhort and sympathise with me. Besides the blessed privileges you alluded to in your letter, I TRUST IN GOD, knowing "all things shall work together for good" to those who sincerely love and follow him.

But to speak of my present hopes and fears; I do not make that progress in the divine life that is my privilege. My greatest desire is to sit humbly at the feet of Jesus, and learn of him. Oh! that I may be enabled to forsake ALL and follow him. I do wish to consecrate myself *wholly and unreservedly* to his service, and ardently desire that I may occupy some humble station in life, where I can work in the vineyard of the Lord. I am so constituted as to need constant employment,—MENTALLY, I mean—and to be devoted to his cause, I feel assured, would be indeed constant peace.

I know not what your opinions are respecting me: doubtless you have, in days that are past, heard me spoken of as a wild,

gay, thoughtless creature; and so I have been, to all appearance. Being of a disposition naturally buoyant and cheerful, I have frequently given way to a spirit of levity, which I now find a difficult matter to control or repress, so you can judge I have something to contend with; but by God's assisting grace, I expect in time to overcome it, and have perfect command of myself at all times. It has been my lot to be thrown in society a great deal, and I have for years drank deeply at the fountains of worldly pleasure; but in the bitterness of my soul I had to turn away.

I sought from other sources, but in vain, to satisfy the longings of that immortal part given by God himself. I sought for happiness in fashion's giddy circles, and mingled with the crowd at pleasure's shrine, where an unclouded brow and sunny smile will greet you, and yet the heart and Conscience, that stern monitor within, in its restless cravings, seeks in vain for rest—rest for the weary soul from earth-born objects. But thank God, that darkness has passed away, and light from on high has beamed

upon me: yes! God's presence is felt in my heart, filling my soul with unutterable happiness. O! yes, dear sister, and it is a great source of consolation and encouragement to me, to know that your prayers ascend to Heaven in my behalf. Praise God for Christian fellowship. It is a bond that is formed of stronger *links* than that which constitutes earthly friendship. My heart is filled with gratitude when I think how highly I have been favored—blest with pious parents and religious instruction from early childhood. But O, to think that twenty years of precious time should roll away ere I should seek an interest in a Saviour's blood, fills my soul with regret. O, the depths of redeeming love, in sparing my unprofitable life. What a mercy to know that after all my wickedness and base ingratitude, he now sweetly whispers, "Peace—thy sins be forgiven thee." AMAZING GRACE—how sweet the sound.

But I must endeavor to give you a hasty sketch of my religious experience. In early years I learned to bow the knee in prayer, but I fear the heart was not always in

conformity with that position. It was merely a "lip service," and more from a sense of duty to my parents than sincere love to God. My convictions, however, in after years were deep, and I would often retire to *weep* over my condition, but not to PRAY. I had a great aversion to humbling myself before my Maker and confessing myself a sinner, entirely dependant on his mercy. My proud heart rebelled at the very idea. I imagined if I could succeed in making myself better, then Christ would receive me. You know "free grace" is something Presbyterians do not often preach, consequently you will not wonder at my strange ideas. It is quite characteristic with me to reason about everything before receiving it. So in religion, I have constantly to remember that the HEART, as well as the head, is to be saved.

Years rolled by, and as I grew older my whole soul was fully absorbed in the acquisition of *knowledge*—but alas I found it was not knowledge that could satisfy the heart. When about fourteen or fifteen years of age I was most *powerfully con-*

victed of sin. The Holy Spirit strove with me—I could find no comfort anywhere—remorse of conscience was constantly felt.

This was at the time when Rev. J. L. Grover was stationed here. During that revival I attended the meetings, and desired permission to go to the altar, but my parents decided against it: I must not be found seeking religion under the instrumentality of the Methodist Church. Under these disheartening circumstances, I turned a deaf ear to the calls of mercy, and resolved if I could not be a Christian and unite with the *Methodists*, I would not be a Presbyterian; and so I hardened my heart. I seldom heard the sermon even when at church; I would turn my thoughts upon something else. But God has been merciful to me. After slighting all offers of salvation, and scoffing and sneering at those who took upon themselves the name of Christ, is it not a wonder that Jesus now speaks to my troubled soul?

Dear sister, God alone knows the deep anguish of soul I experienced last winter, when struggling to loose myself from the

bonds of Satan. Many were the obstacles that seemed to rise like mountains to prevent my coming to the Saviour. But I had grace given me to overcome them all. Satan tempted me often to believe that I was given over to "hardness of heart" because I had lived a life of folly, and rejected so often my dear Jesus. I was greatly troubled at my want of feeling: my convictions I thought were not as deep as should be; but I prayed earnestly and *continually*, day and night, for deliverance. I continued in this state of mind for weeks, expecting some sudden and miraculous change, and it was not until I gave up to receive the blessing in any way God was pleased to bestow it, that I felt any peace; and it was then *gradually*, hour by hour, day by day, that I felt this change. Here I was again troubled. I had not as bright and clear an evidence as I believed it my privilege to have, and the enemy often took advantage of this to persuade me to believe that I was yet to be lost, forever. God forgive me for listening to his devices. I read my blessed Bible, then my only comfort, and still continued praying

for the blessing, but it was not until the time you kindly gave me "Faith and its Effects," that I *felt* the power of Jesus to forgive sin.

It was near sunset, one calm, beautiful evening as I was sitting reading and praying, with that good book in my hand, these words seemed to be spoken almost audibly; "He that believeth shall be saved." The question was instantly suggested, Do I believe? I answered—I DO. All doubts vanished—my sky was now clear. My dear sister, could I portray the rapture of that hour? I sung and prayed, and prayed and sung. Heaven seemed almost within my view, and never before had I experienced such overpowering feelings of God's presence. I could then exclaim "ABBA FATHER" from the depths of my soul. I felt I had the seal of adoption: everything seemed in nature to be praising God. My happiness was inexpressible. I could say, and FEEL it too, "MY FATHER AND MY GOD." Was not this enough.

Well, my dear sister, it is almost class time, I can only fill this page. I feel that

the tie is *sacred* that binds our hearts together. You may know, then, that you share largely in my prayers. I sympathise with you in your many trials. O! do not feel sad or discouraged; God is unchangeable, and he WILL deliver you, if you only put your whole trust in him. Look to him continually. I have been greatly blessed in reading over that hymn commencing, "God moves in a mysterious way." Read it and adopt it as your own sentiments. I have been much strengthened in writing this mere outline of my past life. If you are willing I should be happy to continue this correspondence. May it ever be devoted exclusively to God's *doings* for us, and *toward us*. Let us look forward to the time when we will be united in that bright world above, no more to be separated. Then we can dispense with pen, ink and paper.

May God bless you abundantly, my dearest sister, and fill your heart with joy and peace in the Holy Ghost, is the sincere prayer of your faithful and affectionate sister in Christ.

SALLIE K. CALDWELL.

LETTER III.

PIQUA, Aug., 1852.

MY DEAR SISTER SALLIE:—With what feelings of joy do I sit down to converse awhile with you: I cannot describe them. Your thrice welcome letter is before me. I have perused it over and over again. My heart cries out, “What hath God wrought!” Truly, my dear sister, he “has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.” Most gladly do I accept the offer of “continuing this correspondence,” with the sincere hope that we may be both profited thereby. It was with a fearful heart I wrote to you my first letter; I had many misgivings; I feared that it would not be received with the same spirit in which it was written: but O, I am glad, now, that I did write to you, and that it has opened the way for learning more of each other’s *experience*. Your kind, sympathising letter, with the wish of continuing this correspondence, warms up my heart with gratitude to God. My dearest sister, I often feel the want of a *congenial*

spirit—one to whom I can speak of my nopes and fears, my *trials* and my *conflicts*. I may say truly, that I am entirely alone in my family, when it comes to speak of *Jesus*, of *Heaven* and *immortal glory*, of the bright and *cheering evidences* which christians here enjoy. This is painful to me, and causes me many a *sad, bitter hour*; hours of anguish, in pleadings before the throne for those who seek not an interest in the atoning merits of a crucified *Saviour*. I can but *plead* and *pray*, leaving the result *with God*. I know that with Him “*all things are possible*.” Then, My Dear Sister, in view of all these things, I shall often trouble you with my epistles. I feel that I have your *sympathies*, and that you will *bear with me*. In glancing over our past experience, I cannot but think that if each of us had received the same amount of *encouragement* that we did *opposition*, when in our youthful days, how many *bitter pangs* we should have escaped. It seems strange, that although our parents were both Presbyterians when we were first convicted, that our hearts should turn to the Methodists.

O, I wish we *had* then consecrated ourselves to God, and united with the METHODIST church. The motives by which our dear parents were influenced were no doubt *pure*. My Dear Sister, I think that *we were in the right*, or why has God (so strangely) brought about the desire of our hearts at last? I do not think that you ought ever to regret your not joining the P—— church. I only judge from my own experience. I think we do wrong when we unite with a church into which we cannot enter with our *whole heart*. I attached myself to the P—— church as a duty I *owed* to my parents, but I always sighed to be numbered with those of MY CHOICE. When I united with that church (now near twelve years ago,) a worthy Brother in the Methodist ministry, who was well acquainted with my views, and with whom I had a long conversation on that subject, said, “Sister, you will never enjoy yourself if you do. How can you conscientiously join a church to whose doctrines you cannot fully subscribe?” I told him in simple-heartedness, that I was going to join on *this wise*: that if they would

question me in regard to *their doctrines*, I should only *assent* to those in which I *believed*, and then if they chose to admit me they might do so. I felt *bound* to enjoy my own *opinions*. But they never asked me questions upon those points. So my sister, I am no more a *Methodist* now nor less a *Presbyterian* than I always was, as regards DOCTRINAL VIEWS. But *those times* are *past*; let us now endeavor to improve *our long-desired hopes* and privileges. Let us endeavor to show that there is a *divine reality* in the *religion* which *we* profess. I know that your oppositions have all ceased — would to God I could say so of mine. Let us trust God for all that is to come; he has brought us thus far, and he *will* go with us to the *end* if we are his true and devoted followers. I trust “we are of God.” What power could enable us to “*stem the storm*,” if it was not PURE LOVE TO GOD? Let us, then, My Dear Sister, as *Christians*, as *METHODISTS*, set a *pious* and *godly* example before the world.

I think there is no class of *professors* so closely “watched by the world’s *malicious*

EYE" as are the Methodists; and I have often been led to ask—Why is it? They have been (as it were) hunted and *persecuted* as a people, ever since their first organization. But what has all this availed? God has certainly owned and blessed this people. Their numbers are daily increasing. But *let us endeavor* to walk worthily, *live near to God*, and then let the world say *of us what it may*, we will *never* regret in a *dying hour* that we have "chosen that good part." Let us choose, rather, with one of old, to "suffer affliction and persecution with the children of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

I have felt greatly blest when reading that portion of your letter in reference to the happy hour when you felt that the "*seal of adoption*" was given you. I think I know something of what were your feelings. I know we can never fully describe, but thank God, what is better still, we *can feel it*. You ask, "Was this not enough?" I answer, yes! yes!! God *does own* and *bless you* as his *own beloved child*. I *feel* it in my *inmost soul*. Never! never let the

tempter persuade you to give up "your confidence." If you will STAY YOURSELF upon the promises of God, and carry out these good desires which He has implanted in *your heart*, you will grow in GRACE daily. Your *position*, "sitting humbly at the feet of Jesus, wishing to learn of him," is an exalted *position*. Never did a needy soul occupy that *position in vain*. O, no! you will soon experience this to be the *joy* of your *soul*. God has *great* and rich blessings in store for you even in *this world* — and in "*due time*" you shall receive them. But Oh! my Sister, there are *greater and richer blessings in store* for us when we are done *suffering* here below. Praise God: praise His most holy name *for these hopes*. O, yes, there are "mansions" in glory, for you and me. There are "*crowns*" there, and *we shall wear them*. There are "*palms*" there, and bless the Lord, *we shall wave them* in triumph before the throne, if we are faithful while pilgrims and sojourners here. Let us not rest satisfied with the attainments we have made, but let us still seek a DEEPER work of grace in our hearts.

Let us not rest satisfied short of "ENTIRE HOLINESS OF HEART." Will you join with me in seeking this blessing? I have long felt the need of it, and I believe that blessing would long since have been mine, if it were not for this *unbelieving* heart. I have always been led to think that it would not do for me to profess that *blessing*, peculiarly situated as I am; but yet I cannot give up still seeking for it. This subject has been largely treated upon in "Faith and its Effects," and I have no doubt has impressed your mind deeply upon *that subject*. Now, my dear Sister, let me urge you to SEEK after it, believing that you will receive it; that it is even your privilege to enjoy this blessing; and just as certain as you have received the *spirit* of *Adoption*, so sure shall you enjoy entire *holiness* of HEART. O, I desire to see you *rise high* in the scale of christian perfection.

If I mistake not, from your sister's sentiments, frequently expressed in the *class room*, this is also the earnest desire of *her heart*; to be *wholly* FREE from the *bondage of sin*. I think that she drinks deep from the

fountain-head at times. O! that you may both be enabled at all times to *lean upon* JESUS." O! what a world of beauty in those words! O! that you may *both* be kept by His *power*, and be the instruments, in His hands, of doing much good, is my *fervent prayer*.

The hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," has long been a FAVORITE with me. The third verse—oh! how often have I proved it mine. And there are many others which are as WELLS to my thirsty soul: "Give to the winds thy fears," "Away, my unbelieving fear," "My span of life will soon be done," "Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream." Read this one my dear Sister; mark the last two verses. Oh! how sweet! Have you not often felt their power? I HAVE. There are many that I might enumerate, but let me say, with my precious *Bible* and my dear *Hymn Book*, I have spent many happy hours in secret. O! how often have I retired there, when cast down, and with those blessed books to aid me in my devotions, I have been strengthened, and often felt my soul rise high above "all

transitory things." My Bible, my *precious* Bible, how many precious promises are therein contained! Thank God, I can claim them and plead them *as my own*—not *mine* only, but they are *yours*, dearest sister. O, let us stay ourselves upon those "PRECIOUS PROMISES: they are all "YEA, AND AMEN." How unlike all other books is the Bible! Here the appetite never satiates. Here we may feast with increasing relish, until with unutterable longing, the spirit cries "Lord, ever more *give us this bread.*"

This week has been a *calm* and *peaceful* week *with my soul*. I have felt Jesus intimately nigh. Blessed privilege. I feel that my faith has been greatly strengthened. After my severe trials week before last, I have enjoyed a *calm*, but I do not know how long it will last. Satan is ever on the *alert*. I scarcely ever enjoy a blessing but what he is sure to attack me very soon afterward. He is a JEALOUS FIEND. Though I have learned much by experience, I endeavor to keep "upon my watch tower." I have continually to "watch as well as pray,"

and by so doing I am enabled to ward off many an *assault*. I have had some sore conflicts with him. There have been times when my soul has been filled with an overpowering presence of my Saviour; then I have felt as though I was *secure*—as though nothing could ever move me. But then I would forget that *jealous foe*, and soon would feel his *assaults* by tempting me in *every way*. But I thank God I have never as yet yielded entirely to him; although *at times* I have endeavored to *reason* with him. He has made some desperate efforts to gain a foothold, by presenting every obstacle in my way; and then as soon as I would overcome one, another more fearful would present itself, and then he would suggest—“now, how will you overcome that?” But I resolved that in God I would put my trust. I have never trusted him in vain. Thank God, he has delivered me, time and again, out of the hand of my enemy. I can say now, with all my heart, “Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him.”

My Dearest, have you been on the moun

tain top, basking in the sunshine of a Saviour's love, this week? I trust you have, and that you ever may do so; but think it not strange if you at times have to combat with the "*Prince of Darkness*," but trust thou in God, and He will bring thee off *conqueror*.

You speak of returning "Faith and its Effects." Nay, my sister, keep it, *for my sake*. Little did I think it would prove so great a blessing to you; but God uses means of which we have no conception. That blessed work enabled me to cast my all upon God. I was, as it were, groping my way in darkness; I could form no correct view of Faith; I thought it a HARD WAY. When in this situation, Sister Petitt sent me that work by Mrs. P. It at once *lighted up my pathway*. How simple did the way of Faith then appear! I have treasured it up in my heart ever since. I have felt a deep interest in you, my Sister; I thought it might benefit you. I at first hesitated to offer it to you; but I know you have PARDONED that liberty, now. Sister, keep it, for my

sake. You can often refer to its pages, and may God bless you in doing so.

I have had one *longing desire* this week (but I know I shall not enjoy it) to go to Camp meeting. O! I wish I could with you attend that meeting. I do hope you will get to go and enjoy it, and that you may be greatly blessed in so doing. But then I should like to see you at class. I must try to get all the good I can there.

Before I close I have one request to make. Dearest sister, will you grant it? I want you to name some hour of the day in which we can retire *in secret prayer, day after day, and pour out our ardent prayers before our "Father's Throne."* I trust we may be blest—yes, often blest, in so doing. I think I need scarcely ask a continuance in your prayers: I feel there is a bond uniting our hearts too sacred to be broken by forgetting each other at the Mercy Seat.

I feel, my dear Sister, that I could write much more. O! it is such a treat to me to have such a privilege. The theme Religion and a Saviour's love, I could forever dwell upon it. Think it not strange, then, if I

often trouble you in this way. If I do not see you at class, or have not an opportunity to give you this on to-morrow, I will, perhaps, write more next week. I shall await with fond anticipation, one from you. Write to me whenever you can. Tell me all your "hopes and fears." Believe that you are communicating with one who feels and takes a deep interest in your spiritual welfare.

There is another subject which I would like to write you upon. It is also connected with your spiritual welfare—yes, intimately so. But upon this subject I will write *separately*, sometime in the future.

Now, Dearest Sister, I commit you to God—to our God and Saviour. May He keep you and bless you with his choicest blessing, is the ardent prayer of your sincere and affectionate

Sister in Christ,

AMELIA.

CHAPTER III.

LETTER IV.

MONDAY MORNING, Aug., 1852.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I have just returned from our nine o'clock morning meeting. We had a most glorious display of God's presence with us: every one present received a blessing; my heart is filled to overflowing with a sense of love. Happiness, inexpressible, is the christian's portion. When Jesus deigns to bless, I feel assured your prayers have reached the Throne of the Most High in my behalf. Praise God! He is not only a prayer-hearing, but ALSO a prayer-answering God. PRAYER is the simplest form of speech; and this great privilege is extended to all. I rejoice to know that my feeble petitions that go up unceasingly in your behalf, have been accepted and most graciously answered. God grant that the baptism of the Holy Ghost may descend upon you, and make you unspeakably happy.

The Lord went up with me to the camp-meeting, and poured out upon me such a

blessing as I never received—cheering my fainting spirit, dispelling every doubt, strengthening my faith, brightening my evidence, and filling my whole heart with joy divine. O, who that has ever tasted of the richness and fullness of grace, could go back to the beggarly elements of the world?

Since my return, a calmness and peace has pervaded my whole being. Yesterday my heart was filled with rapturous joy: and in commemorating the death and sufferings of our blessed Lord, I felt his presence in my heart. I was inexpressibly happy, and it affords me much pleasure now, to think that you and I could enjoy such a rich privilege together upon earth. O! sister, does not your heart bound with joy to think that the time is not far distant when we shall, if faithful, stand before his dazzling throne, and join together in the song of the Lamb who has washed and made us white in his blood? Praise God for the hope of the christian. It is both sure and steadfast—entering to that within the veil. O! shall I not very soon feel the atoning efficacy of his blood? O! could I only throw off this

blind unbelief, and come to a fixed determination not to rest until I should obtain the the blessing, I know I would not seek in vain. Pray for me, that I may be more settled and decided on this all-important subject. I know not whether it be a temptation of Satan; but I feel like I ought to examine this doctrine more closely. I have not as clear views of it, perhaps, as I ought; and you must also bear in mind that I have on this subject all my EARLY prejudices to contend with. Satan here comes in with all his forces, marshalled in battle array; but God helping me, I know I shall come off victorious. I think I can say in all sincerity, "Oh! for a heart from sin set FREE."

God alone knows the struggles I have had, since reading "Faith and its Effects," to make a full surrender of all that I have to his service. While speaking of that book and its blessed effects, I must not forget to thank you for it. It was not only an unexpected favor, but an unmerited one on my part. How can I thank you enough for it? I hope and trust I may have an opportunity of doing you a similar favor before

long. That book shall ever be treasured up as one of the most valuable I have received, and my earnest prayer is that the giver may share largely in the blessing there spoken of. O! press forward, Sister dearest, until you attain it, and I will most cheerfully set apart *one hour* every day for the special purpose of pleading with God for *entire consecration* to him.

Since writing the above, Mother Rayner has kindly sent me a number of the "Guide to Holiness," containing an article which, although lengthy; proves very clearly that holiness is the "CENTRAL IDEA" of Christianity. I will, if possible, procure it for you. It is worth reading. The subject is ably discussed, by a master hand—Rev. Dr. J. T. Peck.

As you have your domestic affairs to attend to, perhaps the hour I may name would not suit your convenience. If not, in your next mention it, and name an hour, and I will agree to it. My season for retirement has usually been at 1 o'clock, immediately after dinner. But I will name, for your convenience, half past one o'clock. At that

hour we are free from company and not likely to be interrupted; but should this time conflict with your family affairs, I hope you will feel free to change it.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.—I am delighted to find that I have again an opportunity to resume my pen, to retire from the bustle and confusion of the world, and speak of God and his goodness to me.

This has been a week of tranquil happiness to my soul. I have been enabled to live and walk close by the side of my Redeemer. He is unspeakably precious to me. My mouth is filled with praise and gratitude to Him for the constant and unnumbered blessings he is continually showering upon my path. I praise him with my whole heart that he has directed you to aid, counsel and encourage me, in my christian course. It greatly strengthens me. I hope you will waive all formalities, and whenever an opportunity occurs write to me how you are progressing in the Divine life—narrating all your temptations, joys and sorrows. Be assured they will meet with a warm welcome.

I am glad to-morrow is the Sabbath. It

seems so long since our last class-meeting. I have looked forward with eager anticipations to it. I know there are great blessings in store for us then.

Some of our number who have been seeking Jesus in the pardon of their sins for many months, are now rejoicing in the love of their Saviour. Praise the Lord! ALL of our members can now testify that God has power on earth to forgive sin. O! that we may be enabled to show to the world, by a godly walk and conversation, that we have passed from death unto life. God grant that I may never be a stumbling block in the way of others. I feel deeply the necessity of showing a christian deportment before my young associates, that they may be led to inquire what they must do to be saved. It is the earnest desire of my heart that the church—the whole church—every member of it would engage more zealously in the great work of persuading the unconverted to turn to God. O! that those with whom you are connected by the nearest and dearest ties of relationship, could see in what an awful condition they are while without an interest

in a Saviour's blood. God does hear and answer prayer, and he will yet accomplish that which seems impossible to us. Then, dearest sister, we will still pray and BELIEVE that our prayers do not ascend in vain.

“Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings
And softens ALL my cares.”

I shall wait with impatience another Sabbath to hear from you. Remember our SACRED HOUR of prayer. May God bless you abundantly, is my prayer.

SALLIE.

LETTER V.

PIQUA, August, 1852.

MY DEAR SALLIE:—Having a few moments alone, I gladly seize upon them to converse awhile with you upon the all-glorious theme of Salvation, and a Savior's love. A theme on which "I could forever think and speak." I thank God, my love is daily increasing. My soul appears to be swallowed up in this glorious subject. I know not what God is about to do for me. I have thought at times that he was either going to accomplish a much greater work in my heart, or else cut it short and take me *home*. I can truly say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done. I cannot tell you the feelings of my heart. I have been and am still unspeakably happy. Never before have I been permitted, at any one time, to have such an abiding peace. I had some fears last Sabbath that there was some *trial* going to befall me, as I scarcely ever enjoy a blessing without being severely tempted afterwards; but, thank God, so far my sky is clear.

Hallelujah to his name! I rejoice with unspeakable joy in your behalf. Thank God for what you have been permitted to enjoy. But, O! it is only a mere foretaste of that which is in store for you. Keep close by the side of your and my Redeemer. Go on, and God will keep, sustain, and direct you, while you rely wholly upon him. Your experience is that of God's people. To rejoice in the Lord, at all times, is *your privilege*; but will perhaps not always be your *attainment*. The Lord has done great things for you, whereof I am glad. But the warfare is not over! You will doubtless have to endure trials, as others; but fix your anchor of hope on that sure foundation which God has laid in Zion—CHRIST himself. Trust in him to save you from every evil, without you and within you. When your own weakness sinks you, try to be strong in His strength. When guilt disturbs, wash in the open Fountain. Hold fast the beginning of your confidence unto the end. There is no standing still in religion: we must either be on the advance or else losing ground. God grant that you and I may ever be among

those who are constantly upon the advance. I feel like urging my passage onward. There is much goodly land to be possessed; "let us go up and possess it."

Examine well the doctrine of sanctification, if you are not decided. O! that God may enable you to decide ARIGHT, is my ardent prayer. I feel that the language of my heart is —

"I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain."

Would to God I could say, with a firm and believing heart, the following verse,

"Take my poor heart and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there."

But this blind unbelief, this stubborn heart — O! that I could "laugh at impossibilities," and enter in and take possession of my rest! O, let the language of our hearts be,
We will not let thee go till we thy name,
thy nature know."

I am glad that you so cheerfully consented to my *proposition*. The hour you name could not suit me better. Believe me, dearest, it shall ever be kept sacred. O!

let me with you adore and praise God for that unity of feeling which he has inspired in our hearts toward each other. May we ever strive to build each other up, and aid, counsel and encourage one another. O! I thank you from the depth of my heart for every prayer, every breath of prayer that has ascended in my behalf. I know, I feel a blest assurance that they have been answered. I have felt often while supplicating a throne of mercy *on your behalf*, a blest assurance that they were not in vain. Thank God, He does answer prayer. Let us, my dearest Sister, still persevere. God will, in due time, crown our efforts.

Your affectionate

AMELIA.

LETTER VI.

PIQUA, Wednesday Sept., 1852.

EVER DEAREST SISTER: — I seize a leisure moment amid the cares of life to write upon the all absorbing theme of religion. It is a dear privilege to read and re-read your last letter. Your *experience* will prove profitable to me in many respects. Indeed it has already done me good. Doubtless were I left to plod on alone, without any warning voice or friendly caution to avoid the snares and besetments that lie in the path of the young convert, I should fall into some errors, which the wily tempter is ever ready to present in an attractive form. I find that I must continually watch as well as pray. But I know in whom I have put my trust, and I shall never be confounded. “He that is for me is greater than all that can be against me.” O, how often have I realized God to be a present help in every time of need. I feel deeply the need of sanctifying grace to preserve me from the evils which surround me. I am pressing forward to

obtain that inestimable blessing of HOLINESS. O! that I could be set free—wholly cleansed from sin and unrighteousness. Lord, increase our faith, and forgive this spirit of doubting—it is so wicked. Let us pray with strong faith to have it removed, and soon this blessing will be ours. Dearest sister, you are almost in possession of it. O, press forward continually, and your fervent prayer will be answered. But should it be otherwise, as you have intimated, that perhaps death would “cut short the work”—you will be prepared, with your “lamp trimmed and burning.” It is my prayer, however, that you may be spared to be instrumental in doing much good,—and become still more eminently useful in the vineyard of the Lord.

There is a great work to be accomplished in the world, and our branch of the church is destined to have no small share of it. If our hearts are filled with love to God, and if holiness be inscribed upon our banners, we shall go forth from “conquering to conquer.” I long to lay aside everything, and consecrate myself, my talents, my influ-

ence,---and lay everything upon the altar, and enter with my whole soul into the work of persuading sinners to turn to God. I have a continual longing to be a *working christian*. Providence permitting, this shall be my sphere in life. This is my present intention, if God will own and bless my labors. My convictions of duty, upon this point, are strong; and the Lord being my helper, I hope, at no very distant day, to put them into execution.

* * * * *

O that I may have my "feet shod with the gospel of peace," and become a messenger of glad tidings to all people. O, could I only be the means, in the hands of God, of saving one perishing soul from everlasting death, I should feel amply paid for any of my toils. Pray that I may be strengthened in my resolutions, and that I may never falter, but aim higher and higher, until made perfect in Christ Jesus. God grant that I may be more consistent, energetic and faithful in the performance of all my christian duties. Your prayers have been a great help to me. I am weak, and

only a child in my religious profession. Consequently I feel the need of advice and encouragement.

Thanks be to God, "the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places." I have comparatively little to try me. I meet with no bitter and *persevering opposition*, like many of my dear friends. My skies are clear—everything is beautiful and bright around me. All that heart could wish is mine. Warm and sincere friends throng my cheerful path, pointing to our home above, and beckoning me to follow. I am happy, very happy this morning, in a Saviour's love. I have been greatly blessed while sitting here and telling you of God's kind dealings toward me.

This week I have been enabled to keep my covenant vows—up to the present time, I have, with God's assistance, overcome strong temptations. I have no trials to speak of, but I have made some progress in the divine life. I have had some precious seasons during our SACRED HOUR of prayer.

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As you remarked, why is it that our

brothers and sisters rest satisfied short of this great salvation? I daily feel the need of it, and am determined to press forward for its attainment. God has said, in his holy word, without holiness of heart we can never see the Lord. This is a solemn thought for the unsanctified believer to ponder in his own mind.....

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.—A kind and merciful Providence has watched over me, and I am permitted once more to retire from the world, to commune with my blessed Saviour, and devote a little time to the delightful task of writing out what God is still doing for me. But first I must say, it rejoices my poor heart to see you in the enjoyment of such an abiding peace. Sometimes, in thinking over your experience, I am led to believe that if you would only exercise more faith, you would now find yourself in the possession of this great blessing. Perhaps you are looking for a greater change than you have a right to expect. Many persons that have experienced sanctification speak of similar results. I am anxious that you should enjoy this bless-

ing. I hope, therefore, you will not feel offended at me for attempting to exhort one who has been a professing christian so much longer than myself.

My sister thanks you with all her heart, for your kind wishes, and hopes, in return, that you will press forward for the rich blessings that are in store for you, not only while on earth, but to the crown prepared for all who love God with their whole heart, in the world to come. You have her prayers for your success in the heavenly race. Now let me join her in wishing you "God speed." It is my earnest prayer that you may live long to be a shining light to all around you,—that they may be constrained to glorify God.

In conclusion I would say, do not feel as though you had written anything on any subject but that has been joyfully and thankfully received. It will prove a great blessing to me. You have now received a large share of my confidence: I trust I may never have reason to regret it. My heart bounds in joyful anticipation of meeting you in the class room in the morning, and

there I pray we may mutually meet a dearer friend — *Jesus*. Write me a long letter — it will be very acceptable.

Yours affectionately,
SALLIE.

LETTER VII.

PIQUA, Monday, Sept., 1852.

MY DEAREST SISTER:—I cannot refrain from telling you this morning what the Lord is still graciously doing for me. O, I am happy—happy beyond expression. Jesus, sweet Jesus, still deigns to smile upon me. O, Sallie, my arms of faith this morning would encircle you. How sweetly could I clasp you to my heart and say, O, how precious is that Saviour to our souls.

You are happy now—I feel it in my inmost soul. How my heart rejoiced yesterday morning, while you were speaking of the great blessing you had enjoyed on Monday evening. I am satisfied your joys are but commencing—you are but beginning to taste them. Soon you shall drink deeper and deeper. O, praise God! I feel that my joys are daily increasing. My hopes are brightening: I am gaining fresh victories over my wicked heart every day. There is a POWER IN PRAYER, of which we cannot form any just conception. I know that

yours have graciously availed in my behalf.

I was fed and feasted yesterday evening, at church. Let me tell you it was a feast to my hungry soul. I have felt much strengthened, and feel like urging my way onward with renewed vigor. O, I do praise God for religion — heartfelt, experimental religion. Ah, dear sister, we cannot possess this long, without feeling and knowing for ourselves, “that we have passed from death unto life.” Thank God! that we are the happy recipients of his mercies — that we can testify to all around that Jesus has “power on earth to forgive sins.” The language of my heart is, O, that I had a trumpet voice: I would sound it so loud that all the world might hear of a Saviour’s love. Many call this enthusiasm. Well, thank God, it is an enthusiasm that makes the soul happy. I feel it now. Praise God, I believe your heart is exulting in it, also. When Jesus smiles, we need not care who frowns. Glory be to God! Jesus is now whispering, I am his, and not I alone, but my sister Sallie is His. “O, let us exalt His name together. O, come and magnify

the Lord with me." Thank God! we have sought Him, and He has heard us, and delivered us from all our fears. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! Hallelujah! to His name! I can but wonder, and adore Him for what his amazing mercy has accomplished in my behalf. "O, to grace how great a debtor!" Thank God, it is free for ALL. O yes, it is free as the air we breathe: O, that all would taste it, and live. I feel grateful to God for the many mercies extended to me. I am unworthy of the least of them.

I adore God, above all things, for the bright hopes of Heaven which I enjoy, and for the privilege—the high privilege—of being numbered with his people. O yes, I have a name and a place among the METHODISTS. My heart flows out in gratitude to God for this privilege—to freely express my feelings to you. How mysterious the ways of Providence! And is not this one of his "mysterious ways"—that our hearts should be thus united in this all-glorious cause?

"Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die ;

And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky."

O, yes — what height of rapture!

THURSDAY.—The clock strikes three — a holy calm spreads itself over my feelings. A deep abiding peace sinks into my soul. Our SACRED HOUR of prayer to-day, has been holy, calm and sweet. Here I am, still retired from the busy world. I love to be alone at times, to hold sweet communion with my God. And how is my dear sister Sallie? How does your soul prosper? Have you been happy, and are you still happy? And how fares our SACRED HOUR with you? Has not your heart at times been made happy? I have had some happy seasons, and have felt that our prayers did not ascend in vain. Yesterday I was made very happy. I felt as though I could hear your breathing soul go up in prayer to God. I desired to kneel by your side. I felt that though parted in body, yet our spirits held sweet communion together. I have often experienced that He was not confined to time or number, but when and wherever we lift our hearts in prayer to God, in a right manner, he will hear and answer.

I have enjoyed many blessed seasons when none but the eye of God beheld me. O, now often has he dried my bitter tears, and made my heart rejoice.

“Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat ?”

* * * * *

“There, there on eagles’ wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more :
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.”

Is it not so, my dear sister? I know you have felt his presence in your soul, time and again, whilst bowed at the Mercy Seat.

SATURDAY.—I am glad I can again take a moment to converse with you, upon my good old theme—Jesus and immortal glory. I adore God that my unprofitable life has been spared to the close of another week ; that I have still the disposition to love and serve Him. But, dearest sister, I feel so unworthy, —in looking back upon my past life, I have accomplished but little, if any good. It is the greatest desire of my heart to do good, but I often feel as though my hands were tied. “The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.”

To-day, there has been a gloom cast over my feelings. I know not why it is,—yet I do not feel discouraged. My trust is still in the living God. I know not that I have neglected any of my duties, but there appears to be a foreboding of some evil.—I feel that I can calmly await my Master's will. I have placed my entire cause in His hands; nor will I ever remove it thence. "All things," I have no doubt, "shall work together for my good." I have had sweet peace of mind; and at times my soul has been filled with raptures. I still enjoy a degree of peace, although shrouded in gloom. But sister, I trust that these clouds shall again be dispersed. I have wished to-day, that you knew my present feelings, but I know that you have not failed to pray for me. I look forward, with eager anticipation, to to-morrow morning, trusting that God will again disperse the cloud, and that we may enjoy a rich feast together, in our class. Thank God, dearest sister, we are hastening on to that *eternal Sabbath*, where we shall have an unending class-meeting. Then we shall have to go out no more to contend with an alluring world. Then

clouds shall no more obscure our spiritual horizon, but all shall be peace and praise—the enduring calm and victory of heaven.

My dearest sister, how has your soul prospered this week? I hope to hear that it has been one of the happiest weeks you have ever enjoyed—that your peace “has flown as a river, and that your righteousness has been as the waves of the sea.” I have been flattering myself that some of your spare moments, this week, have been devoted to unworthy me. I wait with impatience to hear from you. You see I have taken you at your word, to “*waive all formalities.*”—I trust you will do the same. Your letters will ever be received with a warm, heartfelt welcome.

Now, my dearest sister, to God, to our God, I commend you. O, that he may keep you, and “make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ.” Dear sister, let us “run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross,

despised the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." And when Jesus comes, he will take us to share the joys of immortal glory with him. O, that he would sanctify you wholly,—ever prays

Your faithful and affectionate sister,

AMELIA.

SUNDAY, September, 1852.

DEAR SALLIE:—I find it very hard to bow submissively this morning. I do not know that I ever wanted to go to class so much as I do now, yet I find it impossible for me to do so. It is now ten o'clock; I am here entirely alone, yet in spirit I am with you, in the class-room. I have been trying to pray that God would give you all a rich blessing this morning. I believe that I shall not be forgotten by my class-mates. I feel that I have an interest in their prayers, which is a source of great consolation to me. I feel an assurance that at least *one* dear one has supplicated a blessing in my behalf.....

There is a heavenly calmness settling

over my feelings. I feel much better than I did when I retired to pray and commune with you. This longing heart will soon be relieved from this world of disappointments, and then, with you, I shall spend an eternal Sabbath. It will be delightful to meet to part no more.

You will see by the letter I wrote last week, what was the state of my feelings during the week, and also, on yesterday. I still feel somewhat cast down. I know not what Providence is about to do for me or my family; nor is it best, perhaps, that I should know now. I will trust in my God. I awaited anxiously for this blessed Sabbath morning, trusting to get my spiritual strength much renewed at class. But in this I have been disappointed. To the great Author of all good I now look for aid, strength and consolation. I hope ere long I shall see my spritual heavens brightening.

* * * * *

How different do I now feel from what I did on last Monday. My soul was then filled with rapturous joy. I felt as though I could say,

“The promised land, from Pisgah’s top
 I now exult to see:
 My soul is full — O, glorious hope!
 Of immortality!”

To-day, the language of my heart is,

“Why, O my soul, O, why depress’d;
 And whence thine anxious fears?”

I have had no particular trial or temptation but there appears to be deep gloom. Perhaps it is all for the best. If life were all sunshine we would not know how to appreciate its blessings. It is well to have a cloudy day once in a while, and then we can better appreciate the sunshine.

Our church bell is now ringing. That good old bell — how I love to hear it. The very sound thereof is music to my soul. Alas! that I cannot obey its call, and repair to the house of my God. How often do I feel, when I hear that Old Bell, like saying, with the Psalmist, “As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God.”

* * * * *

Yes, dearest sister, I have seasons of mental anguish known alone to God, and

my soul; but then, blessed be his name, I can look up to him, and call him, "Father," "God," yes, *my God*. O, how it calms the troubled soul to be permitted to lean upon his arm—his all-sufficient arm.

* * * * *

MONDAY AFTERNOON.—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." *Hope thou in God*.—Thanks be to his name, I have trusted in him, and now I do praise him for the light of his *reconciled countenance*. HE is better than all my fears—why should I ever doubt his word. My sky is again clear, my soul is filled with rapturous joy. This morning I awoke with a calm, sweet peace of soul; but this afternoon my soul is filled to overflowing with the presence of my dear Jesus. "Jesus, sweetest name to me."

O! I was richly blest to-day at our SACRED HOUR. I believe you have been fervently praying for me. Thank God, it has been accepted. "The opening heavens around me shine with beams of sacred bliss." Praise God! I know you will unite

with me to say, "Glory to God in the highest!" After I arose from prayer, I took up my hymn book. The first words that caught my eye were the following:

"Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn :
 Press onward to the prize :
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies.
 There we'll join the heavenly train,
 Welcomed to partake the bliss :
 Fly from sorrow, care and pain,
 To realms of endless bliss."

Thanks be to God, there sin shall never annoy,—tears shall be chased away by smiles of joy,—prayer end in praise, and faith be changed to perfect sight.

SATURDAY.—I rejoice, dearest sister, that I can converse awhile with you, although it is by the means of paper, pen and ink. Would that I had the privilege, this morning, of speaking *face to face* with you. I long to hear from you again—how you are enjoying yourself in the divine life. Are you basking in the *smile of a Saviour's love*? Are you drinking deep from the fountain-head? Happy! happy soul! if you are thus drinking.....God grant that you may ever have an unclouded sky. But, dearest sister, should clouds arise do not be

discouraged: trust in God, and light shall spring up again. This I have proved, time and again, by my own experience.

I cannot say that this has been a week of *uninterrupted* peace: at times my soul has been happy! happy!! and again I have felt somewhat *gloomy*.

* * * * *

I am very glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath. O, this week has appeared long,— but I trust I shall have the privilege of meeting with you in class, to-morrow morning. To me this is a dear privilege. I know not how I could do without my *class*; this means of grace I have ever found to be a blessing, and it is a matter of astonishment to me how any one can *wilfully neglect it*. I always feel that I *lose* much by being absent even *one* Sabbath. I have never, since I joined the church, absented myself from this means of grace, when it was at all possible for me to go; and when deprived of it, I have always felt that I could claim a blessing at home. I have experienced *many*, MANY precious ones at *that*

hour, when absent from you. I am *much attached to my class-mates*.

* * * * *

I hope I shall be favored with a good, long letter from you to-morrow,—I hope to hear that you have been greatly blessed, and spiritually strengthened, since we last met. Have you enjoyed any peculiar blessings—particularly at our SACRED HOUR of prayer? I have felt much strengthened. I have had a spirit of prayer given me this week. Although I have not felt at all times joyful, yet I have had a strong desire to *be alone with my God*. O sister, let us cultivate a *spirit of devotional prayer*.

“O, let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
Christ loves *our importunity*,
And makes OUR CAUSE his care.”

* * * * *

Your affectionate
AMELIA.

CHAPTER IV.

LETTER VIII.

PIQUA, Sept., 1852.

MY DEAREST SISTER:—How shall I thank you for your last favor? It was a sore trial for me to give up the enjoyment of the class-room last Sabbath: and to be deprived of meeting with you for so long a period was still more trying. But thanks be to our God—I found he was not confined to the *class-room alone*; but here, in my pleasant home, although prostrated on a bed of sickness, I felt His presence overshadowing me. My whole heart was filled to overflowing with his love. It was emphatically a happy day, and my affliction seemed a blessing in disguise. Everything without bore the impress of beauty; all created things seemed to rejoice and praise God for his *never-ending* goodness.

My dearest sister, I feel like joining you in praising God for *heart-felt, experimental religion*; it makes the soul unspeakably happy. Then let us press forward and take higher grounds. O, the *depths of re-*

deeming love! I know there are greater attainments to be made in the divine life.

It is very strange, indeed, that during the time you were depressed in spirits, and a deep gloom overspread your spiritual horizon, that I should have also shared the same feelings to a great extent. It is even so,—a connecting link seems to bind our hearts in ONE. I felt deeply impressed at the time, that you were contending with *similar feelings*; and on comparing your account with my experience, I find also, that at the *same time*, the clouds were dispersed. How marvellous are all His works, and “His ways past finding out.” Eternity alone can pierce the depths of mystery by which we are surrounded. *Then* shall we know and understand what would be impossible for us to comprehend here below.

I have felt at times, this week, that MY TIME ON EARTH WOULD BE SHORT,—that my blood-bought spirit would soon burst from its frail tenement of clay, and soar to realms of endless day. Death and eternity have been themes upon which my mind has dwelt much. I can say, when the Mas-

ter calls, I am ready. While *living* I shall be devoted to his cause, but if my death COULD BE SANCTIFIED TO THE GOOD OF OTHERS, I can say, "THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE." Dear sister, you know my resolution—*living* or *dying* I am the Lord's.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.—I have just had a rich feast, during our SACRED HOUR for prayer. My faith was never stronger. Heaven seemed just in view, and I felt as though borne aloft, almost to the throne of God. My soul is happy, but you know, dearest sister, language falls far short—when such a blessing is experienced, I cannot *tell you*, but *I can feel it*.

I feel assured you have been praying for me. All day my heart has been lifted up to God in prayer; my affections are weaning from the world, with all its allurements, and are daily becoming more supremely centered upon God. I have never experienced such pure joy and peace, as during our SACRED HOUR. I rejoice to tell you that I *have* and *still do* receive *great blessings*. My Saviour is very precious—I feel his presence in my heart *now*, and I know

I will still continue to enjoy his love, if I prove faithful to the grace *already* given, and “onward urge my way.” I often, yes, very often, compare my happy lot with those of my dear brethren and sisters who do not receive as great encouragement.—I have a praying sister—a devoted christian—and pious mother, and godly father, a warm circle of youthful friends, who are all with me—“in this band! Hallelujah!” But above all these, I prize most your valuable letters, upon which I have feasted, time and again. I have read and re-read them, and am always blest in their perusal. Last Sabbath your kind favors, sent by Jenny, came to my sick room like angels of mercy. Why *I almost felt well*. Then do not despair, my dear sister, about “your hands being tied.” I know more than you ever imagined about “*your influence being felt*” in the class-room, among my associates. My own dearest sister, if you will not think I am flattering you, I will tell you—that *repeatedly* I have heard them speak of being blessed by the recital of your *experience*. They feel refreshed and encouraged by your

example, as well as your timely remarks. I have asked several of them if they thought we could spare you to join another class,—they are all of the opinion that we cannot spare you *under any circumstances*.

* * * * *

It rejoices my heart to hear of your great blessings at home, and I assure you I often feel as though I should like to see you face to face, and participate with you, in the enjoyment of these rich *baptisms*. I also feel like I should dearly love to be with you in *seasons of gloom*, when the heart longs for some one to whom it can unburden its griefs.

Dearest sister, in your hours of deepest anguish, when God alone knows the bitterness of soul which you experience, remember there is *one earthly friend* in whom you can place implicit confidence. Rest assured, my warmest, heart-felt prayers ascend in your behalf, and if I can, in *any way*, promote your happiness,—you know where to come. I can but point to God—our God. He is a present help in every time of trouble. May you ever look to him for support and direction,—he will

deliver you. Be strong in faith. "Fear not, I am with thee thy troubles to bless, and *sanctify* to thee thy deepest distress." Look up, and realize the promise, and your sky will be unclouded. Praise the Lord!

SATURDAY MORNING.—The language of my heart this morning is,

"Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer,
We to each other fly."

Dearest sister, I rejoice this morning, in the prospect of being one week nearer to heaven and immortal glory. How is it with you? But I know your language is, "I am bound for the land of Canaan." I hope you have made great progress this week. I long to hear from you.

I feel as though I could pray constantly. I have never enjoyed that privilege more than at this time. I have overcome strong temptations, through prayer, and have been enabled to walk close with my Jesus.

"O, let thy sacred presence fill
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will
But night and day to feast on thee."

On Thursday night we had one of the

best meetings,—I wish you had been with us. The membership is beginning to be warmed up, and the loud Amens that went up with every prayer denoted feeling. Every one came praying, and it was a good time. O that the Lord would give us, as a Church, a greater hungering and thirsting after righteousness. I hope the work of *holiness* will spread from heart to heart, till all shall catch the flame.

I must not forget to tell you what good female prayer meetings we have at Sister Kennon's, near our house. Yesterday we had a very good time. It meets every Friday, at three o'clock. I do hope you will get an opportunity to come and go with us. The meetings are held at Sister Kennon's on account of the poor health of her daughter Jane. She has not been able to be out to any of the means of grace for several months. You must not scold me when I tell you I took the privilege of reading your last letter to her—she was so hungry for anything relating to God or his people. If I have done wrong, I hope you will forgive me, and I will not transgress again; but it

proved such a blessing to her,—I wish you only knew her.

SATURDAY EVENING.—My Dear Sister, how I long to take you in my arms this evening, and hear from your own lips the many joys and happy seasons you have enjoyed. But yet there are many of your brethren and sisters who, if they could exchange places, might be made *better christians*. Often those who have *severe trials* are led to pray more, and to look more to Jesus, the author of our faith, and less to themselves.

My dearest sister, often the inquiry bursts from your warm heart, “would that now I could ask you, face to face, how are you progressing?” Well, in reviewing the past week, I can say, I have been making *some advancement*. I earnestly hope ere another Saturday night rolls around, I shall be able to testify that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all sin*.—I know your unceasing prayer has gone up in my behalf. I have felt as though I could hear you breathing out from the depth of your soul, petitions which, I feel assured, will be

answered. God grant that my unbelieving heart may soon feel the joys of *full and free salvation*. Salvation is a theme upon which I am always deeply interested, and one I love above all others; nor would I see you ever choose any other in addressing me.

Our opinions with regard to mingling with the society of the world, are *one and the same*. We are employed in our leisure moments, too, in the same occupations. My sentiments are entirely changed with respect to company. *I now love what I once hated*; I enjoy religious society, but have no relish for any other. *The world has no place in my affections now*, nor does its allurements charm me; but sometimes I am unavoidably compelled to mingle more or less with it, and I always strive to be in a spirit of watchfulness and prayer, and by example, persuade others to seek the Saviour with their whole hearts.

Ah! yes, another thing. In reading your letters to my sick friend I shall always omit anything *confidential*. Being governed by the Golden Rule, "to do as I would be done by at all times," so you need

never fear on that score. I should not have taken the liberty, but your sweet letters have always proved such a blessing to my unworthy soul, I thought they might benefit her also.

SABBATH MORNING.—Here I am again before you on this delightful morning. Once more we look forward, with joyous anticipations, to the class-room, where we meet each other and our precious Saviour. O, what would life be without the Sabbath—sweet day of rest, and sanctuary privileges! O, I earnestly pray we may have the *best* class-meeting we have ever had. May the prayer of every heart be,

“Come and possess me *whole*,
Nor hence again remove :
SETTLE and *fix my wavering soul*,
With all thy *weight of love*.”

“My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss
No other good below.”

Our new minister has come, and will preach, I suppose. His name is Thurber; I hope he will be *in favor with God* and man; but most of all I hope he may be a strong advocate for holiness. O, I do wish you could hear him to-day, but I know you

will receive a blessing at home.....

Sister Jenny says she hopes still to have an interest in your prayers. She is still pressing forward to the land of perfect holiness, and will never give up until she obtains the blessing.

I shall look anxiously for another one of your good, *heart-cheering* epistles. Eternity only will reveal to you the great blessings they have been to me.....

And now to our God will I commit you, knowing "He doeth all things well." O, may your path grow brighter and brighter, to the perfect day; may all that take knowledge of you know you have been with Jesus, and glorify God for the great grace he has manifested unto you. And now, dearest sister, adieu, for the present.

Your affectionate

SALLIE.

LETTER IX.

PIQUA, Sept., 1852.

MY DEAR SISTER:—With feelings of unspeakable joy I now write you. With great delight I have perused and *re*-perused your last letter. I have long wished to clasp *you* to my heart, and tell you the joy with which it filled my soul. My *fondest* hopes in *your behalf* shall yet be realized. These hopes I have been cherishing and praying for, since I first met you in the classroom. Thanks be to God! my prayers have not *all* ascended in vain. Do you think, dearest, I could now cease to pray for you? No, *never! never!* O, that God would strengthen your heart,—grant you wisdom from on high, that you may be enabled to carry out the “fixed purpose” of your heart. I believe you shall be the instrument, in his hands, of doing much good,—I feel it in my soul, and have often felt it, whilst pleading in your behalf. I rejoice that you have such a fixed determination not to rest satisfied until you attain *entire*

holiness of heart. Sister, the day of *our redemption draweth nigh*, but one thing thou lackest—FAITH. Dearest sister, we want more faith,—O, with you I can say, “Lord, increase our faith.”

What shall I tell you in regard to my attainments? I have felt, at times, as though I could almost *grasp the prize*,—but O, this *unbelieving heart*—how loath to let me enter in and take possession of *my rest*. You are right,—I *know* it, I *feel* it,—I do *lack* FAITH. Yet I feel that my faith is becoming stronger, and my determination is to press on, through whatever may oppose, until I attain it. I at one time enjoyed a *foretaste* of this blessing, but *unbelief* robbed me of my *confidence*. O, you know not what a source of encouragement it is to me, to know that I have your prayers,—that we *can* and *do* retire at the same SACRED HOUR, and that our prayers go up *unitedly*. My prayer is that you may soon testify to all around that Jesus can cleanse from all sin. O, let us pray with more FAITH, and the *holy fire* will come down and *consume our sacrifice*. There is no telling how much good we can or may yet accomplish. Have

we not reason for encouragement? O, I have long felt a desire to do some good, and perhaps God has directed *this means* to result in some glorious display of his grace that we have not now even any conception of. I feel greatly strengthened by your kind and interesting letters.

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I can say, with you, "I have a longing desire to be a working Christian,"—but *my hands are tied*. As to temporal things, I also have everything *that heart could wish*; but alas! *these* cannot satisfy the cravings of a *hungry soul*,—one who is hungering and thirsting after that mind that was in Christ Jesus. I feel that this world, with all its gaudy scenes, and glittering wealth, are but "vanity and vexation of spirit." I feel that I should be willing to be poor, despised, or what not, could I but be a *worker* in the vineyard of my Master. O, that there was some way opened for me to *do good*. Once *there was a door opened for me, but I entered not in*. Well, perhaps God is leading me by a way that I know not. But my heart shall ever be with *you* in your *labors of love*,—my un-

ceasing prayer shall *besiege* the throne in *your behalf*. O, that *you* may go forth “unspotted,” and cleansed in that purple stream that flowed from Emanuel’s side.

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MONDAY, half-past two o’clock.—Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! God does reign, *supreme just now*, within this heart of mine. Never, never did I receive such a blessing as I have received on this day. O, what an hour of rapturous joy! Sister, *dearest Sister*, I can now say,

“’T is done: thou dost this moment save —
 With *full salvation* bless;
 Redemption through thy blood I have,
 And spotless love and peace.”

O, I am happy! *happy!* —inexpressibly so, just now. I feel that God has accepted my sacrifice. I have felt the efficacy of his atoning blood applied to my soul. I have had strong faith given me,—I have felt all day a spirit of prayer, and when our SACRED HOUR came round, I felt a sweet yielding to the will of my God. I had scarcely kneeled down till I felt *overshadowed* with the beams of a Saviour’s love. It appeared as though some one had spoken

audibly, and said, "According to thy faith it shall be done unto thee." I instantly cried, "*Lord I do believe: help thou my unbelief.*" O, sister, the "power" came down. Why was it that I doubted so long? Why have I been halting so long? I was not willing to believe that God would *accept my sacrifice*. But glory! glory!! to God, how much better is He than all our fears. Dearest sister, would that I could see you, to tell you how unspeakably happy I am. My prayer now is, that you too may *enter into your rest*. O, how I long to clasp you in the bonds of *perfect love*. Come and plunge into the *all-healing stream*, and you shall be FREE indeed from all the defilements of sin.

I now feel that God has been gradually bringing me into *this rest*. For the last six weeks my feelings have been different from what they ever have been heretofore. But O, how much my joys, my hopes, *transcend* everything heretofore experienced. I feel as though I was bathing in an ocean of love. Such a *sweet peace* as I cannot describe fills my soul. I feel a sweet assu-

rance that *all sin is cast out*,—that God has entered my heart, not as a *transient* visitor, but to *dwell*, to REIGN, and to RULE. Praise the Lord! O, will you not join me in ascribing praise, yes, loud Hallelujahs to his name? O, when I think of the goodness of God to my poor soul, I am “lost in wonder, love and praise.” What an unworthy *servant* I have been,—and how unfaithful. How often have I grieved God’s holy spirit,—yet he has borne with me, times without number, and now he does most graciously bless me. But it is all of “*grace*,” *free, unmerited grace*. Glory! Glory to God, in the highest, for the riches of his *grace*. I want you to experience for yourself this rich blessing. I cannot tell its length, its breadth, its height, its depth; no, no, language falls far short of unfolding its glories. When our happy spirits meet and hold sweet converse UP YONDER in our Father’s house, then will I tell you all about it. Thank God, then these “*lisping, stammering tongues*” will be set at liberty. How we shall then tell of our joys and triumphs.

Can I say, or can I do anything more to

encourage you in this way? Sallie, my heart flows out to you with emotions of endearing love, and I feel that I can never rest until I can clasp you in the bonds of perfect love. You will not think that I am too *importunate*,—no, I feel that our hearts are too deeply cemented by the love of our most holy religion, to take any thing but in kindness spoken *by each other*, although last week *old Satan* tried hard to get the advantage of me, by trying to make me believe that I had offended you; but thank God, it was only a temptation, and you need not fear on that score. Your advice will ever be joyfully received. Your last letter has proved a blessing to me, and, I doubt not, will prove a lasting one. I was led fully to see upon what ground I stood. I resolved, whilst reading it, that I would come to a decided stand, make a *full surrender*, and then believe, and doubt no longer but that God would accept the offering. O, thank God, how fully have I realized it! Now, dearest, go and do likewise. There is no need of your seeking this blessing for years. O no, my precious sister,

now, even now, it is your privilege not only to seek, but to experience it.

“Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone ;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, *it shall be done.*”

O yes, it is all of *grace and mighty faith*.

Now sister, is it not the greatest desire of your heart to be free? Are you not willing now, just now, *while reading these lines*, to surrender your all, and look up *with faith believing*. O, that I could persuade you *just now*, to cast your whole burden upon Christ. O, my sister, go to him at once, and say you will not let him go, until cleansed in his all-atoning blood. My prayer to God is, that you may feel it applied to your soul, very soon.

SATURDAY EVENING.—I rejoice that I can again resume my pen to tell you of God's kind dealings with me during this week. It has been a week of *peace*—of *unspeakable joy*, to my poor soul. I think I have never spent such a week. Truly I can say,

“Not a cloud doth arise,
To darken my skies.”

I have felt constantly like crying out, O, "would that he were always thus nigh." Then, indeed, there would be "no *mortal* more happy than I." I doubt not but that I shall yet have to combat with the powers of darkness, yet I feel that sin can have no dominion over me. I hope, dearest sister, that I shall still have a large share in your prayers,—that I may be kept steadfast, and be enabled at all times to take up my cross, and be a witness, not only that God has power on earth to forgive sin, but to *cleanse from all unrighteousness*.

To-day the *evil one* has suggested that I had not better say anything about this *great blessing* to-morrow, in class,—that I had better wait awhile until I see whether I can *maintain* that confidence that I now possess. But, God being my helper, I intend to come out bold and decided on this subject.

I have felt at times, during our SACRED HOUR of prayer this week that you, also, were rejoicing in perfect love. I feel that I can pray for you in much stronger

faith than heretofore. I have just been reading over your last letter. You say, "God, only, knows the struggles I have had since reading "Faith and its Effects," to make a full surrender." Ah, well do I remember, what struggles I had when I first read that book. My duty appeared so plain I was, at times, almost tempted to wish I had never seen it. But, thanks be to God, I was enabled to overcome, by the blood of Christ, and O, how highly I prize it now. It stands high in my estimation. I have just sent to Cincinnati for another copy of it. I wish it was more generally read and appreciated. There is another work by the same author, which I want to procure for you, if I can get it—"The way of Holiness." Dearest sister, my whole being is so absorbed in this subject that I feel I cannot get light enough. I have felt a longing to be alone with my God. I have had some most precious seasons during our SACRED HOUR. How I thank God, this evening, that we ever set an hour to retire to pray, and I trust it will be a long time,

ere we shall forget *that* hour, and the many precious seasons we have had whilst bowed at the Mercy Seat.

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Your sister in the bonds of *perfect love*,
AMELIA.

LETTER X.

PIQUA, Monday Afternoon, Sept., '52.

“ Our souls, by love, together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one ;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'T is heaven on earth begun.
Our hearts have burned, while Jesus spoke,
And glowed with holy fire:
He stopped and talked, and fed and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.”

MY PRECIOUS SISTER:—I cannot describe my feelings to-day and yesterday. Since your clear, bright and happy testimony that “Jesus’ blood *cleanseth from all sin*,” I have firmly resolved to come to a decided stand—to make a full surrender at our SACRED HOUR for prayer. All this day my heart has been breathing most earnest, sincere, and fervent petitions for guidance and direction. I have dedicated myself to God, and now wait for the witness of my acceptance. It is the greatest desire of my poor heart to give up *all*. If I have withheld anything I do not know it. The promise here meets me,—“if in anything ye be otherwise

minded, *God shall reveal even this unto you,*" and "He is not slack concerning his promises, as some men count slackness." I find my feelings are very peaceful and tranquil since I have been more earnestly engaged. I am anxious to plunge yet deeper in the *all-healing stream*, and feel his all-atoning blood applied to my unworthy, longing soul. It is now the language of my heart,

"Enter thyself, and cast out sin ;
Thy boundless purity bestow :
Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

"Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine ;
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till *all I am is lost in thine.*"

This sweet verse expresses my desire, at this time.

My dear sister, there is a "door opened" in our sacred class room for you to be useful. I hope you will *never cease* to urge our class-mates to seek, and *seek earnestly*, till they obtain this inestimable blessing. O, that I could *just now feel it*, in my own poor heart.

SATURDAY MORNING.—Another week is coming to a close, never to be recalled. What have I accomplished for myself, or for the good of those around me? What record shall be brought against me in that day, when the Son of Man shall come to judge the quick and dead? Have I improved every opportunity to warn those around me to repent, and believe on the Son of God? Such are a few of the reflections that have occupied my mind this morning; and in view of such questions of self-examination, a deep sense of my unworthiness and unfaithfulness, and what is worse, I fear, *unprofitableness*, rises up against me. I have this abiding consciousness, that I have tried to do my duty, in every particular.

This has been a week of great joy, especially Sunday, Monday and Tuesday: but on Wednesday and Thursday it seemed as though Satan was about to sift me as wheat. I have had some sore conflicts with the enemy, and expect he will renew his attacks, while I am seeking to be cleansed and purified. He knows too well that *holiness* is a

strong engine, when brought to bear on his forces. But, Glory to God; we shall come off more than conquerors if we *move forward in the strength of Jesus' name*. It is my daily prayer that our membership may take a *higher stand*, and keep it. O, that we were all more zealous in the cause of our blessed Master. There were a few in our "speaking meeting" that seem convinced of their duty to live closer to God. May he strengthen and increase those desires continually. My cry by night and day is,

"O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit *free*;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee."

On Thursday night, at prayer meeting, after battling with the enemy, I received a *great blessing*; the clouds were all dispersed, and the gloom chased away, and I came home rejoicing in God, the rock of my salvation. Since then, my peace has flowed as a river. The precious Saviour will never forsake those who put their trust

in him. He is *always ready* to deliver in times of trouble and *temptation*.

I long to enjoy with you the blessing of *perfect love*. I feel now that I can never rest until I obtain it. Dearest sister, I am fearful that I may become discouraged and give up seeking. I cannot center my thoughts on God supremely; something will come in and distract my mind. O, if I could always feel that "hungering and thirsting after righteousness" I did on Monday and Tuesday last, then I know I should soon be in the possession of the blessing of sanctification. Dearest sister, your prayers, that have ascended in my behalf, I have deeply felt. It seems as though our spirits often hold sweet converse together. You know not how much it encourages me, to feel and know that you so often besiege a throne of grace for poor, unworthy me. I hope God will strengthen and enable you at all times, to witness, that "*his blood cleanseth from all sin.*"

I am glad that you did not falter to do your duty, last Sabbath. Had the enemy prevailed over you, your enjoyments would

have fled. Press forward: there are still greater attainments for you,—I am convinced there is a wide field of usefulness open before you. You will, in the providence of God, be the means of inducing many others to make a full surrender. I hope the time is not far distant when I can join you in this soul-inspiring work. O, it is a work an angel might covet. Praise God, it is for those whom he has redeemed to engage in it:—if we are willing, we can do a little toward bringing about that happy period, “when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth.”

* * * * *

You remember I spoke in my last of being thrown into the circle of the gay and fashionable; but Conscience whispered, you are doing wrong. But I was urged to go by the usual motives,—“your friends are there, and even some Methodists, and their feelings will be hurt if you remain at home,” etc., etc. I listened to the tempter, and yielded, though not from any expectation of enjoyment. Bitterly and keenly I have suffered from the stings of a guilty conscience.

ever since, and now, I am resolved *this shall be the last*. God being my helper, I will hereafter refuse all such invitations. Bro. C., in his exhortation to me, said, "we ought to be *self-denying*." It would have been no part of self-denial for me to have remained at home, I assure you.

SABBATH MORNING.—

"Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return!
Lord make these moments *blest*."

"From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys."

O, what a rich blessing is the Sabbath, with all its privileges,—“Emblem of eternal rest.” But to none of its blessings do I look forward with happier anticipations than to the class-room. Shall I meet you there? I shall be sadly disappointed if I do not.

I have neglected to mention that two more are added to our little band, at half-past one, to seek for purity of heart.

* * * * *

I have tried to urge a few of my brothers and sisters to seek sanctification,—but they

think it is too great an attainment for them. Well, good old Wesley would not call such *Methodists*, I fear, were he to rise from his grave.

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May heaven's richest blessings rest upon you, my dearest, beloved sister in Christ.

Your affectionate

SALLIE.

LETTER XI.

PIQUA, Monday Morning, Sept., '52.

MY DEAR SISTER:—With great delight I seize a moment to converse awhile with you. Precious, inestimable blessing it is to me, to talk on the glorious theme of religion, —*full and free* salvation. I know this is a theme which you also love above all others.

How is my dearest sister this morning? Is she rejoicing on the mountain top—or is she down in the valley? I know not why it is that I have felt you were cast down. Was not last night an agonizing night with you? I felt much drawn out in prayer on your behalf. From nine o'clock until midnight, my unceasing prayer went up for you. I felt as though you were distressed in soul. I wished that I could be with you,—I thought perchance I might be of some service to you. I know the *unworthiest* are sometimes made instruments, in the hands of God, of strengthening

others. When you write, tell me what were your feelings during that time. Can it be possible that our hearts are so *united* that we can *feel* each others burdens though unexpressed? I was forcibly impressed by your remarks on that subject. It appears, at least, that our hearts and souls have been deeply impressed alike. You spoke of your feelings last week, dwelling so much upon *death* and *eternity*. Dearest sister, I was never more deeply impressed upon this subject. I feel that my time on earth *will be short*. I am daily, yea, hourly, admonished of this. I am endeavoring "to set my house in order," that when the Master comes, I may be ready. I can truly say with you, that whether *living* or *dying*, I AM CHRIST'S. My beloved sister, I have thought what a blessed privilege it would be, could our souls both at once burst from these poor tenements of clay, and enter, together, that bright world above, and at once be permitted to gaze upon that dear Saviour, who has shed his precious blood, to purchase *our* pardon, and *complete redemption*. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to his name. But

God knows what is best for us, and he will do all things well. Therefore, let us bow *submissively* to *His will*. How can I sufficiently thank *you*, for your last favor. Truly, dearest, they are as *angel* visits. How grateful I feel for that *sweet, sisterly affection* which you have manifested in my behalf. It has *sunk deep* into my heart. I can place *implicit confidence* in you,—I know such a friend is a treasure, and not every day to be found.

I heard you had a good time on Friday last, at Female prayer meeting. I doubt not but *you* enjoyed it. To bear the *cross* is the way to secure the *blessing*. I have always found in my short experience, that the harder the cross, the greater the blessing. Never *shun the cross*, but in the strength of your divine Master bear it. You will find yourself much strengthened by so doing. You do not know how much it rejoiced my poor heart, to hear that you were willing to bear the cross,—that you do not refuse to take it up, like many of our old professors, in the church. No wonder there are so many cold hearted professors in Zion. God

will never honor those who do not deny themselves,—come out boldly, and take up his cross, fearless of the world. Always be found ready to take up *your cross*, and God will abundantly bless you.

TUESDAY MORNING.—O, how unspeakably happy I am this morning. Praise the Lord
O, my soul! * * * * *

* * Yesterday my soul was continually drawn out in prayer to God in your behalf. At our SACRED HOUR I wrestled hard, but I could not feel any assurance but that you were still cast down. I feared that in the anguish of your soul in seeking higher attainments, you had lost sight of the great blessings you have enjoyed. Last night I felt that I could not retire until I received the assurance that you were happy in the love of God. About half-past eight o'clock I retired to my *sacred retreat*, determined that I would not give up until I received that assurance. What a blessed *hour!* My soul was filled to overflowing, and I was enabled to shout aloud the high praises of my precious Jesus. I felt, also, that God had blest you, and I had assur-

ance given me that you had at last received a blessing, if not yet made entirely *free*.—Dearest Sister, was it not so? I have nothing to judge by but my own feelings.

This morning I awoke with my soul full of Glory and of God. Where or how can I begin to tell of his unspeakable goodness? I have a great desire to *see you*, and to know just how you feel. Are you still *panting* after that “*perfect love* that casts out all fear?” or have you been permitted to enter into your *rest*? If not, press forward. O, what is it that keeps you back? Is it *unbelief*?—a spirit of doubting? Can you not trust your *all*, ALL, in the hands of God? Do you doubt his ability to save you from *sin*? O, I well know how hard it is to believe that our wicked hearts can ever cease from sin—that they can be cleansed. I am astonished that God did not cut me off for my *unbelief*; but O what amazing mercy has been shown me!—and then to permit me to *enter* and *feast* on love DIVINE! I know that I am not worthy to be permitted to eat of the crumbs that fall from my Master’s table;

yet, Hallelujah to his name! he has permitted me to feast on the choicest viands.— Wondrous love! Redeeming love! Its heights and depths Eternity alone can fathom.

Do you think, dearest sister, that I am satisfied with my present attainments? No! *never, never* shall I be satisfied until I shall awake up in his likeness, and be permitted to gaze with rapturous awe upon him who has purchased my complete redemption.— *Then shall I be satisfied.* But I cannot eat my morsel alone. I want others to enjoy with me this rich experience. I believe that God will accept your sacrifice. O could I say or do anything to help you on, I would gladly do it. I feel that no sacrifice that I could make would be too much, if I could but *aid you*. But one thing I promise you—you have my unceasing prayers. I believe that God will hear me, and that my prayers shall be answered in your behalf. Be not discouraged, dearest sister, if you are not at once brought into this rest. I am assured that you shall be gradually brought into it. Sister, dearest, be sure you come

out at once, and boldly take up your cross as a witness for Christ. If you do not, Satan will soon rob you of your confidence. I feel that I have gained much by doing so on Sabbath, although it was a severe trial. Satan tried hard to get the advantage of me. I at first thought I would not go to *class*, and I had a very *plausible* excuse to keep me *from* going; yet I determined, in the strength of God, that I *would* go, and take up my cross. I was blest in so doing.—Glory be to God! I have been enabled to maintain my confidence.

Now, dear sister, “shall I scold you?” Well, I do not feel in the right kind of spirit to scold much, just now. My letters are so imperfect,—the spontaneous effusions of my heart at the time, and are not even corrected, but I have great confidence in you, and know you will overlook their errors. I have never thought that my poor letters would be of interest to any one but yourself. I will leave it to *your* judgement. I feel it is not my duty to withhold anything that would prove a blessing to others, or be

the means of stimulating them in my Master's cause.

WEDNESDAY NOON.—I again steal away from my domestic duties to conversé a while with you. Eternity alone can tell how I prize this privilege. I feel that I never am happier than when in secret with my God, and writing——. To each, I can pour out the fulness of my heart, and know that I meet with no repulse. God is ever ready to listen to my complaints, to soothe and calm my fears; and in you, dear sister, I *know* I have a friend that will bear with me, although I may be troublesome. But, dearest, contrast your own happy lot with mine, and then you will know what an inestimable privilege this is. I have no one to whom I can go and tell the fulness of my soul on religious subjects. I have no one to take me by the hand and encourage me on my way. But I dare not complain; God is good. He does more for me, much more, than I deserve; and this morning my soul is filled to overflowing with his love. I feel much weaned from the world; my mind appears entirely absorbed

in meditating upon God, Heaven, and immortal Glory. I thank God for the bright and cheering *evidence* we have of meeting at last on the sunny banks of deliverance, where we shall have nothing to intrude to mar our happiness.

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Your affectionate

AMELIA.

CHAPTER V.

LETTER XII.

SEPT., 27th, 1852.

MY DEAR SISTER AMELIA:—Our precious season for prayer has just passed. I have tried hard to give all into the hands of my blessed Jesus, and to believe it was accepted. . . . I have had my soul, this afternoon, filled with a holy calmness and peace, which is indeed refreshing after buffeting the fierce waves of temptation;—but now, glory to God, I can say and *feel* that Jesus stands at the helm. What a rich feast we had in our class-room! It was never more solemn to me, and now, as it comes up before my mind, it seems indeed like a little heaven on earth. *All* the brethren and sisters seemed to have the fire burning upon the altar of their hearts. I love all my class-mates dearly, and I know it will never be a cross for me to attend upon that *most precious means of grace*.—But should *you*, in the providence of God, be taken soon to that great class-meeting

above, I fear my poor murmuring heart would rebel: and yet I shall soon be with you. *Life is short*, and it matters but little which is taken first. I can join you in wishing we might *together* ascend to the city of the New Jerusalem, and there first mingle our loud anthems before our Saviour's throne. Then our harps will be tuned to the sweet melodies of heaven.

My spirit, this afternoon, would fain catch the strain of a dying Saviour's love, as it is borne on the passing breeze. *Hallelujah! Glory!* Just now what a blessing has been poured upon my panting, longing heart! I would that I could clasp you to my heart and tell you; but no, I cannot. Thanks be to God for his *unspeakable gift*.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.—You enquire, was I “not much cast down and distressed in soul on Sunday evening?” I answer, yes. I never had a more *agonizing* spirit of prayer than at that time, and also on Monday and Tuesday I was continually engaged. On Monday, at OUR SACRED HOUR, my heart seemed to find increasing delight in prayer; *my faith grew stronger*, and I

think I have not been as near realizing the blessing since. I know could I only have claimed the promises in faith, I should have been made HOLY, but, ah! when shall this wavering heart be at rest?

“Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliverance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.”

My dearest sister, I rejoice that you have not forgotten us on Friday afternoons, when our little band of sisters meet in the sick room to draw near to a throne of grace. I do love those social prayer meetings, where all restraint is thrown aside, and we receive such rich blessings. You can rest assured you are not forgotten by me at that hour. I hope you will have an opportunity, ere long, of mingling your prayers with ours, and participating with us in this rich feast. I know that *bearing the cross*, too, always proves a blessing, when it is done cheerfully and in the right spirit.—Now, dearest, adieu for the present.

THURSDAY EVENING, 9 o'clock.—Upon retiring to my room this evening, the thought

struck me that I might enjoy the privilege of writing a few lines. I have just returned from prayer meeting, where we always get our spiritual strength renewed when we go praying; but, unfortunately for me, company came in just at the time when I should have gathered in my wandering thoughts. I had to go to the house of God in a frame of mind not suitable to worship him. O, how often I have to lament that I am so much controlled by circumstances. I would that I could at *all times*, without distraction of mind, bow before God. To lift the heart continually to God is certainly one of the Christian's dearest privileges. I love to hold sweet communion with my Maker.

To-night, as I cast my eye out of my window, what a calm, beautiful scene presents itself to my vision. The moon is pouring a flood of light and beauty on every object, and casting a hallowed radiance of majesty, glory and sublimity over all the works of God. Truly did the sweet singer of Israel exclaim, "The heavens declare the *glory* of God; the firmament showeth forth his handiwork." Read the nineteenth

Psalm, and then turn your eyes and see the beauties, there described, richly displayed in the magnificent and ever changing panorama, the blue canopy of heaven. Worlds upon worlds revolving century after century in the blue dome above us, with all the harmony and order that characterize his wonderful works.

When you thus contemplate his works, you will join with me and say, "O for a heart to praise *my* God." My *whole soul* now goes forth *with emotions of gratitude* to Him who has with such a beneficent hand, scattered unnumbered blessings around our pathway, causing flowers of unearthly beauty to spring up to enliven us on our pilgrimage to the skies. After such a view of the beauties of Nature, how appropriate these words: "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him; thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor," etc. . . . The clock strikes ten, and I must bid you good night. May God bless you.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON. — Since writing

last, when my heart was so completely filled with emotions of joy in contemplating the beauty displayed in the works of God, I have been called to the house of mourning, to console the living, and perform the last sad rites for the dead. Many and *profitable* were my reflections upon the shortness of life and certainty of death. O what a glorious *hope we have* that, when the storms of life are over, we shall then enter upon the blissful scenes of immortality! O, what a happy future awaits us, if faithful!

I have again, at our SACRED HOUR, found our Saviour graciously near. O, I never realized so much happiness in my short life as I have done since we *set apart this hour*. I have been greatly blessed at these precious seasons, and I can say with you, had "I ten thousand hearts they should all be given to God, and all engaged in the blessed work of winning souls to Christ." My sister, I trust it will be a long time ere that period arrives when we shall forget the SACRED HOUR. I think we have seen the promise often verified, "If two of you agree on earth as touching anything that

they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Yes, our great High Priest intercedes for us — "the Spirit maketh intercessions for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." O, then, let us still press forward, till death shall end the warfare. I have just turned to a sweet hymn, which begins—

"Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard."

My faith was much strengthened at our prayer meeting yesterday afternoon. Although we were few in number, we found the Lord there, and that to bless. O, I know not why it is that there is such a backwardness on the part of our sisters in attending this means of grace. Why should we be afraid to bear the cross when we gain such great blessings by so doing? I trust there will be a "stirring up among the dry bones" soon—very soon. If we only lived up to the many precious privileges we enjoy, we would consider it no hardship to follow Christ through evil report as well as good. Now do not, I beg of you, think I

have reference to you, for I know too well how you would do, were it possible: but there are many of my dear friends who are so indifferent about the cause of their Master that they cannot spare *one hour* in a week for special prayer. I pray God we may, as professing Christians, be more zealously engaged for the conversion of those around us, and, also, that we may never rest till we have fulfilled the great command, "Be ye holy, as I am holy."

Your affectionate,

SALLIE.

LETTER XIII.

SABBATH, Oct. 22, 1852.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I want to tell you my feelings; but how or where shall I begin? Never, no never have I enjoyed such feelings as I have this day. My heart has cried out, “What is the Lord about to accomplish in me or for me?” Then the answer came, “Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.” O, Sallie, I wish you could just have realized my feelings in class this morning. Indeed it appeared to me that my *soul would burst* from its frail tenement of clay. When I went to class it was impressed upon my mind to relate a part of my *past experience*, at least this was my intention. I thought I would waive the subject of Holiness, but my mind was differently led out. After we returned into the class room from Sister ——’s, I felt a sweet spirit of prayer given to me. I think my heart never went out with such longing desires after my God—*our* God. I began to feel a

degree of holy *nearness* to God, which was indeed better *felt* than expressed. My happy soul could, without reserve, pour all its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, into the bosom of a *reconciled* God and Father. Thank God, a most powerful blessing was poured upon me. Indeed I felt it difficult to hold my peace until it came my turn to speak. But *then* I found I could not tell it! I know that when we meet in our Father's house I will tell you. I felt completely swallowed up in the *love of God*. O Sallie, does not your heart bound in the anticipation of being released from everything of an *earthly* nature; — then *we* shall be permitted to meet and spend an eternity *together*, where nothing shall disturb our peace! I can say with you,—“with calm and unwavering faith I look forward to my release from earth.”

It rejoiced my heart to learn that you, too, have been greatly blest lately. It is but the dawning of a better day. . . . I want to hear a sermon on the subject of *Holiness*. I am hungry for anything pertaining to that subject. I enjoyed Bro. Gaddis's sermon

very much. I feel there is a duty devolving upon me. I felt it forcibly to-day. I had some severe struggles in my own mind, after coming home from church. I knew not how to decide. I was much strengthened in casting *that burden* upon the Lord, believing that he would direct me aright.— I knew you were blest under the sermon. I feel that you are in the *path of duty*. How much good you can accomplish in your labors in the Sabbath-school! I know you will make an impression upon those dear little children that shall never be erased from their minds. I would say with Bro. Gaddis, “go on, *go on*, go on!” and would to God I could join with you;—this I will do soon if there is a way opened for me. God, I know, is about to accomplish some *mighty work* in my behalf—I felt it sensibly this morning; but what that work is I cannot even conjecture.

SABBATH EVENING.—There!—our good old bell is ringing for church. O, what a struggle there is in my breast. I have a desire to go; but then you know I must give up that privilege. I hope the Holy Spirit

may be poured out abundantly upon you all. I will lift my heart in ardent prayer for a blessing, and particularly for *one dear one*, while she sits under the grateful droppings of the sanctuary; and I know that I will not be forgotten. I am expecting another blessing before I retire.

MONDAY NIGHT.—Dear sister, I have *two propositions* to make, which were suggested to me last night in my meditations, and I believe impressed on my mind by the Holy Spirit. *First*, that we pursue a *regular course of reading* at OUR SACRED HOUR. Let us commence in the New Testament at Matthew, and read two chapters each hour. Let next Monday (provided our lives are spared,) be the day to commence. I have always found, and I doubt not but you have also, that reading portions of the Scriptures before prayer, fixes the mind more upon God; and I think *our* minds would thus be brought to center more sweetly together. The *second proposition* is this: that we set apart one day each month as a *Fast day*. Let it be a day of self-examination and prayer—fervent, ardent prayer, especially

for a *glorious revival* in our church and city. Let the first Friday of each month be the day. Now, dear sister, will you agree with me in this proposition, or something similar to it? Any alteration you see best to make I will most cordially accede to.

I know that the course we have been pursuing has been the means of doing us much spiritual good, but I believe we can accomplish yet more. O let us be *self-denying, cross-bearing* Christians, and I believe God will own and bless our efforts. I do feel that we are called to do some little work in the vineyard of our Lord. . . . We know not how much we can accomplish in wrestling with God in prayer. Let our prayers be as good Caughey says — “those that will take no denial but follow God up and down, as it were, night and day, *begging, crying,* and *entreating*, and will give him no rest—will not let him go, until he says, ‘*Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.*’” O we may accomplish much by our prayers. And now what do you say to all this?

TUESDAY NIGHT.—Confusion and constant uproar has surrounded me to-day. How

heartily sick I am of the world. I wished to-day that I could retire to some *lone* place, and there, with one dear friend of Jesus, hold sweet and uninterrupted converse. I have found it hard to-day to keep my mind fixed; there has been too much to draw it off from that *best* of all subjects—*religion and immortal glory*. This afternoon, however, I did, in a great measure, get my wandering mind drawn in, and I had a most precious season during our SACRED HOUR. I had great liberty given me in praying, particularly for *one precious one*. Sallie, I feel indeed that you are on the verge of that boundless *sea of love*. But one step remains to be taken. I pray God that you may exercise that *faith* this week that will put you in possession of that blessing. If I could *act in your behalf*, this moment would end the strife, and you should be *free*.

But this is out of the order of God;—that act of faith must be exercised by *you alone*. God this moment stands ready to embrace you in his everlasting arms of love. O, how I wish I could remove that *standing doubt*, for I know there must be

one that keeps you back. I wish I was with you to-night, that we could have another long talk, and particularly upon *this subject*. I never felt a greater desire for anything in my life than to see you enjoy *this blessing*. I firmly believe I shall yet see you in possession of it. O, I can, and *do*, exercise strong faith in your behalf: yet there are so many things suggested to my mind, and they appear *so plausible*; — but, as good old Caughey says, “There are some prayers in which we must put an *if*,” and so I find in this I must insert an *if*; yet I will not give up the contest: no, indeed—I will *pray on*, and *on*.

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Have you procured “Caughey’s Sermons” yet? I do want you to get this work by all means. I am glad that I have it. It certainly is the best work I ever have met with, my good Bible excepted. You know how I prize “*Faith and its Effects*.” Well, this work is equal, if not superior to it. How much I want you and your sister Jenny to read it. There is much benefit to be derived from its perusal. There are two good chapters on “*Entire Sanctification*.”

These are separate from the sermons, which are powerful enough, I assure you. Why it appears to me that no one can read these chapters without at once entering into that rest of faith—every objection appears to be met at once, and so clearly pointed out and refuted. I have nearly finished reading it; and if you have not procured a copy, you shall have mine, as I am very anxious for you to read it. A friend of mine called to-day, and found me very deeply engaged in the perusal of it. She wanted to know if I had found some interesting *novel*. I said I would to God the world was full of *such novels* as that, and that every man, woman and child could read them. I think that the Devil and his aids would begin to tremble, lest they should get no more subjects to people their dark abode.

. . . . But I must leave you for to-night, as the clock strikes. Dearest, adieu.

Your affectionate

AMELIA.

LETTER XIV.

PIQUA, Monday Morn'g., Oct. 1852.

DEAR SISTER: — I steal away from earth's dull vanities, its cares and perplexities, to spend a few moments in sweet converse with you. My soul, this morning, "dwells aloof from all created things," and holds sweet communion with my God. Ah! there is an *inner life*, and I am permitted, to a small extent, to realize what it is "to walk and talk with God"—a heaven-born privilege. . . . Yesterday was indeed a *feast* day to my poor soul. I rejoiced, when I returned from class, to learn that you had come to a *decided stand to lay your all upon the altar*. It was your privilege, then, to receive the witness, but I know what was lacking—*Faith*. You did not exercise *strong* faith. O, that God would bestow upon you *that faith* which *lays hold* of the promise, and will take *no denial*. I implore you not to become discouraged; remember you can do nothing of *yourself*. Cast your

all at the feet of Jesus, believing that he will receive you—that he will accept your sacrifice. The *Holy fire* will come down and consume the least and last remains of sin. Before you read these lines I hope you will have entered into *your rest*.

* * * * *

Dear sister, there is no necessity for your fears. No, no! The more we seek, the nearer we live to God, the greater our enjoyments will be. O, that my God, *our* God would speedily deliver those who are now *seeking* full salvation. I believe that the fire of *holiness* is beginning to burn. O that it may be kindled into a *blaze*, and that many, many hearts may catch the *flame*, and proclaim *holiness* to the Lord of Hosts. . . . I, too, rejoice that there were a few in your speaking meeting who felt the necessity of seeking a deeper work of grace. Was my sister among those witnesses? Never let an opportunity pass by unimproved.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—I take a moment to write, or *talk* with you. But what shall I tell you? I have but the same old story; but, thank God, I know you will say it is a

good one. God still *is love*. O, how unspeakably precious is he to my poor soul. I have felt the value of religion—of *Holy Ghost religion*—this week. The cares of the world have pressed heavily upon me, but, thanks be to God, my mind has been kept in “perfect peace.” I have often compared the present state of my mind with what it was formerly. How easily I was thrown off my guard. I would let the tempter *come in* and *rob me of my peace*. I would look at everything on the dark side, but this week, so far, I have felt a calm and firm reliance on God, although I have had much to try me. I found I had an *all-sufficient* Saviour. O, praise God! My dear sister, he is ever ready to help in time of need. . . . I found my Jesus very precious to-day at our SACRED HOUR. “Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” I feel hourly that “Christ lives in me,” and that I “live by faith in the Son of God.”

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
Supported by his staff and rod ;
Though *snares* and *danger* throng my path,
I triumph over all by FAITH.

With heaven my journey's end in view,
 My road is *safe* and *pleasant* too,
 And *earth* and *hell* my course withstand,
 Guarded by his Almighty hand.

And now, dear sister, how is it with you? Have you found *rest* for your soul? Have you been permitted to enter in and feast "with Jesus' priests and kings?" Or is this the language of your heart? —

"Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,
 And fain I would, but though my will
 Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
 Yet hind'rances strew all the way—
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stay."

Dear sister, cease to mourn, and come to the *fountain*, plunge into the *all-healing stream*, with faith believing, and in the self-same hour you shall be *made whole*. Jesus has said, "I will give thee rest." Doubt not his word. Would to God I could inspire you with a *mighty faith*. God will *receive you* and make you an Israelite indeed, *in whom there is no guile*.

* * * * *

Whilst we are in the world we must necessarily mingle more or less with it. We cannot seclude ourselves entirely;—nor would it be right for us to do so. *We must*

let our light shine. Yet we must be on our guard lest the world intrude too much. I have no fears that you will engage in anything that will lead off your heart from that best of causes, which you have lately espoused. If you feel that you cannot with a *clear conscience* enjoy worldly society, let no one persuade you to do so. For my own part, I feel that this world has no allurements for me. I cannot enjoy myself with the *giddy* and the *gay*. I am often reproached for my *seeming* selfishness. But my mind has been so absorbed in religion, and particularly so for the last few months, that I have no relish for the company of the worldly. I dearly love my *Christian* friends, and I am always refreshed by their society, but I cannot enjoy as much of it as I desire. When not occupied with my domestic duties, my whole time is absorbed in prayer and in pouring over some favorite *religious* work.

* * * * *

I cannot refrain from telling you what a rich blessing I have just received at our SACRED HOUR. My soul has been filled to

overflowing. I have had much liberty given me in prayer. My faith never was as strong as it is now. Why, it appeared as though God told me to ask what I *would* and it should be *granted*. I have asked largely in *your behalf*, and, my dear sister, I believe God will answer my petitions. Often I have gone to my God in prayer with an unbelieving heart. I would pray and pray, yet I was afraid to *believe* that *He* would hear or *grant* my petition — and is this not the way with you sometimes? How are you progressing? I want to hear from you very much, and learn from your pen how you have enjoyed yourself this week, and what attainments you have made. When I again hear from you shall I hear the joyful news that you have been made “*free indeed?*” I have been cherishing this hope. God alone knows the *intense desire* I have for you on *this subject*. I know that it will add much to your *future usefulness*. I have the assurance that you will be brought into this rest—the rest of *faith*. Have you not placed your *all* upon the *altar*, and can you not believe

that God will accept the sacrifice for Christ's sake? O, that God would strengthen your faith! I hope you are happy this afternoon. I pray God that you may realize a great blessing to-night, should you attend the prayer meeting. I wish I could go with you. I should dearly love to be with you at your female prayer meetings also, and intend going whenever I can. You know not what a trial it is for me to be deprived of *these precious means of grace*;—yet hush, my fond heart: “God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears.” What rich blessings I receive from day to day from his hands! Then why should I complain?

Your affectionate

AMELIA.

LETTER XV.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, Oct. 1852.

DEAR AMELIA:—I embrace the first opportunity this week to hold sweet converse with you upon a subject which endless ages can never exhaust. How sweet to call in my wandering thoughts, shut out the world with all its cares, and with an eye of faith look up to “brighter scenes in heaven”. O can it be that such unworthy mortals will reign forever with the blessed Jesus? Wondrous love! and yet how little prized or sought. I can say with you, I hope this winter will be a season *long to be remembered*—when our class-rooms will be *filled* with young converts, shouting aloud the high praises of Jesus. Let us make this a special subject of prayer. A revival of God’s work in our midst—O, do we not need it? How awful the thought that scores of our fellow creatures may be hurried *soon* to try the realities of another world *unprepared*. And shall we make no effort in

their behalf? We are all throwing our influence one way or the other. We ought to be on the Lord's side. Fearful responsibilities rest upon us all. O, that the Lord would open the eyes of the church to see their true position.

With regard to myself, I am still striving to grasp the promise. * * *

* * * * * It is my prayer that he would direct my path, and bring me into "*this land of rest from inbred sin.*"

FRIDAY MORNING, 11 o'clock.—I have truly found it better to "go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." When death comes to the Christian he is stripped of all his terrors. With calm, unwavering faith I look forward to my release from earth, and all its bitter disappointments. I cannot think I should grieve or murmur to part with the *dearest friends on earth*, if they should die in the triumphs of Christian faith. O how I wished this morning, as the afflicted family of Bro Landes gathered around me, to tell of a father and a husband being taken from them, that they could

have shared *my* feelings. He is *only gone before*. The separation will be short; they will soon be reunited in heaven. May our death be as calm, peaceful and triumphant as was that of Bro. Landes. . . . Your *good letter* lies before me, and the plan you have proposed I shall endeavor to adopt with all the *sincerity of my heart*. This afternoon I will go forward in the strength of the God of Israel.

HALF-PAST TWO O'CLOCK.—O, when shall this longing heart be set at liberty? When I would wish to exercise *strong faith*, then doubts, fears and temptations come in like a flood. O, what is it that keeps me still just on the *borders* of this goodly land? But I must still press forward, believing that light will soon dawn upon me. I have had a spirit of prayer given me during our SACRED HOUR.

FRIDAY NIGHT, 10 o'clock.—I have just finished reading your precious note. My heart is filled with emotions of *endearing love* toward you. O, how I do rejoice for the fellowship of kindred minds! God has heard your prayer to-

night, and most gloriously displayed to your desponding, stricken heart the wonders of his grace. O, *wondrous love!* O, I do praise him for all his loving kindness. I wish I could write something to cheer and console you in the absence of your dear companion; but I am not competent; my heart fails me—but his promises are “YEA AND AMEN,” “I will *never* leave thee or forsake thee.” O, as you said to-night, “is it not sweet to trust in him?” The Psalmist says, “The Lord will fulfill the desire of them that fear him.” He is able to save to the uttermost.

Let not the tempter rob you of the *many precious promises* that are on record for *your* encouragement. . . . Your dear companion *will yet see the joys of this salvation*. O, dear sister, put your trust in the *living God*—that same God that shut the lions’ mouths and preserved his servant Daniel—that opened up a way of escape to the Israelites of old at the Red Sea—that *blessed Jesus*, who raised the dead, opened the eyes of the blind, and unstopped the ears of the deaf. Does he not hear your

cry? Yes, dearest, he *does*. He will manifest his power most gloriously in your behalf.

SATURDAY EVENING, 8 o'clock.—One more is added to my list of days that are forever past, and I am on the eve of another of the *Lord's days*. This week has flown by so swiftly that I can scarcely realize that the Sabbath is so near. I hope to meet you all in our dear class, which has not met for a *long* time, or at least it seems so to me. O I do hope we will have a good time. This has been a happy week with me, and I have been gaining fresh victories over the *flesh*, the *world*, and the *devil*.

I do praise God that he put it into our hearts to adopt this method of holding sweet intercourse. I do most cordially accept your proposition to read through the New Testament in course. Will we begin to-morrow? I think the blessing of God will attend it, if faithfully carried out. Our "*fast day*" shall also be strictly observed. We have taken a *bold stand*, and "stand committed" not only before the church, but men and angels. I am glad of it. God help us to be faithful. Amen. SALLIE.

LETTER XVI.

PIQUA, OCT., 1852.

MY DEAR SALLIE:—With what delight do I take up my pen to *converse* a while with you this afternoon. I wish that I could describe to you my feelings *as they are*. O, what a happy day this has been to me! My soul is tranquil and peaceful. I know not how to compare it. . . . This afternoon, at our SACRED HOUR, a rich blessing was poured into my soul. My faith never was stronger. I have *plead* and *agonized in your behalf*. If I could only give you this rich blessing, this *feast of love* that I enjoy from day to day, I would gladly do so, and then I would again seek it in my *own behalf*. God is willing to bestow it *upon you*. Dearest, you believe I am sincere, do you not, when I say I would gladly bestow this blessing upon you? Then doubt not the willingness of your God. Take him at his word. How many precious promises are on record for us; for all those who will

seek with their whole heart! Let me give you a few of them only, for it would take volumes to write them all: "And ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with *all your heart.*" "For the Son of Man came to seek and to *save* that which was *lost.*" "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." * * *

"I will take away the heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh." "All things are possible to him that believeth." *

* * * * * "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye *present your bodies a living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your *reasonable service.*" "Come out from among them, and be ye separate; touch not the unclean thing, and I *will receive you*, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "Knowing *this*, that the trial of your faith worketh patience." "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be *perfect and entire*, wanting nothing." "Blessed is she that believeth, for there *shall be* a performance of those

things which were told her of the Lord.”—

“And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will he heareth us; and if we know that he hear us whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.” * * * *

* “What things soever ye desire when ye pray, *believe* that ye receive them, and *ye shall have them.*” “If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what you will, *and it shall be done unto you.*” “If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to *cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*” “Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.” “Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.” “If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have *fellowship one with another*, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all unrighteousness.” “Having these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, *perfecting holiness* in the fear of the Lord.” “The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and

I pray God your whole *spirit* and *soul* and *body* be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

I will leave these precious promises for you to meditate upon. I can make no comments: they are from the *word of God*. I have felt much strengthened while writing them down. Many of them I have fully realized. I trust you will soon join with me in a hearty *amen* to all of them.

SUNDAY NIGHT.—I feel that I cannot retire without having another talk with you. I have wished that you were here this evening that we could have a long talk face to face. When I quit writing this afternoon, Sister Pettit came in. We had a long talk. She staid with me about two hours. It does my soul good to feast with *God's own children*. This evening I feel more than ever encouraged to go on my way *rejoicing*. I have feasted for the last few days. I think last night was the happiest night I ever spent. I never feel more fully blest than when bearing the *cross*. When at meeting, I felt that I had nothing to say, yet I felt powerfully impressed to arise as a witness for Je.

sus. I first tried to excuse myself, as I had spoken the previous morning; but the more I tried to excuse myself, the more deeply did I feel that it was my duty to speak—the promise came to me, “Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.” Glory be to God! I felt that the Spirit did help my infirmities. I feel to-night that, God being my helper, I will walk unflinchingly in the *path of duty*; I will testify to this *full salvation*, though that path should lead me to a martyr’s stake. And, O I wish I could but be the instrument in his hands to encourage others to seek this full salvation! I rejoice that there is such a waking up on this subject in the church. At no time since I have joined the M. E. Church have I seen such a hungering and thirsting after righteousness as is now manifested. I know, dearest, you are still groaning after this blessing. Beloved, trust your all to God. He has done much for you; he will do *more*. I feel that he has commenced his *purifying work* in your heart. He will complete it. You shall soon grasp the prize. I think if you were only now with me you would realize the

blessing even this night. My faith is strong to-night in your behalf. . . .

“My heart breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove ;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.”

This I know is the language of your heart. Now, cast yourself at the foot of the cross once more ; surrender your all to God ; take your precious Bible, pray ardently, fervently, and with *faith believing*, that God would direct you to some portion of Scripture that you may take hold upon.

* * * * *

Your affectionate

AMELIA.

LETTER XVII.

PIQUA, OCT., 1852.

MY DEAR AMELIA:—I have been longing, for the last few days, to sit down quietly once more, in my own room, and devote a short time to this dear privilege,—but it seems almost impossible to have even a few minutes alone. I have now stolen off to enjoy our precious “SACRED HOUR,” and fear I shall be interrupted. Last evening just as I had seated myself to spend the evening in writing, company came in, and I most unwillingly laid aside my pen to entertain them. After this week I will make ample amends.

I was indeed sadly disappointed on Sabbath morning. I often looked toward the door, expecting to greet you. I must not murmur,—doubtless it is all right, though to us poor short-sighted mortals it may seem hard at the time. Amelia, my prayers were *certainly answered* in your behalf. I know you *were blessed*. Thank God! he is not confined to the public congregation.

I went to the class-room much depressed in heart, but soon every cloud was dispelled, and rapturous joy filled my soul, my spiritual sky was clear and bright, and light from above beamed upon me. My spiritual strength was renewed, and I felt prepared to go forth in the world, for another week, in the all-prevailing name of Jesus, courageously to maintain the cause of my Divine Master.....

The sermon at eleven o'clock was from our dear, dear Bro. Gaddis. His text was, "In the name of our God we will set up our banners." 20th Psalm, 5th verse.

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I have given you a faint outline of Bro. Gaddis' sermon. I will resume my subject and give you the evening sermon. I must now return to my household affairs. May God be with us.

SATURDAY MORNING.—The time for our quarterly meeting has arrived, and I rejoice that I am spared to enjoy its great privileges. My prayer is that it may be a season long to be remembered by us all. O, that our God would come down in great power; and

that some of us, who so ardently desire to enjoy his FULL SALVATION, may realize it. I sometimes think this unbelieving heart will never give up. Temptations come in on every side. But I know in whom I trust. He will deliver me. I desire a spirit of continual prayer and watchfulness. My opportunities for holding sweet communion with my blessed Saviour have been few of late. I have tried while engaged about domestic affairs, to have my wandering heart drawn off from the world with all its perplexities, and fixed on things above, and I have been in a measure blessed in so doing. But I have been repeatedly deprived of going to my room at our SACRED HOUR, on account of company.

I feel more and more that nothing but *perfect love* could enable you to endure the deep anguish of soul you have experienced. But God has dealt kindly and mercifully, and brought you into his banqueting house, and now his banner over you is LOVE. You have drank deep from the wells of salvation. His blood has washed away all your sins. God be praised for a FULL ATONEMENT. O,

may *I soon* feel it applied to my depraved heart. I wish I could now surrender all and believe; but I have an unbelieving heart. *I shrink back*—I am *afraid to venture*. . . .

SATURDAY EVENING.—I regret very much that we were interrupted this afternoon, while conversing upon our favorite topic. I hope we may have an opportunity to resume it ere long. . . . We shall there *reign together*, and sing redeeming love.

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I know you will be STRONGLY tempted by the adversary to withhold your testimony. "*I have prayed that your faith fail not.*" You must improve every opportunity to press others to seek for this great blessing, and I know that good will attend your efforts. God grant that you may indeed be a burning and a shining light to all around you.

Your affectionate

SALLIE.

PIQUA, NOV., 1852.

DEARLY BELOVED SISTER:—With a glad heart I seat myself this evening to converse

with you. "Trust in the living God," is my motto for life. Yes, thank God, in EVERY emergency, I will trust in Him; and I know of nothing that strengthens my faith so much as *repeating* this motto to myself when tempted. I feel to-night very needy in this respect. Our friend Caughey knew how to exercise faith. I have just been reading another one of his precious sermons on *quenching the Spirit*. What a thrill of horror passed over me as I found that the sin against the Holy Ghost was "*quenching and grieving*" the Holy Spirit,—that it was sometimes the work of years. My prayer is that I may never, no, never, be found guilty of committing this sin wilfully and intentionally.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.—OUR SACRED HOUR has just passed, and I am grateful for being allowed to enjoy this privilege, *uninterrupted*. Despite of my best efforts the world, of late would creep in upon me, at times, so that I have often, during this week felt harrassed. My mind would often become confused. But I praise God, this afternoon, for the "light of his counte-

nance." I again feel calm and peaceful. I will now watch and pray, that I may be enabled to maintain this *position*, and keep in the spirit of Christ. I will now give you the outline of our Sabbath morning sermon.

* * * * *

Your affectionate,

SALLIE.

CHAPTER VI.

LETTER XVIII.

PIQUA, Nov., 1852.

MY DEAR SISTER:—Although my domestic duties almost forbid, I cannot refrain from having a little talk with you, this morning. What a night I have passed! I never was so happy in all my life; and I know you were very, very happy. I retired about nine o'clock, calm and peaceful—so fully had I committed *all* into the hands of my covenant-keeping God. I awoke about midnight, and O, such *rapturous joy* filled my whole soul, I was completely *overpowered* with the love of God.

I have found it good to wait before God. I have great liberty in pleading for those I dearly love, and for the spread of that glorious work which has been commenced. O, may it be but the beginning of good times. I hope scores will be brought into the fold of Christ Jesus. How my heart yearns over perishing souls; and I should like to be among you around that good altar.

But Glory be to God, though I am deprived the privileges of the sanctuary, yet I have many blessed privileges which I *can* enjoy, with my blessed Bible and other good books, among which is our friend Caughey's Earnest Christianity. And then I enjoy our SACRED HOUR.

The course we have been pursuing I find very profitable. My heart keeps continually ascending to the throne. Praise God, no one can deny me this blessed privilege. I will endeavor patiently to endure the cross, despising the shame. One great comfort and source of encouragement to me is, to know that I have the prayers of some of Christ's chosen ones. How shall I repay your kind solicitude and fervent prayers, that have ascended for me this week? I know I have felt their influence. I know you will not lose your reward,—it awaits you in glory. Earth's goods are too poor to remunerate such goodness. Now, Sallie, you are *happy now*. O that you may enjoy Heaven's richest blessings during this meeting, and be brought into the *full liberty* which Christ has purchased

for us. My verse this morning, how it has set my soul all on fire. "When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar, he said, *It is finished*: and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost." *It is finished*. O, there is a world of meaning in those words. Then was salvation purchased on the cross, and why should we withhold *part of that price*? Let us give all to Christ. "It is finished." O, what pleasure do these words afford.

SATURDAY MORNING.—My precious sister, being alone once more, sad and weary, I take up my pen to write a few lines. I know not why it is, but there was an unusual sadness took possession of my feelings yesterday afternoon and this morning. I have had no particular trial or temptation, but there hangs over me a settled gloom. My pathway never appeared darker. I cannot see one inch before me. Here I am, just holding on by *naked Faith* alone, trusting that light will again spring up. But though the rest of my journey in this pilgrimage shall be through clouds and darkness, yet I have this assurance that there shall be light

at the end of the journey. O, would that I were now in Heaven. God's children often have their most severe afflictions just on the verge of Jordan.

I find that my last week's conflict has wrought a strange change in my spirits and feelings, which I can never out-live. Life has lost many of its sweets to me, yet I will patiently endure. This is, perhaps, part of the cup. Paul had a thorn in the flesh, and though he often prayed to be delivered from it, God saw fit that it should not be removed; but his answer was, "My grace shall be sufficient." My very life clings to that promise. Hitherto I know it has been sufficient, and why should I now doubt. No, I will still trust in the strong arm of Jehovah.

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O, if I could only enjoy those feelings which I did some three or four weeks ago. O, I was then so happy,—I did not then think I should have so soon to pass through such darkness. Yet I will not repine. I am very thankful for what I have enjoyed, and I shall yet praise God for this fiery

trial. Though I am deprived of meeting with you in many of the gospel ordinances, remember my heart is always with you, and I trust God will not forsake me, but whilst blessing those loved ones in the sanctuary, I hope he will not pass by a “weeping Mary at the foot of the cross.”

Would that I could with you now retire to some solitary place, where no eye but that of God should rest upon us, and there unbosom to you my feelings,—some of the feelings which have long lay buried in the deepest recesses of my heart. I had once thought I would never relate them; but dearest, they are drinking up my spirits,—may I not unbosom to you some of those feelings? I believe you will not be unfaithful. I feel very much cast down this morning. O, I feel as though I could weep my very life away. But ah, my tears will not suffice.

* * * * *

I am well convinced that it was my duty to join in with this people. My conscience would have reproached me if I had not pursued the course I did. I have never regretted that I pursued the course I

did, and notwithstanding I have had trials and sore persecutions, yet God has graciously sustained me. I have, through his grace, been enabled to come off conqueror in every instance. But here is my dear little son. I wish to train him up in the way he should go. Ah, do you wonder that I spend some agonising moments? With what confidence can I commit that precious little one into the hands of my God. I have fully dedicated him to the Lord, trusting that if his life is spared he may rise to eminence, not as regards this world, but as an ambassador of Christ.

AFTERNOON, 3 o'clock. — Dearest sister, truly my heart has been tuned afresh, this afternoon. O, what a feast indeed have I enjoyed at our SACRED HOUR. Though I was cast down this morning, my cries and anguish were not forgotten by Him who is ever ready to comfort the hearts of his children. Thank God I may number myself with his children.

When I retired this afternoon, a holy calm spread over my feelings. It appeared as if a voice spoke to me, and said, "What ail-

eth thee; and why is thy countenance sad?" Am I not better to thee than earthly friends? Cast all thy care upon the Lord, for he careth for you. "Delight thyself also in the Lord, for he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." My heart has been made to turn to God as my entire portion, and he has suffered me to lean on his bosom, to hang on his arm and lisp "Abba, Father!" Hallelujah! O, what blessed moments. It appears as though there was but one step between me and heaven. I feel perfect, full, entire satisfaction with all that God is, and all that he does. I can trust him fully with all my concerns, spiritual, temporal and eternal. "He doeth all things well." I feel just now, that my will, my entire will, is swallowed up in his will. Husband and child are fully given up, and I have made a more full surrender of myself. The language of my heart is, "Here Lord I give myself to thee; use me as thou seest best. Though trials or deep waters be mine to pass through, this promise meets me,—"Fear

not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee: yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. " Is not this enough? Could you see or feel that ecstasy of joy which I now possess, I know that you would join with me in shouting Glory! Glory! Glory to God, in the highest! I believe you too, are now rejoicing. I feel that you are happy; you feel very near me just now. I feel as though I were clasped in your embrace. God does deign to bring us *very near spiritually*, at times, I know it, feel it. Hallelujah! I wish I could tell you my feelings, but dearest, you know I cannot.

At this SACRED HOUR, THREE WEEKS ago, I received the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. What peaceful, happy hours I have enjoyed since then. Not a cloud has arisen until this morning. But thank God, that has been dispelled, and this afternoon I have been permitted to have a still deeper plunge in the all-healing stream. There is an all-sufficiency in the atoning merits of a crucified Savior. And since I have

been permitted to taste of this full salvation, none need ever despair, for I the "chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me." O, wondrous love, that brought the King of Glory down to offer his life a ransom for such vile worms of the dust. We must wonder and adore. Salvation brought to dying man,— Salvation full and free. Yes, dearest, full and free— free as the air we breathe.

* * * * *

Your affectionate

AMELIA.

LETTER XIX.

PIQUA, Dec., 1852.

MY DEAR SISTER AMELIA:—I embrace the present opportunity to speak of my present hopes and joys. It will be a sad trial to be detained from our class in the morning, but mother insists upon my remaining indoors to-morrow; and I think myself, it would not be advisable to expose myself just now. But do not be uneasy, dearest, *I am not dangerous*. I will be careful and please my dear mother; I know it will gratify her, and she will enjoy the means of grace when she feels that I am safe at home. I will not intentionally cause her anxiety, but it is an act of self-denial on my part, I assure you. I love my dear, good mother, and will try to make her happy.

But to begin on our *good* and interesting theme. Since your visit I have been enjoying myself very well, all the time,—not, indeed, on the mountain top, but I have had such a burning desire constantly to engage

with all my ransomed powers, in praying for those who have no interest in our dear Jesus. O, it is my continual prayer that God would stir up all cold and lukewarm professors to double their diligence in this good cause. And now this passage of scripture comes to mind,—“If any two of you agree as touching ONE thing, and ask the Father, it shall be done unto you.” O, then, as our hearts are in tune, let us pray ardently, through the coming week, that the hearts of our brothers and sisters may be prepared for an outpouring of his Holy Spirit,—that the work may commence and spread from heart to heart. O, that holiness may be the aim of all, and that Bro. Gaddis may have the fire kindled upon the altar of his heart. while delivering those sermons he has promised to preach. O that I, too, may catch the flame. I never can give up the struggle; I believe that God himself has implanted in my heart the desire for this blessing, and when I can come in the omnipotence of strong faith he will receive me.

During the past week I have consecrated

myself daily to his service, and I have endeavored to look up in faith, believing that the sacrifice was accepted, but something keeps me back. Can it be unbelief? O, may God speedily remove it. I want to be holy, to be pure and like my blessed Jesus. I shall yet be a witness of his all-cleansing power. I feel it,—but the enemy is ever on the alert. One strong temptation I have had to contend with is this suggestion,—that I have been a witness for justification but a few months, while scores of old professors who have been so long in the way will not receive my testimony even were I living in the enjoyment of holiness; for many believe it is not attainable for young converts. But when I see, and feel, and suffer, every hour and day, from inbred sin, and am convinced that there is a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, may I not, though vile and unworthy as I am, plunge in and be cleansed? Yes, yes!—and my God will not reject me upon the plea that I am a sinner. I will never despair. He is so condescending why should I fear to approach him through Jesus? But I must not dwell

too long here. Suffice it to say, dearest, because I have not alluded to this subject, I have not ceased to feel. No, do not think I am discouraged. I will ever press on till I am in possession of this much desired blessing.

I had quite a feast this afternoon, over Sister Mary Mitchell's funeral sermon, by Bro. Gaddis, published in the last two numbers of the Guide to Holiness. She was one dear, good woman: I only hope I may be as truly pious and devoted as she was. Her example speaks volumes.

Now ere I bid you good night I would say in regard to the conversion of ——, do not be overcome by the devices of the evil one. He can quote scripture when it suits his purpose, and doubtless he will often come in the "form of an angel of light;" but boldly renew the struggle, and you will come off more than conqueror. Do not listen to his wicked suggestions. God is willing, he is able, and we will unitedly come to a throne of grace; and our prayers will reach his ear, and our hearts will not only be gladdened by his being saved, but scores of others will

shout God's high praises in the class-room. I could write much more—my heart is full—but wearied nature gives signs of rebellion, and I must seek my chamber of repose. O, may you be rich in love, to-morrow, is the prayer of your devoted

Sister in Christ,

SALLIE.

PIQUA, Dec., 1852.

MY DEAR AMELIA :—Although I have not been permitted to use my pen this week before now, I embrace this, my first opportunity. I wished often, after returning from church, with a soul all alive,—burning with the love of God, to sit down and have a good social chat on paper with you. O, I have longed to hear how you are progressing—what is your present state of mind—whether the cloud has yet been dispersed. God alone knows the deep solicitude I have felt in your behalf. I have prayed that in the darkest hour you might have sustaining grace given you and a speedy deliverance.

I have constantly besieged a throne of grace, for you,—nor I alone. Our dear old class-leader met me on the street, on Monday, and kindly inquired the cause of your absence from all our good meetings. I told him I feared that circumstances at home would not admit of your coming. He seemed instantly to catch my meaning, and said your case should be a special subject of prayer with him; and had you seen the tear of sympathy gathering in his eye as he spoke of your being deprived of so much enjoyment, you would love him better than ever.

God knows I love you dearly, and would cheerfully bear half your crosses, were it possible. Last night a sister told me you were sick. I said nothing, of course, but thought to myself, *sick at heart, as well as in body*. I want to have a good, plain talk with you. You will observe that I but seldom allude to what you have to endure for your religion, but it is not because I do not think of it. No, far from it. I have a heart keenly alive to the sorrows that daily crowd your path through life. I have

ever felt a delicacy in referring to this matter; but now, if you just permit me, with all the kindness of a sister, to tell you what course I would pursue, I will do so frankly and plainly. Now I may be wrong, but you can use your own judgment. I have thought much and prayed more for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and I feel in pointing out this way to you, I have been led into it, not of myself, but from the wisdom that is from above. You are yielding too much, I fear, when you allow yourself to be deprived of attending upon all the means of grace, when God has spoken in tones of thunder from Mount Sinai, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," etc. Now we are not only required to abstain or refrain from labor, but to engage actively in the service of God, looking away from earth and its oppositions, to Jesus, the author of our faith. Besides, our example in this is not what it should be before a gainsaying world. Our religion is worth everything, or it is worth nothing at all; and I solemnly believe you are brought to the present crisis, for the sole purpose of offering your-

self more *entirely upon the altar of sacrifice*. Have you given up all? You answer "I have, if I know my own heart." * *

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give my plainness, but I must go forward even if I gain your displeasure. Jesus has offered his life for you, and are you willing to do as much for him? Can you say, let storms come, let opposition and persecution rear its giant head, I will quietly and firmly resolve to serve God, *attend church, grow in grace*, and save my own soul. I have a settled conviction that in this way God will display himself in mighty power. If you will just resolve, in the strength of Israel's God, to face whatever comes — bitter persecutions, reproaches, scorn, contempt, ridicule, sarcasm — then the sacrifice will be complete, — your will, will then be entirely swallowed up in his will. Then a form like unto the Son of God will appear with you in the fiery furnace. God is just as able, and as willing, to deliver those who cast themselves now wholly into his hands, as in former years. It will all be to his glory. The time has come, if I am not mistaken,

when you must pursue one course, *or the other*,—either now take advanced ground, or with shame and confusion of face go back. Just think it over, calmly, and you will come to the same conclusion that I have. I have a case now in my mind,—an aged couple, and I would add, a very happy couple, too. I am personally acquainted with them. In the days of girlhood he sought to win her love, and she finally yielded, after many promises on his part, that she should be permitted to enjoy her religion. She was a devoted christian—he a perfect sceptic. Well, after marriage, he forgot his many promises, or changed his opinion, and forbid her attending public worship, or any of the means of grace. She persisted in doing her duty, gently, calmly and mildly, amidst his “stormings.” He grew more and more abusive, and she was still more firm, but loving and obedient. He finally began to beat her unmercifully. She endured it with all the fortitude of a martyr, never trying to revenge herself in any way, till at last his proud, stubborn heart was melted *by love*. He was awfully

convicted, and never could rest until God spoke peace to his soul. Thus you see how *love conquered* him. And now he says "Give God the glory;" but his sweet wife was the instrument of saving his soul; and he can never cease praising God for such a wife.

Could I inspire your heart with the strong faith I am in possession of this afternoon, you would be a partaker of many rich feasts in the sanctuary, and be doing something for his cause. Those strong desires were not implanted in your heart just to torture you. From this time begin and labor in a cause so worthy. Your hands need be tied no longer: burst the shackles and rush forth, resolved to *do battle for God*, and you will be mightily *rescued*. If your life should be the forfeit, let it go,—eternal life awaits you: yes, eternal glory and immortality beyond the grave.

I have now done my duty, and it remains with you whether you pursue this course, or My heart saddens when I think, perhaps I have staked our friendship upon this letter. The enemy whispers that you will be offended at my boldness. Well, I

have withheld nothing. I have written more plainly than I ever expected to, but since I have been so powerfully and urgently instructed by the leadings of the Holy Spirit, to deal thus with you, a fearful responsibility rested upon me, which I tried, in vain, to shun. I have had no rest from conscience, till this duty was performed. I am glad I had grace given me to present the truth and the whole truth; and if you do not think I have assumed a scriptural position, let me know it. *I feel strong in the power of God*, and I can present passages from the Bible to sustain me, or bear me out.

Now I turn to myself. This week has been a glorious, a happy week to my soul. Thank God, that with the opening year I have been enabled to take a fresh start for the kingdom. Glory be to God, that I am permitted to hear nightly the shouts of new born converts. Praise the Lord, he has begun a mighty work among sinners; and the backslidden are reclaimed, the lukewarm revived! The gospel car rolls gloriously forward. Glory be to our God, for what I have been permitted to feel and see. O,

how pleasant to see our brothers and sisters around that sacred altar, with faces beaming with happiness, singing the high praises of our Redeemer. He is mighty to save—strong to deliver. Our pitchers have been let down deep into the wells of salvation, and we have been filled to overflowing with glory and with God. Now I shall pray ardently for you to-night, that your heart may beat in unison with mine, and be filled unspeakably full of all the fulness of the Godhead.

* * * * *

Your affectionate

SALLIE

LETTER XX.

PIQUA, Monday Afternoon, Jan. 24.

MY DEAR SALLIE:—Most gladly do I embrace a few lone moments, and devote them to you. I have *peace within*, though outward conflicts abound. I feel that I am *stripped of everything*, but by *naked faith* alone I still cling to the cross. True, I have had some precious moments since I saw you last, but at times I feel cast down and dejected. This, I presume, is from the multiplicity of cares which just now crowd upon my mind. You noticed on Friday afternoon, whilst I was attempting to bear my cross, that I was, as it were, *shut up*. I cannot now, nor could I then, account for the sudden *transition of feeling* that came over my mind, but I am resolved, in the strength of Jesus, henceforth to bear my cross *unflinchingly*, and follow the leadings of God's Holy Spirit, fearless of the world. But you do not know how I was strengthened by the few remarks from that sainted

Mother Rayner. I have prayed ever since our meeting commenced that I could hear something from her that would encourage me. Thank God, I felt that my prayer was answered. My last conflicts and trials Satan endeavored to use to his best advantage. I often felt afraid that my faith would fail me on *this* point. I thought after a soul was once brought into the *rest* of faith, or *perfect love*, that it would not have to combat with the powers of darkness, but that all would be peace. This sometimes perplexed me, and I would be led to say—have I deceived myself?—have I been basing my hopes upon a false foundation? But in all my *heart searchings* I would be constrained to cry out, “Lord I am thine, *wholly thine*.” When Mother Rayner spoke of her having “conflicts and having to endure the buffetings of Satan,” I felt more fully than ever that my all was upon the Altar. I would still maintain that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, and that he can keep that soul *forever clean* who day and night hangs on him by simple faith.

Yesterday was as joyous a day as I could

have wished. I felt somewhat disappointed in not getting out in the morning, and had some little things to perplex my mind, yet I endeavored to keep it stayed upon God. In the evening I was made very happy—one *dear one* I knew had not forgotten me at the mercy seat. . . . It is our SACRED HOUR, and I must drop my pen and bow with you at the Throne of Grace.

SATURDAY MORNING.—My heart is *full*. I wish that I could unburden my feelings to you. I can truly adopt our verse this morning—"My soul melteth for heaviness; strengthen thou me according unto thy word." . . . This has been a week of great *depression of spirit*. I have felt sometimes as though I must sink beneath my *burden*. By faith alone I held on to the cross. I know not what is to befall me; I look to Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith, for refuge. I feel that I am stripped of every earthly *source* of comfort. I have had to endure *scoffs, contempt, and ridicule*, and my heart has been made to bleed afresh *many times*; yet I have been enabled with an *unwavering* confidence, to trust in God.

I sometimes know not what course to pursue—I have committed my *all* to God, and I wish to be guided by *Him alone*. I fear to *choose* for myself in some of my trying moments. I hope I have still an *interest* in your unceasing prayers. If ever *needy* soul required them, your unworthy sister in Christ does now. O, that I may be kept from falling or yielding too much to the *wily foe*. I long to hear from you, and receive a word of encouragement and *consolation*, as you are the only earthly being to whom I thus communicate my feelings. I have often been with you in *fancy* around that *hallowed altar*. Some may despise it, and call us all *enthusiasts*, yet I fear and tremble for such—I fear that they will find out when it is *too late* that there is a divine *reality* in our holy religion.

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I must tell you one of my encouraging little visions. I fancied I was sitting by your side in the class-room, when on a sudden the door opened, and a stranger entered; all eyes were fixed upon him: he had a sweet, smiling face, and while I was look-

ing at him, he approached me and handed me two notes. I shall never forget the brilliancy of your countenance as you smiled and said, "A message from heaven." I opened the first note, and it was inscribed within, "*Feed my Lambs.*" I then hastily opened the other, and imagine my great joy while I read the following: "*Thou shalt walk with me in white.*" These words were written in golden letters. On awaking suddenly these words also came into my mind: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even thine only." This was followed by a sweet peace of soul throughout the day.

Your affectionate

AMELIA.

LETTER XXI.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 1852.

MY DEAR AMELIA:—Once more being blessed with the privilege of committing to paper a few thoughts upon *our ever sacred theme*, I gladly improve the opportunity. We are now alone. During our SACRED HOUR, which has just passed, I found it good to call upon the name of our Lord. O how richly has he deigned to bless me since I saw you on Sabbath evening, during the sermon. You have been praying for me. and you, too, received a blessing—I cannot be mistaken. Such a flood of light and glory burst upon my soul as I never felt before. I went to church in a different mood from what I ever have since I became a Christian. O, what an unfit state of mind was I in to worship in the house of God! Evil feelings tried hard to gain the mastery over me, but grace prevailed. After being seated, I became deeply engaged in prayer. I resolved that I would never rest until I

felt all these unholy passions cast out, and *love should sit porter at the door*. A wrestling, Jacob-like spirit was given me, and while the minister was preaching my heart was filled to overflowing. I felt as though I should love to stay for ever there, and feast upon the rich things of God. A deep solemnity was depicted upon every countenance;—the minister preached just as if he could see the horrors of the damned in hell, and the happiness awaiting the faithful. He preached of eternity and death, and seemed to feel that precious, immortal souls were at stake. Great power and liberty was given him.

FRIDAY MORNING.—Upon this, the last day of *eighteen hundred and fifty-two*, I would take my pen and note a few passing thoughts. In view of the many happy seasons I have enjoyed during the past year—*the happiest of my life*—I can say, “what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me?” Truly, “the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and I have a *goodly heritage*.” This morning ere the light had dawned I awoke, and O! what a sweet peace of soul I experienced in view of God’s

goodness to me. And now, when I can compare the pleasure I enjoy in the service of God with the fleeting, transitory joys that earth can yield, I am *lost in wonder, love and praise*. Who, after having tasted the sweets of religion, could turn back to the beggarly elements of the world? I have had but a drop from the vast, boundless ocean of God's infinite love. O, that as 1853 closes, I may say (should my life be prolonged,) that I know by blest experience, the joys of "*full salvation*." Why should I stand so long upon the brink, fearful to launch away? O, dear sister, do not allow the tempter to induce you to "*withhold your testimony*." There are not a few when they hear from your lips that the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, who will feel a struggle in their bosoms to plunge beneath the purple flood, and test its healing power. O, then, as another year is ushered in, resolve, in the strength of Israel's God, to "push the battle to the gates," and renew your efforts in urging it upon the hearts of your class-mates. For my own part, I am resolved to do my duty as a Christian; to

come out from the world and the spirit of the world, and seek that precious gem—*purity of heart*. *Holiness* shall be my aim, now, henceforth, and forever. I will pray that grace may be given you to go forward, and not falter whenever an opportunity is presented. You will reap a rich reward, be assured of that. The interest you have manifested in behalf of your young brothers and sisters—“*the lambs of the flock*,”—will not be forgotten. It will be as bread cast upon the waters. Do not give up to a spirit of repining that you are accomplishing nothing for the cause which I know you love so dearly. We find it sometimes hard to suffer the will of God; we would prefer “*active service*;” but we must *suffer* as well as *do* his will. The reward is equally glorious. And if in his infinite wisdom he sees fit to display his wondrous power in sustaining the weakest believer while passing through the deep waters, or the ordeal of *fire* or *persecution*, can we not say, “Thy will be done.” His grace is sufficient. To him will we ascribe all *power*, *praise* and *glory*. Let him do what seemeth good—so

that we may be used in any way to bring about that happy period when all shall know the Lord.

You seemed to hint in one of your letters that I had so many friends, perhaps I seldom thought of you. Dear Amelia, I am very anxious such impressions should be entirely removed. There is no one I love more truly, or that occupies my thoughts and prayers oftener, or has a larger place in my affections than you—so away with all such mistaken ideas. I felt pained when reading it; I hope you will not again fall into such an error.

JAN. 1st, 1853, 10'clock.—A happy, *happy* New Year, dearest. . . . O, what a solemn time we had last evening, as we met to pass the last hours of 1852 in prayer, and resolve as 1853 dawned upon us to take a fresh start for the kingdom. As a church we solemnly dedicated ourselves anew to his service; our covenant vows are *registered* on High. May we all prove faithful to those solemn vows. This is the first privilege I have had of beginning the year *as a Christian*. O, that as 1854 comes it

may find me perfected in many of the Christian's graces, *should I live*; but if God, in his infinite wisdom, sees fit to change me from the church below to the bright realms of glory, to reign forever with my blessed Master, may my work be done, and well done. O, should I be called from the circle of dear friends whom I love so well, may my death be such as becometh a servant of the living God.

You ask if I have not some "good plans for the future" for us mutually to engage in? I have begun the year by committing a passage of Scripture every day from a Diary arranged for this special object. I find in this way food for contemplation and prayer, and think it will prove beneficial. My verse to-day is, "*What is your life? It is even as a vapor, which appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away.*" I wish I could suggest one for you too. This plan presented itself to me sometime ago, but I never adopted it before. I have also commenced a *journal of my religious experience*, intended for my own use, which, in reviewing, will prove beneficial. Next

week I am going to begin the "*Pilgrim's Progress.*" Aside from these I have not thought of any other plan, except it be some general rules to *walk more closely with my God.* I would gladly join with you in any new plan you may propose. I leave it to you. But I must now drop my pen.

Your affectionate

SALLIE.

LETTER XXII.

PIQUA, June, 1853.

MY DEAR SALLIE:—I am now going to write to you just as if we were talking face to face. Our verse from the Diary to-day is beautiful,—“These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace.”

“On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake our sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
We may smile at all our foes.”

I had a strange vision upon my bed last night. I will give you a faint outline of it. While wrapt in profound slumber, I fancied you and I had started upon a journey. We were travelling on foot together. Our road led us through beautiful groves, and by murmuring brooks. At first our pathway was perfectly smooth, and side by side, and heart to heart, we journeyed forward, feasting on the beauties of nature and the goodness of God—our hearts burning with love for the blessed Savior, who had done so

much for us. Occasionally the scene would change—our pathway become rugged and thorny, leading us through a dark and dreary forest. Then I thought we would cling close to each other—each in turn *directing* which way to go in order to find a place of refuge. After wandering about for some time we suddenly emerged from the dark, wild woods, and entered an extensive plain. I wish I had language to describe it to you, as it appeared to me in my dream. It reminded me of Eden, or the “Elysian Fields.” It abounded in beautiful springs of water, at which we quenched our thirst, and felt refreshed, after the fatigues of our journey. As we were wandering over those Eden-like plains, we came in contact with a river, whose crystal waters were wide and deep. It was so wide that neither of us could see to the other shore. As we walked along the banks of this lovely stream, it became more *narrow and shallow*, until we arrived at the point for our separation. I felt that *I must cross the river*. Our hearts both grew sad, and we sat down in silence for a long time on the bank of the stream.

At last I said, "See! see! sweet sister, I AM ALMOST HOME. Look how narrow the waters have become that separate me from *my long-sought home in heaven.*" I then thought you exclaimed, "Not yet! not yet! O, Amelia, you must not leave me to wander through this world alone. I CANNOT LET YOU GO." I then said, "Dearest sister, come and go with me to that better land." To which you replied, "I cannot go now: MY WORK IS NOT YET DONE. I have a thorny lane to pass through. It is not only beset with briars and thorns, but wily serpents lie secluded along the path to charm and destroy innocent and unsuspecting travelers. O, Amelia, will you leave me to travel it alone, without your aid!" This was a moment of intense feeling and anxiety with us both. I wanted to cross the river very much, yet my love for you was so strong, I resolved not to forsake you. We then fondly embraced each other, and I felt happy again. I then awoke, suddenly, while standing on the bank of the river. It was some time before I could persuade myself that it was not *real*. Now, my dearest,

what must we infer from this vision? There seems so much reality in all this, that I do feel more willing to live for *your sake*, if I can *aid* you in any way.

Yet, dearest, why are you so unwilling to give me up? There are others who could *serve you better*, but never love you more, than your Amelia. If I am taken first, I know God will sustain you. His grace is sufficient for every emergency of life. God has often answered my prayers in your behalf. At one time I had many fears about your future welfare. God has graciously removed all my fears. If *I should die soon*, God has assured my heart all will be well with you.

I know we shall meet in heaven. Glory to God for the hope of the Christian. O, there is much even here, in these "low grounds of sorrow," to make a *happy heart*. Christian fellowship, and communion with God. I know you prize these privileges very highly. I thank you for your prayers and words of kindness and sympathy. Your desire to share a part of my persecution and sorrows, evinces a depth of true

sisterly feeling and affection, seldom found on earth. I could never again doubt your love for

Your unworthy but affectionate

AMELIA.

LETTER XXIII.

PIQUA, June, 1853.

MY DEAR AMELIA:—This is a calm and delightful morning. I have read and re-read your last interesting epistle. It has encouraged my fainting soul. It is full of sympathy and affection. Your beautiful “*vision*” has made a deep impression on my mind. It was truly a remarkable one, and no doubt contains an unrevealed meaning. I assure you I cannot interpret it; but the day is not far distant when we shall *fully* understand it. I have made the whole matter a subject of prayer. I have had many heart-struggles. If I know my own mind, I think I could stand on the bank of that *cold stream*, and wish you a most triumphant passage across its turbid waters. I could not be so unfeeling or selfish as to wish your life prolonged to *aid me* in my christian race. God knows your death would be a bitter cup to me. But, as

you have appropriately remarked, "his grace is sufficient for *any emergency*." When I dwell, as I often do, of late, on your many deprivations and sore trials, I feel that it would be sinful to wish them lengthened out by your continuance in the body. But then again, I feel that were you again restored to health, and permitted to labor a few years longer in your Master's vineyard, it would redound to the glory of God. Dear sister, while you desire to depart and be with Christ, which is better—to remain in the flesh *is needful for us*. But I bow in cheerful submission to the will of my God in all things.

I have once more been urgently solicited to mingle with the crowd at "Vanity Fair." I allude to the Rovers' Concert. It was a bait by the enemy to lead my soul from close communion with God. It did not succeed. I feel like consecrating myself wholly to God.

I regret I have been so unfaithful. It is always a solemn question with me, at the close of every week,—“Have I lived in view of eternity and sudden death?”

To-day I have had a thrust from the enemy, but like Bunyan's Pilgrim, I betook myself to the weapon called "All Prayer." When it is wielded by the most puny arm, it does efficient work. Thanks be to God for the christian's armor—it is far superior to any earthly panoply.

Let me still share in your fervent prayers. Believe me that I still cherish for you an undecaying affection.

Your affectionate

SALLIE.

LETTER XXIV.

PIQUA, June —, 1855.

MY DEAREST SISTER SALLIE —

“ O is there a land where the loved ones ne'er sever,
Far off in some region where joys live forever :
Where Pleasure, and Friendship, and Peace never
ceasing,

And knowledge, and wisdom, and worth are increasing?

O is there a land where the *storms never lower*,

Where sorrow, and sickness, and death have no power,

Where anguish, and darkness, and doubt are excluded,

Corrupters and spoilers, the impure and deluded ?

O is there a land where the pure gushing fountains

Pour forth their clear streams from the hill and the
mountain,

Wending through the green groves and the fair sunny
bowers,

Delightfully sweet with the perfume of flowers ?

O ! is there a land of such exquisite splendor,

The noon and the sunbeam no brighter can render,

Where shining one's bow mid the glory that's flowing

From God and the Lamb—they are with rapture
adoring ?

THERE IS SUCH A LAND — 'tis the *pearl* of creation,

Far off in yon bright region it holds its bright station ;

'Tis the hope of the Pilgrim when fainting he dies ;

'TIS THE REST OF THE RANSOMED — HIS HOME IN THE
SKIES.”

The above beautiful lines express most fully the feelings of my heart, this morning.

O how I sigh for a better country. I have been enabled to lean my weary head upon my dear Redeemer's breast. In contem-

plating the future, I often forget the present. Jesus has again soothed and calmed my fears, and gently wiped my flowing tears. I never enjoyed religion as much, or prized it more highly than I do now—yet a mournful sadness has taken possession of my soul. I am feeble in body, and may not live long. I have committed all to God.

I have more than ever felt the importance of this declaration: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." I have been spending the last half hour in arranging my "old letters." I have carefully preserved all that you have written to me. When I am called away to a happier clime, they shall all be at your disposal. In looking over my "Diary," I have been tempted to destroy it—it appears to contain so little that would be of any benefit to those who survive me. I cannot find time to write in it regularly—and then I cannot write as freely and fully as when I am addressing you. Now one word more about my letters. Bro. Gaddis has often

requested me to leave some written account of my experience; but I have never been able to write it out. Yet I have felt deeply impressed that I should give to the world MY TESTIMONY. My experience is *all contained* in my letters addressed to you, and it is my desire, that should the life of Bro. Gaddis be spared, that you should finally place them in his hands to be disposed of as he may think best.

Your affectionate

AMELIA.

CHAPTER VII.

HAVING given enough of the regular correspondence between Amelia and her young friend Sallie, to show how graciously God revealed his goodness to them at their Sacred Hour, I will now furnish the reader with a number of extracts from the letters and Journal of Sallie, to show the astonishing progress that she made in the divine life, and her unreserved dedication to the cause of her blessed Lord and Master.

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.

“FEB. 19, 1853. God has abundantly revived his work in this city. I have not only been permitted to witness this wonderful work, but to engage in it *personally* by pointing the weeping penitent to Christ. Praise God, that he has deigned to use such an unworthy instrument in so good a cause. Should God spare my life, it shall be spent in this good work. O, it is a work an angel might covet. Over four hundred have joined the M. E. Church and enlisted under the banner of King Jesus. Hundreds have felt his saving power. GLORY TO GOD FOR RE-

VIVALS. Now as a great weight of responsibility rests upon all the old members of the church, God forbid that any who have lately started should be turned out of the good way by my example.

“I have commenced the year 1853, determined to be a better christian. I have formed some *new rules* for the regulation of my christian course. I have resolved to commit to memory a passage of scripture, each day, for meditation and prayer. I have already found this a profitable plan.

“For some months past I have been meeting a dear sister — Amelia ———, at half past one o’clock, every day, at the throne of grace to pray for PURITY OF HEART. We have also been engaged in reading the New Testament, two chapters, at our SACRED HOUR of prayer, every day. I also read the Old Testament, night and morning. God being my helper, I am determined not to omit any religious duty, then I need never be afraid of backsliding. I have had many severe conflicts since the commencement of this year; but the Lord has delivered me out of them all. Hallelujah to God!

“JUNE 5, 1853.—Since my last record, God

has watched over me and preserved my life among strangers, and returned me in safety to my HAPPY HOME. My own home, at this time, seems a faint type of our Eden above. The birds are warbling their sweet notes of praise to their Maker, and my glad heart would fain join in their delightful worship. My full heart exclaims, in the language of the poet—

‘O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer’s praise.’

“My pathway is strewn with flowers, my cup of happiness is filled to overflowing. ‘I have a goodly heritage.’ I am surrounded by a warm circle of christian friends to cheer, sympathise and encourage me. Why should I ever murmur or give up to a discontented spirit?

“To-day I have been permitted for the first time to come around the sacramental board with my dear parents. Bless the Lord.

‘The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.’

May we all taste the riches of his grace, and make an unbroken family in Heaven.

Since the communion, a deep solemnity has pervaded my soul. Never before did I so fully realize by blest experience

‘That Jesus died for me.’

May I feel more and more, every day, that religion is a *personal matter*—that God looks at the heart and not the outward appearance. O, with what delight I recall to mind the happy hour when I first *felt my sins forgiven*. It was May 13th, 1852, about sunset. That was a happy hour when I was born into the kingdom of God. I shall call it my spiritual birth-day, and try and observe it in a religious manner.

“I still find fresh delight in the story of the cross. It can never grow old. The service of God is a THOUSAND FOLD MORE DELIGHTFUL now than when I first started. May I be a successful instrument in the hands of God, in persuading others to “forsake all and follow Christ.” O, there is every thing beautiful and elevating in religion. It refines the feelings, and purifies every thing with which it comes in contact.

“I have been enabled to adhere strictly to the rules which I laid down in the beginning of this year— ‘To commit to memory, daily, one verse of scripture—to read the Old Testament in the morning, and the New Testament at noon and in the evening. And when possible I have retired to pray, at half-past one o’clock, for ‘full conformity to the will of God.’ I want to love him supremely, but a lack of faith keeps me from grasping the prize. Lord, increase my faith, and may I soon know for myself that “the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.”

SACRED HOUR.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO AMELIA.

“MARCH 8, 1853.—Without are clouds and gloom, but thank God, in our cheerful little parlor I can quietly seat myself, and talk on our *interesting theme*—Jesus and his never-failing love and goodness to our souls. I praise God for thus uniting *our hearts* in the dearest ties of christian fellowship. I feel that I can never be sufficiently thankful for implanting in your heart the desire to ‘build up and encourage’ one of the most unworthy lambs of the flock. I am fully conscious that he has owned and blessed ‘*your humble efforts.*’ God has providentially thrown us together. Let us then, strive to improve these heavenly privileges.

“This has been a day of calmness and peace to my soul.

‘The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
He’ll never, no never desert to its foes.’

He is as 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' We can go to Him and unbosom all our griefs, and receive sympathy and comfort, such as no earthly friend could bestow. I was much drawn out in prayer at our SACRED HOUR to-day, and realized the presence of my Savior. My poor heart was made to rejoice in his smiles. Our chapters were *very good*, 3d and 4th of 1st Peter, especially the 4th chapter, 12th, 13th and 14th verses.

"I am glad you have left it for me to propose the next course of reading in the New Testament. I have found our present course so profitable that I desire to continue it. I should like to begin again at Matthew. I have no change to mention in connection with it. If my dearest Amelia can suggest anything that would be profitable I shall gladly acquiesce. I have been reading, morning and evening, mostly in Psalms, and frequently in other parts of the Old Testament, which I find instructive and pleasant. Let us strive to be equally familiar with all of God's precious word.

"I have had an encouraging conversation

with our good Mother Rayner, upon 'ENTIRE HOLINESS.' She gave me much light upon the subject. It is not information I need so much as a ceaseless energy. I fear I often '*lay down my weapons*' when I ought to wield them vigorously in this glorious cause."

* * * * *

"I intended to devote this afternoon to you, but I have concluded to go to New School church with father and mother. They seem so well pleased to have sister Jenny and me go sometimes. Rev. Mr. Putnam, from Greenville, is to preach for them. He is stopping at our house; so you see I am busy enough. I love to make *all ministers* feel at home in my father's house, I care not of what name.

"I have procured the first number of the '*Beauty of Holiness*,' and have read many of the articles with deep and heart-felt interest. The contributors are men of talent and ability, and battle nobly for this *persecuted, Bible doctrine*. I wonder how any one who believes any part of the bible can deny the doctrine of sanctification,—it is

so *plainly taught*, by our Savior and his apostles.

“The meetings this week have been well attended. We had a good speaking meeting on Monday night. There was great promptness manifested in taking up the cross. I had the *will* to speak but not the opportunity. Bro. Gaddis gave us one of the best sermons on Thursday evening that I have listened to for some time. His text was in Hebrews, 6th chap., 17th, 18th and 19th verses. I believe he preaches better on week nights than on Sundays.

“Since writing on Tuesday, my feelings have varied,—sometimes rejoicing in God, at other times dejected. I find that to overcome such a tendency to sadness, I must praise God for all he is doing and has done—then the clouds will break away, and the sunshine of his countenance beam upon me. Satan has, of late, been harrassing me to neglect prayer. I have never before had to contend with him on this point: but I will stand my ground. My heart is fixed to serve the living God.”



“TUESDAY, March 15th. — While journeying on in my weary pilgrimage below, I gladly retire from the eye of the world, and with no other eye but that of an impartial God resting upon me, would commune with you of my joys and sorrows, hopes and fears. While surrounded by a sinful and wicked world, I find I have much to contend with. The road at present seems beset with *lions*, *difficulties* and *discouragements*. Would to God I could feel otherwise. I have just returned from a season of prayer in my chamber, but the clouds were not dispersed as usual. Well, if I did not sometimes travel under a cloud I would not know how to appreciate the sunshine. I have much to encourage me—much to praise God for. He has raised up some sincere friends to aid me Zionward, among whom I number you.

“I wonder what my dear sister will say when I tell her of my appointing a prayer meeting for my Sabbath school class, at their own request, on Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, at our house. Our lesson last Sabbath was on prayer. It will be a cross

for me to take charge of it, but I look to God for grace and strength to perform my duty. I will never shrink, no never. I have not decided whether it will be best to continue it long. If it can be conducted rightly I will; but my scholars must be quiet and serious, or I will not continue it. They must also learn to be cross-bearing christians; and I will do all I can to accomplish that desirable object.

“WEDNESDAY EVENING.—I have glad news for you now. The clouds have been gently dispersed by my Saviour, and I have gone singing in my heart, if not audibly, during the whole day. Last night, while locked in the arms of slumber, that beautiful hymn, ‘How firm a foundation,’ came to mind. It seemed I could see it in a new and more beautiful light; and it was applied so sweetly to my heart. I grasped the promise, and was made unspeakably happy. O, how good God is to me. I can but serve him? O, how I love him! I know I love him this night above every other object. I can say, Lord, take me now and forever — all I have and am — use me as an

instrument, in thy hands, of doing good — time, talents, influence, *everything*. O, may we together, in spirit, rejoice in the light as He in is the light, and be made every whit whole.”

* * * * *

“MARCH, 31st. — As I have just arisen from addressing a throne of grace, I would now spend a short time in conversing with you.

‘O, if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When ’round his throne we meet.’

“How refreshing to turn from the dull routine of cares and perplexities to our Saviour and hold sweet communion with him. My soul is filled with a calm, abiding peace. Jesus has said, ‘My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth.’ Blessed be God! how different from earthly peace. One who enjoys so much of this peace need not have it described — if it were possible to find language to express it. I rejoice to find myself in such a sweet peace of mind once more. Recently the waves have been tempestuous around my little bark. But thank God, Jesus, the pilot

of Gallilee, is at the helm, whispering,
'Peace, be still.' Yes,

'Peace, troubled soul, thou needst not fear,
Thy great provider still is near.'

He is ever near, and O, he is so good.

"Praise God, we can get a glimpse of the goodly land by faith, to cheer us in our journey homeward. Thank God, 'There shall we see his face,' and 'His name shall be written on our foreheads.' What exalted privileges we enjoy, as christians. Let us prize them highly. You inquired if all my scholars were converted. They are not. Seven are, and two are not. I have appointed another meeting for next Saturday, in connection with C——K——'s class. The scholars were desirous that we should unite. Our last meeting was deeply affecting. They were all greatly blessed in taking up the cross, and had great liberty given them. Never have I enjoyed myself in any prayer meeting as I did last week, in uniting with them."

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Under date of April 3, 1853, she thus pours out her full soul :

“DEAREST SISTER:—My full heart would fain find language to express my feelings. . . . I praise God for thus uniting our hearts. With a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude to God, I have read your sisterly letter, and that inestimable *rich ‘Legacy of the Christian’s.’* What need I care for the poor dross of earth—for its wealth and splendor—its vain amusements; or even its favor or friendship? I court not its fickle smiles—let it frown, or curse, or ridicule—need I care. My Father is in Heaven, and, O! what a home awaits me if I am only faithful! Thank God, dear sister, there are crowns, and we shall wear them; palms, and we shall wave them. How sweet the music of heaven! We shall join the chorus of those bright beings, and tune our harps afresh before His throne. Yes, there are now some, dear to us, who have gone before, and mingle their anthems with the blood-washed throng, and we will soon join them. How soon God alone knows; but should he, in his infinite wisdom, call you

first, it will be one more tie to bind me to heaven—one more inducement to run the whole length of the celestial road. . . . O, my pathway never seemed to be nearer the borders of the New Jerusalem than now. I had a delightful season in prayer. Jesus revealed himself to my waiting soul. I could gladly go to earth's remotest bounds to publish the glad news of a Saviour's death and resurrection. O, what boundless, infinite, wondrous love that brought him from glory to poor, sinful, fallen earth, to suffer the ignominious death of the cross! The theme demands an angel's tongue. Well might we be lost in wonder, love and praise in view of his amazing goodness to us. And should we refuse to tell of his kind dealings with us when our friends request us so to do? O, no. Dear sister, I hope you will not shrink from this duty. It would manifest an ungrateful spirit not to acknowledge what he has done for you, and you know not how many poor, weary souls you may revive by so doing. He has certainly not dealt with others as with you, but has, in a very

peculiar manner, revealed his love and power to you. You have been permitted to walk and talk with him, as it were. O, then, continue to tell of His good dealings towards you; — keep nothing back that will promote his glory, and profit others.”

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“MAY 15th, 1853.—I feel like adopting the salutation of good old Paul — ‘Grace to you, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.’ My mind has run back, this morning, to those good old days of primitive Methodism, when the simplicity of the gospel characterized all their words and actions, before such worldly mindedness crept into the church, robbing many of her members, to a great extent, of that deep-toned piety which should characterize them, as followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. I have tried during the last week or two to watch the avenues of my heart, that no such spirit should find an entrance there. Let prayer be the sentinel, and what need we fear. Let us ever trust to this weapon, while engaged in the fiery combat between sin and holiness. God

is our strong tower — our shield and buckler — a rock of defence to all who flee thither for safety in the hour of fiercest temptation and danger. Let us think more upon the *Omnipotence of our God*. Who is like unto Him? Who but He can protect in our weakness and console in our sorrow? He is abundantly able to deliver from every foe, and to keep what we have committed to his care. Let us, then, surrender all to him who hath died upon Calvary to save such unworthy creatures as we are.

“My views of Heaven, by faith, have been delightful this morning. I went forth alone to ponder upon His goodness, and O, how richly I have been repaid — as I gazed with thrilling joy upon the works of God, — I find true happiness and delight in wandering forth to look ‘through Nature up to Nature’s God.’ The warblers of the forest were singing praises to Him who dwelleth on High, and my heart responded, ‘Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.’ Do I not hear you respond Amen! Amen! O how shall we begin

to tell of his amazing goodness and mercy, in placing us where we have so much to admire and love. Everything in nature presents a beautiful aspect to the eye of the christian.”

* * * * *

A few days subsequently she writes as follows, of a visit to the grave of a departed friend:—

“I visited the grave of my sweet departed sister, Jane Kennon, before sunrise this morning. I had a refreshing season in prayer. The glories of the upper world seemed near, very near. By an eye of faith I beheld her sainted spirit hovering over me, to urge me onward in my christian career. I fancied I could hear her whispering her parting words to me, ‘Meet me in Heaven, dear Sallie.’ It stirs me up to renewed action, when I think of my glorious reward, if faithful. I long to join those dear friends who have gone before, and unite my voice with theirs to swell the glad anthem to Him who has washed and redeemed us by his most precious blood. Hallelujah, for the prospect of immortal glory.”

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Under date of August 2d, she expresses a *longing desire* for a *fresh baptism* in the following language:

“Having a leisure moment, I seize my pen to devote it to you. I thank God for what I am permitted to enjoy this morning. My soul is calm and peaceful—my confidence in God unshaken. When I arose this morning I had such a sweet season in prayer and new energy given me to begin the work of another day. I am striving to live closer to Christ—to walk with God. In the language of the poet,

‘So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.’

Our Diary verse has also proved a source of encouragement. Glory be to God! His promises are all ‘Yea, and Amen.’ He says, ‘I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.’ O, then let us come in the Omnipotence of faith to the mercy seat—present the promise and claim the blessing. It is our privilege to enjoy more of the love of God than we do. You know yesterday we both ad-

mitted that we did not enjoy as much of the *life and power of religion* as in times past. Now our God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever — UNCHANGABLE. O, let us try and take a fresh start for glory. Let us wrestle in prayer as Israel of old did. Let the prayer of our hearts be, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me,' and we will prevail. I feel my leanness of soul, and I am not alone in this conviction. Many of my young sisters have also spoken of the spiritual dearth in the church. Does it not, then, behoove us to lift up the warning voice and arouse our comrades? In the language of Isaiah, to 'cry aloud and spare not.' — This *dull apathy* is more to be dreaded than fierce temptation. Many are the snares of Satan — and this sometimes proves too successful. By what small degrees do we frequently lose our interest and zeal in this good cause, and get under dark clouds.

'Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.'

"I had a rejoicing time yesterday afternoon, after you left me, in singing and pray-

ing,—a little prayer meeting to myself. Truly we have ‘rich clusters of grapes by the way.’ ”

* * * * *

“AUGUST 16th.—I have again been permitted, through the mercy of God, to enjoy our SACRED HOUR. The prayer of my heart is, Lord,

‘Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee.’

My heart goes out after more and more of the divine image of my blessed Savior. I want to walk in the footsteps of Jesus continually. How cheering to the heart of the believer that we have a Mediator, even the Man Christ Jesus. If we sin we have an Advocate. O, how graciously does God meet the wants of his children. It should lead us to consecrate ourselves daily to his service. I thank God that a sweet sense of comfort flows into my soul, while ‘promising for God to live and die.’ May his will be done *in me* in all things. Give me but *grace to endure*, and I care not what trials I may have to undergo. Thus far have I been kept sustained by His almighty arm.

‘Trust in the Lord,’ is more than ever my motto.

“SATURDAY EVENING.—I have been out once more gazing upon the works of our Heavenly Father, as displayed in the country. My heart glows with gratitude and love to see what a delightful world we live in. How much do we owe to God for all these blessings, which contribute so much to our happiness. Everything lovely is scattered with a lavishing hand around our pathway. I often think, while gazing with delight and rapturous joy upon the beauties of earth, what will heaven be?—A thousand times more beautiful. How my heart bounds for joy to think our sojourn here will be so short, and then we will be freed from sickness, care and pain. ‘All tears shall be wiped away.’ We will never more have a troubled spirit and an aching heart. Glory be to God! Joy unbounded—eternal bliss—will then be our portion. There we will be re-united in far more endearing bonds, never again to be separated. My soul is happy in prospect of seeing my adorable Saviour.”

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Under date of August 31, she thus writes :

“The language of my heart in thinking of God’s goodness is, ‘Praise the Lord!’ O, that I may continually meditate on his love to such a sinful unworthy creature. I deserve nothing at his hand but infinite punishment.—If justice alone were executed what would be my fearful doom. But blessed be God, I have only to supplicate a throne of grace, and all my wants are supplied. Yes, through the all-atoning merits of our blessed Savior, we have redemption and salvation. Yes, glory be to God, salvation from sin—not partial—but *entire salvation from all sin!*

“I have again been striving to lay all upon that consecrated altar, that sanctifieth the gift, but this hard, stubborn, unbelieving heart will not give up. Doubts come in and rob me of this inestimable blessing. But if I die, I will perish at the footstool of sovereign mercy.

I have been busily engaged this week in arranging a society to aid in the conversion of our boatmen on the canals and rivers and western waters, to be called the Young

Ladies' Bethel Society; and as we begin quietly, we have to solicit members, and get up an interest in this work. It requires much time and effort. Many obstacles must be surmounted, but we will try and not become disheartened. We ask your earnest prayers for our success. We shall meet every two weeks, and adjourn with religious exercises. All denominations are to unite. The articles which we cannot sell we can box up and send to the men engaged as missionaries, whose salaries are hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together. Now is not this a glorious work? I do feel rejoiced that I can in this way be useful. We will accomplish *some good* if we will pray in faith for God's blessing to rest upon us."

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"SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Sept. 17, 1853:
How gladly do I embrace a few fleeting moments at the close of this week, to write of God and his gracious dealings to my poor wayward heart. In reviewing the hours now forever gone, I can joyfully record *rich blessings* received from on High. O, thank God, it has not been in

vain that I have tried to devote myself in youth to the service of the Almighty? I now experience the freedom of a child of God. Numberless benefits are poured from the unfailing source of his unbounded love upon me, the unworthiest of his creatures. Where, O, where, shall such a poor, lisping, stammering tongue, find adequate language to sound his praise abroad? Glory be to God! when our voices are hushed in death—in heaven above, ‘in a nobler, sweeter song, we’ll sing his power to save.’

.... The clouds that obscured my spiritual sky on Monday, when I saw you last, have all disappeared beneath the warming beams of the sun of Righteousness. My motto still is, ‘*Trust in the Lord*’ unwaveringly.

.... At our SACRED HOUR, which I have regularly observed, I found fresh delight, and have been strengthened in my journey to that bright Canaan that awaits the weary, toil-worn pilgrim. My thoughts have dwelt much, during the past week, on the glorious reward laid up for us in heaven, among the redeemed and ‘spirits of just men made perfect.’ Our SCRIP-

TURE VERSES for daily food have been very profitable to my soul during the past week. While about my work it did me good to think of them. O, let us, in the coming week, take a fresh start, remember *our vows*, and strive to let our light shine daily. Let us continually be on the stretch for a fresh baptism from above. Then, should we be called hence to join the anthems of the sanctified Host on High, we will be fully prepared to enter in and enjoy the rest that remaineth for the people of God. God bless you ever, my dear sister, is the constant prayer of

SALLIE."

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“PIQUA, SEPT. 18, 1853, Sabbath Noon:— I feel calm and confiding. I have feasted upon your good letter. I often think your letters have been more profitable to me than one-half the sermons I have heard. If I could only put in practice what is contained in this morning's letter, I would be a much happier Christian, and would exert a better influence in behalf of those truths Christ left with his disciples. Sometimes I feel so sad in view of the low standard of

piety in my own heart, that I become almost discouraged; but when I feel my own weakness most, then it is that God reveals himself in great power, and sweetly whispers, 'I will strengthen thee, yea I will uphold thee.' To whom can I go for support but to Jesus? He is my all in all. I do love him better than ever this morning, and I will endeavor to overcome every obstacle. I pray God for a deeper spirit of self-examination, that I may renounce all sin—everything contrary to his holy will, and be entirely conformed to his image in all things.

“My soul is happy, and I can say, *glory, yes, glory be to God!* I could shout in view of the glorious reward that awaits the faithful. ‘Now will I tell to sinners what a dear Saviour I have found.’ When the soul is all alive with love to God it is no cross then to sing, or pray, or talk to the unconverted. No; then it is our meat and drink to do our Master’s will. I will strive, by the grace of God, to fight valiantly the battles of the Lord from this time henceforth, till he shall call me Home. If

you are taken first, I will meet you in heaven — ‘my span of life will soon be done.’ Your request shall not be unheeded. I shall count it as the dearest of privileges if I can be with you in your *last moments*. It will better fit me for my work, I trust. Yes, dear one, send for me, if it be at midnight. O, let me be with you to smooth your pillow, imprint a last kiss, and close your eyes in death. But should it be me that is to go first, you shall be with me. Life is uncertain. I know not what awaits me, but I do know that I shall gladly welcome death at any hour. It has lost all its terrors to me.

“TUESDAY NOON: What depths of redeeming love have I tasted since I last wrote on Sabbath! I did not think such blessings were in store for me. My constant prayer, for several days previous, had been, ‘O Lord, reveal the cause of my leanness; show me where I have erred; *reveal inbred sin.*’ How powerfully was my prayer answered on Sabbath evening, through the instrumentality of Bro. Caven, by a sermon from these words of St. Paul: ‘Be careful for

nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made unto God, and the peace of God that passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.' He spoke of the fearful consequences of Christians indulging in an *over-anxious spirit* about worldly schemes; being troubled, and burdened, and care-worn with pressing duties—work laid out, to be done and pushed through as if the salvation of a soul depended on the all-exertion of the moment. Now do you not see, from my last letter, that I was pursuing just such a course of folly? And I was reaping the fruits of it at class. I wondered at my want of enjoyment. True at times I felt peaceful and calm, but not that depth of enjoyment that was usual, and I was ready to blame every one sooner than my own sinful, depraved heart. But our Heavenly Father did not leave me. He providentially taught me to see where I was standing. I was ready to cry out, 'Lord, save or I perish,' and, like Peter of old, it was only by grasping the Saviour's hand that I was de-

livered. O, praise God for delivering grace! Glory be to God for his great goodness to me!"

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“OCTOBER 9th. — I have just finished a letter of exhortation to a young friend who is about leaving our city as a bride, and going to a new home, among strangers, to fill a new sphere, and enter upon new duties, and begin anew to bear the cross as a christian and young convert, with an unconverted husband. Her feet are in a slippery place, and I felt deeply impressed that I must sound the trumpet, and give the alarm, — warn her of the dangers in the way that she could more effectually guard against them; and in obeying the guidings of the spirit I have been richly blessed. O, WHAT A LUXURY TO DO GOOD — TO WORK FOR GOD. We frequently get our pay before the work is completed. If we watch for opportunities we can begin at home — at our *very doors* — to sow the seed of life. We need not go to China or the islands of the sea, to instruct the souls of men. O, if more of this spirit was felt and carried out

amongst us, soon, yes, very soon, would the milliniel year be ushered in, in meridian brightness. Methinks I can already see faint gleams of the approaching day. The gray twilight of morn has succeeded the night of the dark ages, and little by little does the glorious Sun of Righteousness unveil his face, until a rapturous song shall burst unitedly from millions of redeemed souls, ransomed of the Lord.

“I never contemplate this scene by faith but it reinvigorates my sluggish soul. I long to see the time hastened ‘when all men shall know the Lord,’ when ‘the heathen shall be given to him for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.’ Let us strive to keep this glorious period in mind, and by prayers and continued effort, strive to bring about this happy state. If every christian was a **WORKING CHRISTIAN**, strong in faith, persevering in every effort, the time would be short inaeed.”

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CHAPTER VIII.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

I am truly sorry that I can only give to the readers of the SACRED HOUR some brief extracts from the "Journal" and correspondence of Sallie in 1854. Her letters are all very good, and would be read with great profit—but are quite too long to be inserted in this brief memorial.

"JANUARY 1st, 1854.—At the commencement of 1854, 'Here I raise my Ebenezer'—'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.' O, for one lofty song of praise to Him who hath so mercifully sustained me, in sickness and health, and through all 'life's varied scenes.' Blessed be God for favors, temporal and spiritual. His mercy and grace have been richly showered upon my soul. Upon this solemn day I would covenant afresh to live and die for God. I desire by my walk and conversation this year to show to all with whom I may associate, that I have been with Jesus. O, that I may

possess all the mind that was in the Savior. I want to be a more humble, self-denying, cross-bearing christian. MY HIGHEST AMBITION HENCEFORTH IS TO BE HOLY IN HEART AND LIFE—to live at the feet of Jesus. May I be constantly employed like the Savior while here on earth, going about “DOING GOOD” to the souls as well as the bodies of my fellow-creatures. My motto shall henceforth be ‘To serve God on earth and enjoy him in heaven.’ I want to serve him *zealously, watchfully and prayerfully*—joyfully to embrace every opportunity of being useful to all with whom I may associate. I hope my influence will always be on the right side—‘The Lord’s side.’

“Should my life be spared this year, I hope to labor earnestly and faithfully in the “BETHEL CAUSE” and SABBATH SCHOOL. Both of these objects are dearer to my soul than life itself. If it be the will of God I should live—WELL—if not—Glory be to God, then will my glad soul

‘Soar away,
To sing His praise in endless day.’

It is not a matter of choice with me to live

or die. I can say from the fullness of my soul, 'Not my will, but thine, O God, be done.'

"During the past year I have been enabled, through the assisting grace of God to live in the DAILY OBSERVANCE OF ALL MY RELIGIOUS DUTIES. My plans for a growth in grace I have generally executed—such as stated seasons for prayer—reading the scriptures and committing a portion of the same to memory, etc. I have learned, to progress in religion a *regular system* must be adopted, and rigidly adhered to, in every condition of life. Great peace of mind has attended my efforts thus far in my christian career, such as I never enjoyed in the service of Satan. I am more firm and settled in my belief and religious principles than I was a year ago. I am still striving to lay all upon the altar. I long to experience the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Jesus. O, that I was made every whit whole. I feel more and more the great need of this inestimable blessing, but unbelief continually robs me of it. I have now covenanted to pray twice each day, at 1½ o'clock and 6

P. M., until I have the witness in my heart. O, that I may strive more earnestly to obtain it. Lord keep me faithful until death, and then I shall be safe in heaven with Jesus.”

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CHAPTER IX.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO AMELIA.

“JANUARY 1st, 1854.—I have remained at home this evening, to give you a little information respecting my progress in the ‘good old way.’ I rejoice that ‘’54’ finds us both on advanced ground. It gladdens my heart to hear of your being strengthened and refreshed on your journey to ‘Mount Zion, the city of the living God.’ We have both been in a rejoicing mood. God grant our song of triumph may extend through the entire year. I have resolved to be a holier and better christian, and have been richly blessed in forming this resolution. Now that my covenant vows are registered upon high, I intend, God being my helper, to keep them INVIOLEABLE—SACRED. I have resolved to be a more cross-bearing christian; and I am going to attend our female prayer meeting for this purpose—to be perfected in all my christian graces. I trust, if spared, 1855 will find me fully

prepared and equipped for the service of my Lord and Master.

“We had a precious season yesterday in praying for holiness. God was with us in a powerful manner, raising to a flame all our good desires.

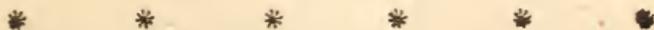
“I long to be a burning and a shining light in the church of God, and it is now my continual aim, daily to let my light shine before the world. Thank God for *overcoming, victorious faith*, that enabled me to renounce the alluring world, with all its vanities, in the days of my youth. And now I am but a ‘pilgrim and sojourner’ on earth. I journey to mansions above, prepared for you and me. Let us be faithful. We will begin anew to pray and work for God. Thank God, you can pray for the advancement of this glorious cause, even though not permitted to work. Pray often and more earnestly. OUR SACRED HOUR is still faithfully observed, and I am often richly blessed in retiring at that time. But I must bid you adieu, and O, may God shower copiously his love upon your heart.”

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“MARCH 1st.—After a long silence, I again embrace a quiet, fleeting moment to speak of our good old theme. What other subject ever employed as many pens as religion. Blessed be God, though it had its existence with the creation of our earth, it is still new, and never grows dull to the heart of the christian. In reviewing the past, from the fall of man down to our present time, what cause do we see for one continual anthem of praise and gratitude. Well might the poet say, ‘Eternity’s too short to utter all thy praise.’ But on the other side of Jordan, we will join in the never-ending song of thanksgiving,—‘To him be glory, dominion and power, forever and ever.’ Man’s redemption and salvation from all sin demands an angel’s tongue. Poor lisping, stammering mortals like us cannot give him glory as we should. God grant our hearts may, in future, be more attuned to praise. We are not sufficiently grateful for what we receive,—so much is bestowed continually that it seemingly hardens us in ingratitude. God forbid that it should be so with us.

“I hardly know how to describe my conflicts with the enemy of my soul, since I wrote last,—how artfully he has tried to entangle my unwary feet in his snares,—sometimes under one guise, and sometimes in another. But I can say with the pious Psalmist, ‘Out of them all the Lord has most graciously delivered me.’ The greatest difficulty I have had to contend with, in my short christian experience, of late, has been a wandering state of mind. When I turn my thoughts to prayer or meditation, on any religious subject, some foreign, uncongenial object or pursuit forces itself before my mind, and ere I am aware of it, my thoughts are aloof from all that is good. I have been sorely perplexed with regard to it. I have prayed earnestly to be delivered, for O, it is so trying to me.
. You know what a curse God pronounced upon Israel for worshipping him with their lips, while their hearts were far from him. But such is not my case. God knows my heart. I come before him in sincerity, seeking his blessing, but something quite trivial in its nature will, quicker

than thought, draw off my mind. It is seldom any one thing in particular, but sometimes like a flood, threatening to drown me, a multitude of objects will present themselves, harrassing me in a most distressing manner, while I have to struggle and struggle to be freed from them. I am assured this is a stratagem of Satan to ruin my soul. But the Lord being my helper, he shall not succeed. This promise is my stronghold, 'There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able.' Now do not infer from what I have written that I am robbed of enjoyment, for such is not the case. I am often on the mountain-top, and praise God with all my ransomed powers; but again and again does the enemy renew his attacks. I am almost persuaded by him sometimes, that I have been retrograding at a fearful rate; but when the cloud passes over, then I am convinced that a backslider could not experience the fruits of the Spirit as I do—love, joy and peace."



“SATURDAY EVENING, April 6th.—Night, with her sable mantle, is gathering around, while the moon is shedding her pale light—inviting to meditation and prayer, whereby we may be better prepared for the duties of the Sabbath. When the lovely morning is ushered in,—

‘O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David’s harp, of solemn sound.’

God grant that my soul may be as calm and trusting on the eve of the Eternal Sabbath that awaits me, as I am now. O, how ardently I have wished that my departure from earth may be tranquil and happy—undisturbed by harrassing cares. I hope no gloomy doubt may present itself to my mind. Then I shall fear nothing. I will not be afraid then to meet death, *though far distant from my dear and much loved mother, and affectionate sisters. A stranger’s hand may wipe the sweat from my marble brow.*”

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“SABBATH EVENING.—The hour of twilight has just passed. I have had a sweet time in singing good old hymns. Singing always stirs up my devotional powers, and

when prayer and meditation succeed, I have good times. Mother and I had such a good social talk on *experimental religion*. She asked me if I honestly believed there were any persons now living who *loved God supremely*, and did not cherish an idol of *any kind* in their hearts? 'Yes,' said I, 'I can most *sincerely* say there are such persons, and I think I am not deceiving myself or deceiving others, when I say, I HAVE NOT A SINGLE IDOL!' She looked surprised. 'I told her I was willing to part with every friend I had, if God saw best. I felt resigned to every *dispensation of Providence*; I would most gladly welcome death as my best friend; I had ceased to feel any strong attachment to earth or earthly things—its honors or possessions; I sighed for a quiet resting place in the grave.' In heaven I shall be freed from all cares and griefs and perplexities. This change has been wrought in my heart within the *last few weeks*, but it is all ordered wisely. God knows what is best. Some persons would doubtless think me a fanatic or heart-broken—a person at my age to utter such sentiments—but no, I can say with Paul, 'To depart

and be with Christ is better than any thing that could befall me.”

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“JUNE 15. — The sun is shining so cheerfully, all nature seems vocal with the praise of our Heavenly Father; and shall our tongues be mute? We, who have been redeemed by the precious blood of his Son? Let this be my constant theme, ‘The Savior died for me.’ This topic has lost none of its beauty and freshness. I would willingly go to the abode of the Hottentot, or the sable sons on the burning sands of Africa, to publish the joyful and glorious tidings of salvation, to wretched and ruined sinners. May the glad news of redeeming love, roll on ‘till like a sea of glory, it spreads from pole to pole.’ I wish to be the messenger of salvation to sinners in a foreign land. Let my lot be cast where it may, so that I may but *glorify God* by bringing sinners to a knowledge of the truth. I now feel a sweet peace that I cannot describe, in laying myself, all I have, on the altar of consecration. Nothing is withheld; and though I do not feel the witness of its sanc-

tifying power yet on my heart, I know I have freely given up all—*reputation, wealth, honor, ease, fame*—and I am willing to leave my home, friends and kindred, and become a wanderer on earth, until death shall release me. It is true as my eye fondly rests upon this sweet home, which looks so very beautiful in the clear sunlight—the trees robed in luxuriant foliage and nature's minstrels pouring forth the sweetest songs that ever greeted human ear—while the air is laden with the perfume of roses—my heart clings to this loved home, where affections, dearer than life, have been cherished. I know that when far distant I shall miss the kindness that has ever been lavished upon me, by a tender, loving mother, and the best of fathers, and dear sisters too, who are daily showing me some additional proof of their attachment—and another adopted sister, whose image comes before me, her eye beaming with deepest devotion. Amelia, how can I ever leave you, dearest? My heart is filled with anguish when I look forward to our separation. But hush, our Savior will sustain us, and gently soothe

our sorrows. The Lord in mercy gave me such a friend because he saw I needed one, and now when I am fully established in the great truths of christianity, and ‘equipped for the battle,’ *through your teachings*, you ought to rejoice when I go forth to the great battle-field, the world, to attack sin in all its forms; to battle for *truth and religion*. If God, in his infinite wisdom, sees fit to enlarge my sphere of usefulness, ought I not be thankful too, and praise him for an opportunity to ‘spread his praise abroad, to earth’s remotest bounds?’”

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“SABBATH MORNING. — I arose very early this morning, and with Julia, wended my way to ‘God’s temple’ — nature’s church — the forest, and O, how my full heart broke forth in adoration and gratitude for all the mercies I enjoy. We sang and prayed and conversed on the goodness of God, and returned home rejoicing.

“This has been a week of deep trials, but unspeakable joy. Religion is my chief support and comfort. God gave me this promise to cling to — ‘The Lord blessed Abra-

ham in all things.'—'He is no respecter of persons.' He is an impartial Father. I have the assurance that if I walk with God, as the aged Patriarch did, I shall be BLESSED IN ALL THINGS. O, what a glorious promise
Let us journey on, the day declineth —

'O, turn not back! O, turn not back!
Though darkness veils the way before thee,
Though clouds, with Sinai's darkness black,
Seem bursting in their fury o'er thee.

'O turn not back, for mercy's rays
Shall pierce the clouds of gloom and sadness,
The bow of heaven shall meet thy gaze,
And fill thy heart with joy and gladness.

'O turn not back to folly's path,
To seek the ways of worldly pleasure,
Nor in forbidden courses stray,
Nor set thy heart on earthly treasure.

'O turn not back from wisdom's voice,
Which calls thy soul to joys undying,
Which bids thee in thy God rejoice —
The powers of death and hell defying.

'O turn not back from Him who gave
His life, that thou mightst be forgiven,
And from his throne now stoops to save,
And raise thy soul from earth to heaven.

'O turn not back; the Holy One
Now seeks within thy breast a dwelling,
And when his work in thee is done,
He'll give thee joys all thought excelling.

'O turn not back, and do not grieve,
Nor madly tempt that blessed Spirit,

Lest he thy soul forever leave,
Despair and anguish to inherit.

‘O turn not back ; pursue the way
Which leads to heaven’s blessed portal,
Where night gives place to endless day,
And sorrows yield to joys immortal.’ ”

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“NOVEMBER 6th.—Being all alone, I gladly embrace this fleeting moment to devote it to you—to speak of the kind dealings of our Heavenly Father toward me. He is ever good, but since yesterday morning I have had such a constant flow of love in my heart, as I cannot describe—such heavenly peace: every breath was prayer, not forced, but a natural out-giving of the soul toward God, just as we inhale the invigorating atmosphere surrounding us. How sweet to live thus—our entire being filled with the love of God—that it involuntarily, or without any effort of our own occupies or absorbs our whole thoughts. How easy to sink into the will of God—to burn with restless desire to win others to Christ. How easy to forsake all to serve him, as did the Israelites of old, with just enough for one day’s sustenance—and to rely on God for what is needed for to-morrow. I love

this thought as presented by Mother Rayner, with regard to temporal matters but when I view it in a spiritual way, it is exceedingly precious to me. Our heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom bestows daily on us grace just sufficient to meet every want, sometimes a larger degree than at others, because we need it. Let us, then, praise him for what we enjoy. We shall *never want any good thing*, if we continue to look by faith alone to Jesus, in every trying hour. O yes, dearest, as you remarked in your last sweet letter, let us 'always keep our eye on Christ.' Would that I could ask you personally, if there is not 'light ahead.'..... I know you too have been drinking deep from 'salvation's wells.' I have prayed earnestly that you might be permitted to share the same degree of unspeakable joy that your unworthy sister has since love feast. We had a delightful feast at eleven o'clock preaching. Bro. Newson addressed us with great power, from these words, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ,' etc. He has great liberty given him when in the sacred desk.

O, it would warm up your soul to hear him. I love him more and more. I missed you sadly at our sacramental occasion.”

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“NOVEMBER 18th.—The Lord has manifested himself to me in so many various ways of late, that I have felt almost like Elijah did, when concealed in the cleft of the rock, on Mount Horeb. My heart is full. I am swallowed up in a boundless ocean of love. I feel

‘Lost in wonder, love and praise.’

Even while I have been writing this evening, my soul exults as if standing in the immediate presence of the ‘Great I Am.’ The ruling feeling of my heart is I AM SAFE,—having entrusted all to my Heavenly Father. I have a sweet calm within my soul—nothing troubles me.

“I am trying daily to be ‘crucified unto to the world, and the world unto me.’ I have seen the vanity of all earthly things. I can say, welcome death, ‘I’ll gladly go with thee.’”

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“JUNE 24th, 1855.—I feel like writing a few lines, as I may not have the privilege of a verbal communication with you, unless the clouds disappear, and this damp air is changed to a dry atmosphere. I have been trying to examine my *latitude in spiritual matters*—to see what has been my progress during the past week. I find myself, upon reflection, not altogether free from condemnation. I see my short comings, wherein I have yielded to the tempter, but I thank God, I can come once more to the fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness. Yes,

‘The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.’

O, how watchful should the child of God be. He is beset with foes within and without. But prayer is the christian’s stronghold. I have had delightful seasons of communing with my God. I have had free access and great liberty in presenting ALL MY WANTS, also in pleading for my loved ones. O, how religion expands the soul with the

purest and most heavenly desires. It makes us feel that we partake more largely of the 'spirit of Christ.' This is NOW MY SINGLE AIM—to become heavenly-minded, to dwell, as it were, in the immediate presence of my Savior, that the 'Old Man with his deeds may be put off,' and that Christ Jesus, the Lord, may reign in and rule over me.

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“How I long to visit our dear old classroom, this morning, and join you in its sacred exercises. I would love to hear what our unchangable heavenly Father has been doing for you in spiritual things. But I will set the hours apart to devotion, and hope to be a happy Mary at the feet of Jesus. I can pray for you all at class, and be with you in spirit. The Lord make this a high day in Israel, that you may long remember it. O, let us live, to-day, near the hallowed cross, that our souls may be filled.”

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The following letter of condolence was written to Sister Cavin, widow of the late Rev. James Cavin, of our conference, a short

time before Sallie left home to attend the Water Cure Establishment at Berlin Hights. It reveals a beautiful trait in her character.

“PIQUA, June 23, 1855.

“MY DEAR MELISSA:—Perhaps you will think it rather strange in your friend Sallie, to commence a correspondence with you so unceremoniously. But I have been away from home often enough to know that letters from our friends are seldom unwelcome. If I am intruding, excuse me this time. I was sitting at my work a little while ago, when I happened to think of you. I was wondering where you were, and how you and little Kate were getting along. Then remembering I had a leisure hour to devote to some one, I felt like it would be a pleasure to write you a few lines. Perhaps when Katy is asleep some of these long afternoons you may possibly think it a small task to give me some of the many incidents of traveling or visiting. Or, perhaps your aching heart, oppressed by grief and desolation, might find relief in unbosoming your feelings to some one. I hope you will be free at any time to address me. You know

I prize your friendship, and would love to console and cheer you, as much as any one could, though it is not much that any earthly friend can do in the deep sorrows that have almost crushed you. Yet I have found a sweet sad pleasure in pleading at a throne of grace in your behalf. My *entire sympathies*, in short, have become enlisted in praying for you. There is an attachment formed such as can only be felt by the humble followers of Jesus. I feel that we have *one Father—one motive in living*—either to suffer or do the will of God. What a noble purpose! How necessary that we keep this aim constantly in view. Never lose sight of it. Could our friends who have entered the spiritual world above, be permitted to return to us, how earnestly would they exhort us to live for God—‘to spread scriptural holiness over these lands,’ by our daily example and continued efforts. O, do not despair, or think your sphere of usefulness now closed, because the one whom you loved so dearly has been taken from you. No, indeed, rather gird yourself anew for the conflict. In laboring for your Master

your own soul will be watered, you will be endued with more strength, and in such heavenly employment you will feel less keenly the loss you have sustained. The more spiritually-minded we become, the nearer our relationship to the sainted ones above.

“I trust you have gotten the victory over those temptations you spoke of, and though you felt somewhat disappointed, — by striving to be entirely submissive to the way God saw fit to order it, you will be blessed. In eternity all these things will be made plain to us. It is all enveloped in mystery and darkness now. But O, then it will all be explained. Perhaps your husband may be permitted then to unfold it all to you. ‘Blind unbelief is sure to err, and scan his work in vain. God is his own interpreter,— and he will make it plain.’ Then while he strikes his tuneful lyre in praise to God, your voices will join together in the song, ‘Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, to receive honor, and power, and glory.’”

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CHAPTER X.

THE DYING SCENE AT BERLIN HIGHTS.

“O How Bright! O How Bright! O How Bright!”

She began to decline in health about the first of May—but was not confined to her room for any length of time. Some days she would feel pretty well. She never murmured. She manifested a patient submissive spirit in all her illness; she never complained of suffering much pain—yet I doubt not her sufferings at times were great. Her friend Amelia says, “I was with her a great deal during her illness in this city. I often observed to her that I thought she was worse and suffered more than she would tell.” She replied, “Amelia it is true I do suffer some, yes much at times—but I have so much to be thankful for. Surrounded with all the comforts of life—I have the best attention from my Ma—and kind Sister—and the best of Father’s—and then God is so good. O think how many far more worthy than I, suffer from day to day

without any of the comforts that surround me? O would it not be wrong for me to murmur?" As long as she had sufficient strength, she attended class—this was always her Bethesda—she enjoyed this means of grace very much. Her seat never was vacant, if it were possible for her to attend. After she was unable to get to class or preaching, she would husband all her strength to teach her Sabbath School class. She was faithful to the last. She appeared impressed early in the spring, that her time on earth would be short—and she would frequently speak of it, with a firm unwavering trust in God. She committed all into his hands—willing either to live or die. Her Christian graces shone brightly. Her enjoyments ran in a deeper channel—her whole soul was on the stretch, to be *wholy cleansed from all sin*. She would often remark, "O do not pray for me to get well, till Christ *the work has fully wrought*. I want to be Christ-like—to have his image stamped upon my heart—that all my walk and conversation, may reflect his divine character. I am willing to be count

ed *singular* for Christ's sake. If I get well, I know I shall be a better Christian. Affliction is a good school—I have here learned what I could not have learned under any other circumstances." Her dear friend Amelia writes to me as follows: "The last Sabbath she spent in Piqua, (July 9th,) not being able to get out to church—I went to her room after love feast. I shall never forget that interview. It was the last of any length we had together. She was calm and happy, and then told me, she felt her work on earth was almost done. 'O,' said she, 'I have done so little for Christ—and perhaps shall have a *starless crown*—but I have tried to live a Christian, and I know God does own me for his child. I should be willing—yes it would be far better if my Master would now release me. O what pain, what suffering, and toil and care, I should be freed from! My conflicts would all be over. But I have *dear, dear friends*, who are dearer than life to me. It would be hard to give you all up—but Christ loves me—and I know I love him better than all earthly friends. Ame

lia, I have been examining my heart to-day to see if there is any *selfish motive* that would cause me to desire to live. I know that all I want to live for is to do good, that I might accomplish something for Christ — I have such unwavering trust and confidence in God, that I can commit all into his hands — if he has a work for me to do, I know he will raise me up again — If not he will raise up others, that can and will accomplish far more than I could.’ ‘O Sallie, you surely will get well again, we cannot spare you.’ ‘Amelia, you must not feel so — God knows what is best, do not feel so sad; do not you remember the good verse we have so often repeated together —

‘And when to that bright world *we* rise,
To claim *our* mansion in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.’

Now he will do all things well. O let us trust him. What a mystery surrounds us — I have thought that you would be the *first* one to hail me in that bright world above, but now I think I shall be one of the happy escort, that shall hover around your dying

couch, until your spirit shall burst from its clay tabernacle, and then welcome you to the courts of bliss. O think what a shout we shall have in glory. Cheer up! cheer up! it will not be long that we shall be severed. Now, Amelia, read a chapter and pray with me before you leave. I have just been thinking how much I should love to have our good brother Spencer, (Rev. Robert O. Spencer who had been her pastor the previous year,) to pray with me. He was always so kind — dear, good man, I know I shall meet him in heaven.'

"I then took up her bible and read the 5th Chapter of 2d Corinthians, reading the two last verses of the 4th chapter in connection. 'For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.' While I was engaged in reading, she appeared as though she had caught a glimpse of the Celestial city. Her face glowed with heavenly radiancy, such as I never beheld

an mortal. When I had finished, she exclaimed, 'O, I do know that if this earthly house of my tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' 'O, GLORIOUS HOPE!' O, that I could tell you how this hope wells up in my inmost soul.

Yes, and I shall see Jesus. O, how I want to see my Savior!

"In prayer my whole soul was drawn out that she might be fully prepared for the *last conflict*. I felt deeply that I would soon have to give her up. My heart bled with anguish at the thought. I prayed that she might have sustaining grace,—that as she was going away, among strangers, perhaps there to die, that God would raise up friends for her, although a stranger among a strange people. But O, especially did my soul *agonize* that if she was called to pass through the cold waters of Jordan, that she might 'fear no evil,' *knowing* that Jesus was with her, and that his rod and staff might comfort her through,—give her a triumphant departure and a glorious entrance into the courts of endless bliss.

“When I arose from my knees, she twined her arms around my neck. ‘O Amelia, would to God we could lie down and *die together*. O that our freed spirits might at once burst their bonds, and that we might, at the same moment, gaze upon Jesus’ face. But it cannot be — yet you will soon come.’ Thus I left her, triumphing in the blood of the Lamb.

“On Tuesday morning, I again called to see her. She was then preparing to leave on the next morning. ‘Well,’ said she, ‘I have had some conflicts since I saw you on Sabbath. But I have given up all to God, and sweet peace now reigns within. HE WILL DO ALL THINGS WELL.’ These conflicts were on account of her going from home, among strangers. She feared her mother would suffer uneasiness about her. ‘I know,’ said she, ‘that God will raise me up friends at Berlin Hights.’ Another thing she feared was, that she would likely be deprived of religious society. She then remarked, ‘I intend to be a CHRISTIAN AND WORK FOR GOD. Perhaps I can do SOME GOOD: I will try to do so.’

“On Wednesday morning, July 11th, she left Piqua, for Berlin Hights. I again saw her, just as she was entering the cars. She appeared cheerful and happy. ‘O,’ said she, ‘I feel much better this morning. Now Amelia, if you were only going with me, it would be so pleasant. But you cannot go—I am satisfied. I have your Bible, (we had exchanged Bibles,) and I know you will be with me in spirit,—but better than all this, Jesus is with me, and I know He will be with me. Good bye, dear Amelia. Now do not grieve or suffer any uneasiness on my account. ALL WILL BE WELL. Good bye, dear Amelia.’ These were the last words she ever spoke to me. O, can I ever forget them? No, never.”

On her arrival at Berlin Hights, she wrote to her friend Amelia the following descriptive letter:

“CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN RETREAT,

“BERLIN HIGHTS, July 13th, 1855.

“MY DEAR AMELIA:—Having arisen two hours before our breakfast time, I will employ a portion of the time in communion with you. I feel so well this morning, I am

quite rested from my long journey. I will give you a brief description of my trip.

“It was a lovely morning to travel, though for a few hours, rather cold for comfort. The scenery, as we approached Urbana, was really delightful, and I enjoyed the ride as far as Bellefontaine. After passing this point, the country, for an extent of fifty miles, is too flat to attract much attention. I did not venture up into town, when we arrived at Urbana, as the depot is in an out-of-the-way place, and I found it necessary to husband all my strength. At nine o'clock the Express train came whizzing up, and we darted off with the swiftness of an arrow to the north. I saw much to amuse and interest me on the way. But it was not until the Lake broke upon my astonished gaze that I became fully aroused. On coming in we rode along the Lake shore, where the road is made across the Bay. It was near noon when we arrived at Sandusky. We sallied out to the Hotel, some six squares distant. I called for a room and laid down till near five. After dinner we traveled back to the Depot to get aboard the Toledo and Cleveland cars. The scene

ly along the Lake Shore road is truly magnificent. How glorious to the child of God to behold the works of his Heavenly Father. Man's best achievements fall very far short of what the Great Architect has wrought.

“Again we plunged out, as it were, into the Lake, on a track extending two or three miles. It was near sunset, and I never before witnessed one of such surpassing beauty. To be fully appreciated it must be enjoyed. My descriptive powers could not do justice to it.

“When we arrived at ‘Berlin Station,’ we found a carriage in waiting. Tired as I was, my bosom thrilled with emotions of pleasure, to behold nature scattering her bounteous gifts in such rich profusion. Away went our prancing steeds over hill and valley for about three miles. At last we drew up before the extensive buildings of Crystal Fountain Retreat. We went speedily down a winding, graveled avenue, leading to the piazza.

“I wish I could convey to your mind an impression of the cordial and warm reception I met with from the Professors and in-

mates of the institution. The atmosphere that I breathed was one of pure kindness—tender greetings and pleasant inquiries, smiles and cheerfulness. Contentment is pictured on every countenance, continually. Every one aims to please every other. There are no *aristocratic* distinctions made here, although the higher classes are more generally represented. Intelligence and refinement mark all our intercourse. We have a Melodeon, with which we entertain ourselves, and a fine choir of Musicians, that give concerts daily, principally in the evenings,—except when varied by lectures by Prof. Gatchell.

“Mrs. Gatchell is Matron, or Lady Physician, and you could not but love her. She is *amiability* itself, and a thorough scholar. There is something *peculiarly* inviting and sweet in her manners.

“My room is No. 16, near the front and back stairs. I am very retired. If I feel lonely I take my sewing and go to either sitting room or parlor. I am in the *third story*—it being my choice, so that in my *religious duties* I may not be interrupted. I

have not found a christian here yet, though I have no doubt there are such. When I do, I will select a room-mate. The rooms are arranged for two persons. The furniture is plain, but very comfortable.

“I cannot tell whether I shall get better under the treatment or not. It is always an *experiment*. Sometimes different diseases are developed, which are lying dormant in the system. I may be somewhat prostrated at first, but when I do recover, I hope to be entirely free from disease of any kind. I find it bracing and invigorating. I have not suffered at all from pain of any kind since my arrival, and now feel pretty well.

“I have not enjoyed myself quite so well as at home, having so much to call off my attention, but now that I am settled, I hope to be a ‘BURNING AND SHINING LIGHT.’ Caughey, I find, is the most suitable book I could have brought. I am under great obligations to you for such a gift. I *sing, read and pray*, and-try to keep in a *right state of mind.*

“I need not urge you to write, but will look for a letter soon. As my paper is full

and I am tired, I will bid you good-bye for this time. You need feel no uneasiness for
Your affectionate

SALLIE."

During her stay at Berlin Hights we have but little account of her spiritual enjoyments. She was not able to write much, and when she did, she wrote but a few lines at a time, relative to her bodily health. She appeared to improve a little during the first two weeks she was there, but took a violent attack of inflammation of the stomach. She suffered very much for a few days, but she was so careful of her dear mother's feelings that she would not suffer any one to write to inform them until she again got better. "*A strange hand,*" she said, "*would alarm them.*" The Saturday previous to her death she wrote a few lines to her sister Jenny, and informed them that she was slowly recovering—able to sit up for an hour at a time; also that she wanted for nothing—that they were all very kind to her. But remarked,— "*It is not like home. I often think of you all, and of your little acts of kindness many times during the day. I*

want to get home again, and think I will be able to return in a week or so, if I do not relapse. Do not let mother *worry* about me." On Sabbath she walked out into the yard, but was taken worse again in the evening. Her disease soon prostrated all her physical energies. She suffered much, but bore it all without complaining. On the next Tuesday, her mother left Piqua to go and see her. She arrived at Berlin Hights at 6 o'clock, P. M.

Sallie, fearing that her mother would not arrive before her dissolution, in the afternoon called for her pen, and wrote the following note, with the *peculiar courage* of a dying christian:—

"TUESDAY, August 7.—I want to be taken home and buried in my father's lot. Tell mother to do as she pleases with all my clothes. I do not fear death; I have tried to live a Christian, and I think I can die one; I should like to live to see all my friends in Piqua, and have them come around me and say good bye to them.—To *my betrothed*—be faithful to God, and preach Christ and him crucified to the world. Doctor Gatchell has frequently expressed a

different opinion from mine concerning the nature of my disease. I am now perfectly satisfied that he was right in this matter. It is not in our hands. I am perfectly satisfied with all that Doctors Gatchell and Hill have done. I feel very grateful to all for the kind attention I have received, and the interest they have manifested in my welfare — Tell Doctor Gatchell to make me die easy — Good by, Mrs. Richardson. —

“Signed, SALLIE K. CALDWELL.”

She then calmly waited the coming of her Lord. At one time she said, “Doctor, how long will I last?” Answer: “Not long.” She then replied, “O, I am glad, I will soon be better off than any of you — free from trouble, free from care. Try and get religion, all of you, and be able to follow me;” and then added, “Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil; his rod and his staff will comfort me.” “How long now, Doctor?” Answer: “From a half an hour to perhaps one hour.” She then inquired the time in the afternoon. It was four o’clock. To

Mrs. Gatchell she said, "You have been like a mother to me. I have not expressed much; but I feel very grateful. You will get your reward in another world—Thank the nurses for their care." The sands of life were now swiftly running out. Looking at her hands, she said, "How strangely my hands feel! Is this death?" The Doctor told her he hoped she would live till her parents arrived. She calmly replied, "I want to see them; but *they cannot die for me.*" When her mother arrived she lay in a stupor. Her mother took her by the hand, and said, "Sallie, if you know me, press my hand?" The dying daughter gave the desired token, but could not speak. After some little time she revived, and drank some water. The power of articulation returned, and she said, "Why did I come back? I was so happy." They then asked her if she knew her mother; she replied "O, yes, I know ma." Her mother then said, "Shall I kiss pa for you?" She answered, "Yes; did he not come?" Her mother answered, "No." She then said, "Kiss sister Jenny; O, Jenny! Tell Re-

becca and James they cannot die without religion.”

Her work was now finished, and the heavens were opened to receive her disenthralled spirit. The ocean was crossed in perfect safety. The dark curtain of time was drawn aside, and she was permitted, without a veil, to see the smiling face of her dear Redeemer, and she then exclaimed, “Lay me back! Let me go! O, How BRIGHT! O, How BRIGHT! O, How BRIGHT!”

“Living light had touched the brow of death,” and Sallie K. Caldwell “fell asleep in Jesus.”

On the Wednesday after her death, her remains were brought home by her parents to Piqua, and on Thursday at 2 o'clock, P. M., they were taken to the Green Street M. E. Church. The Rev. Joseph Newson, who was then in charge of the station, improved the deeply solemn occasion by an appropriate discourse from the following beautiful and comforting words: “For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God

bring with him." 1st Thessalonians, 4, 14. Her mortal remains were then followed to the Cemetery by a large concourse of her friends, and deposited in the earth, in the spot where she desired she should rest until the morning of the resurrection.

Dear reader, in fancy I think I see you on returning from the grave of this pious young lady, exclaim in the language of Scripture, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to heart."

"Weep not for her! Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright,
Like flowers that know not what it is to die,
Like long link'd shadeless months of polar light;
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flowery brake:
Weep not for her!

"Weep not for her! She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich, romantic hues,
When human bosoms seem'd the home of truth,
And earth still gleamed with beauty's radiant dews.
Her summer prime waned not to days that freeze,
Her *wine* of life was not run to the lees:
Weep not for her!

"Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away,
Her prospects wither, and her hopes grow dark.

Translated by her God with spirit shriven,
 She pass'd, as 't were on smiles, from earth to heaven '
 Weep not for her !

“ Weep not for her ! It was not her's to feel
 The miseries that corrode amassing years,
 'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
 To wander sad down age's vale of tears,
 As whirl the withr'd leaves from friendship's tree,
 And on earth's wintry world alone to be :
 Weep not for her !

“ Weep not for her ! She is an angel now,
 And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,
 All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
 Sin, sorrow, suffering banish'd from her eyes.
 Victorious over death, to her appears
 The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal years :
 Weep not for her !

“ Weep not for her ! Her memory is the shrine
 Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flower
 Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
 Sweet as the song of bird's among the bowers
 Rich as the rainbow, with its hues of light,
 Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night :
 Weep not for her !

“ Weep not for her ! There is no cause for woe ;
 But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
 Unshrinking o'er the thorny path below,
 And from earth's low defilements keep thee back ;
 So when a few fleet swerving years have flown,
 She'll meet thee at Heaven's gate—and lead thee on .
 Weep not for her ! ”

CHAPTER XI.

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

“She trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality.”

Dear reader, if you have carefully perused the SACRED HOUR as far as the Dying Scene at Berlin Hights, I know you are prepared to exclaim with me—“SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.” And may I not add, “She kept back no part of the price.” From the time of her spiritual union with the Savior until her happy exit, she counted it her highest honor to labor in his vineyard. Every where she went she scattered the seeds of love and toiled unweariedly to win souls to Christ. Her religious correspondence with her friend Amelia reveals in her “*hidden life*” traits of character and “gifts” that any christian might “earnestly covet.” The correspondence of these two devoted females contains their daily experience, and if all of it were published, it would make *four volumes* instead

of one the size of the Sacred Hour, and would be read by thousands with deep and thrilling interest. But as Amelia is still living, I have only given a small part of it.

I hesitate not to say, that the experience, correspondence, and mutual attachment of these two christian sisters are the most remarkable I have ever read. I can only speak now of the one that has "ceased from her labors on earth." The SACRED HOUR of prayer was never forgotten, until death removed Sallie to a land where prayer is turned to praise. While living she cherished an undying love for Amelia. In many of her letters she speaks of her heart being filled with "emotions of endearing love for all the followers of Christ but especially for Amelia." At one time she says, "I often praise God for raising me up such an *assistant* in my religious course: I often think I should have gone back to the world if you had not kindly taken me by the hand. Under God, you have been instrumental in making me a *decided christian*. O, then do not be discouraged in your efforts to encourage others to do good. I never can

thank you enough. God knows my heart. I love you dearly. When we meet in eternity, to range the fields of bliss, on the banks of the river of life, I hope then to be able to tell you how thankful I feel that God ever put it into your heart to take such a deep interest in my Salvation. Our christian friendship has been greatly blessed of God. How many precious seasons we have had in prayer and reading the bible. And while encouraging each other, we have been richly blessed. Yea, always DOUBLY BLESSED. I have no language to express ALL I FEEL."

Her whole conduct was marked with sincerity, humility, meekness and great frankness. She was naturally possessed of an unobtrusive and timid spirit, but *victorious faith* enabled her to be

"Bold to take up, and firm
To sustain, the consecrated cross."

She loved the house of God, and was *regular* in her attendance upon all the means of grace. She loved the class-room, and was always in her place. She frequently

speaks of her "dear good old class-leader, Father Kirk," and how grateful she felt for the interest which he constantly evinced in her spiritual welfare. In her sweet letters she often speaks kindly of her different Pastors, and all our dear brethren in the ministry who have been sent to labor in Piqua — Brothers Marlay, Newson, Spencer, Van-Cleve, Lawder, Kendall, and the lamented Cavin, who has gone home to glory.

She had a burning desire to DO GOOD, to be useful. At one time she remarks, "Recently I have had some remarkable answers to prayer. I have been *ardently* praying that Providence would open an additional field of labor for me to engage in, this summer. I feel that I am not answering the end of my creation, to sit at ease at home while so many are perishing for the lack of mental, moral and religious training. My conscience reproves me for my past indolence. I MUST do something. Well, thank God, another field of missionary labor is thrown open in our midst, and I am determined to enter *heartily* into the work."

SABBATH SCHOOL.—This was the place above all others where she loved to labor. At one time she writes:

“My soul was filled, in a peculiar manner, with the love of God, while engaged in pointing my dear Sabbath-school scholars to ‘the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.’ O, if faithful I shall have *some bright gems in my crown of rejoicing* in the day of the Lord Jesus. I shall continue to pray for their conversion and future usefulness.”

At one time, when quite indisposed, she says:—

“Notwithstanding my illness I resolved to go and teach my Sabbath-school class. I am very much attached to *every one of them*. I feel responsible for their being either on the side of the Lord or Satan. I know God does use me as an humble instrument of doing good among them. They manifest a great anxiety to obtain a knowledge of the Bible. Their very souls, at times, seem to speak through their bright eyes, and radiant countenances. At times they become deeply absorbed in the lesson.”

Previous to one of their large Sabbath School celebrations, she thus writes:

“Last week I visited three hundred families as one of a committee to aid in preparing for our Sabbath School celebration. I was almost exhausted. It was so extremely hot. But God has kindly preserved my health. *I feel willing to do anything in my power* to promote the welfare of my Sabbath School class. It is now increasing in numbers and interest every week, and I feel under strong obligations with others to make an effort to amuse as well as instruct all the children once in awhile.”

She always studied her Sabbath School lesson with prayer, and went to her work in the right spirit. God blessed her labors to the good of her scholars, and often watered her own soul. In July, 1853, she writes thus:—

“Of late I have had many calls, and in different directions, but it is all to *do good*. I have also had a great deal of company, leaving me less time for retirement. This I find a great hindrance; yet I should feel thankful for the opportunity afforded me of

influencing them TO DO GOOD AND BE GOOD. I do not want to hide my light under a bushel. LORD, DELIVER ME FROM SELFISHNESS. I have given myself to God, and I want to be an instrument in his hands of doing good. I desire to lie in his hands as clay in the hands of the potter. My heart has felt so light ever since Sabbath afternoon. While teaching my Sabbath School class I received a great blessing. I think I never had such liberty before in explaining the Bible, as I had this afternoon. I saw new light and beauty in reading the account of the creation of the world. My scholars seemed equally delighted. I talked to some of them personally upon the subject of religion, and they took it kindly. Some of them are children of the members of other churches. O, if I were only more holy, what an easy matter it would be to talk to the unconverted upon the subject of religion."

She became connected with the Green street Sabbath School at the M. E. Church, several years before her conversion. She often spoke of her teacher, Bro. Gill, when

she was a member of the Sabbath School. From the time she joined the church up to the time she left for Berlin Hights, she was absent but two Sabbaths from her class. After she went to the Water Cure Establishment, she attended a Sabbath School at that place, and taught a class the first two Sabbaths. She remarked to the scholars,—“O this reminds me so much of my dear Sabbath School class at Piqua. O, how I love to teach the young the way to glory.” She was fully alive to the interests of their immortal souls. She always had a word of encouragement and sympathy for a disheartened teacher—a kind word of exhortation to urge them onward.

She was a careful observer of the Sabbath day. It was always spent in religious duties. Nor would she ever employ her pen on that day, unless it was devoted to the subject of religion. The last Sabbath she spent in Piqua she wanted to write upon business of importance, but instantly remarked, “I would rather be delayed several days than to write now, for I would have to write a *business letter*,—that I WILL

NEVER DO ON THE LORD'S DAY. If I did, I fear I should not be prospered." When at Berlin Hights, she remarked in a letter to her sister Jenny, "I finish my letter this (Monday) morning. There was a great deal of writing done here yesterday, all over the house, but I did not dare, as a christian, to lend my influence in that way." A noble example—every way worthy of imitation. On one occasion, when solicited to ride into the country on the Sabbath, she said, "something instantly whispered, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' I then calmly replied, 'no one shall ever plead my exmample as an excuse for Sabbath desecration.'"

Sallie Caldwell was a SELF-DENYING CHRISTIAN. She took no delight in parties for worldly amusement. In reference to one which she says appeared so "innocently gotten up"—and well calculated to decoy the unwary feet of the young convert—"God mercifully preserved me by the right hand of his righteousness, and I am more than ever determined to shun the very "appearance of evil." I am almost alone in con-

deming the whole affair. I am also willing to bear the sneers of my young friends—to be called *singular*, and laughed at for my *over-scrupulousness*, as they term it. Let them deride me, I heed it not; I have the approval of my God and my own conscience. Would Jesus frequent such places? O, no. He says, ‘Therefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you. [And I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.] My heart leaps for joy to obey such a requirement. And for this little act of self-denial, I have experienced much tranquility of mind.” Dear reader, go’ and do likewise. Remember this, “If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.”

[When reviled and persecuted for Christ’s sake, at times she would defend her course from the armory of divine truth, and at other times, like her blessed Master, she would “answer nothing.”]

On one occasion she remarks, “I too have

had the honor that comes from being "persecuted for righteousness sake." I have been branded as *weak minded*,—*fanatical*, quite too enthusiastic—as having gone to great extremes in religion. Our love feast's and class meetings, come in for a share of abuse. Women speaking in meeting! O, horrible!—this seemed to be a great *hobby* with one of them,—I am going said she, Sallie, to hear you *hold forth*, I have no doubt you will be eloquent upon such a public occasion. 'Well, when the time came, I did bear my cross, and O, what light and joy sprung up in my soul.'

On another occasion she says, a conversation was commenced for my *especial benefit* I suppose. "Well, I knew I could not possibly say anything to change their minds. I went by myself and prayed for direction. I then opened my Bible on these words: "Only fear the Lord and serve him in truth with all your heart, for consider how great things he has done for you." O, there was a fountain of consolation opened for me, in that very hour. Light and beauty beamed from the sacred page. My faith was greatly

increased; I knew the Lord would help me in every time of need. I could sing

‘ Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.’ ”

There is a time when true kindness and sympathy is most felt. That time is, when affliction spreads its sullen gloom, and death strikes his keenest blow, and miseries unforeseen crush the human heart.

“ ’Tis when fair prospects fade and disappear,
And stern misfortune bends its withering frown ;
When sinks the soul with anguish, grief, despair —
And love’s most cherished objects death strikes down.”

Ah, at such an hour as this, our departed sister would come to light the gloomiest scene with a smile, and like an angel of mercy whisper words of comfort to the heart of the disconsolate. She LOVED TO DO IT. Ah! she never forgot that memorable declaration of our Lord—“ I was sick and ye visited me—a stranger and ye took me in.” I find this remark in one of her letters: “ I feel a glow of happiness pervading every avenue of my soul;—I have enjoyed great peace while visiting a sick young lady, a *stranger*, from Wisconsin. While sitting at

her sick bed, I have had some of the best of seasons.”

Again we see her watching at the couch of a dying infant—comforting a heart-stricken relative—or “supplying for a little season, the *place of a daughter*” at the house of a solitary widow, whose only child, a beloved daughter, had just been laid in the grave. In one of her letters, she speaks of many happy seasons, while comforting the sad and disconsolate. “I love,” says she, “to watch and administer to the temporal and spiritual wants of the dying. It is a good place for *meditation and prayer*.”

The condition of the poor boatmen on our lakes, canals, and western waters, awakened her christian sympathies—and accordingly we find her acting as President of a BETHEL SOCIETY, the object of which was, to raise funds to procure clothing for the destitute, and Bibles and Testaments, to instruct them in the road to Heaven.

The missionary cause was also dear to her heart. Although surrounded by all that heart could wish; she wanted to engage in teaching, with a view to procure money to give

to this noble cause. In one of her letters, she thus writes on this subject: "I have not yet abandoned my favorite *project of teaching*. I am now reviewing some of my studies, preparatory to going before the Examining Committee of Teachers for Common Schools, so that if I conclude to teach, my credentials will *all be right*. I earnestly hope that some field of usefulness of this kind, will be thrown open for me to enter. What few talents I possess, should benefit the community as myself." A noble resolution worthy of imitation.

Sallie enjoyed a *cheerful religion*. It is true she had her seasons of trial and sore conflict; and at times such clear views of the corruptions of her heart, and the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," as would almost overwhelm her spirit. But she would soon find relief in prayer or reading the word of God. These seasons were of short continuance. Her soul was generally filled with a spirit of rejoicing. She had a sweet voice and took great delight in singing the songs of Zion. On one occasion, in writing to Amelia, she remarks as follows:

“I greet you with a SMILING FACE and HAPPY HEART. I have been singing all morning, while about my work—praising my God in hymns and spiritual songs. My soul is overflowing with gratitude and love. My arms of faith and love ‘would all mankind embrace.’ O, let Jesus and his cross be my constant theme, when alone, or when mingling with those I love. Language would fail me, were I to attempt to recount the mercies which I have received from the hand of my Heavenly Father. From the dawn of my existence to the present hour, goodness and mercy have followed me. My lot has been cast in this beautiful city,—blessed with great church privileges and surrounded by warm-hearted christians. What a privilege to live in America, where woman holds such a high position. Where every facility is afforded her for mental and religious culture, and for instructing others. Our opportunities and resources for doing good are endless. Every day brings some golden opportunity for smoothing the rough path of some of earth’s unfortunate ones. We can, by a kind word, an encouraging

smile, and a helping hand, in time of need cause the 'widow's heart to sing for joy.' In our own little circle at home we can exhibit the spirit of our Saviour, by denying ourselves in *little matters*, to promote the happiness of those around us. A cheerful happy home is a type of heaven."..... Ah, at the fire-side, in the *Home Circle*, was the place above all others where Sallie loved to be. Her winning smile and cheerful look spread cheerfulness and contentment throughout that little group. Her home was a HOME OF LOVE.

The Father of Amelia is ruling Elder in the Old School Presbyterian Church, and Sallie's Father is also an Elder in the New School Presbyterian Church. In their correspondence they make frequent allusions to this fact, and always speak in the highest terms of the piety and purity of the motives by which their parents were governed. Neither Amelia nor her young friend Miss Caldwell could *fully* subscribe to the doctrines of the Confession of Faith. They often speak in their letters of the goodness

of God in bringing them both at last into the church of their choice.

Children, on arriving at majority, have a right to choose for themselves in matters involving their spiritual and eternal destiny. Parents have a right to advise, but should never coerce their children to unite with any church, unless they can fully subscribe to its doctrines and peculiar usages. Evil and only evil, can result from such an injudicious course. Matthew Caldwell, Esq., the father of Sallie, will never have cause to regret that he gave his cordial assent for his children to join the M. E. Church.

I think it proper to insert, in this connection, some wholesome advice "*to all whom it may concern.*"

"Young converts should be exceedingly careful, in joining a church, not to subscribe to sentiments which they cannot believe. Many have done this to their sorrow, and have found it necessary to renounce the creeds to which they had blindly assented, and calmly submit to be called *turn-coats*. Others have found their mistake, and instead of coming out and connecting themselves

with other churches, whose creeds they believe—they remain where they first joined and continue to support by their example sentiments which they believe to be prejudicial to the truth and the prosperity of the cause of Christ. Young converts should stop and think of the sentiments they are invited to avow, before they join the church.

“For this we have provision in the trial our church requires of every candidate. This *trial* affords to each one access to all the privileges of the church, but does not DEMAND ASSENT TO HER CREED until the expiration of six months. Each candidate is expected to examine the creed, and if he does not believe it, of course he will not assent to it, but go elsewhere. This matter is too much neglected. Some are told it does not make any difference what the creed is, so the heart is right. And in others the “CREED” is kept entirely out of sight when they join—so many are made to profess what they never believed. Hence we often hear sentiments advanced diametrically contrary to those they *profess* to believe.”

Sallie K. Caldwell was free from bigotry.

She ardently loved the church of her choice—its discipline and peculiar forms of worship—all its varied means of grace—yet she was free from bigotry or sectarian feeling. She could freely give her warm hand to all who bore the image of her Master, no difference by what name they were called. Many of the ambassadors of Christ, of other denominations, can bear witness to the warm and cordial greetings she gave them at her father's house. She endeavored to make them all *feel at home*.

She makes frequent mention of attending church with her parents. I was deeply affected with her account, in one of her letters, of the first time she communed with her Father and Mother, at the New School Church. She spoke of the preparatory sermon, on the previous day, and then remarked, "I enjoy a sermon from one evangelical minister as well as another. I thank God we will soon be where denominations are not known." At another time she remarks, I went with my dear parents to prayer meeting at their church, and had a refreshing season. I returned home happy."

I take great pleasure in giving a place in the Sacred Hour to the following interesting letter from the pen of the Rev. William H. Lawder, a superannuated minister of the Cincinnati annual conference, now residing in Piqua. Bro. Lawder speaks from personal knowledge of the character and virtues of Miss Caldwell.

PIQUA, Oct. 24th, 1855.

“I should have attempted a compliance with your request ere this, but for sickness and other hindering causes. And now that I have commenced to write, I hesitate what to say—not that I shall say too much, but that I shall come short of what is due to the memory of our dear departed sister. I very much regret that my acquaintance with her was of so recent date, and consequently in a great degree, anything from my pen will be imperfect. My acquaintance with her commenced some two years since. It began in the *class-room*. Here, as far as I now remember, her place was never vacant,—she was *always in her seat*. She seemed highly to appreciate and greatly to enjoy this peculiar means of grace. She was always

ready to give an 'answer of the reason of the hope within her.' She spoke with great freedom, as one familiar with the *deep things* of Christian experience, and often expressed her thoughts and feelings in the beautiful and appropriate language of Divine inspiration. It was very apparent that she had *studied* the word of God closely, and with prayer. All were delighted to hear the account she gave of her christian experience. There was ever a *pleasing variety* that ministered not only to the comfort, but also to the *edification* of those that heard—giving to them a new impetus in the way of righteousness. Long will she be remembered by those who met her steadily in the class-room.

“She was equally punctual in her attendance upon the *public means* of grace and seemed to enjoy and derive good from the most humble efforts of the pulpit. She did not take her seat with the ear of a critic, disposed to mark and condemn every defect in the matter and manner of the minister; but with an honest and prayerful desire to understand and treasure up all that could in

any way minister to her instruction and perfection in the graces of the christian character. She heard the word gladly, but to 'grow in grace and the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"But the Sabbath School was the field in which she was, if not the most profitable, at least the most active and laborious. Up to the time of her last illness, the Superintendent was never under the necessity of *finding a teacher for her class*. She was there, and at the time, and always *prepared* to teach. It was quite evident that she did not come to her class without some previous preparation. The result was that her class loved her and were seldom absent. But she was not content with the opportunity of instructing those who came to the class of their own accord. Like her Master, she '*went about doing good*.' She sought out those who were accustomed to spend the Sabbath elsewhere, and brought them to the house of God. In the Sabbath School her loss will be most severely felt.

"She was also a great friend to the *Missionary Cause*. To this good work she

would doubtless have been willing, (had Providence opened the way,) to devote not only a portion of her time in the home of her youth, but herself — her life, in distant lands. But she rests from her labors, and her memory will abide among us, “like ointment poured forth.” ”

Sallie K. Caldwell was more than an ordinary Christian. From the time that the mild voice of religion whispered in her ear and directed her heart by the *effectual energy* of the Holy Spirit, *gradually* into the possession of peace with God, she constantly labored for higher degrees of holiness. The word of God was her daily companion, prayer her most valued exercise, and praise her heart’s delight. Soon after she united with the church she said to a friend, “I have served Satan faithfully, but I have now renounced his service — chosen a new Master, and I intend to serve Him more faithfully.” She was never known to step aside from the path of Christian rectitude. From the hour of her conversion she surrendered the world to its votaries,

and resolved to be a "whole-hearted christian—a *Bible christian*."

It will be seen from her Journal and letters that she "shunned the very appearance of evil," and refused to indulge in what many professors term "innocent amusements," "concerts," "parties," etc." She could truly say, with the great apostle of the Gentiles, "And herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man." Previous to her conversion she had indulged in the *fickle pleasures* of the world, and some might think it a hard matter for one so young to renounce them all. GRACE TRIUMPHED IN HER HEART. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." She gave up all to Christ. She had no "fellowship with unfruitful works." She did not even desire to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. The consecration was complete—entire—wanting nothing. And God accepted her offering. From the earliest stages of her christian experience, her language was,

“Could I all human souls combine,
Those souls I would present my Lord,
And angels at the sight should join
Their minstrel choir with sweet accord.

“My heart abounds with grateful songs,
And overflows with streams of love;
To God alone all praise belongs
BY ALL BELOW AND ALL ABOVE.”

It will also be seen in this work that she was remarkably regular in the performance of her religious duties. She had adopted some plans and rules of “Holy Living,” which she strictly adhered to under all circumstances. At nine o’clock, she was always present at her class, in that sacred spot, the OLD NORTH ROOM, in the basement of the Green street M. E. Church. At the stated preaching of the word she was a devout and attentive hearer. She had a well-balanced mind, a retentive memory, and wonderful faculty of concentrating all her mental powers upon the subject under discussion. With a little more experience, she would have made an excellent *reporter for the press*. You may well imagine my surprise to find among her letters, many of my own sermons, delivered in 1852-3, reported with remarkable accuracy,—some of

which were delivered at times of unusual religious interest in the church, and were spoken with great rapidity.

She was a great admirer of nature. Her soul was in harmony with the beautiful. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." To her mind —

"Nature was the chart of God —
Mapping out all his attributes."

She loved to ramble in the "Grand Old Woods" and contemplate the works of the Creator.

"For beauty hideth everywhere, that Reason's child
may seek her,
And having found the gem of price may set it in
God's crown."

She dearly loved to behold the beauty of the rolling clouds. She felt

"It glorious to gaze upon the firmament, and see from
far the mansions of the blest :
Each distant shining world, a kingdom for one of the
redeemed ;
To read the antique history of earth stamped upon
those medals in the rocks,
Which design hath rescued from decay, to tell of the
green infancy of time."

Although surrounded by a gay circle of young friends, she loved the society of the "meek and lowly in heart." Religion was the theme upon which she delighted to dwell. After trying the service of God for more than two years, she makes this record in her Journal. "I still find fresh delight in the story of the cross. THE SERVICE OF GOD IS A THOUSAND FOLD MORE DELIGHTFUL NOW THAN WHEN I FIRST STARTED."

Religion with her was an *habitual* thing. It shone with a fixed light in the firmament of her soul. It was the settled temper of her heart; not like some stars which are seen but seldom. It was not *casual*, but constant.

She made no "*compromises*" with the world. Consequently she was not unfrequently called "over-scrupulous" in little matters, or "*fanatical*." But she was ready to say, "none of these things move me."

"Above your scorn we rise :
Our conscience in the Holy Ghost
Can witness better things ;
For He whose blood is all our boast
Hath made us priests and kings."

My dear reader, I am free to admit, that Sal-

lie was just like you and I, depraved and erring by nature, but grace "reigned through righteousness unto eternal life, by Christ Jesus, our Lord." It was the GRACE OF GOD that enabled her "to SHINE." Though the soul may be "free from sin," yet we are liable to err in judgment, and will all our lifetime remain subject to the infirmities and unavoidable failings growing out of the original fall of man

"Not to be tainted with the smallest error
Is the sole prerogative of heaven ;
But that immunity was never given to earth."

Yet like the believing Corinthians, we may be "FULL OF GOODNESS," and like Barnabas, "full of THE HOLY GHOST," and like Dorcas, "FULL OF GOOD WORKS." The "fruits of the Spirit" must hang out in our conduct and daily walk, like fruit upon the boughs of a productive tree.

The providence by which Miss Caldwell has been removed so early from the vineyard is inscrutable. Here his path lieth in the deep waters. But while clouds and darkness are around about him, justice and judgment are the habitation of his

throne. To us it is a severe dispensation, but the WHY and the wherefore we cannot now answer.

“God, a wise Father, showeth not his reasons to his babes,
But willeth in secrecy and goodnees — causes generate dispute.”

That life is not always longest which is spun out to the greatest extent of days. There is undoubtedly a way of rendering a short life a long one,—“That life is longest which answers life’s great end.”

“The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.” Her career was short but brilliant. I have no fears that she wears a “starless crown.” O no. She accomplished a great work, and has “early gone to rest.” Her works follow—virtue never dies.

“The wintry blasts of death
Kill not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread
Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,
Through endless ages into higher power.”

She was “instant in season and out of season.” She LOVED TO WORK FOR JESUS, and tried to improve every golden opportu-

nity. Her works of charity, patience and love, gave evidence of the gratitude that glowed within her heart toward God for all his mercies. While "the ruling feeling of her heart" was, "I AM SAFE," her highest ambition was to be Christ-like—to DO GOOD. It is certain that she enjoyed more than she *professed*, even to her most intimate friends. Any one who will carefully peruse this work will not be left in the dark, as to the *measure of her christian attainments*. She, being "dead, yet speaketh." I have aimed to let her speak for herself throughout the whole of the Sacred Hour. O, it is a sweet voice from the spirit land, to woo us from earth, and allure us to heaven.

Among the very last words that Sallie Kitchen Caldwell uttered, when leaving Piqua in the cars for Berlin Hights, were the following,— "I AM DETERMINED TO BE A CHRISTIAN AND WORK FOR GOD." And most faithfully did she execute this high and holy purpose among strangers, until the "weary wheels of life stood still." Truly

of her may it be said, she hath done what she could.

“ The grateful deed her hand hath wrought,
Where'er the gospel is conveyed,
Like balmy gales, with odors fraught,
In purest light shall be displayed.

“Touched with a zeal for every woe,
Sisters in every clime shall rise,
To emulate her deeds below,
And share her bliss above the skies.

“ To grief's sad house and couch of pain,
With hasty steps shall they repair,
From lowliest act shall ne'er refrain,
One pang to ease, or sorrow bear.

“ The orphan's tear, they wipe away,
Break proud oppression's cruel rod ;
And thus religion pure display,
And undefiled they walk with God.

“ Lured by the Sheperd's gentle call,
His tender Lambs to him they guide,
That when the storms of life shall fall,
Within his fold they safe may hide.

“ Their hands shall pluck from life's fair tree
The balmy leaves for sin's deep wound :
And scatter with profusion free,
Till health, and life, and joy abound,

“ Thus mercy's deeds have they performed,
And what they could, they still shall do ;
Their life with every grace adorned,
AND HEAVEN ON THEM SHALL GOD BESTOW.”

CHAPTER XII.

THIS I DO FOR JESUS, MY SAVIOR.

“I wept, yet humbly kissed the rod,
The best of all I still have left —
MY FAITH, MY BIBLE AND MY GOD.”

A female missionary, Mrs. C——, called afterward “THE NOBLE MOTHER,” as she held her children to her breast and imprinted on them a mother’s kiss, and bestowed on them a mother’s farewell—no tears affording relief to her bursting heart—her face as pale as if life itself had retreated from its citadel—said with the deepest emotion, but with calm and heroic devotion—“THIS I DO FOR JESUS, MY SAVIOR—this I do for the heathen.”

How touching and sublime a scene like this. O how it stirs the deepest feelings of the human heart. We see here the same spirit that led the martyrs to the stake.

Polycarp said to the Proconsul who required him to swear by the Fortunes of Cæsar—“Eighty and six years have I served Christ, and he hath never deceived

me — and how can I blaspheme him who is my King and Savior?" "Swear by the fortunes of Cæsar," said the Proconsul again. "I AM A CHRISTIAN," said Polycarp. "I have *wild beasts*, and unless you repent you will suffer the consequences." "Let them be brought forth," said Polycarp. "Since you despise the wild beasts," said the Proconsul, "I will *tame* your spirit, if you do not change your mind, *by fire*." Polycarp replied, "You threaten me with fire which burns for a *moment*, but you are ignorant of *eternal fire* which is reserved for all the ungodly." What a sublime spectacle. It fills us with admiration. Ah! well might Polycarp have said, when going to the stake, "THIS I DO FOR JESUS' MY SAVIOR." O yes, he "loved not his life *unto the death*." I hesitate not to say that there are multiplied thousands now living on earth, that would cheerfully go to the stake, before they would deny the Savior. A martyr's spirit is still in the church. And yet I fear there are too many who *profess* to be the followers of Christ that are too much conformed to the spirit and practice of this

world. This world merits neither our hearts nor our homage. It should not share our affections. We cannot serve two masters —“God and Mammon.” To serve one we must abandon the other; to follow one fully we must renounce the other. This world is the enemy of God, and smitten with his anathemas. We cannot be the friend of this world without being an enemy of God. “Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is an enemy of God.”—James 4: 4. O, let me ask you, what do you find in this world but *emptiness and deceit*? In its best estate it is like some of the Egyptian temples, beautiful without, but on entering you can see nothing but the image of an ape. What is there in it that can attract us? Should not everything that the world has, rather detach, than engage our hearts? Are its promises sincere and lasting? Ah does it not often

“Keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.”

Are even its favors enjoyed without danger and fear? Gather up all its riches, honors and pleasures and we behold "vanity and vexation of spirit" written upon the frontispiece of them all.

"Pleasure, while we pursue it, flies,
And fancied bliss deludes our eyes,
While grace bedews, with many a tear,
The ground which sin hath sown with care."

There is NO ROYAL ROAD TO HEAVEN. It is by the way of the manger, the garden, and "Calvary's Holy Mountain." Christ, at his departure out of this world, left us no other legacy but His Cross and *His Grace*.

We are all children of Calvary. We are not called to a life of rest, but of labor—to a life of self-denial and cross-bearing. If we would reign with Christ, we must gladly suffer for him on earth. We are called to a decided separation from the world, and unre-served consecration to his service, of soul and body, time, talents and property.

Homer speaks of a tree called the Lotus, the fruit of which resembled dates, and was so delightful that they who tasted it desired to remain forever in that country, and lost

all thoughts of home. O, my dear sister, have you tasted the fruit of this fatal tree? Has the love of the world obscured your spiritual vision? Have you lost all thoughts and desires about your *home in the skies*? For whom and for what are you living? O, can you say, "*This I do for Jesus my Savior,*" and the conversion of sinners? How many sacrifices have you made for the Savior since you espoused his cause? What *idols* have you renounced for the sake of Christ and his gospel? We must make *sacrifices* and practice self-denial, if we would be crowned with glory at the coming of our Lord. "To win Christ," WE MUST FORSAKE ALL. "So likewise whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."—Luke 14: 33.

"Then saw I this — that whether guileless child,
 Or youth, or age, or genius won salvation,
 Each SELF RENOUNCING came; and on each God smiled—
 Each found the love of Christ rich compensation
 For loss of friends, earth's pleasures and renown:
 Each entered heaven, and '*by His side sat down.*'"

A pious young lady, when dying, was asked by her sister in the following manner:
 "My dear sister, *what shall I do when you*

are gone?” “GLORIFY GOD,” was her short but appropriate answer. This should be the great object and pursuit of every christian. “Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and spirit which are God’s. This must be done by external sanctity of life and body, and internal purity of heart. We may glorify God by sufferings—by cultivating a cheerful submission to his holy will under bereavements and the losses of the world.

“I SEE GOD WILL HAVE MY WHOLE HEART and *he shall have it,*” was a fine reflection, made by a lady on receiving intelligence that two of her sons, whom she tenderly loved, were suddenly drowned. O, now can we refuse to give our whole hearts to Jesus? Think how he loved us. When we were enemies, then Christ died to redeem us from ALL INIQUITY. He bore our sins in his own body upon the tree. O, how amazing is the love of God to fallen man. God stoops to dwell in flesh—leaves his throne in heaven—loses his life on earth, and wades through hell to enthrone us in his

kingdom, and make us crowned Kings forever.

“We love him,” says John, “because he first loved us.” No reason can be given why God loved any of Adam’s children, but simply because *He loved* us; but many good reasons can be assigned why you should love Him,—not only because he is infinitely lovely, but because “HE LOVED US,” before we had thoughts of love toward Him. Alas! how prone we are to forget his love, and the benefits we have received through his death. How soon do we forget the mercies of God!

“——— They —— lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.”

“Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this; and be horribly afraid at the ingratitude of man!” How little do we think on redeeming love. How little do we speak of this love or commend it to those who know it not. How do the small trifles and *little nothings* of the world get more room in our hearts than the purchase of Christ on Calvary. What have we to say in favor of this “man

of sorrows?" It was a custom, says one of the ancient Rabins, among the Israelites, when a criminal was condemned to die, to send a crier around the city, saying — "IF ANY ONE KNOWETH ANYTHING IN FAVOR OF THIS PERSON, LET HIM COME FORWARD." This was denied to Jesus. No doubt if, according to custom, this proclamation had been made, thousands of the poor whose tongues he had loosed, and whose eyes he had opened, and the lame whom he had healed, would have thronged around him and testified to his innocence, and the Godlike charity and acts of benevolence with which that life had been so signally marked. But no, — "HIS JUDGMENT WAS TAKEN AWAY." The disciples forsook him and fled; faithless Peter denied him with an oath — saying, "*I know not the man.*"

But although Christ was thus denied and dishonored in the days of his humiliation, thousands confess him now, as their Lord and Redeemer. I am glad that I have the privilege of asking you, my dear reader, — "What think ye of Christ?" Have you anything to say in his favor? What is your

word of testimony in the church? What is your testimony before your unconverted friends? What is your testimony in the family circle? Do you endeavor to recommend him by your daily walk and conversation? Aye, by precept and *example*? You may do much to honor and recommend Christ by a good example. The preaching of the gospel is to do a great deal, but not all—the silent but convincing *power* of a consistent holy life, preaching a constant sermon to the eye of the unconverted, will do much also. A good example is an ordinance of God's own appointment for the salvation of sinners. If you are not an *exemplary* christian, acting out what you profess, you are a “robber” of God and man. It is not *professing* well but *doing well* that will secure you an entrance into heaven. “Blessed are they who do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city.”

It is recorded of Louis XIV of France, that when the Eddystone Light House was building, one of his small vessels of war

came so near the coast as to take the men prisoners of war that were employed in rearing the fabric, who with their tools were carried to France. As soon as the monarch heard of it, he ordered the men to be sent back to their work, declaring at the same time, that although he was at war with England, he was not at war with humanity.—If you love the souls of those around you, endeavor to “*shine brightly*” like the Light House, whose reflectors have not been rusted by the rains of heaven, that you may guide many safely over the dangerous sea of life, into the haven of eternal bliss.

It is your duty to “*shine*” as a light in the world, “holding forth the word of life.” But you are ready to say, “I am an obscure individual; what can I do?” I answer, you can “*shine*”—Do not be like a “*burnt post*;” live HOLY and your influence will be felt everywhere you go. Do all that you can—God, angels, and good men ask no more. “DETERMINE TO BE A CHRISTIAN, AND WORK FOR GOD.”

Some years ago I read an account of a lone widow, that dwelt upon the sea shore.

All around her the coast was rugged and dangerous; and many times was her heart melted by the sight of perishing human beings. One stormy night, when the howling wind was making her loneliness more lonely, and her mind was conjuring up what the next morning's light might disclose, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood upon an elevated spot, and her window looked out upon the sea: might she not place her lamp in that window, that it might be a beacon light to warn some poor mariner off the coast? She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned at the window; and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp; many a crew was saved from perishing. That woman "did what she could;" and if all believers kept their light burning as brightly and steadily, might not many a soul be warned to flee from the wrath to come? Many Christians have not the power to do much active service for Christ; but if they would live as lights in the world, they would do much. If those who cannot preach to the old or teach the

young, would but walk worthy of Him who hath called them to his kingdom and glory, how much would the hands of ministers and teachers be strengthened, and their hearts encouraged.

A custom prevails in Greenland of an instructive character. When a stranger knocks at the door, he asks — “Is GOD IN THIS HOUSE?” If they answer Yes,—he enters. O sister, let me ask you, from my quiet retreat, is God in your house? Is the Savior still a guest in your family? Is your house known in heaven? Do the angels still visit you like Abraham of old? Have you a little chamber on the wall, called, by way of distinction, the “Prophets’ chamber” as in former years, when the candle of the Lord shone upon your “tabernacle?”

Mr. Wesley was once asked whether he believed a certain man was a christian. He instantly replied—“I cannot tell you, I NEVER LIVED IN HIS FAMILY.” Aye, does the ark still abide in your family, as it did in the house of Obed-edom? — It is not what a man professes, but how he *lives* that must decide the reality of his religion.

Is the fire still blazing on the family altar? Do you pray in secret? Do you love the place of social worship, and to converse with the friends of Jesus? Are you laboring and praying for the world's conversion? O, then

“Let out thy soul in prayer :
Not for *thy home alone* —
Away in prayer, away !
Make all the world thine own

“Let out thy soul in prayer,
O let thy spirit grow :
God gives thee sun and air,
Let the full blossom blow.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT I MIGHT GLORIFY GOD IN MY DEATH.

“ Christian, behold ! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea storm’s rage is o’er.
Hark ! how the heavenly hosts are cheering :
See in what forms they range the shore.
Cheer up ! cheer up ! the day breaks o’er thee,
Bright as the summer noon tide ray :
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory
Invite thy happy soul away.
Away ! away ! leave all for glory :
Thy name is written on the throne —
Thy home is in those realms of glory,
Where thy Redeemer now is gone.”

A deeply pious relative of mine, who had consecrated herself to God in the morning of life, when dying and bidding adieu to her weeping and disconsolate family, after kissing her dear children and giving them her parting blessing, called her husband to her and said in the most emphatic manner, “ William, you will now see to what purpose I have lived — THAT I MIGHT GLORIFY GOD IN MY DEATH.”

St. Paul, in writing to the church at Philippi, uses the following beautiful and expressive language: “ According to my ear-

nest expectation and *my* hope that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also, Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by *life* or *by death*. For to me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." Philippians, 1: 20, 21.

Dear reader, let me ask you in the close of this volume, to "what purpose have you lived?" If you would "glorify God in your death," you must "show forth the praises of Him who hath called you from darkness into his marvelous light," *in your life*. In a word, if God should be glorified, either in *your* "*life or death*," you must be a "working christian." Holy living will make happy dying. The church is still in a military condition. We are *ensign* bearers for Christ. "In the name of our God we have set up our banners." Let us not look at the dangers and sufferings of the campaign, but think much of dividing the spoil and the garland of honor that will be set upon our brow by the Captain of our salvation. We can have no charter of exemption given to us in this life—we must be made "*perfect through suffering*." Life is

full of change—a mixed cup of joy and sorrow, and may be fitly represented by a river mentioned by Plutarch, the waters *running sweet* in the morning, and bitter in the evening. But what of all this? Our way at times may be dark and thorny too; but let us ever remember we are traveling the same road that Christ and the “collected excellence” of all past ages have trodden. It is repeated in Bohemian story, that Winesslaus, then King, one winter night going to his devotions barefooted in the snow and sharp ice, his servant, who waited upon his master’s piety, and endeavored to imitate his affections, began to faint, through the violence of the snow and cold, until the King commanded him to follow him closely, and set his feet in the same footsteps which his feet should mark for him. The servant did so, and followed his Prince, helped forward with shame and zeal to his imitation, and by forming the footsteps for him in the snow.

O my dear brother or sister, is your way rough? Do you begin to faint with the fatigues of your journey? Follow your Saviour more closely. He has “left us an ex-

ample that ye should follow in his steps." He has gone before us and mapped out the way, in marks of blood. He is now forming footsteps for you in rough, slippery places. O do not follow him in the distance, but place your erring and bleeding feet in his footsteps.

He will subdue thine enemies from before thy face. "Behold the Lord thy God hath set the land before thee; go up and possess it as the Lord God of thy Fathers hath said unto thee; fear not, neither be discouraged." Faith in Jesus will enable you to triumph at all times. It is in this way that the good in all ages have been enabled to come off "more than conquerors."

"They marked the *footsteps* that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest."

If we live as our fathers and mothers have lived, and "walk and talk with God," as some of our departed *sisters* have done, I have no fears but that God "*will be glorified in our death.*"

In 1838, when I traveled White Oak Circuit, the Rev. Benjamin Lakin, of precious

memory, resided at Point Pleasant, within the bounds of my circuit. I had the pleasure of a familiar acquaintance with him, and although he was then advanced in years and sustained a superannuated relation to the Ohio Conference, he often preached for me. On one occasion, a funeral sermon at Calvary meeting house, I heard him remark as follows:

“I have long since ceased to pray that I might die at any particular *time*, or *place*, or of any peculiar disease, surrounded by such a class of circumstances as would render it desirable,” etc. “I have,” said this holy man of God, “but one short prayer to offer in regard to my death—and it is simply this—that God would grant me the privilege of dying just at such a time, place and manner as shall bring *the most glory to my dear Redeemer.*” I have never forgotten that remark; and when I heard of his death, it impressed me *more forcibly still*. He continued to preach until he had reached the *eighty-second* year of his age, and the FIFTY-FOURTH year of his ministry. About eight years ago, he started to Felicity, on horseback, for the purpose of attend-

ing a quarterly meeting among his old friends. He reached the house of Sister Richards on Friday evening, almost in sight of the church where I heard him make the above remark. He was enjoying an unusually happy frame of mind, and appeared in usual health, and conversed freely and cheerfully with his old acquaintances, until about eleven o'clock in the evening. He then looked at his watch and arose from his seat, stepped out into the hall and suddenly fell. The family supposed at first that he had fainted, and made many efforts to restore him to life—but the spirit of the aged pilgrim was with God. He had realized truly what he loved to sing when in health—

“O that without one lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive :
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.”

God was indeed glorified in his death. We should have no will but God's. A lady who was very ill, was asked by her kind physician “if she felt resigned to die?” She promptly answered “The ‘WILL OF THE LORD BE DONE,’ and not my own.” “Well,

sister," said he, "suppose God should leave it with you to decide—and refer this matter into your own hands—what would you do then?" She studied for a moment, and then meekly said, "Doctor, I should refer it back to him again."

How touching and how truthful. "O, woman, great is thy faith." Under all circumstances the language of our hearts should be—"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good."

"Though now ascended up on high,
Christ bends to earth a brother's eye:
In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows hath a part.
With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour."

Contrast the death bed scene of Miss Caldwell, at Berlin Hights, with that of Hoffman, the voluptuous novelist, whose dying exclamation was, "LIFE, LIFE—only life, on any condition whatever." He was unwilling to think of God or futurity—but went on dictating his wild stories to the last. The closing scene was striking and instructive. His feet, legs and arms had

been paralyzed for months. At length he lost all sensation, though his fancy retained its creative power. Feeling no more pain he said to his physician, (thinking he was about to recover,) "I feel no more pain—it will soon be over." "Yes," said the medical man, giving another and more impressively solemn meaning to his words, "it will soon be over." When made fully aware that he was dying, he called his wife to his bedside, and begging her to fold his motionless hands together, said, lifting his dying eyes to heaven, "WE MUST, *then, think of God also.*" Shortly after, the expiring flame glared up again within him, and fancying that he might still postpone intrusive thoughts of God and eternity, he said, "I shall be well enough in the evening to go on with the tale I have been inditing." He asked for the reading of the last sentence—and just as it was finished expired. O! it is sad to reflect on such a melancholy scene. Let us turn our eyes to the couch of one who has lived for God—who loved to think about him when in health, and now as she is departing from earth—

—“On her dying countenance was seen
A smile — the index of a soul serene.”

The dark valley is illumined by the light
that shines from the Celestial city — her fu-
ture home —

“The palace of angels and God.”

O, if she could have spoken to those around
her dying bed at that moment, she would
have exclaimed — “MY WORK IS DONE. SEE!
SEE! I AM ALMOST HOME.” But O, what
tongue can portray the goodness of God.
A weeping mother has now arrived — anx-
ious to hear from her own dying lips if “all
is well.” The saint of God revives again
for a moment, to whisper words of comfort,
and to send her last farewell to “the loved
ones at home,” and then exclaims — “O
ma, why did you call me back? I was so
happy” — and then, looking upward, said —
“Lay me down — let me go. O! HOW
BRIGHT! O! HOW BRIGHT! O! HOW BRIGHT!”

Her imprisoned spirit was set free, and
wings were given her to fly from these ter-
rene abodes to regions of immortal bliss.

“Then surely when the prison bands of death are
loosed,

And the strong prison of the soul is broken,
It will rise high above its boldest flight—
Above its cares — above its joys and sorrows —
And rest not till it breathes the heavenly air,
And folds its pinions near the throne of God.”

A parting word, and I will bid you farewell for the present. Read *good books* — eschew the frothy, light literature that floods every thoroughfare, and threatens to devour the “good seed of the Kingdom.” Read especially the word of God. In it alone you can *find food for your soul*. You will find a great difference between it and the uninspired productions of men. It is the sword of the Spirit, and your best weapon of defence. This thought is beautifully illustrated by the conflict between APPOLYON and CHRISTIAN in the Valley of *Humiliation*. Appolyon threw a dart at the breast of Christian, but Christian had a “shield that warded it off.” The battle now raged more fiercely, Appolyon throwing his darts as *thick as hail*, wounded Christian in the *head, hand and foot*, and made him give back. The combat lasted *half a day*, Christian still growing weaker and weaker. At length Appolyon gave him a *dreadful*

fall, and the "sword" of Christian flew out of his hand. Appolyon pressed him sore, and he began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while Appolyon was fetching a last blow to make an end of this *good man*, Christian reached out his bleeding hand, and caught his "sword," saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise," and then gave his enemy a *mortal wound*. Christian seeing that, made at Appolyon again, saying, "Nay in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that hath loved us." Then one came to him, with the leaves of the "tree of life," and healed his wounds, and Christian now being refreshed went on his way "sword" in hand. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God." The Rev. H — of the Kentucky conference, related to me the following incident, in regard to himself: When admitted to Conference, his first appointment was to the mountains of western Virginia. His presiding elder requested him to study first the branches of science laid down in the "regular course of read-

ing," for candidates for "deacon's orders." He remarked that during the winter he could study but little, as he had to lodge in the same room with the families among whom he had labored. In those days of log cabins, parlors and "well furnished upper rooms" were not to be found in that region of country. However, in the summer he resorted to the woods to study the "prescribed sciences." "O sir," said he, "no language can describe how Satan buffeted me for a long season." Logic and rhetoric were dry and uninteresting studies to a man far from home — from wife and children. "At one time," said he, "I had a fearful struggle, which lasted for several hours, and I had almost made up my mind to quit the field and return to my worldly occupation. But God be praised, as I put my books on science into my saddle bags, my hand rested upon my pocket Bible. I took it out and commenced reading in it; I soon became deeply interested. Bright and celestial rays darted into my soul and divine glory gilded the sacred page. O, brother Gaddis," said my dear brother H —, "the *mountains were soon*

on fire, and I arose and made the grand old forest echo with my loud shouts of "glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will to men." Ah! my dear reader, he saw by faith, while reading the Bible, what the servant of Elisha could not see—the mountain full of horses and chariots. "After this victory," said the minister, "I always took my Bible with me to the woods, to set my LOGIC and RHETORIC ON FIRE." O then read God's precious word constantly. Pray, also, as did Baxter, Luther, Wesley, Whitfield, Fletcher, Asbury, McKendre, Hedding, and many whom I might mention of more modern times, and God will make you strong to labor. We may almost do as much good in our closets by importunate, *agonizing prayer*, as many ministers accomplish in the pulpit. John Knox was a man of mighty prayer. The Popish Queen of Scotts declared that she had rather face an army of twenty thousand men than the prayers of Rev. John Knox. Pray on—fight on—*rejoice evermore*. Gird on the armor anew. *Work for God*. Be in ear-

nest — “strive to enter in” — *agonize*. Hope on — ever. Be cheerful and “strong in faith, giving glory to God.” If persecuted and afflicted, do not murmur or repine. Remember this —

——“and humbly kiss the rod,
The best of all I still have left —
MY FAITH, MY BIBLE, AND MY GOD.”

A disposition to distrust the gracious providence of God, and to fear that he will at last forsake us, has been the “infirmity” of the people of God in all ages. *Unbelief* dishonors God — discredits his word and gospel too. Never let us give way to it. It wrongs three of the attributes of Deity. FIRST — *His wisdom* — as if God did not *know what was best for us*. SECOND — *His power* — as if he lacked *ability* to execute, etc. THIRD — *His faithfulness* — as if he would not *perform* all that he has promised.

O, my sister, dismiss your fears. “Have faith in God.” It will not be long until the Master will say, “Call the laborers and give them their hire.” Should I never speak to you again till we meet in glory, I would say — Cling to Christ by living faith.

A recent traveler walking among the ru-

ins of Herculaneum, found his way to the graveyard, which had been buried for ages. He discovered a device upon an ancient tomb of a ship just *landed in port, with all her sails folded up.*

A beautiful and expressive figure of the close of the christian's voyage over the tempestuous sea of human life.

WAS it fancy, or did I not see two pilgrims journeying through the wilderness of this world, toward the land of promise—the haven of eternal rest in glory. As I hastily approached them — eager to learn the theme of their conversation — I perceived that the name of one was UNBELIEF and the other ACTIVE FAITH.

UNBELIEF was a man of diminutive stature; with a sunken eye, blanched cheek, and woe-be-gone appearance. He moved slowly, and occasionally walked with a faltering step.

ACTIVE FAITH was a lofty personage; of noble mien, ruddy cheeks, and keen vision. He walked with an elastic step, and wore almost continually a smiling countenance.

Unperceived as I followed them on their

journey I heard the following interesting conversation :

UNBELIEF accosted ACTIVE FAITH in the following manner :

Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger? What is thy name and where is the place of thy destination?

ACTIVE FAITH responds : My name is Living or Active Faith—I am journeying to the place which the Lord said I will give it thee.

Have you never learned to sing that sweet song,

“ The land of glory lies
Beyond old Jordan’s stream ;
A region in the skies,
Where fields are always green.”

Come, fellow pilgrim, and accompany me—and it shall come to pass that whatsoever goodness the Lord does to me, he will do to thee also. Come, let us urge our way onward as the day goeth away and the shadows of the evening are lengthened out.

UNBELIEF. I am glad that I have met with you, “ pilgrim warrior.” I have started for the same goodly country, but, alas!

my soul has been much discouraged "because of the way."

ACTIVE FAITH. Fellow pilgrim, gird up the loins of thy mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto thee at the revelation of Jesus Christ. Remember that precious promise: *He that endureth to the end the same shall be saved.* Let us unite to sing,

"The rougher the way the shorter our stay,
And the storms that arise——
Shall gloriously hurry us home to the skies."

UNBELIEF. Were there no graves in Egypt—why has God brought us out into the wilderness to die? This is a land that eats up its inhabitants. We shall one day surely perish with hunger or fall by the edge of the sword.

ACTIVE FAITH. Fear not, thou worm Jacob. Our God feeds the young ravens when they cry, and takes care of oxen and sheep. He has numbered even the hairs of your head. Do you not recollect this promise—Thy bread shall be given thee and thy water shall be sure. He will dispossess all our enemies and drive them out before our face.

One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.

“His word our light—His arm our guide;
 A fire by night,—a cloud by day;
 O'er mountain, plain, or billowy tide,
 We urge our undiverted way;
 With such a guide close by our side
 We cannot fail, we cannot stray.”

UNBELIEF. My soul is still cast down within me. My enemies *continually* say unto me, Where is now thy God? Day and night they reproach me, saying, Persecute and take him—*The Lord hath forsaken him.*

ACTIVE FAITH. He that keepeth Israel does not slumber nor sleep. Our God is near at hand and not afar off. He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye. O think of that sweet promise, When thou passest through the water it shall not overflow thee, and through the fires they shall not kindle upon thee: *I am thy God.* Yea, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness. Dismiss your fears and let us sing,

“Who then shall violate our rest,
 While thou art intimately nigh;

Sin, earth, and hell I now defy ;
I lean upon my Savior's breast."

UNBELIEF. But is it not written *some-where* in the Scriptures that God will cast off forever?—*that he will be favorable no more.*

ACTIVE FAITH. O, no. But it is thus written for your encouragement: Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion. His anger endureth for a *moment*. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee *for a moment*, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

Can a woman forget her child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, she may forget; yet will I not forget thee. Mine is an unchanging love; higher than the heights above; deeper than the depths beneath. Behold I have *graven* thee upon the palms of my hands—set thee as a *seal* upon my heart and a *signet* upon my arm.

UNBELIEF. Is not his mercy clean gone forever?

ACTIVE FAITH. O, No! It is from ever-

lasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them. *It endureth unto all generations.*

UNBELIEF. Has not God forgotten to be gracious?

ACTIVE FAITH. I answer no. *He is full of compassion.* As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. Then

“Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed.”

UNBELIEF. Has not God in anger shut up his tender mercies?

ACTIVE FAITH. O no! They are new every morning; his compassion fails not, therefore we are not consumed.

“He'll never quench the smoking flax
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he'll never break,
Nor scorn the meanest name.”

UNBELIEF. My strength and hope is perished from the Lord. I know that I shall fall one day by the hand of Saul.

ACTIVE FAITH. The Lord has been *my*

hope from my youth up. By my God I shall do valiantly. By my God I have run through a troop and leaped over a wall. Through Christ strengthening me *I can do all things.*

UBELIEF. I will go mourning all the days of my life. I will go down to the grave in sorrow.

“ Ere first I drew my vital breath,
From nature’s prison free,
Crosses in NUMBER, MEASURE, WEIGHT,
Were written, Lord, for me.”

ACTIVE FAITH. I will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation. In his favor is life; though weeping may continue for a night, joy will come in the morning. Cheer up —

“ For thou, my Shepherd, Friend and Guide,
Hast led me gently on;
Taught me to lay my fainting head
ON CHRIST, THE CORNER-STONE.”

UNBELIEF. All these things make against me.

ACTIVE FAITH. And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God — to them who are the called of God, according to his purpose.

“ What though thou rulest not,
Yet Heaven and Earth and Hell

Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well."

They have just emerged from the wilderness.—The time storm is dying away
Its last angry moan is heard in the distance. They are drawing near the banks
of the river.

UNBELIEF asks once more—DOES NOT HIS
PROMISE FAIL FOREVERMORE?

ACTIVE FAITH responds, in an audible
voice—No! No!! No!!! We have the
promise and the oath of God both, to *assure*
our hearts. God is not man that he should
lie, nor the son of man that he should re-
pent. He hath said, be thou faithful unto
death, and I will give thee a crown of life.
Now his promises are all YEA and AMEN.
Faithful is he who hath promised, who also
will do it.

UNBELIEF.

"Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale,
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,"
Then would not thy courage fail?"

ACTIVE FAITH.

"No—that stream hath nothing frightful,
To it's banks my steps I'll bend;
There to plunge will be delightful—
There my pilgrimage will end."

UNBELIEF.

“But tim’rous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross the narrow flood,
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
 O, could we make those doubts remove —
 Those gloomy doubts that rise —
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unbeckoned eyes.”

ACTIVE FAITH.

“Shudder not to pass the stream,
 Venture all thy care on Him ;
 Him whose dying love and power
 Still’d its tossing, hush’d its roar.

“Safe is the expanded wave —
 Gentle as a summer’s eve ;
 Not one object of his care
 Ever suffer’d shipwreck there.
 “See the haven full in view ;
 Love divine shall bear thee through :
 Trust to that propitious gale ;
 Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.”

He then turns to Unbelief and bids him an eternal farewell.—COME, LORD JESUS, AND COME QUICKLY.

With undaunted courage he plunges into the chilly waters of the Jordan of death. After buffeting the boisterous waves for a few painful moments, he is taken in by the Life Boat, commanded by the Pilot of the Lake of Galilee. Soon the well-known voice of the Captain of his Salvation is

heard above the howling of the tempest saying, "Peace, be still."

The ragings of the storm cease. The Faithful Pilgrim "looks aloft" and beholds inscribed in letters of gold, upon the banner of salvation, as it floats triumphantly in the breeze —

HOMeward BOUND!

FOR THE CITY OF THE NEW JERUSALEM!

Then with an exulting spirit, he raises his voice in a farewell song to earth.

"When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
The distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy now claps her wings,
And loud her Heavenly sonnet sings —
Vain world adieu.

"With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life, the pasture's green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream.
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her Heavenly anthem sings —
I am going home.

"The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand:
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil.
And now for joy she folds her wings
And her *celestial* sonnet sings —
I AM SAFE AT HOME!"

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BY REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS, OF THE CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

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This work is published for the author at the Western Book Concern, by Messrs. Swormsted & Poe, Cincinnati, O. Pages 546 — price \$1,00 — gilt edges \$1,25, with the usual discount to the wholesale purchaser. It may also be procured at wholesale and retail at all the Methodist Book Stores.

EXTRACTS OF TESTIMONIALS.

From Dr. Thomas Bond, of New York.

This is a stirring narrative and a very instructive volume. Revelation and experience are the true sources of religious knowledge, and this biography presents a fine exemplification of the efficiency of the itinerant mode of Gospel ministration adopted by Wesley, and still perpetuated in Europe and America, and still owned and blessed by the great Head of the Church to the spread of Scriptural holiness on the earth..... In addition to his autobiography, the volume abounds with incidents which came under his own observation, and all either calculated to alarm the unconverted, or to build up believers in their most holy faith. It pleased God to give him great success in his labors — wonderful success indeed. In all the circuits and stations in which he was appointed to minister in the word and doctrine, souls were given to him for his hire, and in most there was great outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and a large ingathering to the fold of Christ.

We commend this precious volume to readers of all classes, but especially to ministers of the Gospel. It will enlarge their knowledge of divine things, quicken their spirituality, warm their zeal and earnestness in their only legitimate work — the endeavor to save souls, and direct them, by both precept and example, how to accomplish the work whereunto they are called.

From Dr. J. V. Watson, of Chicago, Ill.

This is a work by our old friend — one who is the friend of every good man — aye, of all the world — MAXWELL PIERSON GADDIS, of the Cincinnati conference. It abounds in those touches of nature that make every man akin. It will come over the souls of the Methodists like the music of other and more primitive days, when the candle of the Lord shone upon their heads, and the world seemed to be less in a hurry to get to perdition, and heaven more familiar because nearer. The Chinese think the spirits of the departed linger where their bodies were laid, and resort to their graves to commune with them. With no superstitious views of the matter, it may be well said that there are unnumbered thousands of Methodists throughout the west, who yet hear voices and hosanna shouts rising from the disappearing beechen and maple groves of Ohio and Indiana. . . . The past in Methodist history, must ever be pregnant with memories pleasant to the heart as the balm of a thousand flowers. Mr. Gaddis's book is another of those volumes that restores such reminiscences, with all the freshness of a spring morning. It is like the winding shell that ever sings into the ear of the superannuated mariner, a sad refrain of his ocean home, now far away, kindling grief-sweetened and grief-chastened joy in his dampened eye. And as an addition to this department of our literature, incomparably the most popular of any we have, "Foot-Prints" will doubtless contest the palm of public favor with any that has yet appeared. Nor will Methodists alone be delighted and edified with it. It is a narrative of providence and grace in the concrete, and will be a banquet to every soul possessing spiritual affections. It is written in a spirit of all confiding piety, and with great simplicity.—*N. W. Ch. Advocate.*

Mr. Gaddis has given to the public, in this handsome volume, highly interesting sketches of pioneer history, in a department of life too often overlooked by the historian or historical sketcher. Prominent men, interesting localities, peculiar circumstances, and striking incidents, are here all recorded by a truthful and intelligent character, and they will prove as pleasant reminiscences of days *lang syne* as any of the necessarily simple annals of the pioneer period. In addition to his personal experience, the author has sketched the rise, progress, character and prospects of several litera

ry and educational institutions of the church in the west. Taken altogether, we like this book much, and can conscientiously recommend it as a pleasant and instructive review of the really good old times in Ohio. —*Cincinnati Daily Times*.

From Dr. B. P. Aydelotte, for many years President of Woodward College.

The *perfect simplicity* of brother Gaddis's style, gives a life-like truthfulness to all his descriptions. As he leads you on, from scene to scene, the whole is *daguer-reotyped* before you. I cannot, therefore, sympathise with the author when he tells us by way of apology that his feeble health would not permit him to revise his narrative. He would have spoiled it, I am confident, had he attempted to improve it. I would almost as soon think of polishing the style of the ingenious dreamer of Bedford jail—John Bunyan. The result of such a process could scarcely fail to be a volume coldly correct and logically dull,—one in all respects just the opposite to the "Foot-Prints."

It would be impossible to give a greater amount of facts and incidents in a smaller compass.....

It will please and profit the pious of every name, and even worldly readers cannot resist the charm of its narrative.

You have now my complaint against the "Itinerant" for interrupting my studies; perhaps you may have a similar ground of complaint against him. I leave him to your judgment. But I must in duty bound, add that I heartily forgive him, and thank him too, for the entertainment and edification with which I have hung over his "Foot-Prints."

Cincinnati Sep. 25, '55.

B. P. AYDELOTTE.

From Dr. Edward Thomson, President of the Ohio Wesleyan University.

One cannot easily rise from it till he has finished the last chapter, and when he has finished it he can scarcely fail to feel that he is a better man. It is well calculated to make a deep religious impression, and should be circulated among young men; to such of them as have ever been sensible of a call to preach, it will be a trumpet note—to all it will be full of salutary warning and admonition.

It seems, like the author himself, to be a universal favorite, for the press, both secular and religious, is loud in its praise. I was particularly struck with the volunteer notice of our friend, Rev. Dr. Aydelotte, than which the author need desire nothing more.

It is very gratifying to learn that the book is likely to have an extensive sale, both at the east and west.

E. THOMSON.

October 29, '55.

From Dr. John P. Durbin.

It contains fresh pictures of early Western itinerant life among Methodist ministers, and is imbued with the spirit of piety. There are remarkable and beautiful incidents and passages in it, which illustrate life in the early church in the West.

JOHN P. DURBIN.

Philadelphia, Nov., 1855.

From Dr. D. P. Kidder, of New York.

It is really surprising to see what a series of thrilling incidents Mr. Gaddis has been able to collect from the scenes of real life, through which he has passed. All these are related with great pertinence, and made to bear upon the subject of religion. I am assured by some young persons who have read the volume, that its narratives are decidedly *more interesting than fiction*, while they can scarcely fail to leave good impressions on the mind and heart. I take pleasure in recommending this book to those who have not become acquainted with it.

D. P. KIDDER.

New York, Dec. 4, 1855.

From Rev. Thomas M. Eddy, D. D., of Indianapolis.

I am highly delighted to see how wide is the demand for the "Foot-Prints" of Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis. I meet it everywhere I go, in town and country—among rich and poor. Many buy and many borrow it. And wherein lies its charm? I answer, that the book is readable *per se*. It is written in simple, earnest style, and such the people love. But there is another—it lifts the veil and gives a view of the inside life of itinerancy; it opens the closet door and leads us into its secret struggles, its heart anguish, its prayers, its vitalized realities! It paints the facts which make the chivalry of itinerancy; it is a living panorama.

From Hon. Judge Storer, of Cincinnati.

The simple yet beautiful and touching description of the many incidents this excellent man has been permitted, in the discharge of his religious duties to witness, his untiring labor, strong faith, and ardent piety, give no ordinary value to the work. It is refreshing in this age of artificial thought and cold *formalism*, when philosophy, falsely so called, has taken the place of the old fashioned gospel, to find here an outpouring of true evangelical feeling assuring us that the writer of these delightful pages is a christian in the highest sense : not the follower of a sect, but of our common Master. We earnestly hope the volume may find its way into every christian family ; no one, certainly can read it without being made wiser and better.

From Bishop Hamline.

SCHENECTADY, Oct. 18, 1855.

MY DEAR BROTHER :— Your book has been a feast indeed to me and my family. I was not aware that you had so many choice incidents, full of instruction as well as entertainment on hand.

To speak plainly, it is a rare book, and will not only do good to thousands, but will preach to multitudes after you ascend to glory. It is destined to an extensive sale, and not for a brief period, but for years and years to come. It will rank among the very best books of its class, while Methodism and its ministers are loved on earth. So I believe.

L. L. HAMLINE.

From Dr. D. W. Clarke, Editor of the Ladies' Repository.

Brother Gaddis is one of the most genial spirits we have met with in the west ; his experience has been largely varied, and its details and incidents now gathered into a volume, make a most *telling work*. We trust that its circulation will keep pace with, and even excel that of the autobiography of the Old Chief.

From Rev. C. Moore, Editor of the Masonic Review.

We have given this book a thorough reading, and now thank the author for furnishing us a work so full of interesting description and thrilling narrative. Its pencilings are drawn by a master hand, and its sketches of scenes and characters are true to the life. Its stories are told with a truthfulness and vividness that move the heart, and despite of philosophy the tears will flow

—luxurious tears that make you feel happier when you have shed them. We cordially commend this volume by Brother Gaddis, to our readers. They will realize the worth of their money twice told, every time they read it.

From the Home Circle, published at Nashville, Tenn.

To us this book is a treasure. Its author, one of the kindest spirits we have ever known, has long been our cherished friend. He has been an eminently successful itinerant, having labored in some of the most extensive and remarkable revivals of religion which have occurred during the last twenty years; and we suppose there is not in Ohio a man of his age so universally beloved by the Methodists. In tracing his "Foot-Prints," we have been led to many a "remembered spot," while the portrait and autograph are as familiar and dear as things of the household. The work will of course have a large circulation where the author is known; and we can assure our people that its pages will impart instruction and comfort wherever they are read. Will Brother Gaddis accept our thanks for the copy sent us, with the assurance that the inscription on the blank page greatly enhances its value?

OHIO CONFERENCE OFFERING:

OR,

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EDITED BY

REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS, OF THE CINCINNATI
CONFERENCE.

This is a neat duodecimo volume of 423 pages.

TESTIMONIALS.

The volume is worthy of a most extended circulation, in view of its intrinsic excellence.

Quarterly Review.

This is a very pleasant and delightful Methodist book, whose character is eminently befitting the idea conveyed in its title—an offering. We would that we had many such. In its conception and execution it is well worthy the talents and reputation of its author, and

an honor to the Conference it represents. It is an ecclesiastical "boquet" of richest gems and flowers.

Nashville Christian Advocate.

Many obligations to brother Gaddis for this beautiful and worthy "Offering," and this expression embraces the sentiment of all whom we have heard give an opinion of the work. The first part affords sure evidence of the talent and purity of those who are to become counsellors of the church. The second part embraces the sermons from Edward Tiffin, M. D., Rev. Wm. B. Christie, Rev. Russel Bigelow and Rev. John Ferree. It was a happy thought thus to connect the dead with the living,—linking the past with the present; and this is a fitting depository for the literary remains of those who have died in the service of the church.

Bishop Simpson.

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THE SACRED HOUR,

BY

REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS,

OF THE CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

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