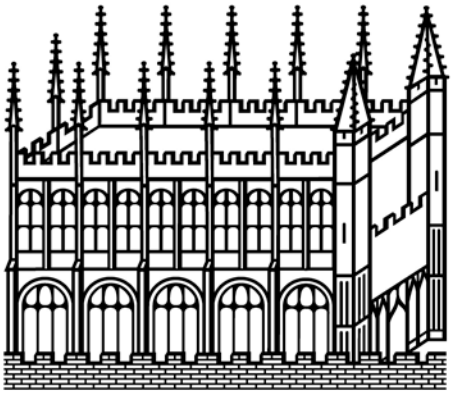

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MEMORIALS

OF THE LATE

Mrs. Barber,

OF

LONGFORD ACADEMY, NEAR GLOUCESTER,

Obit. Aug. 20, 1822, *Ætat. Ann.* 21.

In silent anguish, O my friend,
While I record thy worth,
Thy lovely life, thy early end,
I feel estranged from earth;
My soul with thine desires to rest,
Supremely and for ever blest.

MONTGOMERY.

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PREFATORY ADDRESS.

To the Relatives,

And Personal Friends

Of the Deceased.

Of all the motives for putting these Memorials into the continuity of a Narrative, only *One Being* can be the Judge;—to His unerring decision those motives are commended;—to justify the measure itself, it is sufficient that it was demanded by your affection, and urged by circumstances.

To those who happen to take into their hands this circumscribed account, without knowing the reasons of its appearance in a printed form, it may be needful to say, the principal inducement for the use of type was the prevention of the labour of transcribing, in order to satisfy the wishes of numerous connections. Yet, if the assignment of the wish of friends, as a reason for printing, must appear suspicious because it is common-place—it

should be recollected that the commonest maxims are the most frequently exemplified, and the very incident that serves to remind us of a trite observation, serves at the same time to illustrate it.

Those sheets which shun the popular gaze, and seek not the profit of extended circulation, are not the legitimate subjects for minute examination. While it may be expected, that what a man writes for his friends he will try to write well—there must be in a Narrative, intended to illustrate particularly the close of a life,—and that life of a Young Person —a preciseness of description, and a particularity of detail, very unsuited to public taste—but which will be highly gratifying to those who have reasons to be interested in them. For the painting presented to general inspection, and designed to attract universal admiration, the labours of art,—and the ornaments of taste,—and all the foils of representation,—may be justly required, and fairly employed;—but of the miniature intended to lie concealed in the bosom of friendship, the chief commendation must ever be—fidelity.

Some expressions in the correspondence with him who was afterward the husband of Mrs. Barber, may arrest the attention of the supercilious, only to make them force out a smile:—He cannot regret yielding them the opportunity, since a minute's reflection will serve to apprise them—how gratuitously a smile *may be* raised at the expense of what

does its subject honour;—and how *very confiding* affection may become, even *previous to marriage,* when freed by 'pure religion' from the fetters and trammels which confine and oppress the frigid connections of merely temporal interests;—and how hallowed too, under the sacred influence of piety, may be the warmest effusions of a soul, glowing with an early and ardent attachment.

But, urged by more important and pressing thoughts, I gladly turn to the chief objects of this address.—For your pleasure and benefit, my endeared relatives and friends, the following delineation of the character of one, whom we agreed to love as we agree to lament her, is sketched out—and to you the appeal of the circumstances described, must come with a force peculiarly affecting.

When exactly six months from the day on which she died, I received the Amiable Relative whom we have lost, to behold, as we then saw her and loved her—no more, for ever, the events which have since transpired were no more to be calculated upon, than the lessons those events suggest would then have been deemed unintrusive and appropriate; for then I received her in all the freshness of health, —and in all the vigour of youth,—and in all the bloom of a comeliness that might have quickened the pulse of vanity, and flattered the heart into feelings of high exultation.

It is true DEATH might even then have been

admitted a possibility, for it is possible every moment: but the calculations upon *appearances* added so weightily, and multiplied so numerously, as to withdraw almost altogether the practical influence of *such* a recollection, and to present it rather in the form of a vagrant and transpiring thought, —replete, as to present application, with improbability and extravagance. Yet to realize this improbability, through a fierce and terrible disease— is our allotted affliction.

By a contemplation from our present circumstances, the short space of time intervening between the day of marriage and the day of dissolution, is almost annihilated; and in contrasting the one with the other, our feelings find it no difficulty to move in painful alternation. The freshness of health, in which we beheld our dear Friend on the former day, is exchanged on the latter for the mortal languor and the cold perspirations of fatal disease;— to the vigour of youth, which enabled her on the one, to step along with firm self-possession, succeeds, on the other, the impotence of death;—and the amiable qualities by which unconsciously she made, on the first, a successful appeal to the congratulations of surrounding friends, have, on the last, yielded their hold to the unsightliness of a body—which pain and sickness have wasted, and the spirit has abandoned as if it was worthless.

And to ourselves the change is striking and

important: Not to obtrude upon your notice any contrast of individual feeling, for my object is to urge concern for yourselves, and not for me, the effect of these events upon numbers is surely impressive. How many countenances, relaxed on the one day into smiles of congratulation and decorous cheerfulness, were contracted on the other day with expressions of grief, and suffused with tears;—the bridal ornaments of a pleased and ready participation of joy, are hastily thrown aside, to make way for the black and melancholy funereal vestments which have mantled large families in mourning. On the one day you saw two Persons, whom you intimately knew and loved, united;—you observed with satisfaction the most favouring auspices gather round the happy Pair, and shed upon them the beaming promises of extended felicity;—with delight you beheld them surrounded by an interesting circle of pupils, committed to them to be educated to virtue, and activity, and eminence; and as you believed them 'married in the Lord,' and thought them, through the abundance of the grace of God, and the kind arrangements of his providence, endowed with the elements of unwearying and extensive usefulness,—you exulted as you calculated that your young relatives would not live either in vain or insecurely. On the other day, alas! the bond of earthly union is forcibly dissevered;—the utter vanity of earthly happiness is loudly proclaimed,—the

domestic circle is broken up, and its members suddenly scattered by the spreading contagion of disease,—united usefulness on earth is as much at an end to the newly-married Pair as united happiness, —and all the fair prospects on which you, along with themselves, lately delighted to look, are 'as a dream when one awaketh'—the vision, with all its enchanting loveliness, has at once faded from our view,—as if the pestilential breath of some noxious southern wind had passed over the beauties of an eastern garden, and withered, all at once, its verdure and its fruitfulness into a wreck of shrivelled ruins.

And now, to what purpose all these changes? Is it enough to look upon them as calamities, and to regret them as unavoidable?—This would indicate either great feebleness of mind, or great insensibility of heart.—No.—God has interfered;—and every movement of God is dictated by wisdom, and directed by goodness. To ascertain the appeals of this interference of His authority, and its lessons of grace, is at once an interesting employ, and an imperative duty.

I am well aware these incidents will be contemplated among you, if contemplated at all, with widely differing sensations;—for while some of you know, by the evidences of a very privileged and happy experience, that 'you are followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the pro-

mises,' others of you need no conviction but from the silent decision of your own consciences, that you have neither part nor lot, at present, among the 'children of God and joint-heirs with Christ.'—Perhaps this gives you now very little concern, for you feel, at present, no need of it:—but surely, in the rational exercise of your understandings, you will not be able to parry the vigorous reproaches of your own feelings, for becoming the dupes of a strange and desperate infatuation, if you do not deliberately ask yourselves, *what you shall do* in that day of heart-searching visitation, the day of death, when you shall be in circumstances similar, as to the most important features of them, to those through which our dear Friend has passed, with a tried, and solemn, and awful triumph. Should you turn away your eyes—and you can do so, from beholding facts which remind you of events, that, if they may be to come upon you directly, must be most unwelcome;—and should you succeed in banishing from your thoughts all the impressive appeals those facts have made, you may perhaps satisfy, or at least silence your suspicions, in the midst of delusions which you may assure yourselves are realities:—but there is a moment coming when delusion shall be possible no longer,—when the storming 'hail' of the Providence of Him—with whom are 'the issues of life'—' shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and His waters shall overflow the hiding

place;'—when, along with the awakening impression that you are in danger, shall come the tremendous recollections, armed on purpose to torment you—of calls that have been neglected,—of warnings despised,—of examples forgotten,—of religion rejected,—of the Holy Spirit resisted,—of a Saviour and a Heaven for ever lost.

It is hopeful and encouraging to reflect, that among you are some who are almost persuaded to be Christians,—to experiment for yourselves what has been strongly recommended to you, as essential both to true religion, and a happy security; and yet the arguments even of truth cannot have prevailed; it is no injury to you to say, that you are not decided; your will has hitherto remained proof against the powerful persuasives that true religion presents:—yes, before you the world has set its fascinating charms,—and the flesh has preferred its aspiring and imperious claims,—and Satan has prompted and inspired your reluctant and tremulous reasonings,—and all these together have arrayed such a phalanx of opposition to the treaties, and even to the forces of the Grace of God that bringeth Salvation, as to have checked the progress of Divine Truth in its march to subdue your affections for your Redeemer, and up to this period of your life to have prevented its prevailing. But the contest is yet undetermined;—the forbearance of God leaves it hitherto not fatally resolved: pause

and think how interesting the state of your mind;—a world of men might have its attention justly wound up to the most intense anxiety of suspense, while expecting the tremendous decision;—a Heaven of Angels observes with a deeply silent and watchful interest, and awaits from yourselves the signal either to close upon you the abandonment of future and eternal disregard, or to utter forth their joy that a sinner hath repented;—the balance trembles on the poise of opposite motives, which affect you as if equal and doubtful;—this—this, perhaps, is the moment for fixing the character of your eternity—Oh! let the hand of friendship throw in some new representation,—some additional inducement, that shall give at once the preponderance to your Saviour and your soul. The Memorials now presented you, may develope somewhat of the felicity of which your indecision deprives you, and remind you of the dangers with which alienation from the life of God terribly menaces you. All doubt and hesitation on the subject must be determined by *death;* happy, happy indeed, will you be, if the death which determines for you, be not your own, but another's.

To some of you it may possibly occur, that such instances of painful bereavement as that related in the following pages, are not of infrequent recurrence;—that the warp of gloom which is woven in the style of the Narrative, and darkens the in-

terspersed observations, is too deeply coloured for the fair and general view of human life; and while you give the writer credit for his sincerity,—and for his solicitude respecting you,—and for the spirit of his admonitory cautions, you think yourselves authorised to abate something of the utility of his concern,—and of the need of his solicitude,—and of the force of his admonitions, on the score of the disappointment and the sorrow of his own painful situation: but I wish you could be only justly impressed by the recollections arising obviously from the events before you.

Whatever is of frequent occurrence among men may easily affect your own individual case; and then *what will you do* if you shall be widowed?—or if you shall, with still more momentous concern to yourself, have to *leave behind you unexpectedly* one widowed to lament you?—or, if before you have full opportunity to complete any favourite plans, or realize any cherished wishes, you shall be suddenly called to make the grave your home—and leave your place for another to fill up, and your anticipated possessions for another to enjoy?

Of your insecurity from all this, there is decisive proof in the instance before you. Six weeks before the last happened of that series of events which conspired to plunge me into the deep sorrows of widowhood, almost before I had time to lay aside the garb of a bridegroom, those events were no

more to be anticipated for me, than similar events are at this moment to be expected for you; and yet I, who so lately, in connection with my amiable relative, as an almost indivisible centre, drew around me a very happy domestic circle—I am now in bereavement, and solitude, and sorrow; and she who was so lately, in a sense which love can well interpret, all the world to me—she is to be found on this earth no more: and the boldest flight of imagination, although sustained on its adventurous wing by that affection which survives death, and recovers from the shock of the forced dissolution of endearing ties,—and though enlightened by the rays of Divine Revelation, collected to throw their light upon eternity as it crosses the gloomy grave, and moves abroad into the almost trackless regions beyond,—even such an imagination, so fearless, and so well directed, tires in the fruitless search after any definable spot where the spirit of our Friend at present is,—or any intelligible form which she now wears,—or any specific and determinate feeling toward one of this inferior world, which at this moment she cherishes.

As to what may be asserted is a fair and general view of human life, I may affirm, with great confidence, and equal truth, that a survey of it, in its present condition, becomes flattering only in proportion as the vices and follies which pervade it are not duly estimated: and even regarding only

the abstract question of the sum of wretchedness it presents, if there does not seize upon you the conviction that this world is characterized by temptation, and suffering, and danger, as the unavoidable results of a sinful condition,—and that felicity is only adventitious to it, permitted or appointed by the will of God, as He 'is in Christ reconciling the world to Himself,'—there is reason to fear, either that your habits of inexperience or dissipation have brought upon you that worst of misfortunes, a state of benumbed moral feeling, which renders you insensible to the touching intimations of truth; or that your own cheerfulness and busyness create around you the delusion of a gay dream, which exists only to your own fancy;—which, if there were no eternity, it might not perhaps be desirable to interrupt, except to prevent mischievous immorality, or to anticipate, in order to caution them, immoderate expectations;—but which, though a vision of peace and joy, is liable, as your case really is, to be dissipated for ever, at the instant when you are in the very excitement and activity of enjoyment, either by the pressure on your own persons of some bodily pain, or by the passing of a spirit into another world, away from before your eyes.—With impressions, which you will be able to estimate properly, only when you feel them in reference to others in a state similar to your own at present,—I take this occasion to urge you to a rigorous examination of

the ground on which you stand, and of the circumstances which, with an ever-shifting and ominous variety, continually surround you.—Suffer me, in pointing out to you a course of safety and of happiness, to avail myself of the appropriate language of prophetic inspiration: '*Enter into the rock, and hide you in the dust, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His majesty*'—'*Oh! come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion hath come forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem;—Oh! house of my Fathers, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord.*'

But, with gratitude to God, and indescribable pleasure, I remember that I am in the midst of many relatives and friends, of whom, in connection with the departed, it may be justly said, '*You have one Lord, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.*' I, though in deep affliction, may cast myself with confidence upon your pious sympathies; here best I can meet what sorts with the present condition of my own mind. And as I know of many of you the deep piety, and of some of you the happy communion with God, for which much experience has fitted you, and to which much grace has advanced you, *I know that even this dispensation shall turn to my salvation, through your prayer, and the supply of the*

Spirit of Jesus Christ, according to my earnest expectation and my hope, that now Christ shall be magnified in me, whether it be by the life which is prolonged in sorrow, or the death which has produced distress.

In these Memorials, I do not present you a standard of piety:—it is too much a habit, as it is a misfortune and a fault, that experience is made a standard, when the Bible only should be so: but to you, who study your souls, and their best interests, and in some degree properly estimate invisible realities, I present the history, as far as can be known now, of a Soul in present connection with those realities. And this must be especially desirable and interesting, as it is the history of a soul greatly endeared to us, and very lately among us.—That very soul, which is now *clothed upon* with the ineffable splendour and glory of an imperishable and heavenly nature—was lately among us, prisoned down in a frail and mortal frame;—that very soul, which now has her robes washed and made quite clean 'in the blood of the Lamb'—was lately among us polluted, penitent and believing; praying, struggling and conquering, as we are now;—that very soul, which now enjoys the beatific vision, and indulges the rapturous gaze upon the risen and glorified humanity of our Redeemer and Lord—lately looked out upon us through the medium of those eyes which are now to her useless and unde-

sired;—that very soul, which now employs its powers of voice in the high praises of the Lamb that was slain—lately told us of its probationary feelings, and its growing faith, and its ardent hopes, through the means of those organs of speech which are now silent in the grave;—that very soul, which now has left us, hoping to rejoin her soon on terms of a most happy equality, yet, at present, at the distance of an almost immeasurable inferiority, was lately familiarly among us, and accessible to us—our equal, our acquaintance, with whom we took sweet counsel together, and went to the House of God in company;—that very soul, which is now made meet to enjoy realities invisible to us,—and has passed the dreary gulf of death,—and opened her astonished sight upon eternal things,—and trodden on that concealed shore, the land of immaterials and immortals, before untried, unseen, unfancied, but now become, for ever, her land, her home,—and ascertained the character of her future unchangable destiny—and entered into the joy of her Lord.—was lately among us, looking forward with impressions and anxieties similar to our own, as she 'thought of being disembodied, passing into an unknown world—being ushered into the presence of a pure and holy God—and having her state irrevocably fixed.'——*See Memorials, Letter* 13*th.*

Eternity loudly demands and closely awaits *us:*

we are, in some just degree, awakened to perceive, and alive to feel, our momentous and transcendant interests. There are certain principles upon which we are forming our habits and determining our character for ever: of course we feel ourselves making very much to depend upon the issue of such conduct. To recognise in another those self-same principles, and to detect, if possible, in them, their legitimate effects, is very desirable; but, if this be not possible, then it must be instructive, to observe the actual measure of their influence, and the reasons of their failure or excess; and in reference to the momentous interests involved in the embracing and professing of religion, it is encouraging and profitable to reflect, that the very principles of faith in our adorable Redeemer, and of experimental union with him, upon which we are resting our all, are precisely the principles which, in their appropriate and felicitous realization, enabled our dear departed relative to endure so much so amiably as she did; and to possess the great benefits of those principles, at a period when of all things possessed in this world that are valuable, or are accounted so, right principles only are proved to be valuable.

To one point of special interest I will venture to solicit your particular attention—the entire sanctification required by the Gospel, preparative for heaven: the impression which rested on the mind of my late very dear Friend of the solemn

necessity of entire holiness,—and the distinct and clear view she had of the privilege of Christians under the dispensation of the Holy Ghost in which we live, to be freed from all the dominion and the very in-being of sin,—and the painful feelings she sometimes suffered from a consciousness of not living so as to uninterruptedly glorify this great grace of God,—are subjects on which it will be most becoming for me to make no observations:—but I do in silence, that has earnest meaning, point, and thus urge you, after a perusal of her sentiments, and an inspection of her experience, to an express and a sedulous and a docile examining of your Bibles on the subject.

Her favourite topics, in both conversation and writing, were the love of Christ, holiness, as the fruit of the Spirit, and the faithfulness of God; upon these her soul rested: but she perceived, (and carried her sentiments into the regular activity of every-day life,) the inseparable connection which must subsist between the compassionate, and dying, and saving love of Christ, and the grateful communion of the soul with Him,—between the fruit of the Spirit, and the operations of the Spirit,—between the invariable faithfulness of God, and the implicit and affectionate obedience of man. In the visible circumstances of her dissolution, you may see, in part, the consequences;—but, I entreat you to remember, that no survivor can feel as the dying feel,

—that little words have deep meaning from the quivering lips of an expiring saint,—that mental sufings in the hour of death are not trifles,—nor are spiritual supports to an awakened soul delusions. We cannot get at all the dying mean by all they say; we must die to know, and then our meaning will be as great, and equally too big for utterance to those standing around us. In the agonies of death the soul ceases to communicate with us, because the bodily powers are perishing—but there must be something transcendantly momentous and interesting in the feelings and activity of the spirit, as it makes its last struggles to disentangle itself from the yet not breathless corpse. And Oh! think, I pray you, my endeared friends, in the regions beyond this world, when, unfettered and unburthened, the soul first expands itself, amidst spiritual existences, in illimitable eternity, how ineffable the happiness of meeting, eye to eye, the complacent and approving smile of the Redeemer!

Do not trifle with Death, is an admonition which comes with the terrors of peculiar applicableness to the ungodly and the thoughtless; over their vices and their follies, and even their pleasures and their duties, while at enmity with God, there are gathering and blackening, into more and more deadly deepness, the elements of a wrathful and unsparing tempest, which shall pour out the full vial of its thunders and its lightnings when the great

day of wrath is come. But the admonition is not inappropriate to the professing and the pious ;—*Do not trifle with Death*—for, if you are habitually disposed to forget it in the bustling employments of business,—this is a trifling with death ;—and if you are living in the neglect of any requisition of your Lord's will, of either experience or practice,—this is a trifling with death ;—and if aware of present unfitness, you frigidly throw your hopes on the future, and satisfy yourselves in the promise, altogether indefinite or unmoving, that you shall be fit by and by,—this is a trifling with death ;—and if you know you must be entirely holy, and you neither expect to be so before your last moments, nor can present to the view of truth and fidelity the evidences of an ever-growing sanctification,—this is a trifling with death ;—and if, having witnessed in your own circle the untimely ravages, or rising up from the perusal of these Memorials, of a death premature, according to our views, and altogether unexpected, you remain wholly as you were, and renew, exactly as they were, the spirit and the manners of your restless worldly engagements,—this, too, is a trifling with death.

The present glory and happiness of the dear Friend who has left us, forbid us to regret the exchange on her account;—the wise and sovereign will of our great Lord glances down all murmurs on our own. 'Clouds and thick darkness are truly

round about Him; but justice and judgement are the *habitation* of his throne.' Within the darkness and the clouds there reside a Presence and a Wisdom, changeless and unimpeachable; and surely, while the thick volumes, though impervious and rayless, are unsettled and shifting round about, we may hope that, between the interstices, there shall stream upon us, from afar, a light and glory which shall serve both to illustrate the dispensation, and shine upon the way for faith and hope, out of the obscurity surrounding it. As our friend was eminently fitted for usefulness on earth, we fondly deemed her destined to it; the hope that these Memorials may, through the demonstration and the power of the Holy Spirit, accomplish the salvation of some around (and for this, while she lived, she incessantly prayed and laboured) will help to sustain the affliction of her removal, until the full disclosure in eternity of what we know not now, shall produce, on this very account, a higher rapture of joy. The salvation of one soul would far more than counterbalance all the miseries of bereavement, indescribably great as they are.

Pardon me, that my obervations have been much extended beyond the limits I originally prescribed to myself; but, on this subject, thinking is to me interminable: you were sharers in the interest I felt in her who is now departed, and so you are likewise in the sorrow which claims, on the proper

occasions, the privilege of expression and the indulgence of tears;—the present can never be repeated. Let me gratify myself, by only adding, to remind you of it, that the bitterness of disappointment, and even the ungovernable ebullitions of grief, may find some alleviation in the just and scriptural indulgence of such sentiments as those which the sweet Moravian Singer has vested in the charms, and empowered with the magic, of poetry;—they are sentiments which derive commendation, higher than all others that can array them, from the authority of God,—from the vicarious atonement of Christ,—from the effectual working of the Holy Ghost,—and from the immutability of the plans and the promises of Divine Revelation:

Thou art not dead! thou couldst not die!
To nobler life new born,
Thou look'st with pity from the sky,
Upon a world forlorn,
Where *glory* is but dying flame,
And *immortality*—a name.

Farewell;—but not a long farewell;
In heaven shall I appear,
The triumphs of my faith to tell
In thy delighted ear,—
Shall sing with thee th' eternal strain,
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.'

'Meantime let us give all diligence to make our calling and election sure:'—so that, 'whether we live, we may live unto the Lord,—or die, we may die

unto the Lord; that, living or dying, we may be the Lord's.' 'For this cause,' my endeared relatives and friends, 'I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the *whole Family in Heaven and Earth* is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might, by his Spirit in the inner man, *that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith;* that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, *with all saints,* what is the breadth and length, and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be *filled* with all the *fulness of God.*' 'Now unto him, that *is able to do* exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think, *according to the power that worketh in us,* unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.'

I am,

Your bereaved, afflicted Relative & Friend,

WILLIAM BARBER.

Gloucester, Oct. 20, 1822.

Memorials.

SECT. I.

THE deceased, Mrs. ANNE BARBER, was born May 12, 1801, at Treworgan, Herefordshire: she was the fourth and youngest daughter of Mr. James Howell.

The aged Father survives; but of the counsels and the care of the Mother, the family, consisting of a husband and ten children, were deprived, when Mrs. Barber was only eight years of age.

The painfulness of this bereaving affliction was as overwhelming as its mysteriousness was unsearchable: but the suffering it involved, and the aspect of impenetrable gloom which it wore, conspired to produce in the survivors only a state of motionless astonishment; they were too feeble to resist the Almighty, and too fearful to reply to Him; but their minds were yet not sufficiently enlightened, by the shining in upon them of the light and glory of another and a better world, to allow a yielding im-

mediately to the inculcation of spiritual instructions, from a loss apparently ruinous in its immediate results to individual comfort and to domestic welfare; and yet with such spiritual lessons as would, if properly conned and applied, lead directly to the most important and advantageous results to the soul of the sufferer, every depriving dispensation of Divine Providence is unquestionably charged.

Mrs. Howell was possessed of a superior understanding,—she had the acquirements of an excellent education,—and superadded the qualities of sterling piety. With these attractive and imposing advantages, she presented to her family the admonitions of a consistent example;—she controlled them by her authoritative influence;—and succeeded in restraining them from the vices which degrade, and the follies which injure, and the vanities which seduce very many whom prosperous circumstances surround, and dissipated connections attend. The sudden death of this excellent Lady removed the restraints which her presence and precaution imposed upon the inexperienced inclinations of her children; while it bore at once away the almost only barrier which could effectually check their progressive advances for indulgence.

The occurrences of her death were alarming and impressive. Some presentiment of approaching dissolution had fixed itself strongly on her mind; and this was much strengthened when, in the latter

part of the last week of her life, as she was in the effort of turning a heavy cheese on a high shelf in her dairy, something suddenly bursted internally, with a noise, as she expressed it, equal to the report of a gun when discharging. On several occasions she expressed her persuasion that she should not long live; but especially on Saturday, the day previous to that on which she died; her youngest child was brought by the nurse to the arms of its mother,—she pressed it fondly, for some minutes, in silence to her bosom, and as she returned it, exclaimed repeatedly—"I shall never see thee again; —no—I shall never see thee again."

Twice during the following day, Mrs. Howell, though in very imperfect health, attended divine service at the parish church,—a considerable distance from home. In the evening, she called as usual her family together,—catechised her children, —read a portion of the Scriptures,—and engaged in prayer.

Every incident is remarkable which will never be repeated; every moment memorable which will be numbered near the last. That evening was rendered remarkable by Mrs. H.'s administering to a servant boy, whose conduct had been irregular or vicious, some faithful reproofs, and salutary counsels; at that moment of solemn assembling around the altar of family worship, she expressed to him, with the fidelity of a Christian mistress, and the feelings of

deep spiritual concern, her fears that his conduct would exclude him from heaven, and bring upon him the curses and the vengeance of a justly offended God. She adverted, with affecting interest —still fresh in the memory of her family, after the lapse of thirteen years—to the state of her own children, and especially to the mode which had been adopted of educating her eldest son at a distance from home, where his principles were liable to corruption, and his heart to alienation from the affections and interests of his nearest relatives. According to her usual practice, she saw her whole family consigned to rest, before she retired herself. About midnight, in perfect darkness, her husband was alarmed by her sudden illness; but dismay and confusion, the most appalling and terrific, prevailed and spread, when, before a light could be procured, or other assistance afforded—without uttering a word —she expired.

The situation of the husband was one of indescribable distress; bereaved,—of such a wife,—in such a way,—without the consolations of experimental piety,—in the midst, too, of ten children, of whom the eldest daughter was quite too young to assume the office and the reins of management, and the youngest daughter, though only eight years of age, had five brothers yet younger than herself. How unsearchable are the judgements of the Most High, and His ways past finding out!

Such occurrences, afflictive as they were, might have been expected to produce some lasting moral benefits; for 'they spring not out of the ground'—but are forced from the hand of a tender and reluctant Parent, who inflicts one pain to prevent many greater pains—a momentary chastisement, to preclude the need of eternal alienation. That in the case now recorded affliction produced no moral benefits, it would be impious to assert;—for though the prayers of the pious mother had seemed to be offered in vain,—and her eyes closed in death without having been delighted with the sight of one instance among her family of the efficaciousness of Divine Grace,—and her heart ceased to throb without ever being dilated with that glowing pleasure which 'burns within,' while members of one household 'talk of Jesus by the way,'—and years subsequently rolled away, without presenting any symptoms of spiritual vegetation from the seed which had been sown with assiduous care, and repeatedly watered with tears;—yet, at length, has the energy of God produced a pleasing verdure of moral reformation, and to a dreary winter of disappointed waiting, has there succeeded a rapid ripening of abundant hopes. Death has presented Mrs. Barber as the very first fruits of the motherless family to the Lord of Life and Glory—and the glorified parent has thus received the pledge of many relatives who remain stationed as yet in a field which the Lord hath blessed.

The junior members of the family were too young to perceive extensively their own privation—or to retain the impressions, which might, perhaps, under more fostering circumstances, have resulted immediately in the most enduring good. Some years passed away of indulgence in walking after the course of this world: but, from the vanities of life, the wants of souls demand more than can be supplied;—a round of dissipations is repeatedly trodden, only to weary more easily by more fruitless labour;—and the provisions of pleasure are served up with new forms and new splendour, only to pall upon the appetite for them, and fill, even to loathing, the satiated taste. In the case of the Howells, the enjoyments of trifles, and attempts to settle down in worldly satisfaction, were followed by the vexation of disappointment, and the weakening struggles of enfeebled hope. Thus, in the wisdom of God, were the minds of a numerous family prepared for the reception of that free grace of God, which, it is presumed, already accomplishes, in differing stages of realization—the salvation of eight or ten of its members;—which has introduced the gospel, with its saving power, into several families of the neighbourhood;—and established the regular Ministry of the Word among the surrounding villagers;—and formed, chiefly from among them, a society of professing Christians, as a Church of the Living God;—and issued in the erection of a Place of Worship

among a destitute and neglected population ;—and thus presented a very splendid proof of the power and the prevalence of Redeeming Mercy.

No extravagant folly—no excessive criminality —no deeply coloured crime, upon which to establish the necessity of being 'renewed in the spirit of the mind,' is at all essentially requisite for the purpose. The need of a sound and scriptural conversion fastens itself on principles in the human soul, which may eitherlie concealed deeply in the bosom, and never carry themselves out into tangible and rebukable actions, before the eyes of those around; or, may come forth, as opportunity may offer a sufficient inducement,—and concealment may promise shelter from detection—or shamelessness may endow with unblushing defiance, into all the gradations of immorality between the pettishness of infancy, and the most flagitious deeds of the long-practiced and accomplished, hardened, and adventurous worker of iniquity. There is one common danger spreading itself over all those minor distinctions which now, among men, and in reference to each other, form perceptible differences of mischievous tendency, and power, and effect;—and that danger will—in the day of grand classification of all men either to the right hand or the left—merge all those comparatively trivial, human distinctions, beneath the broad covering of the name, —'*Alienation from the life of God.*' 'The fearful,'

without courage to avow, and 'the unbelieving,' without care to embrace, as well as 'the abominable and murderers, shall have THEIR PART in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.'—Rev. xxi. 8.

Of those among Mr. Howell's household who received 'the truth in the love of it,' Mrs. Barber was the first, except one. Her conversion to God, though not instantaneous, was decisive;—though not accomplished amidst violent feelings, was deep, evident, enduring.

In the year 1815, the family removed to Arkstone, near Hereford, and passed away more than two years in those customs of dissipation which the situation admitted and habit had confirmed. The spring and summer of the following year, commenced a new era in the family history. The ministry of the Rev. H. GIPPS, a Clergyman of the Established Church, in Hereford, had been rendered beneficial to an intimate acquaintance, a young Lady, residing in the neighbourhood of Arkstone. Between Miss W. and Miss Lydia Howell, a more than common friendship subsisted; and the familiarity this authorised was instantly employed by Miss W. in earnestly recommending to her friend those religious pursuits which had become powerfully engaging to herself. That friendship which fears not to urge, and that, too, which refuses not to listen, when important differences

are unexpectedly presented, in order to be canvassed, is stamped with the characters of indelible honour and imperishable value. In that instance to which reference is now made, it must for ever be regarded a most happy circumstance, that persuasion prevailed on the side of truth, of religion, and of the best interests of the soul. Induced by her friend, Miss Lydia Howell went to hear, for herself, the Minister whose preaching had produced a change so unexpected and undesired; and again the great Head of the Church was pleased to acknowledge the ministrations of his servant, and send them, with the demonstration of the Spirit, to an inquiring and attentive mind: from that moment Miss Lydia Howell was wakened up to consciousness and activity in her spiritual concerns.

The alteration soon became visible to ANNE, the only sister then at home. Her spirit appears to have been previously in a state of anxious and inquisitive uncertainty, often observed to precede immediately the reception of Divine Truth. There had fallen to her lot one advantage, among some disadvantages occasioned by her youth: she had been prevented from attending frequently those places of vain and fashionable amusement which introduce the dissipated to each other, and often captivate the soul for injurious associations, and employments prejudicial to its true interests. Her tender conscience was not hardened by familiarity with folly;

nor seared against the applications of Divine Mercy, by the habits of the gay or the indolent;—nor tutored to defy its dangers, and to brave its wounds, by often meeting the cheerful immoralities, which, hand-in-hand with worldly pleasures, trip along in the circle of worldly entertainments. Thus was her case a very hopeful one; though there was much in it to excite apprehension, for she was spiritually unenlightened;—and much to raise repentance, for she lived in a state of affections utterly alienate from God;—and much to create self-suspicion and distrust, for her mind was not at rest, and she was restricted only by circumstances from that ampler field of earthly delights which she contemplated at a distance, and to which her fancy often gave the attractiveness of many sprightly and delusive decorations.

With her own condition she was dissatisfied, and for the state of others she felt a dread. She had an early opportunity of witnessing, in the case of an intimate acquaintance, the misery of a life yielded to depraved appetites, the distractions of discord repeated through successive days and weeks and years, and the wretchedness of a death, unsupported by religion, and undefended from the poisoned stings of a guilty conscience. These tremendous events, with no one to improve them upon her heart, failed to bring her to that light which makes manifest; yet they served to produce a hatred

against vice, and a feeling favourable to the approach of any form of real piety. This waspresented in the visible alteration in the manners, the appearance, and the state of mind, of her elder sister Lydia. On the very first day, when the ministry of Mr. Gipps produced its decisive effect on the mind of Lydia, Anne became deeply interested in the details,—for she perceived it was true religion she wanted—and she resolved to close at once with her sister's views,—for she felt, to be undecided, and yet innocent, was possible no more.

In the August of 1817, the minds of the two sisters became more than ever united by similar impressions, partialities, and pursuits; and during some months prior to their obtaining clear and satisfactory spiritual light, they presented, in the condition of their feelings, and in their habits, one of the most interesting spectacles imagination can picture.

In a retired situation, they were insulated from the society of every one whose experienced age could correctly inform or guide them, who could either obviate their difficulties, or sooth their discouragements, or expand and enlighten their views. But, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the incipient experience of Christianity, and the knowledge of its doctrines, soon lead to the practice of Christianity, and the fulfilment of its duties. The spiritual appetite, like the bodily, fails only when

diseased; if restored to healthfulness and vigour, it becomes, as if recovering from fever, keen in its relish, intense in gratification, and imperative for regular and sufficient supplies. Education and habit had long attached the Howells to the Established Church; and for reasons already obvious the ministry of Mr. Gipps was peculiarly attractive: by the two inquiring and diligent sisters all fatigue was forgotten; before them all difficulties disappeared; they often walked, when other modes of conveyance were inconvenient, the entire distance to Hereford and home again, before mid-day on the Sabbath—twelve miles—for the benefit of a single sermon. To those who may affect surprise at this great earnestness, and, in the heat of their fervent zeal against over-much righteousness, may apply to it the epithet extravagant, it would, perhaps, be nothing strange—nothing surprising—if one, in a state of starvation, should risk his life, or his liberty, for a momentary alleviation of his pining want; but who, that recollects how soon Miss Anne Howell was to die, can regret, that precisely five years before, she became so decided in preparation for death; or who, that justly reflects how much spiritual joy transcends worldly—how well the favour of God repays the frowns of men—how far eternity exceeds the longest period of probationary existence, can regret if even a life protracted to the very extreme of a human term,

should be entirely employed in the consistent earnestness, and the zealous enterprise, and the habitual holiness of that love to God and man which never faileth: regret!—the term is totally inapplicable on this side of the statement, it belongs only to the other; a deep degradation of taste, of habit, of pursuit, settles on the person living in merely worldly pleasur—'*he is dead while he liveth*;' but a nobleness of mind, and an elevation of affections, and a worth of morals, attach themselves where this world is only duly estimated, and 'used as not abusing it'—where, holding earthly things in just subordination to things more lasting and advantageous, a man places his foot upon them, in order to rise the nearer for them to heaven and to God. FOR THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH AWAY.

The sisters very early felt it incumbent on them to establish in the family the habitual worship of their God: and thus would these young females, in the midst of the numerous servants of a large farm, regularly read a portion of the Scriptures,—and, as they felt the immaturity of their own knowledge and experience, offer up their fervent petitions from a printed form. These interesting employments were productive of substantial good; they received the attention, and the approval, and the blessing of heaven; and in the midst of their comparatively unassisted situation, GOD graciously watched over

their steps, and fulfilled their wishes, and acknowledged their efforts. Of this the simple testimony of an aged and ignorant servant may be admitted in reference to the departed sister, while similar testimonies, though not wanting, it would be indecorous to produce for the survivor:—'I do like,' said the almost sinking old man, 'to hear Miss Anne read the Bible; her do seem to drive it into my heart.'

For some considerable time the sisters were allowed to beat out a way, in the personal experience of vital piety, which seemed to them untrodden and uncertain: they toiled against many difficulties, and struggled amidst much doubt; but they freely communicated with each other, and were mutually sustained; they were closely united in affection, and they mingled with each other successively the tears of sorrow,—the prayers of repentance,—and the joys of hope.

More than one year elapsed while the mind of Miss Anne Howell was gradually advancing into the light of a clear evangelical dispensation. 'Her hope deferred,' often made her heart sicken and faint in tremulous anxiety; but she persevered in seeking the Lord, and was often encouraged by the partial revelations of Redeeming Love, which were appropriate to her state, and according to her faith; —there is reason for more than a supposition, that, had her mind been well informed of the privileges of

the experimental Christian, she would have perceived, with greater clearness, the felicities of that state into which the effectual working of the Holy Spirit had graciously advanced her;—and would have held, with a more unwavering stability, the evidences of acceptance with God by Jesus Christ, —the Spirit of Adoption,—and the joy and peace which come through believing the Gospel of the Grace of God. It is not to be understood, that even then she walked in darkness,—nor that she was unhappy,—nor that she was ever irresolute as to her continuance in a course of watching and waiting, and praying, and labouring, in all the duties of life, and of exterior godliness,—but she did not yet perceive fully how 'a man is justified *by faith only,*'—and that 'he becomes a child of God *by faith,*'—and that when 'justified, he lives *by faith,*'—and that he 'enjoys access to God *by faith,*' —and that 'Christ dwells in his heart *by faith,*'— and that 'he waits for the hope of righteousness *by faith,*'—and that he 'receives the salvation of his soul as the end of his *faith.*' What rendered her in after life remarkable, had begun already to characterize her investigations; for what her faith was demanded, she required scriptural reasons; but when convinced, she confided: and in those deep investigations into her own heart, into which she was sometimes led, she saw enough to repress a confidence of security, while she was yet not fully

aware, how a contrite spirit, laid bare to its own inspection, may discover its own unindulged vileness, and abhor itself in dust and ashes, and yet may feel '*justified freely by grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus*';—she was not able yet to discover to what extent '*God may be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.*'

In the midst of these varied exercises of the mind of *Anne*, her sister *Lydia* married, and removed to Gloucester; but the Lord had previously wrought upon the heart of another elder sister, Elizabeth, and prepared her as an associate in the future searches after rest for the soul.

The Providence of God was about to introduce the Methodists into the neighbourhood; for, though a Minister of the Baptist denomination, who resided in Hereford, and occasionally preached in some of the villages around, was the first who opened his apostolical commission, beneath the roof of Arkstone House,—yet his occasional labours afforded ample opportunity for the association of additional efforts. Mr. Wm. Howell had already joined the Methodist Society, at some distance from his father's residence; and an additional connection of the family with the Methodists had been formed by the marriage union of Miss Lydia Howell with Mr. Wheeler, of Gloucester:—to the united requests of his son and son-in-law, supported by the wishes of his daughters, Mr. Howell,

senior, therefore cheerfully acceded; the assistance of the Methodist Minister was immediately solicited, and very readily gained. The Rev. John H. Adams, now of Cheltenham, was then Superintendant of the Hereford Circuit: in the winter of 1818—19, he commenced the preaching of the Methodists at Arkstone.—Early in February, 1819, the Rev. Philip C. Turner, now of Oxford, formed the first class—and in the week following, on February 24, Mr. Adams admitted fifteen members of society upon trial, of whom Mr. Howell, senior, and his two daughters, were at the head.

To the subject of this Biographical Sketch, these were events of infinite importance.—Her intercourse with Mr. Wheeler, while she was yet in the noviciate of Christian experience, was extremely useful to her; and for him, on this account, she cherished to the last a most fraternal affection.—The public ministry, and the private counsels, both of Mr. Turner and Mr. Adams, were advantageous to her in the highest degree: for both she entertained very great esteem; the former was a friend even unto death, and the latter she had regarded almost as a spiritual parent.—She now rapidly grew in the grace and the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; and though she was rather progressively than suddenly introduced into the liberty of God's children, yet she walked in the light of the countenance of the Lord, and enjoyed, almost

without interruption, the witness of God's Spirit with her own—of 'her acceptance in the beloved,' and her adoption into the family of God.—Her conduct was now consistent, and her example impressive. In connection with her sister Elizabeth, the abodes of affliction were often visited, and, with temporal relief, there were always poured in the instructive admonitions, or the supporting consolations, of pure religion.

Sin, if it openly presented itself before them, met its merited rebuke; and the sinner often felt convicted by the mild expostulations with which his conscience was assailed;—expostulations, which were endured, perhaps, because from the lips of females, but which were successful, because the convincing Spirit of God acknowledged and honoured the truth as his own, and gave an impulse and a pungency to faithful representations of it. Several of Mr. Howell's servants became deeply and abidingly impressed with concern for spiritual safety, and among the surrounding peasantry many have been roused from an utter carelessness of God, to those habits of thoughtfulness and mental exercise, of which the expression is '*the desire of our soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee.*'

Two incidents—in themselves, perhaps, apparently trifling—may be interesting, as illustrative samples of the part which Christian zeal urged upon

Miss Anne Howell, in the labours of Christian love. —While visiting an aged woman, in very indigent and afflictive circumstances, Miss H. heard, at a little distance, a passionate voice, precipitating, one upon another, bitter oaths and imprecations; she left the house, and advanced to the angry man who had uttered them—she arrested and fixed his attention—and then reasoned with him upon the impropriety of his conduct, and the condition of his soul.—She left him, according to his own account, for the first time in his life, convinced, and thoughtful, and mortified for his soul.—The next day she saw him in a corn field, sitting at dinner apart from the other men; she perceived the opportunity, and followed the previous admonitions with additional advice; the mildness of her manner added force to her persuasions, and what she said, as he expressed it, never left him:—he has ceased to be a swearer,—he has learned to be a Christian.

Later in her life, her most intimate friend and correspondent, on visiting her father's house, found her absent; having obtained necessary information, he traced her to a cottage at some considerable distance, and walked quietly to the door. A poor wretched girl, the object of Miss H.'s solicitude, lay in a corner of the room, very loathsomely diseased—and Miss H. seated by the bedside —was bending over the sufferer, and making close examining inquiries respecting her state of

mind. The girl had been reading; but as Miss H. thought her spiritual condition at least doubtful, she put a number of judicious, yet kind interrogations, calculated to detect and expose to the sufferer the possibility and the danger of her being self-deluded. In the midst of these investigations the observer was perceived—and instantly called in to offer joint supplications to the Father of all human spirits—for the convincing and changing energy of His grace.

To such incidental efforts to do good, the regular labours of instruction in a Sunday School, opened in the preaching-room of Arkstone House, were added; with these, the association of occasional endeavours for the aid of Bible and Missionary exertions, and other works of charity, contributed to render the time of leisure the period of activity, and, frequently, the close of business the commencement of fatigue.

From a few extracts from Miss H.'s letters, the habits of her soul may be estimated, and her spiritual progress observed. The unaffected simplicity with which she uniformly writes, rather illustrates the strength of her understanding, than derogates from it; while it is indeed gratifying to observe how a mind of a superior order may be adorned by the sanctity of exemplary piety, and ornamented by the graces of unassuming humility.

To her married sister, in a letter, dated July 1st, 1818, when 17 years of age, she thus writes—

LETTER I.

* * * * Jesus has, of late, been more precious to me than ever; I see more and more, daily, the blessedness of true religion. Oh! for a heart given wholly to the Lord, for I find he will not accept a divided one: creature enjoyments are dangerous—

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

I regret the loss of those hours I have spent in vanity, and wounding the cause of my Redeemer. * * * * * How prone we are to be proud of our mercies. I will appeal to your experience, my dear Lydia; when your soul has been enlarged in prayer,—carried out in humblings—meltings—longings—aspirings—when you have heard the Word with warm affection and heavenly joy—when you have talked of Christ with sweetness and liberty,—have you not, in all these, found pride arise? and approval of self, instead of looking to Christ? Alas! I have;—but let us attend to that reproof of St. Paul: 'Who made thee to differ from another; and what hast thou that thou didst not receive; now, if thou didst receive it, why didst thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?' May the Lord enable us to look simply to Jesus in all things. Wishing you every blessing a holy God has to give,

I remain your's, affectionately,

Anne Howell.

Another letter, to the same sister, dated Oct. 13, of the same year, was penned immediately on her return from a visit to Gloucester; in it she writes—

LETTER II.

I came home unexpectedly;—Bess had been writing for me to stay a fortnight longer; had I known this, I cer-

tainly should have staid, as inclination said 'yes;'—but prudence said 'no:'—it was all, no doubt, for the best. I see, since I came home, I did not improve my time as I ought to have done when at Gloucester. Was it for want of opportunity? No. Alas! it was my own *sinfulness*. I sometimes wonder at God's long suffering with and kindness to me;—when I see others so vigorous, and myself so slothful,—others running, and I scarcely creeping,—it shows me, very forcibly, that I am an unprofitable servant—but

Yonder, amazing sight, I see,
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.

Was it not for this, my own unworthiness would forbid me to hope,—but as it is, I will be confident in my Saviour—and say,

Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

I want to be more like my God in all things; to be more holy; more heavenly minded: and why do I not obtain these blessings?—it is because I ask not—or because I ask amiss. —I want to be very different from what I am,—as much as I differ from what I was; and the only way to attain unto it is to watch—pray, and believe.—We should recollect that we have an unchangable world before us, and an unchangable God with us,—that the agency of the Holy Spirit is exerted for our instruction and guidance into the way of all truth,—and that when we have made a necessary advancement, we shall be taken to the mansions of our Heavenly Father—where our joy, which is here incomplete, shall be full. Oh! that we may live in the habitual exercise of grace, and being found in Jesus Christ, may have nothing to do but yield up ourselves when the summons shall be sent for us.

SECT. II.

In the determining and completing of character, there are commonly some distinguishable periods, the events of which operate strongly either to give a new direction to the mind's pursuits, or to fix a confirming impression on its habits. And if the minor incidents of daily occurrence—like the individual strokes of a sculptor's hammer—all tell toward etching out the lineaments, or finishing the features, it cannot be but that the more important transactions of life must either trace out distinctly 'a beauty and a glory,' or irretrievably injure the whole. '*Deliberation*,' then, must be the watchword for the movements of prudence;—'*Decision*,' the characteristic of the resolutions of wisdom. Prevailing frivolousness, and extreme versatility, are so invariably and essentially connected, that they may be almost convertibly affirmed of the same mind;—they arise from an imbecility of mental habits, which is the more to be dreaded, because it commonly appears natural, and seems, therefore, the more nearly hopeless. And to this same cause,—as an accompaniment to the other unhappy tendencies of it,—is it to be ascribed, that a fickle and trifling mind is commonly captivated entirely by any novelty which either *is* important, or to it *appears* so;—which is developed, no matter how partially, in the dimness of futurity. The powers of such a mind are so engrossed for this

one distant object, that the immediate and pressing duties of the present are either totally neglected, or receive a very impatient attention. In no circumstances, perhaps, is there a more ready and general toleration given to some of the symptoms of this propensity, than in the engagement of the affections for a matrimonial connection;—in no case is the inducement to this propensity stronger than in such a case,—or more likely to bring out, if they exist within, the evidences of mental feebleness into visible display;—though it must be generally confessed, that no circumstances of human life, more than those incipiently producing a connection between the sexes, which is to endure so long as life, justly demand coolness of deliberation, and prompt and vigorous decision. It is gratifying to reflect, that Miss Howell maintained, under such pleasing and bewildering engagements, that degree, and that kind of self possession, which are at once an ornament to an understanding, and a grace to a Christian Profession.

The residence of her future husband, for several weeks—in an ill state of health—under the same roof with herself, afforded Miss Anne Howell an ample opportunity of consideration;—but when she felt her way clear, and her mind satisfied of the propriety of the step to which she was solicited, she entered upon the correspondence with the fulness of that judicious and unreserved confidence, for which

she was eminently remarkable. Of her it may be said, without hesitation, that, subsequently to her forming a connection for prospective union with Mr. B. and during the whole of the fifteen months which passed away while this was protracted, Miss H. differed in nothing from her former self, excepting her visible increasing conformity to the will of God, and her anxious inquiries after the qualifications she deemed necessary for the change which she contemplated. An extract from one of her earliest letters to her new correspondent, will serve to shew with what a cautious, yet approving, and truly pious judgement, she pursued the object placed before her—

LETTER III.

December, 1820.

I TAKE up my pen with a full determination to write you freely and unreservedly:—charging myself not to hide the warmth of affection by coolness of expression—an affection which, I assure you, strengthens by reflection, and by approaches to the throne of grace, where I feel confident my Heavenly Father sits with an attentive ear, and tender solicitude, for my present and eternal welfare. Having such a delightful view of God, as I now possess, as a kind, indulgent, and all-wise Parent, whose wisdom renders it impossible for him to err, and his goodness to be unkind; I feel assured, and believe this assurance comes from himself, that our plans will be realized, if it will promote his glory and our own happiness. When at the Love Feast,* last evening, at Hereford, my soul was so exceedingly blessed, I felt for some time full of the love of God. I was so filled with holy exultation, and my con-

* An interesting occasional means of grace, so denominated; instituted among the Methodists, in imitation of the Agapæ of the Primitive Christians, and upon the authority of their example.

fidence was so strengthened, that I enjoyed, for some time, much of the overwhelming presence of the Lord. I then made up my mind to be more devoted to him, and, that I might be so determined, to make every sacrifice which he required. The assurance I then felt of being for ever with the Lord was very delightful: in the midst of these sweet feelings I thought of you, and felt as though you had been with me. I implored the Lord's blessing for you, and direction for us both; declaring, if it were not his will, I would willingly sacrifice my feelings, however painful it might be. After thus simply laying it before him, I felt perfectly assured in my mind that he did not disapprove: and it is an assurance of this kind I have always had when asking counsel of him respecting it.

An intimation has been already given of the ill state of Mr. B.'s health; but, even with the recollection of this, some passages in the following extracts might be almost imagined, without great extravagance, dictated under a prophetic influence.

LETTER IV.

Jan. 15, 1821.

I NOW thankfully acknowledge the receipt of your welcome letter on Wednesday last, and should ere this have answered it, but for unavoidable engagements another way. How much solid satisfaction it affords me to know I have a hold upon the affections and anxious solicitude of one who is truly dear to me, and dear likewise to my God. Is it not an irresistible argument in favour of our loving each other, that it increases in proportion as we love God, and are conformed to his image;—that what renders us more dear to him, renders us more dear to each other? Oh! let us become the Lord's entirely; and then, if he should give realization to our plans, our life will be a happy one, and, finally, we shall have the felicity of seeing each other raised to that high degree of glory which is in reserve for all the faithful:—to know we occupy a place in the remembrance of those we love, and are by them borne daily to the throne of God, is very pleasing; but the hope of dwelling with them in eternity, where every barrier to our fully enjoying their society will be removed, affords a degree of present transport. I believe it would be

impossible for those, whom love has closely bound together, contentedly to dwell asunder: but though we have hitherto been permitted to communicate our thoughts and feelings to each other, this, perhaps, will be of short duration, and will, *like the tender plant, by the chilling frost, be cut down before it has arrived to a state of maturity:* —such, however, is the uncertainty of all earthly good! It becomes us, then, to secure an interest in that place where all is certainty: there is the greatest degree of importance attached to this. The thought frequently intrudes itself,– that, perhaps, this is the last time you will ever be permitted to address him you now feel a pleasure in calling your William. Well, then, I reply, if it be the Lord's will it should be so, I must, I will yield obedience, let it cost what it may, because I believe such a sacrifice would be well pleasing to Him. I now find more pleasure in pleasing my God, than I do in gratifying myself, and this must arise from an increase of love to him. With holiness I am increasingly in love; and when I see its delightful fruits manifested, it excites my admiration, and makes me long to possess it more fully myself,—not for the sake of being admired, but because I believe I could then bring so much more glory to my Heavenly Father, and be made more capable of enjoying those heights of glory, which it is, as you observe, my privilege to enjoy. * * * * * Should a bar be placed between us, all I can do is to exercise Christian resignation, and this the Lord enables me to do. I have had a conflict for it; but since that time I have felt perfectly confident, that not one ingredient will be withheld from the cup of kindness which the bountiful Donor of all good is providing for us. Surely we can trust *Him*, for the things we want in time, to whom we commit our souls for eternity. I have, for some length of time, enjoyed delightful communion with the Saviour. There is in religion—Oh yes, there is—a blessed reality—there is nothing we can possess that is worthy to be compared with it.

LETTER V.

Arkstone, Sunday, Feb. 3, 1821.

My feelings, after you left on Wednesday, were of a very peculiar cast, and I may add painful; I have felt something similar to it before, but not equal in force; and it was not till I had approached the throne of grace with strong cries, and earnest intreaties, that I found any relief; I was then

given a measure of assurance, that the Lord would restore you to health again, when his wisdom discovered it would be beneficial and productive of real advantage; and this end we must ever keep in view. Oh! William, what would it profit us, if we possessed each other, and every thing this world has to offer, and had the blessing of God withheld? Would it not all be misery and woe? On the other hand, we may say, that, possessing each other, and only a little of this world's good, with the approbation and blessing of heaven, it will, in a considerable degree, be happiness and joy. We are in a very peculiar way, called to trust in the Lord—let us, then, be faithful to this call; and though, like Abraham, we may be much tried, and he may appear to be *about to remove the desire of our eye from us at a stroke;* yet, like that holy Patriarch, may we be found steadfast and immovable; possessing a resolute determination to yield the most perfect obedience in all things. And, *should his dispensation towards us be the extreme of painfulness,* may we meekly resign and say, it is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good. But ah! say you, perhaps, Anne, *while you are thus writing, the Lord may be purposing to deal in this way with you.* Well, my dear William, if he call, I *must* obey. I dare not say, what doest thou? You are his, and at his disposal; if he gives you to me, I shall be thankful; but if he withholds, I have no right to complain. But I trust things will prove more favourable than *in some dark moments it appears probable they may prove.* We have had Mr. TURNER ministering to us, to-day, in holy things: this morning he dwelt very sweetly on the nature and blessedness of Christian experience; and this evening he set before us the day of Judgement in its awful grandeur. My mind has today been very much solemnized; eternity appeared very near, with all its important consequences; and I am led to inquire, —Is my religion such as will bear me out in that important period? Can I stand that strict scrutiny which will extend to the very thoughts? Oh! it is serious work. May you and I be ready, having our lamps trimmed and our lights burning; and thus, while some will not be able, for confusion, to lift up their heads, we shall be enabled, with joy, to behold our Judge. I awoke, on Friday morning last, with very pleasing and profitable feelings, having those lines strongly impressed on my mind:—

Oh may I live, no longer than I live
To breathe my soul to Him, who gave my soul,
With all her infinite of prospect fair;

And this is now my intense desire.

How well tutored the mind of Miss H. must have been for the active and relative duties of life, may be estimated from her habitual sense of the presence and observance of God: and that, amidst the happy attainments to which Divine Grace had rapidly advanced her, she was not unfitted for the exercise of strong sympathy in suffering, we may offer a valuable testimony.

A letter, addressed to a sister under the pressure of some painful circumstances, is dated Feb. 2, 1822.

LETTER VI.

THE receipt of a letter from my dear Sister, afforded me great pleasure. I have been painfully exercised on your account, and do deeply sympathize with you in your distress. The enemy of souls tempted me to murmur against God for thus trying you: he suggested to me, that such a trial as this must surely amount to cruelty; but I repelled this evil insinuation, and instantly recollected, that whatever Jehovah permits, is for the purpose of promoting our spiritual welfare. The Lord may, in many respects, be compared to a physician—He first uses gentle means—but if these prove unsuccessful, he is obliged to have recourse to others of a more severe and powerful nature. Disease sometimes creeps on us unawares; and secretly takes its seat, and we know nothing of it, but by its effects; it then requires the wisdom of the physician to discover, and his skill to remove it. But then it is necessary we should pay attention not only to the prescriptions, in order to have it removed, but to the rules laid down to prevent a relapse. It may be that Satan has been saying concerning you, as he did of Job—Let their substance be removed from them, and they will curse thee to thy face;—but then, what happiness will be the result, if circumstances render it possible, to give that subtle fiend the lie, and prove yourselves faithful.—Oh! stand *firm* as Christians; and shew that you are such, whether in ease or pain—prosperity or adversity—life or death—in all things let it appear that you are the Lord's *real* ser-

vants. We are, indeed, surrounded by temporal, as well as spiritual dangers, and cannot, in time, arrive at any thing like certainty: how much it becomes us to make *sure* work for eternity. Let us get *deep* piety; and then, boisterous as the storm may be, we shall eventually arrive safe into the haven of eternal felicity;—we shall there fully gaze on Him, without a cloud between, whom we now feel such pleasure in beholding by the eye of faith. May the Apostle's comprehensive prayer for the Ephesians be answered in you and me; may we be *filled* with *all* the fulness of God.

The rapid advance Miss H. was now making in spiritual attainments, became very apparent; the discovery was not confined to her chief correspondent, though he beheld it with an exultation that was only tempered by conscious inferiority, and tremulous forebodings. To those who surrounded her —who were privileged by her society—who weighed the expressions which very sparingly fell from her lips—who associated with her in the social ordinances of religion—and who accompanied her to a throne of grace—her growing stature in spiritual life was observable and exemplary. It was, indeed, in the approaches before the throne of grace, in the society meetings for prayer, and Christian experience, that the soundness of her understanding, aiding the depth of her piety, was chiefly visible to those around her. She was not forward to converse; the idle chatting of the silly and uninteresting, she extremely disliked; and the good sense which produced this dislike, accompanied by the diffidence that gave her an undue impression of her own inferiority, often sealed up her lips in total silence, or

painfully embarrassed her forced efforts to talk.—Yet she shrunk not from duty; but, when sensible of the obligation, from the comparatively destitute situation of the pious few with whom she was connected, she would engage without hesitation in the solemn exercises of devotion; and often the Ministers present, and the most sensible of her friends, have been astonished, when, in her vocal addresses to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, she would pour forth a strain of earnest supplication, that surprised them by its sublimity—that affected them by its pathos—that awed them by its spirituality—and carried out their souls into deeper devotion, by the force of its effectual and fervent praying.—There was divinely fixed in her mind a clear conviction of the indispensable necessity of complete conformity to the will of God: this became to her the standard upon which the principle of a holy ambition settled its eye; inferior to this, she felt herself deficient—if deficient, faulty—and, if faulty, inexcusable, if resting at ease, while living under a dispensation of the power of God unto salvation. The insatiable ardour with which, comparatively *forgetting the things which were behind, she reached forward to others before,* must have been met by very gracious manifestations of Christ to her soul;—and it was so. It can be thus easily accounted for, that she should often rejoice with joy unspeakable, while she yet had an habitual sense of

blameworthy and sinful distance from God, so long as she felt not, though she aspired to it, that state of ineffable union with God our Saviour, which he has graciously proclaimed as his will, (John, xvii. 11, 20-23,) and of which the enjoyment brings abidingly, to the souls of believers, the in-dwelling of a reconciled and holy God.

LETTER VII.

March 16, 1821.

But perhaps you are anxiously waiting to hear how I am going on in my spiritual career, and in my search after knowledge. I am not standing still, I believe, in either respect, though my progress is slow. I have often told you that I desire to be made entirely holy; but those desires have abundantly increased during the last week; they began to increase one evening, while in retirement for meditation and prayer. My mind was led to consider the employment and joy of those blessed spirits who are immediately engaged in praising the Triune God above. After a few moments' consideration, the thought suddenly came, that it is because they are entirely holy, having washed their robes, and made them quite clean in the blood of the Lamb, they were admitted into that world of joy. To be with them, and partake of the felicities they possess, appeared very desirable; but the conclusion was natural, that the same process which made them meet, was necessary too for me. I therefore covenanted afresh with my Heavenly Father to be entirely his. Since that period, I have been led earnestly to seek the blessing of entire sanctification; and I do believe I shall obtain it. I have not only asked for this perfect love for myself, but for you: and Oh! may we henceforth walk in newness of life.

LETTER VIII.

March 30, 1821.

While eargerly perusing your very welcome letter, I felt the truth of what you said—that calls for gratitude

abundantly thicken. The pleasure I felt on reading its contents has not been equalled on any former occasion. The first thing which particularly excited my gratitude was, that I could observe my friend was growing in spirituality; for this, with my own spiritual growth, I believe I have desired more than any thing else. To hear that you had greater power at a throne of grace, rejoiced my heart much;—as *there* is the store whence we procure all the armour of righteousness to fight our battles with;—*there*, too, we obtain that spiritual food, which is necessary to strengthen and refresh our souls;—by applying to that throne, where our God sits, dispensing His favours, we get our spiritual appetites more keenly whetted, so that our food becomes more palatable, and our desire for it more intense, and when we possess it, our enjoyment abundantly augmented; in fine, 'tis *there* we grow *hungry*, and *there* we are *filled*;—'tis *there* we feel our *poverty*, and *there* we are made *rich*. Then, to have more power *there*, must be the beginning of good days, and this is the case with you;—Oh! do, then, go on,—cultivate a still greater freedom with your Heavenly Father. I always find my soul most blessed when I can do thus;—I do not mean a light familiarity—no—this I abhor, —but a mixed view of His greatness and infinite kindness;—such a view as will produce at the same moment *reverence* and *love*. But another call for gratitude was, that any thing I had said, should be made, in any way, a blessing to you;—Oh yes, that is just what I want, to lead each other *deeper into God*. The satisfaction I feel in bearing you to a throne of grace, as my own dearest friend, by the permission of heaven, is more than I can express;—I can there view you as mine *in* the Lord; not as my Lord's rival, but as one of His choice gifts, as one of the mercies of a kind Providence. I cannot help regarding it as a peculiar mercy, that I have never felt you a hindrance to me in my spiritual course, but the contrary. Never, I believe, have I had such a view of the infinite kindness of our Heavenly Father as I had on Thursday last, while thinking on those words, 'He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye.' I saw the unbounded and wonderful tenderness of the Lord towards us, which caused me to feel amazed that we can ever distrust Him. What great love He must bear to us He so graciously honours with the appellation of children! Nothing has been spared, which was necessary to make us happy; let us then repose in our kind Benefactor a steady and constant confidence, with the delightful persuasion, that what will be best for us, His kindness will cause Him to impart; and what will prove injurious, His wisdom

will induce Him to withhold.—With such a God, who has any need to fear?

But you say, you are anxiously waiting to know whether I have 'faith enough to venture for full salvation;'—I cannot say I have;—there seems to be but one step, and that I am afraid to take; I firmly believe the Lord will do it, and yet I fear to think He will do it this moment. I think thus: perhaps He sees fit to try me, by withholding the blessing, in order to prove whether I shall be steadfast in seeking it: this I feel determined to do; not to be satisfied until I possess it. But then, am I to believe He has done it, until the Spirit clearly bears witness to the accomplishment of the work? Please to give me your thoughts on the subject, as I want to know if the witness of the Spirit is not as necessary to sanctification, as it is to justification. I will, as nearly as possible, describe to you my feelings. I most ardently desire deliverance from all sin;—I believe in the Lord's ability and willingness to do this, because I know I could glorify Him so much more;—I expect to receive it by faith;—I am sometimes almost ready to believe He has destroyed all sin; but then, as I before said, I am afraid to venture so far, until I have a bright evidence of it. But, I rejoice to tell you, I feel exceedingly happy in the Lord: it is not rapturous joy, but a more solid feeling, arising from a sense of my union with the Lord Jesus;—Oh! who can rightly calculate upon the blessedness of being one with Him and His Father!—of dwelling in Him, and He in us! I think I can appeal to Him, and say, I love Him supremely in return. —Yes, I believe I can make those very expressive words my own in addressing Him:

Thee I can love, and Thee alone,
With chief *delight* and inward *bliss;*
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this!

The Lord has lately shewn me so much of my own littleness, and emptied me so completely of all self-confidence, that I can with sincerity say, I feel myself nothing before Him. I use not the above expressions as mere religious *cant*, for that I detest; but as truly expressive of real feelings on the subject. Those feelings lead me very willingly to join you, my dear friend, in your offering of thanksgiving to our indulgent God; and the causes for the exercise of gratitude to which you called my attention, I at once deeply felt. Oh! that we could

form a right estimate of our privileges; but this we shall, perhaps, never fully do, till the light of eternity shines on our minds.

I think, with trembling, of some whom I have known, and many I have heard of, who, when the Lord first blessed them with each other's affections, promised well, and felt a delight in cherishing in each other the rising of every good desire, in order to obtain a greater depth of piety; but alas! when the Lord has further blessed them, by giving consummation to their wishes, and a tolerable share of this world's goods, their care for each other's better interests has almost ceased. I say, I tremble at this, fearing it should be ever our case; but we know it need not be thus. Should the Lord bless us, then, with a union, may our solicitude for each other's spiritual welfare be ever kept alive!

I have not read either of the works you mention. I am perusing Paley's Natural Theology, and feel much interested in it; do you not think it a very useful work? Oh! William, how much I regret my want of time; all I have, is obtained by rising early in the morning; but I consider myself deprived of it by a heavy stroke from the Lord—I mean, the death of my dearest, dearest Mother. It was with her a settled purpose, to give her children every opportunity for gaining useful knowledge; but alas! how liable to overthrow are human purposes; her's, in reference to her children, were not accomplished, even in one, before she was commanded to leave them to the care of those, whose solicitude for them could not be expected to equal her own. No one, my dear William, can tell the loss of a judicious mother, but those who have sustained it: I think of it, and *weep*, but I dare not complain; it was the Lord's doing, and who am I, that I should reply to Him? * * * It has necessarily followed, that a great deal of care and exertion has devolved on the female part of our dear Parent's offspring. I must, then, endeavour to be content, and, with submission, bear my loss, and meekly say, 'tis best, because the Lord hath done it. And now, may the God of peace fill you with all joy and peace in believing, is the earnest prayer of your most affectionate ANNE.

LETTER IX.

Arkstone, May 4, 1821.

My feelings lead me to commence my letter by congratulating you on the Lord's great kindness to you.—I go

back to the time when I first knew you; your desire then was, that the Lord would restore to you your health, and place you in some situation where you might employ your talents, so as to promote the welfare, in some degree, of the Lord's great family, as well as add to your own personal advantage; and how much towards the accomplishment of this has your indulgent Parent done for you! Oh! let us wonder, admire, and adore! Our God is, indeed, one who delights to deal out to His creatures his loving kindnesses, and tender mercies; you and I can testify this from experimental knowledge. His dealings to us every day confirm this; yes, He takes more pleasure in the happiness of His creatures, than in their distress; this has been made very conspicuous to us. And now, can we be so impious as to present Him any less than our whole hearts in return? Methinks I hear you say, 'No; the Lord shall not be slighted and insulted, so as to be offered a part only, when He has solicited the whole. The offering is too mean to be divided; our Lord shall have it, then, entirely yielded to himself.'

I was rejoiced to hear, that the savour of Sunday evening continued to dwell upon your soul. Oh! William, nothing but deep piety will do; I have tried all other states, but have not found them really satisfying, and now, with help from the Lord, I am determined to try this. * * * I find, on reflection, that I lost ground during my stay at Gloucester, inasmuch as I was not so diligent in seeking the great blessing I want, as I ought to have been; this pains me, when I think that, had I been more earnest in the pursuit, ere this, in all probability, the candle of the perfect love of God would have been shining on my soul. Oh! pray for your Anne, that she may be made what she desires to be—what you wish her to be—and what her Lord is waiting to make her. I want to be able to hold constant communion with my adorable Redeemer, to get into a state of close intimacy with Him; what bliss must this bring into the soul! surely more than the mind of man can conceive, till he possesses it; and of it, then, he can give to another only a faint idea, in comparison of what it really is. How incalculable are the blessings our Lord died to purchase. Viewing the degraded situation into which man was fallen, and comparing it with the exalted state to which Christianity raises him, we may, without wondering at the circumstance, be lost in admiration; and yet, Oh! strange to say! the Lord has frequently to bring against us the accusation, 'My people have committed two evils; they have for-

saken me, the fountain of living waters, and they have hewed out unto themselves cisterns—broken cisterns, that can hold no water.' We are, indeed, unwise; 'tis a mercy our Lord is long suffering.

LETTER X.

Arkstone, May 18, 1821.

At what part of your very interesting and welcome letter I know not to commence reply. What pleasure it affords me ever to think of you— and how much this is enhanced by the reflection, that the Lord himself, by a course of providential dealings, which you have so interestingly described, has made us capable of affording such happiness to each other. Is not the cause of our happiness the blessing of our Heavenly Parent? To have his approval is worth worlds on worlds; and this I am sure we enjoy.

I thank you, my dear Friend, for your tender sympathy and judicious advice; it was made a blessing to me, although it did not arrive till my days of mourning were ended, and I was again enjoying the smile of my kind Lord. That part of your letter, to which I now allude, affected me much. Ah! I thought, what anguish would it produce, what distress would it create, should I ever be inattentive to him, who is now dearer to me than language can express, and thereby distress him. The bare idea was too painful to endure; a tear unavoidably stole down—I wiped it away, and said, it never—Oh! it never shall be so! But, when I thought, it has been thus in reference to my Lord, and he has again caused me to feel his great love towards me, I was melted by his kindness, and resolved to be more watchful:—and, while writing this, I re-resolve and determine, to keep a jealous eye over myself, lest I should again yield up that to another, which Jesus claims as his own. Should I ever again treat my Saviour as I should shudder to treat my William, would it not prove that he, who ought to have the ascendancy in my affections, has, on the contrary, an inferior station. I believe the feelings, which your illustration excited, will prove a stimulus to greater faithfulness, even after many days. I now feel, with deep abasement, my own unworthiness, as I do also, the truth of that sentiment of your's, 'that a sense of unworthiness needs be no barrier to enjoyment;' for, possessing a consciousness of this, as I now do, I never felt so substantially happy,

as at the present time. For the last few days I have been in a very happy frame of mind. On Tuesday evening, while engaged in prayer with the family, the Lord graciously revealed himself to my soul in such a way, as induced me, for some time, to believe, that what I enjoyed was a commencement of that perfect love, which casts out all fear, and purifies the heart. My feelings were blissful—my happiness was of such a solid cast—was! did I say? Yes, it is so now; although I have been to day somewhat depressed, through having a fit of violent pain in the head, which, in me, always produces lowness of spirits, and leaves after it a dull, stupid sensation. I have just been at the throne of grace, and there sweetly felt that Jesus is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and can sympathize, in a most tender manner, with a suffering follower. Oh! what a mercy is this! How much it endears the Saviour to us, when he so kindly takes us in his arms, and sheds over us the tears of pity. * * * * This morning, while meeting you at the Throne of Grace, I had unusual power in wrestling with the Lord in prayer, for the blessing of inward holiness for you; and came away with increased confidence that it will be accomplished. As to myself, I am afraid to say positively, it is done, and fear to say it is not: I want a bright evidence. This, however, I will say, I increasingly love and delight in my Lord; and am determined, with you, sincerely to consecrate myself to him, which is, indeed, my reasonable service. My heart was truly affected with a sense of his unbounded goodness to me, when I read that very pleasing part of your letter, which more immediately called my attention to his gracious dealings with me, to the present moment. His every act proves he is Love. Oh! what an endearing name! and how strange it is, that we should ever, for a moment, allow our attention to be diverted from him, to any objects mean and unworthy of our notice. * * * I have been thinking of the temptation to which you allude, —to refrain from holiness, lest you should soon be removed from the world by death. Oh! how subtle this is! The Arch Fiend thus takes advantage of your desire to live; if you had a desire to die, perhaps he would insinuate, that you had better not become holy, lest the Lord should protract your stay; as you would be so much more calculated to be useful, and to promote his glory in the Church Militant, than you had ever yet been. Ah! listen not to him: the probability is on the other side: it appears more reasonable to suppose, that holiness would lengthen your stay. Surely, the Lord is more kind to those who are still sitting in darkness, than to remove

those lamps which have arrived at a state of vigorous brilliancy in burning, and leave the tapers, whose glimmering light is scarcely perceptible, and will have but little influence on those who are encircled in thick darkness. 'Ye, says our Lord, are the lights of the world' That light, then, which burns brightest, must be the most useful to him, as he condescends to use instruments for the accomplishment of that great end, the enlightening of all nations.

LETTER XI.

June 5, 1821.

I CAN enter precisely into your feelings, excited by contemplating your departure from under the roof of your kind and excellent parents; there must, indeed, have been something peculiarly interesting, in recounting the mercies received—in reflecting on the dangers escaped—the pleasures enjoyed,—and the pains endured, during residence there; all which have been so arranged as to work together for your good, as long as you continue to love God. How edifying and stimulating it is, to trace the dealings of our indulgent Parent with us! How pleasing to reflect, that he has made us the subjects of his grace; the objects of his peculiar care; and is, by a process, part of which may, sometimes, appear strange to us, not knowing the salutary results it will produce, preparing us for high and inconceivably great felicity. And this, then, is the conduct towards us of that God whom we can, sometimes, so unwisely distrust, fearing to venture our little bark on the ocean, notwithstanding he has kindly promised to be the Pilot, and has assured us of success, provided we receive him, and attend to all his directions, carefully avoiding the rock which had nearly caused poor Peter's overthrow. Let us not give the Saviour occasion to upbraid us with 'O faithless and perverse.' Why is it we can ever doubt, when he has uttered such words as, 'All things whatsoever ye ask in Prayer, BELIEVE that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' Why, then, Oh, why is it, that we stay so long without the spiritual blessings which we intensely desire? Do we not err, frequently, in reference to the simplicity of the way to obtain them. Are we not simply to depend on Jesus every moment. I think we often make our way dark, by reasonings, when it would, otherwise, have been perfect light in the Lord: this I say from experience:—how frequently exposed has my own weakness been by raising a defence with some particular and

fanciful notions, which have only tended to mislead, and have obliged me again to resort to the plain simple gospel plan.

Your letter excited mixed emotions of pleasure and pain:—the pain was produced by imagining you were distressed, while penning some of your lines. Was it not the case? I thought, that, feeling the importance of the situation of business, in which you will shortly be placed, you seem to tremble: but I would remind you, that you are affectionately invited to roll your burthen upon the Lord with the kind promise, that he will sustain it; and his promises are all sure as the pillars of heaven. I think I may risk the assertion, that, if you resolutely and constantly dedicate yourself to the great Governor of the universe, all will be well. I will recal your attention to your favourite text:—'In all thy ways ackowledge him, and he will direct thy steps.' But then I must remind you, that the safest way to pass through such a world as this,—beset, as we continually are, on every hand, with dangers,—is to keep close to our Guide. 'Tis true, we may even there be troubled, but not forsaken; but should we ever stray from our Omnipotent Conductor, into any of the bye-paths of folly, his love will then, if I may so speak, compel him to take the rod, in order to drive us back to his bosom, which we had so foolishly quitted. We might, I am persuaded, save ourselves many painful feelings, by being more watchful. How many wounds should we escape, caused by the fiery darts of the wicked one, if we had the shield of faith always in exercise. Will you, then, join me in determining, that we will, in future, be more wise. While I am writing this, I do resolve, and I trust you will join me, when you read it,—that I will be my God's wholly.

LETTER XII.

Arkstone, June 29, 1821.

THE kindness of her affectionate William, manifested by a punctual compliance with her request, Anne knows not how to acknowledge; and fearing words should not faithfully pourtray her feelings, she leaves it to him to judge by his own, under similar circumstances. Do you not think, with me, that attention to little things is by no means unimportant in maintaining our hold on each other's affections? Could we trace out the cause of the miserable indifference which we observe, in too many who were once, doubtless, united by real affection, should we not frequently learn, that it had its origin in something trifling and apparently unimportant? * * *

* * * * * * * * * Considering the bright and animating dispensation, under which we are favoured to live, what poor work it is to be one day gaining a little spiritual strength, and the next, perhaps, losing it. We certainly should blush at such conduct in ourselves, and severely condemn it in others, in reference to any worldly pursuits. What should we say of the man, who, by attention and perseverance in business, would one day acquire a little wealth, and the next go and foolishly squander it away, when he might, by wisely using, have it augmented every day. Of such a one I think we should say, he is unwise—he does not study his own interest. * * * * * * * * If I were disposed to believe all you say of yourself, what a picture would this present to my view! You say you have been fearing you are 'naturally and habitually of a melancholy turn of mind—discontented and restless.'—Do not indulge in the practice of writing bitter things against yourself. I wish I could persuade you to throw off all those gloomy apprehensions, which too often creep in. Recollect with whom you have to do:—a God who is abundant in goodness,—a High Priest, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities,—who was, in all points, tempted like as we are. Look to him, then; gaze on him, until you are changed into his image. I perfectly agree with you in thinking, that complaint will be of no avail; that it will rather aggravate, than heal, our spiritual disease; it must then be, evidently, a useless manner of employing time. Praise becomes us best. We are each other's, and we are God's, and He is our's—causes, these, for thankfulness; but here his mercies do not stop, we already possess many more; and Oh, what a rich abundance has he in store for us. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.' And here let me remind you, that you are not to be too anxious about those things which the Lord well knows are necessary for you, and which he has promised to bestow; and remembering his faithfulness, what reason can there be for doubt.

Should nature fail, and darkness hide the stars,
And cover with a sable veil the sun,—
Unchang'd and fix'd the truth of God remains,
Nor knows the least decay.

Here, then, will we rest secure.

* * * * My mind was solemnized and blessed while reading Rev. xiv. this morning: the awful threatenings de-

nounced against the wicked, and the blessedness of the righteous, stimulated me more earnestly to beseech the Lord fully to conform me to the image of his dear Son. *I fear I have been too much satisfied with a gradual work, instead of agonizing with the Lord, until he would destroy all sin entirely out of my soul.* I find I have not been persevering enough in seeking; my language has not enough been, 'I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me;' 'till thou with full and cloudless demonstration to my soul, confirm thy promised grace.' I am, indeed, dissatisfied with myself, when I reflect how very small my attainments are in comparison of what they might be. But here I am stopped by you—'what is the use of complaint?' I confess, I never experience its utility, and therefore will not uselessly employ my time.

* * * * * I was very thankful to hear you arrived safely home, and there met with some mercies. At the same time you had something to perplex you: thus you must expect it all through life: and perhaps, when the secrets of eternity will be unfolded to our view, we shall be constrained to praise him most for the severe. * * * But I must leave you—commending you to God, whose you are, and whom you serve—praying that his choicest blessings may sweetly descend and rest upon you, I am, more than ever, your own most affectionate—

ANNE.

There was this one mark of the genuineness of Miss H.'s piety most manifest, and this strikingly commended it to the attention of the thoughtless, and the approval of the judicious:—she was not at all unfitted for the busy and industrious occupations of her situation in life—nor for its social duties—nor for its tender affections. The correctness of this remark may be illustrated by the following extract; and it will serve, at the same time, to show how her mind was preparing for that state of blissful union with God, which she had long ardently de-

sired, and upon which she had now considerably advanced:—

LETTER XIII.

July, 1821.

MY DEAREST EARTHLY FRIEND,

I MUST preface my letter with a caution to you not to be alarmed or displeased at the sight of another dwarf sheet, for I really forgot to send for some larger; and I suppose you would rather have this on Tuesday, than wait till Thursday for a longer. * * *

Oh! what a luxury would it be to me, to be able to devise any means whereby I could rescue you from your perplexities; but alas! this I am unable to do. I was on Saturday, after reading your epistle, in distress on your account; and thus I went on my knees, and besought the Lord, with strong cries, and earnest entreaties, to extricate you from your present difficulties, telling Him—I would gladly suffer any thing myself, so William might be spared:—when a kind messenger seemed to whisper, in a soft, yet dignified tone—'There is no need to talk thus;—knowest thou not that He, whom thou art addressing, loves him with a love infinitely superior to thine?' I felt it, and rose, somewhat confident that deliverance would be granted. Oh! what an unkind world we have to do with!—but what am I saying? perhaps imputing that to an unkind world which is the work of an indulgent Parent, who sees that a path strewed with roses, would be more likely to conceal a serpent, than one made hard by driving winds and chilling frosts. 'He is good when He gives—supremely good—nor less when He denies.' Let us then meekly acquiesce, and say, let the trial be ever so severe, 'It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good.'

My mind has, for many days, been much occupied with thoughts of eternity; its concerns have frequently been presented to my view, clothed with awful importance; the thought of my spirit being disembodied—passing into an unknown world—being ushered into the immediate presence of a pure and holy God—and having her state irrevocably fixed—are things of infinite moment. That which would tend most to make us meet to *enjoy* these invisible realities, should, I think, be esteemed most, and pursued with the greatest eagerness.

The contemplation of these things, my William, has been beneficial to your Anne: it has caused the present world, and all it has to offer, to sink very much in her esteem; it has caused her more than ever, to be willing to sacrifice every thing for God. *My feelings, latterly, have been so new, so strange, so indescribable, that I am inclined to think the Lord is about to do something for me, of which I have now no knowledge.* Well, be it what it may, the design will, undoubtedly, be the promotion of my spiritual prosperity; and that is what I most ardently long for. This is far preferable to all the riches or honours a mouldering world has to afford. The two awful circumstances related in your letter, particularly the last, made a deep impression on my mind; it is, indeed, terrifying, and speaks, with a voice that demands attention; 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.' My dearest friend will not, I think, be displeased, if I intreat him to let it have its proper effect on his mind. Let it stimulate you to more vigorous exertion. I think you render yourself still more weak in spirit, by looking so much at your own feebleness;—turn your eye another way. Look unto *me*, says Jehovah, and be ye saved:—by continually thinking of your own short comings, you gain nothing but feelings of dissatisfaction; but by thinking of Jesus, what he has done, and what He is willing to do, your soul would get fired with love, and filled with confidence; your language would soon be altered, and, instead of complaining you cannot comparatively do any thing, you would, with holy boldness, exclaim, 'I can do all things, through Christ strengthening me.' The feebleness you feel should, in my opinion, stimulate you to make a *desperate effort* to believe in Jesus, and thereby, I am persuaded, you would get rid of it altogether. You feel the need of a deeper work in your soul, and must be fully aware, that you will never be more able to seek it than you are now. I do, indeed, anticipate the time, as not far distant, when you and your Anne will not only be emptied of sin, but filled with all the fulness of God; when we shall be able to go hand in hand up to the plains of light, tasting those immortal sweets, which are let down to refresh and animate weary travellers, and to give them some earnest of what they shall hereafter enjoy. But do I not weary you, by always insisting on this one thing? If I do, you must forgive me; it is the effect of anxious solicitude for you—I want you to be really happy; and how can I help feeling thus, when I love you so ardently? If William is happy, then Anne can rejoice; but if not, she is unavoidably sorrowful; and the only thing which

can restore her to joy is the breath of her friend, allowed to pass to her untainted, when his atmosphere is cleared. Does he not see, then, how many things bind him to make the exertions I have been inviting him to? He would be able continually to please and glorify his God;—he would delight his Anne even to ecstacy;—secure to himself present felicity;—and, hereafter, an eternal weight of glory. Are not these motives stimulating? The second, I own, is the weakest, but even that may have some influence. There are three things in particular I am anxious to know, when I receive your letter—the first is, whether your soul is prospering;—second, if your health continues to improve;—third, how you are getting on in temporal affairs. You must, then, guess what my feelings are now; you said nothing about the second particular, but I trust you are freed from suffering now on that head; and I hope you will be very speedily on the former and latter. Oh yes, your God will, I believe, supply all your need; your temporal wants are comparatively small, and He will not, I am sure, let you sink, when so little would bear you up. His ability we cannot doubt; we remember that 'the silver and the gold are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.' I am inclined to think you will call me a very poor comforter; but the fact is, my spirits are so much depressed on your account, my much endeared friend, that I am unable to be cheerful, or at all interesting; all I can do is, to commend you to God, who has promised to be unto his people as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. * * * You did not state any particular time in your letter for prayer; do not let us omit that, as I believe it has already been, and will yet be, very beneficial: perhaps the afternoon would be more convenient for you than morning. * * * I should like for us to commence a regular reading of the Scriptures; beginning them, and perusing, every day, a stated portion; and when a passage occurs with particular force, notice it to each other; it would, perhaps, be profitable: you will let me know if you approve or not.*—I anticipate much profit from the perusal of Lady Maxwell's life, which I have just commenced: have you read it? As to literature, my thirst for it continues, though but little satisfied. But my sheet reminds me that I must say

* The plan adopted and continued, was a division of the Inspired Volume into three parts—the Historical Books, the Prophetical, and those of the New Testament—a chapter in each to be read daily, *seriatim*, besides other excursive and optional reading.

farewell; and my feelings compel me to say, I am more than ever your's, most affectionately,

ANNE.

SECT. III.

THE value and necessity of entire holiness had been presented to the mind of Miss Howell, long before she understood the phraseology, as distinguishing the Methodists, which they are accustomed to use with reference to the doctrine of entire sanctification; and long, too, before she perceived how distinctly the Scriptures inculcate the experience which that doctrine prescribes, and point out the means of obtaining it, and promise the aids of Divine grace, to possess and enjoy it. But when, subsequently to her feeling the need of being made evangelically 'pure in heart,' and to her being attracted by the loveliness of a state which promised her the closeness of communion with God, for which she incessantly panted, the clear and ample views of holiness, which, from the beginning of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies,* have been distin-

* It would be, perhaps, no mis-statement, as a general outline, of the sentiments of the Methodists on the spiritual privileges attending the Christian Dispensation of the Holy Spirit, to refer to our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and to St. Paul's comprehensive prayer for the Ephesian believers, (chap. 3, ver. 14, *et seq.;*) and to his exhortations to the Philippian Church, (chap. 4, ver. 4—9;) and to his admonitions to the Thessalonian disciples, (1 Epist. chap. 5, ver. 14, *et seq.;*) and to the glowing description from the beloved

guishingly maintained among them, were expanded before her; she listened with eagerness to the illustrations of the Scriptures they offered; she studied the reasonings upon which her hope and her confidence successively took their stand, and then, with her characteristic firmness, bent all her energies to acquire what she believed her Saviour's promise held forth to her acceptance.

Her correspondent had perceived, with delightful interest, the obvious hastening of her soul towards the rest of '*perfect love, which casteth out all fear that hath torment,*' and so operates with its purifying energy, as it is 'shed abroad by the Holy Ghost given,' both upon the principles of the mind, and the affections of the heart, as to render even believers, '*written among the living, holy,*' in the estimation of Him who '*gave himself for them, that He might redeem them from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works;*' while, from the powerful and definite exercises of her mind, on the subject of closer union with her Saviour, her friend anticipated some

disciple, (1 Ep. John, iv. 16, 17, 18, 19;) and then say that all the moral and spiritual qualifications for an entrance into the glory of another world, either expressed or implied, in these portions of holy writ, are regarded, to use the expressive words of a distinguished living writer, as 'matters of asking and receiving' by faith at the throne of grace; and of living and practical exemplification by the continued power of Divine grace, to the full meaning of the sacred authors, in the midst of this world's lawful business and employments.

speedy and peculiar manifestation of the things of Christ, to be revealed by that Holy Spirit, whose transforming influences were already very visibly displayed;—every letter accordingly prepared him to open the next with more impatient expectation; and it was distinctly requested, that if any peculiar spiritual blessings were vouchsafed from above, she would describe with particularity, and relate with freedom;—but it was then utterly out of imagination that any eye, but her one friend's, should ever trace the account.

He who has watched the progress of believing minds, will not be much at loss to observe the symptoms of accelerating progress, nor will he be unprepared to expect, or to credit, the report of brilliant spiritual successes, achieved under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, by '*as many as believe, to whom the Son hath given power.*' If such an observer of such a spirit has had, beyond the common interest of brotherly affection in the family of God, an interest which only one can be permitted to feel, in reference to the case he contemplates, he will be qualified to judge with what eagerness the seal was broken of the letter containing the follow-extract, and with what indescribable pleasure its contents were perused.

The relation of the sudden death of a man of awful character in one of her father's meadows, is closed by the following remarks, which immediately

precede the account of the great manifestation of God to her soul, from which she continued to enjoy, almost without any interruption, the indwelling presence of her Saviour.

LETTER XIV.

THERE is something to me so alarming in sudden death, that I cannot help praying it may never be my lot, or the lot of any who are dear to me. Greatly should I prefer having those I love weaned away by protracted illness, though that would be sufficiently dreadful, than torn from me without being at all aware of it. And here my mind turns and casts a mournful eye on William, as it is possible;—but this is too painful to think of;—I therefore dismiss it—sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.

The Lord was indeed, my dear friend, about to do something for me, of which I had but a faint idea. On Wednesday evening, July 25, 1821, after reading your letter, I desired, with fresh intensity, to possess the blessing of perfect love: after praying a few minutes, I went to preaching, where I heard Mr. Turner preach from Peter's beginning to sink, when he saw the sea troubled, and the winds boisterous. He urged our looking to the Saviour every moment, and thus sweetly shewed the possibility of having great things effected for us; but it must be by *continually* looking to Him. The sermon was blessed to me at the time of hearing it, but not in any uncommon way. I retired directly to my room, saying within myself—I will now wrestle with the Lord, for the blessing I have so long wanted, and, perhaps, this will be the time of my visitation. I kneeled down, about the place in which I am now sitting to write this, and, in an agony spirit, *entreated the Lord to empty my heart of all remaining corruption, and fill it with Himself.* I prayed for some time, and then rose from my knees, without knowing that the Lord heard me—I paced the room, my mind being exercised various ways, between hope and fear—Satan, too, did not fail to present some artful temptations, such as—' you had better not venture, it is a hazardous piece of business; and even if you should gain it, you will be sure to lose it again.' He suggested, too, ' it is so much the safest way to be content with what may be called common blessings,'—' 'tis something like pride to be reaching out

for such great things.' But, however, I determined I would try till I succeeded, and I again *besought the God of love to impart His nature to my soul;* and when I rose the second time, I felt it was no vain thing to wait on the Lord; still I seemed afraid to believe that this was the very thing; I again prayed and begged the Lord to shew me precisely the way, and *He did graciously reveal Himself to me, as my sanctification;*—and then, Oh! William, what sweetness did I enjoy!—it was, indeed, the overwhelming power of saving grace; and yet, that scarcely expresses it so well as—

> The sacred awe that dares not move,
> And all the silent heaven of love.

I felt that to be thus near Jesus, was truly the most delightful situation I ever was placed in.

On Friday evening, when returning from Hereford, I enjoyed so much holy ecstacy, that I began to fear I should fall from my horse; every thing around appeared full of God. A circumstance occurred, which would sometimes have alarmed me, but then it had no such influence:—it was rather late, and two men, who were passing along the road, very rudely addressed me; it did not, however, excite any feeling, but that of pity, not even a fear, I so sweetly felt I was in the hands of my Heavenly Father; and thus coolly passed on, without any further interruption. These very delightful feelings continued for some time. For the last day or two, I have not been able to see my way quite so clear, though I can still trust in Him.

I was truly rejoiced to hear that your soul, for the last few days previous to your writing, had prospered;—need I invite you, my dear friend, again, to press into the enjoyment of full salvation?—is your Anne to go on without you, or tarry back to wait for you?—Neither—she hopes to go on, and to enjoy your company.

Such a state of mind as that described here, must offer striking moral and religious phenomena to attentive consideration;—the novelty of it must create a tremulous anxiety;—the extreme and delicate sensibility must give it a pleasing interest;—

and if, in the future progress of the soul, there is a visible retaining of the vantage ground on which faith had secured its triumphs, and a visible exemplification of the important fruits of victory, there will be *in a Christian Spirit* unaffected joy, and the confiding anticipation of yet more elevated advancements. These observations shall introduce a subsequent letter, containing an ample exposition of the good resulting from the spiritual exercises already detailed. For the almost entire transcription of it no apology is presented—for when it is read no apology will be wanted—and its extraordinary length will be amply compensated by its distinguishing interest. To this interest some augmentation will be made, when the reader is reminded this letter was written on the very day six months previous to her marriage, and the very day twelve months prior to her death:—

LETTER XV.

Arkstone, Tuesday Evening, Aug. 21, 1821.

WITH my mind sweetly stayed on my Redeemer, and by Him kindly permitted to make every lawful effort to increase the stock of my most affectionate William's happiness, I sit down to write him. Had your letter of Wednesday come unaccompanied by that of Friday, I should have been quite uneasy, on account of your mental sufferings; for it would have made me uncomfortable to be uncertain whether you obtained relief or not. I felt, at the moment of reading it, a sort of impatient wish that I could fly through the dreary space which separated me from my friend, and chase away the gloom that hung upon his brow; but that wish subsided,

pleasant as the task would have been, when I remembered it was not my Heavenly Father's will, and recollected, too, that He could do it without my aid; yea, that he had partially done it, before I was acquainted with it. I feel it a peculiar mercy that we can have access to a throne of grace; that we can there mingle our spirits, and get them transformed into the likeness of the Redeemer. I will not say, do not feel at all about the continuance of present circumstances, as that would be to urge an impossibility; but I must say, let your solicitude for a close alliance with Jesus preponderate. I know this is somewhat difficult, and considerable exertion is necessary, because, a desire for it above every thing else, and that resolute and persevering manner of seeking, the result of which will be the realization of your wishes, are inseparable; though it be thus difficult, yet reflect, what a victory you will achieve! Suffer yourself to be stimulated by the conduct of the warrior, who, though he cannot be *certain* that success will crown his endeavours, or the laurels *surely* be his own; and being fully alive to the possibility of great danger, and the poignancy of disappointment, yet goes fearlessly on, determined that he will lose nothing which effort can procure: *contrast* your circumstances, as one chosen to be a soldier for Jesus; 'tis true you will be exposed to danger, and the more valiant you are, the more furious will the enemy be; but then, success is certain; for, 'whatsoever is born of God, *overcometh* the world;' 'and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' The combat you are called to, differs in another point from an earthly one; the latter tends to weaken and enfeeble its combatants; while in the former, the more we are engaged, the more vigorous and strong we shall become. To prove this, let us take a view of one just commencing his Christian career: feebleness marks his every step; and his language is, 'I cannot do any thing;'—let us follow him a little further, and we shall observe he grows stronger; and, by pursuing him onward in his course, we shall, by and by, hear him exclaim—'I can now do all things, through Christ strengthening me.' Let us, O let *us*, then, manifest something like holy ambition to attain all those honours and dignities, which will be ours, if we *obtain* and *retain* the laurels of perfect love.

I have, for the last few days especially, been thinking of our very great privileges as Christians; they are, indeed, inexpressibly great. When my mind enters into this subject, with any degree of energy, I seem astonished at what I have

been doing, or rather at my inactivity, since I first knew any thing of spiritual things. How bewildering and stupifying is the carnal mind, that the soul, when under its influence, can be satisfied to grovel below, when it might be soaring above, and feasting on angels' food. It is my ardent desire and prayer, that if the Lord shall see fit fully to give us to each other, He will enable us every moment to give Him the supreme sway. What then shall be able, in the least degree, to make us unhappy?—not want of riches, or any thing of the sort—O no; those things I cannot ask for, in any greater degree than as they are absolutely needful, and for that I can rely. He is a God of Providence, as well as of Grace, and has promised that we shall not lack any good thing; we may be tried, by not having temporal blessings precisely at the time, or in the way we want them; and is it not so frequently in reference to spiritual ones? but the reason is, 'our thoughts are not as His thoughts.' I feel now that I can trust Him for every thing, and will praise Him for every thing—most for Himself—and next for you, my dearest, dearest friend; blessings which I already possess, in a degree, I would not exchange for all the wealth or honour the world has to offer! Could imagination sketch a picture of bliss, which to some might appear perfect, yet, if my eye could not distinctly trace in it my God and my William, it would be to me a poor production.

In re-perusing your letter I received the night before I saw you, I can now perceive entirely what you mean. I allude to that part in which you so kindly endeavoured to guard me from believing that *what I* had received was not the very blessing *I expected*. I see that it is just what my mind seemed bending towards, and the enemy has indeed whispered—are you certain it is the very thing? While reading the 9th chap. Matthew, those words, 'according to your faith be it unto you,' came with peculiar force into my mind; and an unusual degree of light was cast upon them; I now so distinctly see that it must be the work of every moment—that I shall *every moment* enjoy just as much as my faith embraces, and no more; my past experience corroborates this. What did I use to believe?—why thus, that the Lord would *occasionally* bless me with a manifestation of His love; that, *now and then*, I should have a *visit* from Him; and *thus* it was; I had all I expected; every thing I looked for. I could *then* say that the Lord graciously *visited* me, and the remembrance of it always made Him precious; but *then* I knew nothing of His *dwelling* in me;

my feelings *were frequently* like those of a person who is conscious he has *received* a favour from a friend; but, blessed be my God, I can now say they are similar to those an individual feels who knows that he is *receiving*, at the present moment living on the bounty of his friend: and, the more I feel myself the Lord's debtor, the more am I willing to be so: but ah, there was a day when this was not the case; yes, I believe there was a day, I speak it to the glory of my God, who hath now made me to differ, when my proud rebellious heart would have recoiled with indignance at the idea, that I was under an obligation even to my Creator; for I then felt such a haughty and independent spirit, that it refused to bow to any one. Yes, my William, if there is any thing in your Anne which may appear valuable to you, you owe it all to God; and Oh! that you were under greater obligation in that way to Him! for 'whatsoever things are pure, or lovely, or of good report,' she wishes to possess.

I will now tell you, because you are so solicitous to know every thing that passes within and without me—I used to think, in a sort of indefinite way, and it frequently distressed me, that it was likely, yea, almost certain, that, if we were ever united, we should lose our earnestness about spiritual things. I cannot account for this being excited, unless it was by observing how frequently it occurs; but I do not now think it will be the case. O no, I have a sweet persuasion that if we keep on with a steady pace, we shall be made eminent blessings to each other; the design of our Heavenly Father will not be answered if it is not so, and has He not given us the earnest already?—'Tis true there is a difference between 'living at a distance, and thus receiving a letter which love dictates —and religion colours—and affection interprets;—and living together, and being thus called to *witness* each other's *conduct* in the *particulars* of *daily* avocations.' It strikes me, that in *such* a situation we shall be most likely to be useful; our aim, you know, is not to excite mere feeling—but holy living; and certainly we shall be more likely to do *this* when *always together*, than by an occasional epistle; for when such is penned, we know not what is likely to be most useful, on account of our being ignorant of what *is going* on within the one addressed. Our object must be, likewise, to suppress any risings of evil we may perceive, and fan the glimmering sparks of purity into flames; now how unfavourable to *this* is distance, because ignorance of much that is passing is the result. I am conscious that deep devotion, and happy communion

with God, are necessary to our *being thus useful* to each other, and this should stimulate us to get it. I beseech you, then, by the great love your God bears to you, by the gratitude you owe him in return, by the affection and solicitude we mutually feel to be helps meet in the Christian course, that you struggle on till you obtain the victory. I regard that sweet manifestation you had on Friday, as a drop which portended the speedy arrival of a shower, the fructifying influence of which shall never again disappear, until you shall become as a shock of corn, fully ripe, and fitted for the garner of God. You ask, 'shall I struggle through, and regain my ground?'—yes; if you persevere in the way of faith. How much more have you to encourage you, than the poor Canaanitish woman, who had not even a *promise* to encourage her—and yet behold her faith! Animating indeed, and encouraging, was the passage you so kindly sent me—I have thought of it, until I am astonished; what may we not do, in the way of overcoming evil? The whole of the Epistle from which you selected that sweet portion, is so full of encouragement—'tis *much*, indeed, in a *small* space.

The more we know of the corruption and bitter enmity that exists against God in the world, the more shall we be surprised and delighted with that plan, by which means are furnished so completely to remove it all. My heart was deeply affected last Sabbath, at witnessing a scene so awful as that I was obliged to see. *(See note at the end of this letter.)* We observed many pass by the sound of the Gospel, with ridicule and disdain; and eagerly pursue the way that leads to destruction; even parents were leading their children, who were unable to go unassisted. It really oppressed me much, and I was glad when the service was ended, that I could take my eyes off from beholding such evil. I felt toward them, as I once heard Mr. Turner express himself in the pulpit—that, if laying down my body to be a carpet for them, would bring them to Jesus, I would have gladly done it. But Oh! if Jesus laying down His life for their transgressions, will not do, my attempt would indeed be vain.

I felt those words, you alluded to in Matthew, which refer to God's peculiar care even for our bodies, at the appointed time of reading them. Yes, he has given us *proof*, that he regards us as being of more value than many sparrows. Free yourself, as much as possible, from needless anxiety. I have, this evening, had more than ordinary power to wrestle with the Lord for you, that all your mental sufferings may subside, and

that your heart may be completely subdued by almighty grace; and I feel inexpressibly happy in anticipating the period very near, when the work shall be accomplished. I know, my dear friend, that the peculiar construction of your mind, renders it less possible for you to be happy without it, than many others. And I do wish for you to enjoy all the felicity which is attainable below, and, of course, above. Every day makes me feel more anxious about your welfare. Affection, you know, entwines around its object like the fond ivy round the friendly oak. Your affection has not been unlike it either in its progress: the little shrub first secretly took root,—then ventured to shew its head,—and, becoming more bold, ventured on, till, at last, it is as part of the tree. The oak, you know, gives no repulse, or it might nip the sapling in its growth; I must say, I am glad it does not. I cannot, now, with you, feel any thing like a divided interest: in whatever concerns you I must be busying myself. And Oh! I cannot help praying, that the period may be very far distant, ere we shall be severed from each other.

NOTE.—(See page 79.)—This is an allusion to a practice, which obtains almost throughout Herefordshire, of holding the parish wake, or feast, as it is called, in the church-yard, on the Lord's Day. Surely, one of the most strange and preposterous outrages of all law and decency, to which, among professed Protestants, custom can give the sanction of an acknowledged institution. One may think of it, and wonder that all men of considerate minds in the county—whether Evangelical men, or not—do not raise their voices in united and general execration at this foul disgrace upon their thoughtfulness as men, and their consistency as professors of faith in the supreme authority of the Bible;—and that they do not repeat, with increasing eagerness, their demands for an alteration, until they, in whose power it is, shall wipe out the stain that rests with deepening guilt upon the jurisdiction they administer to so little purpose:—but even then, when the evil shall have been swept away, so as to exist in actual repetition no longer, an enlightened memory will never cease to be pained on every recollection of it, that such an evil should have existed so long.

The writer of this note had lately an opportunity of witnessing the celebration of such a parish feast, within five miles of the city of Hereford. While advancing toward the churchyard, individuals and groups—comprising all ages, from the imbecility of infancy, to the very imbecility of age—were seen moving along to the scene of festivity, decked out in the holiday style: the females with that profusion of ribbons, and other trifling decorations, common on such occasions, and distinguishing them. Occasionally were seen, too, persons carrying their baskets full of various wares, to sell in the common mart of profanation and impiety. In the church-yard itself the scene was truly impressive. The service of the sanctuary, if that awful phrase may be so applied without violation, had been celebrated in the morning at an early hour, and followed by the administration of the consecrated elements of the Lord's Supper, as if it was advisable to give a practical exhibition on the same ground, and in the same day, of the readiness with which human beings can make the extremes of vice and of religious formalities meet and embrace each other; having first, by familiarity with both, contrived to remove the mask which it generally wears from the face of vice, and unnaturally disguised with it the fair features of religion. Two parties against different sides of the tower were, with full eagerness and activity, playing at balls; around were the stands of various commodities, chiefly eatables, exposed for sale; on them were large heaps of fruit, pastry, and confectionary, and a few toys; gambling tables were scattered in different situations, and various games of hazard were displayed upon the ground; while the impure breath of those miscreants, who gain a living by practising upon the simplicity of ignorance, and the inexperience of youth, was employed in vociferating their disgusting yells of invitation, to 'try the luck,' where, by long practice, imposture had become dexterous, and chicancery adroit.—To a visitant from a more moral, or less heathenish province of the empire, such a display must be loathsome. A heart, not hardened by accustomed familiarity with it, must grow sick at seeing such an impious defiance of all human and divine authority; but here, on almost every countenance, there sat a tranquillity as easy and as pleasant, as if all authority had been on the side of what was seen, and what was done; as if the people felt themselves safe, in disobedience to God, while so very near the Church, and walked with confidence in hostility to Him upon consecrated ground, and skipped with impunity over the

graves, which, on this privileged occasion, were hushed into unusual silence, and uttered no voice, such as generally urges on the conscience, to warn them off from the vice and profanity which will surely make transgressors, at last, 'to lie down in sorrow.' An attempt was made to gain the attention of the people to a short expostulation with them, founded on the account they must individually give on the great day of judgement; it is right to say many listened with attention; but to some of the lewd and drunken sons of Belial, this gave offence: they endeavoured to create confusion; but, not succeeding thus, they had recourse—and the expedient was obvious, and merry, and practicable—to ringing the bells.

If any thing additional were wanted to make this scene terrific, or to render it as an exhibition of morals yet more affecting, it is supplied in the consideration, that all this takes place at regular periods, in a country which acknowledges Christianity as part of the law of the land;—that all this is done amidst Christian *Ministers and Magistrates*, in an English county, during the nineteenth century, within a few miles of a diocesan church, and upon ground devoted in the solemnities of religious consecration, and secured by the strong mounds and fences of legal sanction, to the worship of the God of Sabbaths and of Ordinances. I will not dwell upon the calculation,—it would be an overwhelming labour,—of the sum of guilt thus accumulating upon those who perpetrate these odious enormities;—but it is serious, and it may be useful to ask, with what eyes must that just and holy God, who exclaims, —'Vengeance is mine: I will repay'—LOOK ON, while these insults to his despised authority are multiplying, and LOOK DOWN upon them, whose capabilities and influences, if not employed to encourage these mal-practices, are not employed to prevent them.

THE following extract is offered as an evidence of the clearness of Miss H.'s views of the way by faith to a life of holiness, and as an example of the propriety of the manner in which she reasoned against unbelief, and urged the exercise of unwavering reliance on the fidelity of God to His promises:—

September 18, 1821.

OH! my dearest Friend, are my attempts to promote your spiritual welfare really successful?—do they, indeed, forward your steps in any degree towards the Redeemer, and make you more solicitous to be like Him?—What a luxury of feeling does this give your Anne! if her heart does not deceive her, she can appeal to her Saviour, and say, that she desires, more than any thing else, for her William, that he may be transformed into His likeness; and it is a draw-back upon her happiness when this does not appear in a degree so great as it might be. It is, indeed, a weighty argument in favour of our correspondence, that it is productive of so much spiritual benefit to us. How very painful it would be, if, on the contrary, we were hindrances; and, instead of urging each other forward, were weights, that mightily retard our progress. It is just as I wish, and for this I invariably pray previous to writing them, that my letters may be made means of grace to you. It is to me delightful that I can, in any way, be made the channel through which good is conveyed to one, whose interests lie so very near my heart as your's; and, at the same time, can do something for that Redeemer, who is, above all others, the delight of my soul.

And are you still kept in bondage, having the fetters of unbelief bound around your soul? It appears to me you keep putting the time of deliverance off to some future period. You are aware of the willingness and ability of the Saviour. You know, too, that come when deliverance may, your act of faith must precede it;—and why, then, not now?—who will give you more strength than you now have, previous to your going to Jesus? Are you to be partially cured before you apply to the Physician? Surely not. It is, I think, precisely the same with the soul as with the body; delay will only

tend to confirm the disease, and render it more incurable. You are not, surely, fancying you can do nothing, and therefore lazily ceasing to struggle, in effect, saying, that God must do all. Oh! no; your understanding will revolt from this, as absurd. When, then, will you be more able than at the present moment?—surely never, until the Saviour makes you so;—then go to Him now, just as you are. Do not try to shun His knowing the worst of your heart's corruptions, and remember, 'tis to Him, who 'will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoaking flax,' you go. Jesus is, indeed, all-compassionate. How very soon he was moved to the relief of the poor man's son, when he with tears said, 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.'

But you talk of the depth of your disease, as if that is a sufficient argument to prove the impossibility of its removal; it might be, if you had one only potent like yourself to deal with; but, surely, your malady, which may be called trifling when compared with the salvation provided for its removal, will not dare to say to Omnipotence, 'I am too hard for thee.' You say, 'If you knew all the evils of my heart, and especially the power of the sins that most easily beset and prevail, do you really think, if I were actually to say to them, in the name of the Lord Jesus, be ye removed, and utterly cast out, and were not to doubt in my heart, but believe that the expulsion I commanded shall come to pass, that I should have whatever I asked, and find them actually gone?' I reply—let the evils be as great, or of what nature soever they may, if you were thus to act, I believe victory would be as certain as that you have a soul.

But you say, your soul rejects the promises, as unapplicable to itself, on account of some differences between your circumstances and those of the persons to whom they were addressed. Not for whom they were *intended*;—for, I believe, you are one of the number. Shall I say, 'O haughty spirit, which, because she could not have the first choosing of the promises, will have nothing to do with them?' The fact is, Satan will endeavour to keep you from thinking any promise applicable to yourself; he well knows what the result would be, if you thought otherwise; but do now foil him in his attempt, resist his insinuations altogether, and he will flee from you. It may be, you may not obtain all *you want* in a moment, but do not be discouraged, and give up, or relax in seeking; be bold at a throne of grace in exercising faith. Thus put the Lord humbly and fully to His word, and I am sure you will

please Him, in a greater degree, and bring far more glory to His name, than by being timid, and afraid to venture; for that seems to imply, that you fear whether the Lord will be as good as His promise, and meet you according to His word.

You surely shut your eyes, when you say you cannot see it possible for you to exercise such a faith as is described in the words alluded to; and cannot you really, seeing the Lord has so repeatedly promised, and you so acutely feel your need of it—go and ask for the blessing of entire sanctification, without doubting in your heart that you shall receive it?—Oh! yes, I am sure you can, if you will but resolutely venture. Now do, pray, let your Anne's entreaties be regarded; do make up your mind to venture on Jesus. Satan will, I know, immediately present your doubts, and suggest, that for you to attempt to move towards God, without these old companions, is impossible; but reject the suggestion immediately; do not stop to parley with your enemy; say—I need not, and I will not doubt—I am determined now to be victor. What I mean is fully expressed in these lines—

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

But you fear believing a lie: surely there is little danger of doing this, while you have an immutable promise to bear you out. * * * * But, perhaps, ere this, I have tired your patience, without being interesting or edifying; if so, I must beg your pardon; the importance of the subject, and the solicitude I feel that you may be fully happy in the love of God, must be my apology.

Your Anne continues, yea, believes she increases, to feel the blessedness of looking to the Redeemer every moment for a present deliverance from evil, and for the fulfilment of that gracious promise, 'I will *dwell* in them, and walk in them; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God;' and, at the same time, feels, that what she now possesses is little, in comparison of what she may yet enjoy. Do, my dear William, let us be in earnest; the fruits of the Spirit are worth taking pains to pluck, and after they are plucked, deserve our care to preserve them.

Arkstone, Sept. 28, 1821.

* * * * * As to heaviness, there needs be no discouragement. I have read the experience of several pious saints, and they all seem occasionally to have felt it, and at the same time they enjoyed perfect love. Mr. Wesley, you know, thinks it sometimes unavoidable, and even permitted, by the Lord, for the trying of our faith, which is much more precious than gold which perisheth. By the whole tenor of his sermon on the subject, he seems to set forth the possibility of a child of God being in heaviness of spirit, and at the same time able, knowing the constancy and faithfulness of Him with whom he has to do, firmly to rely upon the promises, as made to him yea and amen in Christ Jesus his Lord. Under such circumstances, we shall certainly do well to keep the shield of faith in lively exercise, and never, for a moment, lose sight of our Captain; we need not then fear loss; but, on the contrary, the former will increase in brightness, and become well-proved for engagements, while the latter will approvingly smile on us, as good soldiers. What a blessed state of salvation is that to which our Lord hath called us. I more than ever see, that if earnestness and diligence are necessary to obtain the blessing, they are equally so, combined with great watchfulness, to retain it. I have many times thought of that sentiment of the Rev. Mr. Griffiths's, noted in Mrs. Cooper's Diary,—' The Holy Spirit is infinitely delicate;'—the more attentive I am to His operations upon my soul, the more I feel the truth of it. And when He has so condescendingly entered our souls, when they were the store-houses of corruption, and has removed all impurity out, in order that they might become fit habitations, not merely to receive Him as an occasional visitor, but that He might *dwell* in them; should we not be very solicitous and careful to keep out those fiends, who would again dethrone and drive out our Celestial Guest. May we then, my dear friend, give all diligence to guard the sacred treasure in our hearts.

Sabbath Evening.—A few more moments to talk to my very dear friend of the goodness of our God. I cannot tell you what a sweet serenity has to day pervaded my soul: I have truly felt as a little child at the feet of my Redeemer; thus delightfully catching His approving smile, and learning of Him the lessons of His grace. How very false the idea, that even perfect love will tend to puff up and fill the mind with pride. I am sure, the more I feel the love of God in my heart, the more I see of my own weakness and utter help-

lessness. When I think of myself being taken into God, I regard it as somewhat similar to a drop of impure water being cast into a clear ocean; its impurity is soon lost, and it partakes of the nature of that in which it is lodged; but surely the little drop will not vainly assume to itself that it has benefitted the ocean, or has any thing to glory in, but what it has received; for how very insignificant would it again appear, if separate. It is just thus I feel I should be, if disunited from my God. I should indeed be less than nothing and vanity. I could enter into the feelings of ————, when he said he felt 'indescribably blessed and feeble, supported and timid as a little child;' they are in perfect unison with my own: and is it not proper we should thus feel, for 'he that will receive the kingdom of God, must be converted and become as a little child.' Tell me, if we agree in thinking and feeling, that the mind, when holding communion with God, has more sweet peace and heavenly serenity, than rapturous joy: my own mind approves of such feeling, as being most consistent with the state as described by St. John, 1st Epist. when he speaks of the babe, the young man, and the father in Christ. A child certainly appears to have more joy than one farther advanced in age; but how much more solid and satisfying are the enjoyments of those who have arrived at years of maturity; who have their capacities expanded, and made so much more capable of receiving large draughts of pleasure.

Monday.—I experienced something of the truth of the former part of my letter, that the mind may be peacefully stayed on God, and yet be in heaviness. When I read your letter, on Thursday evening, though my joy was great, my sorrow was great too, with regard to your health; for, although you said you were better, my fears have been most rebellious. I went to bed in tears, and rose again on Friday, with a heart ready to break; my distress all day was very great; wherever I went, an almost unbearable load followed me; you seemed to me so much dearer than you ever had been, that the torturing thought of losing you was really dreadful; all around me seemed in mourning, and I the most mournful of all. Ah! said I, what a poor miserable place will this world be to me, when William is out of it? I began to write, but I could not go on. I laid my distress before the Lord; I told him I would drink the bitter cup submissively, if it were his will; yet, if it could be so ordered, I intreated him to spare William to me; and a degree of assurance that he would do so, caused my fears, in some measure, to subside;—I can, however, and will say, 'Let the Lord do as seemeth him good.' I have, I believe,

desired for you the blessing of entire holiness, more than even life itself; and, if my own heart does not deceive me, I had rather live my days out in sorrow and in solitude, for you to be happily with the Lord, than for me to enjoy the happiness of your society, with the probability that this blessing will not be your's; and, while I thus write, I am fully aware, having had a sort of foretaste, that I should have to wade through seas of deep distress. But I leave it to the Lord, and hope for the best.

But I must leave you: a messenger is going to Hereford, who will convey this at once; you will thus have it a day or two earlier than usual, which will gratify you, and please your own

Most affectionate

ANNE.

October 15, 1821.

* * * * 'Tis well, I allow, my William, to be careful that we are not deceived; and is it not well, too, to mind Satan does not turn that solicitude we may feel into a means of exciting doubt; and when we should be praising our Heavenly Father for his bestowment of what we had been asking, he may be leading our minds out into unprofitable reasonings, as to whether we had received it or not, insinuating an intention to honour God thereby, and promote the safety of our souls.—We have need of wisdom, to discern between sin and temptation: and by looking to him, who is our wisdom, surely we shall not be suffered to err.

I confess to you, that part of your letter in which you stated your reasons, for concluding you are not fully saved from sin, somewhat perplexed my mind. The enemy suggested, perhaps, you are not really delivered from all sin, though you have now power over it; for William thinks and says 'the latter may be enjoyed, while the former still remains; and, that to have power over sin, is no proof of itself that the propensity to it is destroyed.' 'Tis true, I have felt anger since I believed I enjoyed the blessing, and have sometimes given way to a degree of trifling cheerfulness, and, on one occasion, felt the rising of what has many times destroyed my peace, viz. a haughty spirit, which refuses to brook an insult; the latter was excited by imagining, and it proved to be only an imagination, that one of the servants spoke to me in a

manner improperly familiar; not that I think I am required to suffer such faults to pass without correction, but it was the feeling I had which I think was wrong. I took it, however, to Jesus, and soon felt all was well. But, when I read your letter, and remembered these things, I began to doubt; however, I determined not to give up my confidence, but would rather lay hold on Jesus afresh, and believe in Him again that moment, for full salvation; I did so, and felt the blessedness of it.

This has made me feel the necessity of being extremely watchful, and the Redeemer seemed to whisper, 'Take care, thou poor helpless soul, trust not thyself a moment from me, keep close to my wounded side in future, and thou shalt be safe; thou knowest, by painful experience, that of thyself thou canst do nothing; and if the enemy finds thee at any time straying from me, thy Heavenly Guide, he will surely use his utmost strength to prevent thy ever returning to me again; and then, should he prevail—should he entangle thee again—though he might not be finally successful—yet thou knowest the trouble it will cost thee, to free thyself from the jaws of that devourer. Be wise, therefore, be diligent.' My heart was affected by the kindness, the unbounded love of Jesus; and, in grateful accents, replied—I will—I do love thee—I will devote myself continually to thee;—thou art mine I know, nor shall earth or hell persuade me to the contrary; while thy Spirit tells me so, I will listen.

I am sure I suffer loss from being so little connected with those who know much of Christian experience; I seem to want a father or mother in Israel, to look up to for counsel and direction: perhaps I am denied this, in order that I may look directly to my Heavenly Father, who, I feel, does graciously afford me the privilege of asking and receiving counsel from Himself. I am, and my heart exults to think of it, united to Him who is the altogether lovely, and from whom nothing but my own disobedience can separate me; Oh! yes, if I continue faithful, I am my God's for ever; help me, my dearest friend, by ardent supplications for me, that I may be watchful, be diligent. Oh! praise Him—praise Him—shall we ever cease to praise Him?—I am sure we shall find eternity short enough for this work.

December, 1821.

As we have read through Leviticus, my mind has been delighted in observing, what an excellent and correct

outline the former dispensation is of the present; and my heart has been filled with grateful feeling, that you and I, my dear William, enjoy the substance of those things which the Jewish nation only hoped for. Thank God, Jesus *has died, has finished* the work of human redemption, and has again taken His seat at His Father's right hand, having fulfilled and abolished all types and shadows. How very onerous the offering of so many sacrifices, attending to so many modes of purification, &c. must have been!—and then, the latter appear to have been effectual only to the purifying of the flesh; not to sweep away the filth of inward corruption.

And then, at what a distance the people were obliged to live from God! no going directly to a throne of grace, but every petition offered through a high priest taken from among men. This, however, sweetly shadows forth the office of the Redeemer, as an Intercessor for us. In how many delightful characters we are taught to regard *Him*, by reading over the arrangements of the Mosaic Economy. I agree with you in thinking, 'there is no single means so well calculated to bring us acquainted with the entire of our holy religion, as a connected perusal of those arrangements, illustrated by the New Testament.' The necessity of holiness, as a binding duty upon us, appears to me, from this perusal, in a stronger light than it ever has appeared. That God absolutely requires it, seems certain; for how often were the Israelites commanded to wash themselves, that they might be clean ceremonially; but this was, no doubt, a shadow of good things to come, even that best of all things, the entire sanctification of our nature. Oh! my dearest friend, do not let us, by remaining without it, become like those professors who manifest an impious and unwarrantable indifference, yea, even aversion, to what JEHOVAH has laid so great stress upon, as really needful to make us meet for His presence. Where the room for cavilling, when He has said, 'Be ye holy, for I am holy,' and that *nothing unclean* shall enter His presence; also, 'Be ye perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect?' Now, it is most absurd to say, 'I cannot, I am so feeble.'—Did the Lord, I wonder, forget, when devising and executing the plan for the recovery of mankind out of the jaws of the devourer, the condition of those He was thus going to ransom? Surely not; He remembered they are dust—very feebleness itself; and *thus* viewing them, His own arm brought salvation—such a salvation as was altogether fitted for them; so that man is left without the least excuse. And then how beautiful, how enamouring, how desirable is entire holiness, when we consider the corrupt and degraded

condition of our nature, so that God was obliged to place us in disgrace at an infinite distance from Himself; and then look, on the other hand, at those means which were contrived by infinite kindness to counteract the hellish contagion, and restore us again to the favour and likeness of our Maker:—is it not surprising that we should manifest any thing like supineness or indifference?

Another thing to be admired in our circumstances, as compared with those of the old dispensation, is, the simplicity of the way of attaining holiness, and to this we must pay constant attention;—no vast requirements—no costly sacrifices—nothing of the sort—nothing but simple faith in the atoning blood. And is it not there my friend fails sometimes, through the enemy presenting discouragements to his mind, which weaken his faith? then, when faith is weakened and destroyed, fear springs up, and grows; and when fear reigns, there will be sure to result a distance between God and the soul, in private. How careful we should be, then, to resist Satan in his first onset; but, if we have failed to do this, it will not be wise in us to delay any longer, by heaping up loads of condemnation and accusations against ourselves, but flee instantly to the foot of the cross, and humble ourselves there, and, without hesitation, cast our souls afresh, with all our sins, on the atoning Lamb. Oh! precious Saviour! Do not let us, my William, for a moment doubt of His willingness to embrace us again, and again. Let me beseech you to repeat your application for entire holiness;—you will not tell me, I am sure you will not—that you cannot gratify me; if you did, I should be obliged to say, what I have never yet had occasion to say, that William does not try to please me *in every possible* way.

The three following extracts, which close the selection from Miss H.'s correspondence, offer pleasing evidences of the deep and becoming thoughtfulness with which she contemplated the station of her future life:—

Arkstone, Dec. 25, 1821.

I AM very willing there should exist a degree of singularity in us, on the subject of love, so long as the standard

is set by the majority of persons so very low, indeed, so much lower, I believe, than Jehovah intended it should be. I am persuaded the connection is, in many instances, too lightly regarded; I mean, even among professors of Christianity; there is so little reference to it, as a sacred institution established by the Lord for the happiness of His people; it is viewed in its obscured condition, instead of its state of primitive purity; and thus one fallen creature imitates another, instead of being guided by the rules laid down by the founder of the institution; thus its true glory is caused to depart, and a something raised by fallen human invention for only temporal benefits, is established in its place. May we be so warned by the follies and errors of others, as to avoid what we cannot but condemn; and in this, as in every other case in which we wish to go right, attend minutely to the directions given by our Heavenly Father—what He has said on the subject has often delighted me; it adds to the mass of evidence which goes to prove that He takes pleasure in felicitating, in every consistent way, the lives of the creatures He has formed. What would He not do for us, in the way of bestowing temporal mercies, if we ourselves did not compel Him to withhold His hand, by our foolish and absurd conduct, when He opens it widely to us; and what mercy there is even in His withdrawing blessings from us: I am persuaded it will abundantly heighten the joy of our song of praise in the eternal world that He ever did so; when He will unfold to our astonished sight the multiplied dangers we were rescued from, and the invaluable blessings secured to us, even by circumstances which, when they occurred, made us almost doubt whether God was really so kind as He was represented, and as we had before thought Him. I have sometimes imagined the Lord looking on us with peculiar pity, when we have been doing things which He sees He must correct us for, in order to promote our spiritual welfare; so that we sometimes will not permit Him to do as He otherwise would. May I not say, my dear William, that so long as we continue melted down by our God's *providential* displays of kindness, and carefully avoid making them obstructions in the way of His *grace*, we shall never want them? is it His will, that while He displays Himself as a God of grace, He should be obscured as a God of providence?—who, indeed, can help being softened, when they view Him displaying His loving-kindness in either of these characters, so full of benefit to mankind, and especially when that display exclusively affects their individual interests? We have cer-

tainly enough to encourage *us* to trust Him for what is to come. He will not, surely, after having led us thus far, leave us the prey to disappointment and distress.*

Arkstone, Jan. 21, 1822.

Is it really possible, that the time is near when we shall be united, never to be separated again till death divides us? I have some work to persuade myself this can be true; perhaps you will not be surprised—and if you are, you must not—I may say, you will not be displeased—that sometimes, when thinking of our marriage as near, I almost shrink from it: do not be alarmed, it is on account of its carrying with it so much importance, so much responsibility, so that I appear to myself advancing with a faltering step; but I am sustained by what you said in your last, that we are 'Christians, and therefore may look fearlessly at it.' I do not fear any thing, or any one, but myself. I know too much of Anne, not to be afraid of her. What a different effect an increase of self-knowledge produces, to that which is produced by an increasing knowledge of my dearest William;—that tends to debase the object I am thus more familiarized with—while this tends to exalt and produce an augmenting stock of esteem and delight. But I need not tell you of my faults, for your own penetration has, doubtless, discovered enough; and what remains yet obscured, I dare say your affection would not let you believe, if you were informed of them, until they are brought to light by your own discoveries. I will, however, leave talking of my own faultiness, as, perhaps, it is a subject very uninteresting to you, though, by the way, it is one that materially concerns you, and will just advert to a subject which has often occurred to my mind, even when it was improbable it would, till a late period, concern me. It refers to the line of conduct to be pursued by married persons, with regard to faults that may exist in each other.

I suppose all have some faults; or, at least, some peculiarities, which occasionally generate faultiness. What made me

* How frequently may a thoughtful Christian, though long experienced, and variously exercised, perceive a principle of the Divine administration, without detecting the cases in his own history in which it shall be applied, or be inapplicable! And how frequently, too, will he be the subject of a dispensation of the Divine government, without being capable of tracing out, with certainty, the principle on which the ministration has come upon him.

first think about this, was the observing, by the conduct of some I have known, that they took a secret pleasure in exposing, to the gaze of any who chose to look, the little imperfections that had crept into each other: such conduct always excited disgust in my mind. Others, I have seen, who do not merit so high a degree of censure; they are those who do not busy themselves either to expose or conceal; for should an opportunity offer them to throw a shade over any deformity, they will not trouble themselves to embrace it. But others, I have seen, who seemed to make it, in part, the business of their lives to extract every thing of a defective nature; and if, in their efforts to accomplish this, they were defeated, they would have recourse to other measures; and try, meantime, to screen from the observation of those around, what they could not annihilate: surely such conduct is admirable—is worthy of imitation—and, may I not say, it is Godlike. If so, it is worth our attention; I recommend it to you, my dear William, especially, because it is probable you will have more occasion for it than I shall; at least, it is well for me to make provision for what *is possible*, and may happen. It must be our care, when any thing appears wrong, to check it, and use every means to extirpate it; and, till we can accomplish our purpose, let us use all the little arts which pious affection can invent, to conceal it from the view of any but ourselves.

Considering the influence our union will have on the remaining part of our lives, and its bearing upon our eternal interests, I do not wonder at what you say respecting it. I have thought of the many duties we shall then owe to each other: you will have to love and cherish your Anne, and bear with her infirmities, even as Christ has to do with his weak members. On the other hand, I shall have to *love*, and that of course takes in all the various ways which love has to branch out into; and *honour*—tell me, will you, all that you think that word implies? and *obey*, of course, in every thing where the laws of God and propriety do not forbid. And how much will our spiritual interests depend on each other as instruments: we shall certainly, if our love remains strong, be either eminent blessings to each other, or, on the contrary, great hindrances, and, consequently, great curses. To marry, is then, indeed, a serious business: it requires much thought, much care, in approaching; and, when arrived, it demands great cautious watchfulness, that, while we pluck the roses, we do not gather any of the thorns. That this may be the case, we shall need apply daily to our Heavenly Father for his aid;

otherwise we too, it is probable, shall split upon the very rock where, we have lamented, others made shipwreck of piety, or affection, or, perhaps, both.

But our responsibility will not be confined to ourselves, it will extend to our household; they have claims upon us, both as it regards their bodies and their souls; claims which we cannot be inattentive to and be blameless, and which will require much thought, judicious arrangements, economical management, and spiritual influence, in order to answer them. The neighbourhood, likewise, in which God may place us, will have a right to expect some benefit: in truth, we shall, wherever we go, be surrounded by those to whom we owe duties; to discharge which will require all the thought, and the wisdom gained by thought; and all the prayer, and the piety gained by prayer, that we can exercise.

It is well, my dear William, we have some ballast, just to keep us from being lifted up above measure; this would expose very much to danger her who is, and ever wishes to be, your own dear ANNE.

Arkstone, Feb. 3, 1822.

WITH what strange—what novel—what peculiar feelings, do I now take my pen to address William, my dearest earthly friend! Is it possible that I am now commencing a letter which will, on my part, close a correspondence that has been so very interesting, edifying, and important? Solemn thoughts occupy my mind, while I reflect that it is next to certain, I shall not from Arkstone write another letter to my dearest William. And why, may it be asked, do you feel peculiarly about that? The answer to such a query is—that, not to say any thing of the important event itself which is approaching, and by means of which letter-writing, as it has been used by us, will be dispensed with, the impression dwells on my mind, that I am shortly to quit the place where I have received some of the greatest blessings of my life. It was here the mind of your Anne became savingly affected by the Spirit of her God;—here the sighs of penitence first heaved her heart;—here the confessions of guiltiness first escaped her lips;—the cry of distressing need for mercy first reached the ears of Jehovah;—here also the sweet whispers of peace and pardon, through the blood of the Redeemer, were first heard. Here I first saw the countenance of my beloved William,

and commenced an acquaintance with him of the most interesting and, I believe, beneficial nature; one that will have such an influence on all the after part of my life, and even on my eternal state. These I consider the most prominent blessings I have received under this roof—to me a sacred roof. Oh! it has, indeed, been to me the house of mercy. What wonder at my being the subject of a good deal of feeling, when I look forward to a speedy removal from Arkstone, where it is likely I shall never again enter.

And *is* this my last letter to you, William? and shall I not write you another letter till I am your, I hope, affectionate and faithful wife? Anne *Howell* will never again, then, have an opportunity of urging her William to the possession and practice of Christian holiness, of encouraging him to believe in the Saviour, of endeavouring to dispel his doubts, of trying to make distrust give place to confidence and reliance—grief to joy—fear to hope—and unbelief to living faith. It would, indeed, be distressing to me, if I had to reflect, that, while closing on my part our correspondence, my opportunities of at least attempting to be useful to you were to be entirely cut off; but this need be no source of uneasiness, as they will be increased in a ten-fold degree. I have, in reality, then, cause for joy, that this is my last letter; because, I shall be always with my dearest friend, see him every day, know his every want, and, as far as I can, supply them,—and thus try to disperse every cloud that anxiety or distress may gather on his brow. Our union will, I am sure, be a very happy one, if we continually seek unto our Heavenly Father for his blessing; and without this, I am persuaded, our very blessings would prove curses.

You request me to tell you the state of my soul:—A few days back my mind was in considerable heaviness, through manifold temptations; the enemy thrust sore at me that I might fall; and I must have given way to his insinuations, for I found a cloud resting between my soul and my Redeemer, so as to render me unable to gaze on him with that delightful consciousness that he was MY Saviour, as I had before been enabled to do; but, blessed be my God, this is dispersed, and I feel again freedom of access to Him. I have, of course, the humbling recollection that I have not held out faithful without wavering; but, blessed be the Saviour, he does permit me to cast myself, with all my sins, on his atoning blood; my heart is, indeed, affected, when I think of having grieved such love.

I hope and pray, I may never, never, do it again; entreat, for me, that my faith fail not any more. My heart rejoiced when I read that you had been favoured with a gracious visit from Jesus; your soul will prosper, my beloved William, if you are diligent in watching unto prayer, and resolute and persevering in exercising faith. How very easy the way of faith seems, when the mind has acquired the habit of constantly believing; but when faith is seldom exercised, then to believe is a difficult work.

SECT. IV.

ON Feb. 19, 1822, Miss Anne Howell entered the marriage state, and arrived with Mr. Barber at his residence at Longford Academy.

In a memorandum-book she has briefly noticed this event, in the following terms:—'Tuesday, 19th Feb. 1822. United to my very dear William, I believe in the Lord.' What a mercy do I esteem it, that after so many months of fearful suspense, He has now realized my wishes: may my heart ever be alive and sanctified to Him.'

Imagination might innocently indulge itself in contemplating, with pleasing interest, the attending circumstances, and the flattering prospects of these truly auspicious events. With the full approbation of her own mind, she had given herself to the person whom, she believed, God himself, in his Providence, had commended to her love. It was the consummation of a virtuous and exemplary attachment, nourished amidst the alarms and the forebod-

ings of her husband's protracted ill health. She was met by the approving congratulations of very numerous relations and friends;—she was followed by the tears and the prayers of the neighbourhood which knew her, and reluctantly resigned her to another which knew her not. She at once occupied a situation affording many opportunities of extensive usefulness—a situation in which no talent she possessed might be negligently thrown aside. Her constitution seemed strong; her appearance was remarkably indicative of health; she had never, since infancy, suffered more than one week's serious illness; and the views of success in business and life, which opened before her, were, at least, alluring and flattering. From the usual dealings of Divine Providence, a long-continued enjoyment of life was to be fairly anticipated;—but God has been pleased to disappoint all expectations;—He has loudly proclaimed the utter vanity of earthly hopes and happiness;—in His unerring wisdom, He has seen fit to dissolve the most endeared connections;—and, in His sovereign authority, He has been pleased to wither and dissipate very promising prospects. Who shall reply against God? He doeth whatsoever pleaseth Him, and whatsoever *pleases* God, must be holy, and just, and good.

Nearly five months passed rapidly away without interruption or alarm. Alas! they passed away, to leave only the recollection of a momentary happi-

ness, as complete, perhaps, as this world ever exhibits; and to be hastily succeeded by a withering of earthly hopes, as sudden and as universal as even the history of youth can well present to observation. In the visitation of Divine Providence, which terminated in her removal to another world, there is presented one of those mysterious dealings of the Almighty's hand, which suddenly arrest and astonish those connected with it, and silence every reply against Him in the agony of a trembling and breathless pause. To herself only it was not terrifying; she knew whom she had believed, and was sure respecting that she had committed to Him. During the whole of her illness, she did not evince one symptom of terror or alarm at the nearness of death; and this, not because she was not aware of her danger, though this was partly the case in the former periods of the attack, much less because she was indifferent to its consequences, for she had long contemplated eternity, and the realities of the invisible world; but her soul was steadfast in faith, her eye was fixed on the Redeemer, and she was assured, for her *to live would be Christ, but to die, gain.* She had obtained enlightened views of the truth as it is in Jesus, and a clear experience of *Christ in her the hope of glory;* and this not only characterized the short course of her Christian life, while in health, but supported her amidst the mental and bodily trials of a very painful affliction, and an unexpected death-bed.

The scenery of death was familiarized to her mind by frequent contemplation; of this, the extracts given, and others which might be multiplied, bear sufficient testimony. Her own dissolution she often realized to her apprehension with the solemnity of a rational creature, mingled with the calmness of Christian resignation, and sustained by the hopes of daily growing piety. It was not with reference to herself she felt death terrible; the precarious condition of her husband had taught her some of the terrors of alarm, and some of the anticipations of bereaving distress; but, in both cases, there were spiritual lessons fixed upon her mind by the exercises of her feelings; and those lessons were eminently practical. In her own last sickness, death, though a quite unexpected intruder, was readily recognized, almost without producing even a momentary surprise; and, though she felt some of the distress at one period of her increasing disorder, towards which she had often looked fearfully forward, she yet soon regained the firmness and the resignation which her letters previously describe. Those lessons of submission, and holy acquiescence to the will of God, which she had learned at the expense of much anxious feeling, with reference to her husband, she has left, as a sort of prophetic legacy, to him who has survived her, to receive the full weight of the blow, which even she anticipated with some dismay.

The state of her mind, previous to marriage,

has been made sufficiently evident; it was one of most desirable security, and enviable enjoyment. But how far she afterward maintained her ground, amidst the dangers of a condition of life so essentially different from her unmarried one, it would be instructive to ascertain with precision;—but this is not possible. It can never cease to be matter of regret, that the whole of her papers, in her own possession, she burnt, as unworthy of any notice, about the time of marriage; and if she wrote at all extensively since, as her husband sometimes supposed she did, nothing was preserved.

It will not be supposed the object of this sketch merely to eulogize the departed, without presenting a faithful delineation of character. Eulogy is, indeed, laid loathsomely bare, if it is not mantled in the vesture, and decked in the ornaments of truth; but who, that himself loves virtue, and sees it exemplified, shall be required to restrain his admiration? To search out faults, in order to demonstrate imperfection, would be to warp the interests of truth, and baffle the aim at utility, as effectually as could be done by unprincipled and unmerited applause; it would be to sanction in the careless their defects, and to hold out a justification to the self-deceived of some secretly-cherished imperfection. It is not, then, the business of biography to pourtray faults; but were this, in the case of Mrs. Barber, required, let her husband declare, that, if she had faults, (and some imperfections may, per-

haps, be inseparable from human nature in its present state) they must be acknowledged, as they may possibly have been observed by others of keener penetration, or more impartiality, but he knew them not:—and if there were any momentary mental aberrations from the line of closest walking with God, during her short married life, and some such, though perceived only by herself, she occasionally lamented, he, who must have been, however unintentionally, the occasion of them, deplores them, but commends them, with fearless confidence, to Him, who has, for the Redeemer's sake, forgiven them all, and snatched her hastily away, to eternal union with Himself. The expossure of novelty, the interests of business, and the perplexities of worldly changes, surround even a pious spirit with dangers, and present a test of stability, to which exalted attainments are often, in some respects, unequal. Happy they who pass without injury,—and they, too, who, if injured, apply at once to the 'sovereign balm,'—and they, too, who, though smitten and staggered, recover their strength, and rise superior to all.

Mrs. Barber found herself at once placed at the head of management of a family of upwards of thirty members; a great variety of tempers was to be met, both within and without the domestic circle; she felt her responsibility, and the expectations that would be formed. She had her own plans to

digest, and her own arrangements to make, and she entered upon her charge in the spirit of the resolution, to effect whatever obligation might reasonably demand, or business fairly expect. Activity in such engagements could leave, during the four months prior to the vacation, but little leisure for retirement; and from the little that was forcibly abstracted, much was spoiled by fatigue, some was sacrificed by pain, and more must have been absorbed by anxiety. Mrs. Barber's soul, as well as body, suffered some distress, from such close application; for although the state of her mind was generally peaceful and even happy, and her intercourse with her Heavenly Father open and refreshing, she sometimes sunk a little, perhaps needlessly, under depression of spirits, that somewhat weakened the exercise of faith, and clouded her happiness, till she could retire to lay all before her Redeemer in private. It will be long remembered with gratitude and joy, how, in the most retired acts of worship with her husband, her humble confessions, and her sorrowful tears, were uniformly followed by the earnest pleadings of faith, and the happy thanksgivings of an accepted state.

A happy experience of the religion of the Redeemer, is distinguished by its endowing with great patience in suffering, and arming with great fortitude in danger. Little suffering, and no apparent danger, had hitherto been allotted to Mrs. B.:—she

was soon to experience both. In her last illness, the pain she sometimes experienced was agonizing, at other times she was perfectly free from pain; yet, during the sudden, and even violent transitions from one to the other, no murmurs escaped her; her patience astonished her relatives, and drew, on several occasions, from her medical attendant, who adds to great professional skill, the knowledge of evangelical religion, expressions of surprise.

That the patience and firmness of mind she evinced, were the fruits of the Holy Spirit's operations, was fully evident, for she felt alive to her own situation, and to the distress of her friends, but silenced every suspicion or complaint by sweet and animating reference to the wisdom, and the goodness, and the faithfulness of God.

Although no danger was apprehended from the state of Mrs. B.'s health, it was hoped the relaxation of the weeks of the coming recess would reinvigorate her system, and establish her in every evidence of health, upon which expectation could reasonably calculate.

During the Midsummer vacation, Mrs. B. in company with her sister Margaret and Mr. B. visited their friends in Bristol and Herefordshire; and among these her husband listened first, with a mixture of alarm and incredulity, to some intimations of suspicion respecting Mrs. B.'s health. The fatigues of preparation for re-opening the Academy,

on a larger scale, undoubtedly hastened the calamity, which soon frustrated every project. Until Monday, July 15, however, the stream of domestic happiness was unruffled by any serious interruption; but that day terminated the short-lived felicity. Mrs. Barber, with her husband, walked from Longford to Gloucester, and back, but in the evening she was so unwell as to feel it necessary to retire, rather earlier than usual, to bed;—in the mind of her husband no great alarm was excited, and she thought as little as did he or her relatives around, that from that bed she was to rise no more. Medical assistance was procured, without Mrs. B.'s knowledge, as she had been always very averse to that resource; and, although the skilful surgeon who attended saw much greater seriousness in the disorder, than any of the relatives of Mrs. B. were aware of, yet from her husband and herself all apprehension of danger was withheld until the following Saturday, when a bowel-obstruction, accompanied by violent inflammation, threatened for some hours almost immediate dissolution. In the midst of these appalling circumstances, when her pain was almost too great to allow the exercise of thinking, her husband, who could but ill conceal the distressing alarm into which the information had thrown him, found her depending, with unshaken confidence, on the fidelity of her Saviour, and expressing fearless trust in Him, for either life or death. She

was not informed, at that time, of the opinion of her medical attendants; yet she afterwards told Mr. B. that the pain she felt, the appearance of every countenance, which she narrowly watched, and the calling in of a physician, fully convinced her that her danger was urgent. For the threatened affliction every mind was yet unprepared; and in answer to fervent and importunate prayer, the stroke of death was withheld; hope, which had ebbed with so much violent rapidity, returned again with a flow of very cheerful congratulation, but it was only to repeat its disappointment till its last effort subsided. During the ensuing fortnight, although some symptoms seemed to maintain a forbidding hold of her constitution, she appeared gradually recovering. It was thought the bitterness of death was past; and with her husband she conversed freely of the danger which had so threatened and gone by, and of the influence the severe trial ought to have on future life.

A conversation rather extended transpired, on the evening of Saturday, August 3, when she was so much better as to have recovered much of her usual appearance and cheerfulness. The reasons of the Lord's dealing out so painful a dispensation, became the interesting subject of inquiry. Leaning on the bed beside her, Mr. B. said,—'Why, my love, are we thus visited, and heavily afflicted, so early?' She intimated,—'it

must be done wisely and graciously, and we shall by and by, receive the benefit of it.' 'It seems as if the Lord had some controversy with us: He has long blessed us with a knowledge of Himself, and some views of the power and extent of the benefits of the Gospel, as the dispensation in which He calls us to live. He will not suffer us to live without a full experience of them. You and I must be holy; and our God seems to shew us, He will spare us in nothing, in order to make us so.' In these views she cordially acquiesced, but added some encouraging remarks on the invariable faithfulness and love of the Redeemer; but expressed her heartfelt regret, that the doctrine and experience of entire holiness had not been sufficiently urged upon each other, during the few latter months of life. She regretted, too, with some painful emotion, that the multiplied engagements of the large family over which she was placed, had engrossed, too greatly her attention; but firmly resolved, that when the Lord should restore her, she would find some means of managing her family affairs with less fatigue to herself, and a more limited assignment of her time. It must long dwell upon the memory of her bereaved husband, with what affecting humility, and earnest sincerity, she contested with him the point, that it must be on her account the trial was permitted. The alternated assurance, 'It is I, and not you, have drawn down the visitation,' sunk, at last,

into mutual acknowledgements of unworthiness, and united submission to chastisements merited at the hands of the Lord. These dissolving sentiments were succeeded by very supporting views, in Mrs. B.'s mind, of the parental wisdom and love of her Heavenly Father. In the expression of regret at past unfaithfulness, and of resolutions for future zealous devotedness, Mr. B. heartily joined; but expressed his fear, lest the deceitfulness of the heart, combined with the attractiveness of business, should again betray the purposes, and disappoint the expectations, formed in circumstances of distress. To this Mrs. B. replied, and her reply is memorable:—'It is true, there is reason to fear; but it is best not to look too much at that, but, relying on the strength of God, begin at once, and fear nothing for the future.'

She seemed to feel, that she had been rather mistaken in her estimate of life, and of the attention due to the concerns of business; and on this account she felt humble, and somewhat sorrowful. After some pointed expressions of acknowledgement, it was felt desirable to ascertain, whether her feeling was that of condemnation; the question was therefore proposed:—'Do you now feel distressed by the guilt of unfaithfulness, and the fear of death?' she replied,—'No; not at all.' 'Why, how can that be?' 'Jesus has atoned, and all is forgiven me for His sake.' The question was here pressed

with earnestness,—'Do you feel *sure* that all is forgiven?' 'Yes; (said she) quite sure.' 'Have you no fear of the consequences of death?' 'No; I leave it to the Lord; I know he is faithful. If I die, I shall die unto the Lord.' 'Do you now feel the *efficacy* of His blood, in atoning for you, and the presence of His Spirit in rendering you holy?' 'Yes; I bless His holy name, I do feel it clearly.' 'Is Jesus then precious to you?' 'Oh, yes! He is very precious: He is a precious Saviour—a very present help in time of need.'

The disorder, in its progress, was of the most harassing description,—perplexing the skill and baffling the efforts of the eminent professional attendants: alternately there were presented reasons for very assuring confidence of recovery, and for utter despondency of it. Death surely made his advances upon her, and ultimately completed its triumphs in one of its most trying and terrific forms.

On Sunday, August 4, all the hopes which had been raised with much care, and sustained with much flattering pleasure, were unexpectedly overwhelmed and borne down. A very violent shivering, which came on suddenly at 5 o'clock in the morning, in connection with other symptoms, indicated an attack of typhus fever. The assistance of the physician was again requested; but all the favour of his opinion was, that the symptoms of danger were not so urgent as they had been. Vari-

ous means were at once repeated or added. Through very prompt and energetic assistance, the danger again seemed to subside, and, for a time, success appeared to crown the watchful and indefatigable efforts of the attending surgeon; every symptom abated, and even disappeared; towards the end of the week she seemed in a state of decisive convalescence; nothing was apparently wanted for restoration but careful nutrition.

This was indeed cheering; but the repeated disappointments which had been experienced before, were powerful checks upon a confidence that might again prove treacherous. Her husband felt that the Lord had now taken her into His own hands, and was subjecting both to a very searching and afflictive trial, of which the mind of each was kept in total suspense, in reference to the ultimate termination. To say that Mrs. B. maintained, amidst all, an unruffled composure, is to say little of the truth: though not at all rapturously joyful, nor, indeed, communicative on the subject, except in reply to questions, her soul rested with confidence upon the promises of God, and the sufficiency of her Saviour; and she enjoyed a peace which neither disease nor dissolution, while she retained the use of her understanding, at all disturbed. She frequently appeared very earnest in prayer, and sometimes in the exercise, her countenance exhibited strong emotions of delight. But it was felt by the

husband and the wife—who, in the midst of this awful uncertainty of their being continued to each other, often mutually looked with a tremulous anxiety better imagined than described—that, while every possible care was taken, and every possible assistance procured for the body, it was far best for them to direct their chief attention to the state and progress of the soul. It was well they did so; for they were thus saved from the excessive keenness of suffering, which further disappointments might otherwise have produced.

In a conversation between them, during the week, when recovery was again confidently hoped, Mr. B. felt desirous of ascertaining precisely the state of mind, under which the successive threats of death had been sustained. He said, 'Our situation has been, and is, a very trying one. Surely the Lord sees something in us, that needs a very painful correction.' Mrs. B. replied,—'It is painful indeed:' but she adverted to the unchangable kindness and faithfulness of God, as giving reason to believe, that the dispensation proceeded more from love than anger. 'Suppose, my dear, (said Mr. B.) it should, after all, be the purpose of God to remove you to another world?' 'Well, (she interrupted,) and what then, my love?' 'Are you not afraid to die?' 'No; not at all.' 'Why not?' She instantly referred to the atonement of the Saviour, and to her assurance of an interest in

Him, and stated her confidence in Him. 'But then, my love, God is holy, and without holiness no one can see Him, with joy, in a disembodied state.' She instantly referred to the work of Divine Grace in her soul, and declared her confidence, that the Holy Spirit would perfect that which concerned her. To some further questions, respecting her own personal interest in the saving grace of God, and the presence with her of the Holy Spirit, to sanctify her and support her, she gave replies equally satisfactory and delightful. Mr. B. asked,—'Do you now feel the Saviour with you, as though in the room; or rather Christ within you, the hope of glory.' 'I feel strong confidence in Him as my Saviour, though I sometimes feel so much pain and languor, that I cannot perceive very clearly—I cannot do any thing but trust Him—but that I can do.' She again adverted to recovery, which, it should be recollected, was, at that time, confidently reckoned upon, and expressed her deliberate resolution, to live, in future, very near to God, and in habits of more close attention to spiritual duties.

It may be readily supposed, that if such was her happy state of mind, at the time when every appearance was indicative of restoration, it must supply very pleasing reflections; when, very soon, another heavy disappointment crushed the cherished anticipation. The return of Sunday brought another return of disease. In the earlier part of the

day, though she was thought to be still improving, a very slight flush in the countenance produced a feeling of hesitation in the mind of Mr. Cooke, her cautious medical friend. The afternoon was rather advanced, when Mr. B. who had been long watching by her side, stepped for a few moments out of the room; almost instantly after, he found her suffering under a return of acute pain, which she was describing to her sister Margaret as very peculiar, unlike what she had felt before. It almost instantly produced abstractedness and delirium, and, in less than one half hour, her countenance was changed from the cheerfulness and vivacity of a state of decisive convalescence, to the very indications of impending death. It was now evident that her medical attendant feared the worst, and apprehended some speedy decision. Several days, however, passed away without producing any alteration, except an abatement of some of the symptoms. Her husband could not believe she would die. He trembled with astonishment and fear; yet could not but hope, for many others had been restored. Repeatedly, in answer to queries from her husband, whether she felt any impression of her being about to die, she replied in the negative, and hinted, that she had to lay herself entirely upon the faithfulness of God, for his ultimate dealings with her. Hopes were, however, again entertained, as the symptoms subsided very visibly, and

her youthful constitution struggled hard with the disease: she herself had not given up the expectation that the Lord would restore her. She was called to resign life, when, if at any period of its history, life might appear desirable; and the circumstances of the very recent marriage had been so flattering, and the persuasion of the Divine approval so strong, that both the husband and the wife felt great difficulty to believe, that a gracious and tender, though unerring Providence, would proceed to sever them so soon, and so unusually, from each other. On the evening of Friday, Aug. 16, following, the distressing suspense was determined, and the sovereign pleasure of God was unequivocally expressed. A new attack of pain was accompanied by a return of fever and distressing fits of vomiting; and delirium, which had occasionally discovered itself, returned with the threat of overwhelming her understanding. She now felt herself sinking, and repeatedly, in the course of the night, expressed her belief that she should die. It was, on the following morning, the painful duty of Mr. Cooke, to whose assiduous attentions, and anxious labours, and fraternal watchfulness, no acknowledgement can be adequate, nor any gratitude a compensation, to communicate the intelligence, that Mrs. B. was inevitably sinking, and that all the powers of nature were rapidly giving way. On receiving this afflictive information, Mr. B. hastened

to his wife, and she coolly, yet inquisitively, asked what Mr. Cooke's opinion was? The reply was, that he apprehended the consequences of the sickness, and feared she would sink. He then solicitously asked,—'Are you afraid, my dear, to go into the presence of your Heavenly Father;—are you afraid of your Saviour?' 'Oh no, (she replied,) I am not afraid—I can trust Him—He is a very present help.' 'Do you now feel the Saviour precious?' 'Yes.' 'Do you feel Him with you?' 'Oh, yes.' Her mind became then a good deal abstracted; she was evidently engaged in mental prayer.

The request of the Medical Gentlemen had hitherto excluded all persons, except Mrs. B.'s attendants and relatives, from access to her; but now every hope of restoration was resigned, Mr. B. suggested the propriety of her seeing some one beside her personal connections, for the sake of her relation to the Church of Christ, and of allowing satisfactory answers to any who might inquire into the state of mind in which she left the world. She instantly caught the suggestion, and said, 'Yes; I know what you mean—a minister; I have been thinking of it and wishing it.' She then expressed an earnest wish to see the Rev. Mr. Hunter. The case of the late excellent Mrs. Hunter had dwelt with very strong impression on the mind of Mrs. B. Mr. Hunter saw her on Saturday afternoon. To him she expressed with clearness the peaceful state

of her mind; and, in reply to an inquiry whether she had accustomed herself to close self-examination, she said, 'Yes; but I regret, very greatly, that I have too much neglected it of late.'—'Do you feel now the importance of entering the presence of a pure and holy God, and the need of your being made holy, in order to go to Him with joy?' 'Yes; and I am persuaded He will perfect the work He has begun before He removes me.' To Mr. B. she expressed likewise, with clearness, her full persuasion, that the atonement of Jesus is the only ground of hope, and her own firm and satisfying reliance upon it. Mr. H. left her, with the earnest advice to look for a very special pouring out of the Holy Spirit, to make her fully meet for glory.

It was the very earnest wish and prayer of her husband, that God would be pleased to allow some glorious manifestation of Himself to her soul, in order to prove her final triumph over pain, and sin, and death. The *God of all comfort,* who had seen it necessary to reject other previous petitions, condescended graciously to answer this. He gradually broke away from her the last expectations of life, while He filled her with the consolations of His own presence. He allowed the full persuasion of approaching death to be accompanied by such a manifestation of His grace and His glory to the dying believer, as completely swallowed up death in victory to her, and

forced away, even from her afflicted husband and sister, who were then attending on her, the deep anguish of their souls, and awed them into reverence, and gratitude, and joy. That evening, after remaining for some time silent, she suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of holy exultation—'Oh! He does—He does—Oh! now I see He does intend to remove me to glory—I shall go to glory—I am going to glory.' 'What! my love,' said her husband, 'do you think you shall die? will the Lord, then, take you from me?' 'Oh! yes—He will—He will—a very little while more, and I shall be in glory—a few more struggles, and all will be over—I shall be in glory—I shall soon

Take my last triumphant flight
From Calvary to Zion's height.

Jesus is precious to me—very precious—and God the Holy Spirit is very precious—and God the Holy Father is precious—is very precious too—all are precious. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will toward men.' Thus she continued her exclamations of triumph, till her strength was exhausted, and the sickness returned.

Serious apprehensions were now entertained that she would expire that night. Her sister Betsey asked, 'What shall I say to Father and brother John?' 'Give my dying love to my father, and tell

him I am going to God; and Oh! do exhort him to be in earnest about his soul, and not to loiter in the way to the kingdom. He will soon follow me: those that are young are called, and he cannot live long; entreat him, Oh! entreat him, to be in earnest. Give my dying love to John; tell him to seek the Lord with all his heart, and not to trifle any longer with things of such vast importance.'

An impressive and affecting scene now transpired, of which no ordinary measure of Divine influence was needful to support, and to sanctify the effect. Her husband and sister Betsey, unable to suppress their feelings any longer, burst into tears, and wept without restraint. She turned towards each, looked attentively for some moments, and then wept herself. Mr. B. struggling in vain to suppress his own sensations, endeavoured to support hers, and she affectionately reciprocated the effort, striving, in broken accents, to encourage him to trust in the Lord, and assuring him the Lord would direct and bless him; distress was thus mutually aggravated. At length Mr. B. in order forcibly to change the current of thoughts, asked,—'Why, my love, do you weep; are you afraid to die—afraid of God your Heavenly Father—afraid of the Redeemer?' Oh, no! (she replied eagerly)—no; but 'tis hard—hard indeed, to part with very dear friends;' and her tears redoubled as she exclaimed,—'And O my husband—my dear

husband—I must weep—I must weep for my poor husband.' This was too deeply affecting; and the most vigorous efforts became necessary to restrain the almost ungovernable emotions. She took off her rings, and presented them to Mr. B. with the request that he would keep them; but, upon his requesting her not to remove them, she replaced them, and said—' Well, you can take them off when I am dead.' She soon regained her usual placidity of mind; and it became a mutual engagement to give each other and all things up to the will of God. For this Divine grace enabled her; for, though she frequently afterward evidenced very tender affection, there was no farther appearance of distress on the subject. From this moment she regarded her own dissolution as certain, and hastily approaching: she anticipated she should die on the following night.

There was extraordinary cheerfulness about her during the sabbath morning: she conversed freely of her dissolution; inquired where it was intended to bury her; and, with perfect collectedness, disposed of some little trinkets, as keep-sakes, among her sisters. In the after part of the day, the delirium returned, with a most distressing state of mental exercise: the Prince of Darkness was permitted to exert a very painful and extraordinary influence: it was truly the hour of darkness and the power of it. There suddenly came over her an otherwise un-

accountable seeming indifference to her own condition and spiritual things. When asked if Jesus was precious to her? she replied,—'Yes;' but without usual emotion, and with an evident wish to avoid the addition of any conversation. The distress to her husband and her friends of these bitter moments, was indescribably painful. Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Barber retired, for the purpose of prayer, and spent some agonizing minutes in the important exercise; they rose, confidently believing that God would, in mercy, interfere, and dissipate the gloom which hung with so much horror over the spirit of her husband,* on the account of apparent advantage gained by the adversary of souls. Of the result, the description will be interesting, from the pen (in a letter to a friend) of Mr. Wheeler, who sat up with her on the Sunday night;—

"She was, on Sunday evening, much distressed by delirium, so much so, as greatly to affect William's mind. What could be done?— a throne of grace was accessible; and to it we repaired, and besought the Lord that she might not expire in this painful situation. After William and I had

* Perhaps Mr. B. was wrong in his apprehensions and his feelings; and did not attribute so much to the influence of disease, and the perishing of the bodily powers, as the facts of the case would justify. The object in the narrative has been to give a faithful relation of what was, and not of what might have been, or should have been.

been agonizing for some time upon our knees, in earnest supplication, apart, we rose, and entered the room of the dying saint, but there was no apparent alteration. In connexion with Lydia, Bess, and our servant Mary, we again prostrated ourselves around her bed, before the Lord, and most importunately pressed our request, feeling a persuasion that our petitions would not be disregarded by Him to whom they were offered. William was quite exhausted, and, at the persuasion of Lydia and myself, went into the adjoining room to lie down. He had not left the room half an hour, before I thought I perceived, as I watched her countenance, something like a lucid aspect; upon this I said,—'My dear, do you know me?' she replied in the affirmative, and kissed me most affectionately, and then broke out into such a sweet and energetic strain of praise, as deeply affected me. I recollect her saying distinctly,—'Glory to God in the highest—on earth peace—good will to men. Bless the Lord, all ye His angels that excel in strength—

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'

I sent for William, to witness the goodness of God in that which I did, and do still, regard as the answer of our prayer. After giving him the strongest assurances of her interest in the Redeemer, at

our request he retired again, if possible, to rest. Lydia said to her,—' My dear, the Lord's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts.' ' No (she answered); His thoughts are not indeed as our thoughts: I should have supposed that I should long outlive you; but I am going first.' As Lydia felt, from fatigue, disposed to dose a little on the sopha, it devolved upon me to watch. She was wakeful and lucid the whole of the night. 'Twas during this night, when every thing around seemed awed into the silence of approaching death, I had an opportunity of learning for myself, what the religion of Jesus had done for our dearest Anne. Her real affection for me, and the delightful testimonies she bore to me for Jesus, were such as I hope never—never to forget. I proposed many questions to her during the night, in reference to the state of her mind; to which she replied invariably, not only in such way as to be highly satisfactory to my own mind, but so as to mark strongly a deep experience of the things of God, uniformly characterizing a mind now hanging sweetly upon Jesus. The impression upon my own mind was, at those highly interesting moments—this, then, is the religion I must possess to die by: 'tis good indeed for me to be here! I shall not soon forget the way in which she charged me, respecting her dear husband. She looked at me with uncommon interest and solicitude, and observed,—' Oh! do take care

of William; I should very much like for him to go and live with you: do take care of him.' I assured her it should be the object of Lydia and myself, to do whatever we could, in order to contribute to his comfort; and she appeared quite relieved and satisfied. I recollect we congratulated each other on the goodness of God to us as a family;—that we should be unanimous in our religious views and pursuits;—that we might, therefore, anticipate the period not far distant when we should meet without the most distant prospect of another parting. She expressed her uncommon thankfulness, that so many of the members of the family were already brought to a knowledge of the Truth, and her firm persuasion, that all the younger branches would likewise become subjects of saving grace."

There were several occurrences deeply interesting and impressive, which transpired, in order of time, a little previous to some of the latter incidents related by Mr. Wheeler. Before Mr. B. was called into the room, she affectionately took leave of her brothers, James and Richard, to each of whom she successively addressed some suitable and earnest advice. She was much affected when bidding James farewell: when a little composed, she exhorted him to trust in the Saviour with all his heart; and added, 'it is not well to look back too much upon indecision, even in the service of the Lord.'

When her husband entered the room, she was talking with Mr. Wheeler about him. ‘What does he mean to do?’ said she; ‘does he intend to keep on the concern here?’ When he reached the bedside, she put the same question to him. His reply was,—‘O no; surely I cannot; and why should I, when you are gone?” She appeared affected, but expressed her approbation, and repeated the question,—‘What, then, will you do?’ The reply was, —‘Perhaps the Lord intends thus to bring me fully into the ministry.’ She paused—looked thoughtful, and then said, emphatically,—‘Perhaps He does.’ Her husband could not repress some expressions of distress. She took his hand, and pressed it eagerly on her lips. ‘‘Thy Maker is thy husband’—reverse that—He will be as a wife to you, my love—He is the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless—He will be as a wife to you—as a friend—He will be your portion.’

Her youngest brother, Theophilus, was introduced; when she saw him very deeply affected, she addressed to him her parting advice:—‘Oh! Theo. give your heart to the Lord at once, now, while you are young; give it to Him fully. Oh! what should I do, if I had now first to seek Him? You have a mother in heaven, and a sister nearly there and will you not go there too?—

Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward

And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.'

Being reminded how soon she would see her mother, she exclaimed, with peculiar energy,—'That thought fills me with ectasy.' Mr. Wheeler added,—'Our dear little girl is there too, you know; and perhaps their two happy spirits will be the first to hail you.' She was greatly delighted at the thought, and her countenance beamed with lively animation. Early on Monday morning, although previously much exhausted, she appeared strengthened beyond all expectation. She was anticipating, with eagerness, the administration of the Sacrament, which she had requested from the hands of the Rev. Mr. Hunter; and the sight of her aged Father, for whom a messenger had been despatched at midnight.

At an early period of the morning, her husband lying on the bed beside her, engaged her for a few moments in conversation: it was their last extended conversation upon earth;—it was directed to the progress of the work of preparation for glory.—'Does the holiness of God terrify you, my dear?' 'Oh! no.' 'Is He making you fit to go?' 'Yes, He is.' 'Do you feel your soul ripening for going?' 'Yes, very delightfully.' 'Does the Holy Spirit sanctify you?' 'Yes, I feel He does; I have had some blessed visits from Him, and Jesus is very precious to me.' 'My love, you will soon be with

your excellent mother.' 'Oh! that is *animating* indeed—that is animating—very animating.' 'You will soon join the company of the blessed—the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Apostles; and, above all, your Redeemer, in his own person;

There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.'

She appeared much animated with the prospect, and said,—'Oh! I shall be with God—

Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.'

'My love,' said her husband, 'what are now your thoughts respecting the blessing of entire holiness; do you retain your former views?' She looked impressively at him, and answered, with firmness and confidence,—'Yes, I do.' 'My dear, you are now in the view of eternity, and going to God; can you now recommend me to preach the doctrine of full salvation freely?' She replied, with distinguishable emphasis,—'Yes, I do, fully; I believe it is the truth and the glory of the Gospel; and you ought to preach it constantly.'

The Rev. Mr. Collier called that morning to see her. To the questions he proposed to her, directed to ascertain the condition of her soul, she returned unhesitating and satisfactory answers. Af-

ter his having prayed, and commended her to God, Mrs. Barber repeatedly expressed her delight at the visit, and said, she had been greatly blessed during Mr. C.'s praying. To the Rev. Mr. Dixon, who called soon after, what she said was equally satisfactory. 'Have you any fear to die?' said he. 'Oh! no,' she replied, 'none; that is all taken away; Jesus is very merciful and good—He is precious to me —very precious.' 'Has He made you ready to go?' 'Yes, I believe He has; He has taken away my sins, He has washed me, and made me clean in His own blood.' While Mr. Dixon was present, the Rev. Mr. Hunter arrived, to administer the Sacrament. He held previously a short conversation with her, in which he asked her views of the ordinance itself. She instantly disavowed any dependance upon it, as of saving efficacy, or of utility, except as a means of grace, and as perpetuating the remembrance of the Redeemer's atoning death. Mr. H. asked if she had thought of his former recommendation, and had been looking for the influences of the Holy Spirit. She answered,—'Yes; and I have had some very blessed manifestations of Him to my soul—very blessed indeed.' She partook of the elements with great pleasure, and joined in the prayers with collectedness and emphasis; but appeared exhausted by the length of the service.

About middle-day her Father arrived; she was eagerly desirous of seeing him. The in-

terview between them was very affecting: after the first emotions had subsided, a bystander said a few words to Mr. Howell, informing him how gracious the Lord had been to her, and that very happy manifestations of His love had been granted her. She instantly confirmed the statement, saying, 'Oh, yes; He has been very good to me. Jesus is very precious, very indeed;' then earnestly addressing her distressed parent, she asked,—'Is He precious to you?' The question was not heard; but she raised her voice, and with great eagerness enquired,—'Is He precious to you?' and receiving an affirmative answer, her countenance was lightened with animated pleasure, and she expressed her joy in a fervent exclamation of gratitude.

But disease was now making very rapid advances—delirium repeated its attacks on Mrs. B.'s intellects: for some hours she was insensible to the attentions of those around her; she did not recognise their persons, and became painfully restless. It was about this time that the great Accuser of the Brethren was permitted to make his last desperate effort to destroy her faith. The distress of the preceding evening was renewed, except that no symptom of indifference, or want of emotion, was exhibited. The dying believer was evidently suffering in the activity of a very sharp and vigorous conflict; the energetic motions of her countenance, and its changes alternately to expressions of pleasure and

of pain; the strong movements of her hands, sometimes lifted up, and waving rapidly, as is often done to express the action of flying, and sometimes used to push with all the violence of her remaining strength, as if to thrust away some object of terrifying approach, were all indications of some sharp contest, from which she evidently suffered considerable, and sometimes very painful, exercise. In the midst of these truly afflicting moments, when every one around was looking on with mingled astonishment at such a trial of faith in its last exercises, and distress at the utter insufficiency of human help or sympathy, and confidence in the ready faithfulness of the Redeemer, *in whose sight the death of the Saints is precious,* she became for a few moments recollected, and exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment, —'Oh! the inscrutableness of God.' A few minutes after, she again cried out, in evident distress and surprise,—'O God, O God,—gone again!—gone again!' and she sunk then into delirium. Here again was excited in the bystanders sensations of acute anxiety. Her husband, Father, brother William, Mr. Wheeler, and her sisters, kneeling around her, again earnestly besought the Lord to rebuke the adversary, and grant a speedy deliverance. She presently turned toward her husband, and, looking earnestly at him with a countenance of unusual emotion, exclaimed,—'Oh! sanctification—entire sanctification—Oh! full salvation—I want—I want full salvation!'—Mr. B. eagerly said,—

'Oh! my love, 'tis the enemy—'tis the enemy assaulting you. Fear nothing; boldly believe in Jesus;—trust your Saviour, and you will certainly conquer. Jesus is here, and he is faithful. But, even if the work be still incomplete, Oh! remember the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all unrighteousness: and do remember, it can cleanse you in a moment!' With great earnestness, she repeated, inquiringly, the words,—'in a moment?' 'Yes, (he rejoined,) in a moment: you know, that *in the twinkling of an eye,* the greatest change may be effected.' She again repeated the words, —'in a moment? Yes; in a moment. In a moment? Yes; in a moment.' Her countenance indicated relief, but delirium again prevented any further coherent utterance. Her friends could now perceive increasing alteration every hour: that she would expire that night was generally anticipated; and her anxiously expecting relatives stood weeping around her, most painfully apprehending her death during delirium. While this was the case, another lucid interval occurred; it was kindly permitted—a mixing of mercy with the judgement of the dispensation—to the distressed husband. She raised herself, as if from sleep, and inquired,—'Where am I? Oh! where am I? am I in heaven, or on earth?' After a few moments, she added,—'Oh, now I see I am here; I thought I was gone; Oh! I thought I was in heaven.' She now looked around her at each of her relatives, and

took an affecting leave of several; of whom some, who were unable previously to see her, gladly seized the opportunity to be recognised by her for the last time. Her sister Margaretta, who had most laboriously attended her night and day from the commencement of her illness, but for the last few days had been confined to her room, the victim of anxiety and fatigue, was among these, supported to the bedside. Death was now disarmed. The serenity which results from the triumph of Christian faith and feeling, kept down undue expressions of grief, and moderated even the allowable sensations of it. The two sisters seemed to embrace and bid farewell, as if separating only for a journey, which would detain them but a little while from each other. Mrs. B. held the hand of her elder brother William; after bidding him adieu, pausing for a few moments, as she looked around from one to the other, she again fixed her attention on him, as if suffering some painful sensations from the view of distress around her; she then withdrew her attention from every object of this world, exclaiming, with ineffable sweetness and composure—

Earthly passions — — — far remove,
Swallow—up—my soul—in love.

The long and dreary succession of hours, after this,—during which, she suffered much from the sinking of her system into final ruins, and delirium prevailed, was interrupted by three lucid intervals.

In the first, she bade a final adieu to her Father; and charged him to deliver the assurance of her love to her friends in her former neighbourhood, and the members of the little church with which she had been there connected. Sometime distant from this, her husband was reclining by her, watching her countenance with the intense and tremulous hope, that there might be, at least, one more evidence of recognition, and of triumphant faith, when she awoke from her delirium, and perceiving him, she pressed him affectionately to her bosom, and said the last words which to him she ever uttered. In a faint tone she whispered—for articulation had nearly failed—'Oh! do not give way to excessive grief; it is a great evil. Oh! remember I have warned you against it. The Lord will be your portion.' She endeavoured to add more; but what she said or meant, was unintelligible; and she was interrupted by a return of delirium.

The sight of her sufferings now became almost unbearable; and death, which had been dreaded so much, was now felt very desirable. Her husband earnestly implored that the Lord would hasten to complete His own inscrutable purposes, and liberate the spirit of the expiring sufferer. In a state of agonized feeling, he, for a few minutes, left the room; during his absence, she had the last return of consciousness, and uttered her last words. Her sister Elizabeth was watching by her side, and observed her appear somewhat intelligent, and in-

stantly asked her,—'My dear, is Jesus precious to you now?' She answered,—'Oh! yes, He is very, very precious—I am happy—I am happy—very, very happy.'

When Mr. B. returned, life was very near its close;—the eye was fixed;—there was no motion but of the chest;—the cold sweat of death covered her lately vigorous and healthy limbs and features, and her breathing was quickened into rapid and painful respirations. Her husband, to whom at that moment the goodness of God granted most extraordinary support, was surprised, although so long expecting it, at what he saw. He, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Miss E. Howell, and the servant, threw themselves on their knees, commending the departing spirit to her waiting Saviour. The solemnity of those moments is unutterable;—the assurance of the Redeemer's presence which pervaded every mind—the confidence of the believer's instant entrance into the glory and happiness of heaven, as accepted in the Beloved, which sustained and overwhelmed every soul—must never be forgotten. To those who felt it, there could be scarcely greater evidence in a sensible demonstration. Mrs. Barber expired between one and two o'clock on Tuesday, August 20, 1822, but the moment when the spirit escaped, was not rendered remarkable by any evidence, except a sudden closing of the eye-lids as she ceased to breathe.

30*th August*, 1822.

There must be—there assuredly is—something in the doctrines of the Redeemer's Religion divine, and in the influence of its truths omnipotent, and in the consolation of its assurances infinitely valuable, which could thus sooth the mind into acquiescence, under the perceived approaches of a dispensation of Divine Providence, that came so soon and so suddenly upon the earthly happiness of a young pair, and dissipated it; that invaded their flattering prospects, and their fondly-cherished hopes, and swept them all utterly away.

The providence of God—the sovereignty of His administrations—the power—the promptness and the sufficiency of His grace—His glory in the success of His Redeeming Plan, and in the triumphant death of His saints—are in this case all illustrated; while it is equally to be inferred, that, if there are some matters of which *He giveth none account to any*, it is because they are too grand to be comprehended by finite minds, or too unsuitable to the present state of existence, to be communicated. The sure refuge of faith is, that *His will is holy, and just, and good;* and that *His word*, in which His will is expressed, *can never fail.* Heaven and earth shall pass away to complete its fulfilment.

I dare not trust myself to delineate the character of my late very dear wife, whom, if I should but accurately describe, I should certainly be disbelieved, as not impartial, by those who did not intimately know her; for those who did, such a delineation is needless; and for them, chiefly, this narrative is intended. In them, I shall meet a counterpart of that interest, which cannot be exhausted by dwelling in minute detail—too minute, and even tedious, for general circulation—upon the incidents in the progress of that fierce disease, which has broken in violently upon our happiness, and left us to lament an irretrievable loss.

But Oh! it is indeed cheering to reflect, that, if the happiness of Mrs. Barber's society is withdrawn from this world, and the light of her Christian example has thus early been shrouded by the clouds of heaven; yet, as she disappeared from human sight, she left pictured on the memory of survivors the mild radiance of her parting glory, breaking through the deep darkness that must otherwise have overwhelmed, to illustrate *their* path, and dissipate *their* dread, and allure *their* affections, and animate *their* hopes, in their yet protracted journeyings to the abode of holiness and deathless joy, where she now dwells.

W. B.

Dec. 1822.

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