WRITINGS OF RUTH BRYAN

by Ruth Bryan

A collection of theological writings, sermons, and essays by Ruth Bryan, compiled for study and devotional reading.

163 Chapters

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Chapter 1

01.00. Gleanings from the Inner Life of Ruth Bryan

Gleanings from the Inner Life of Ruth Bryan "Your eyes shall see the King in His beauty."—Isaiah 33:17

DIARY

1822. Early religious impressions—Mourning over a hard heart—Halting between two opinions—Illness of her father 1823. Prayer for sanctified affliction—Father’s death

1829. Self-acquaintance—Commencement of spiritual warfare—Earnest longings after a living faith—Hope springing up

1830. First Lord’s Table—Doubts and uncertainty—Waiting for a sense of pardon—Becomes a Sunday-school teacher 1831. Anxiety about family prayer—Self-mortification hard to bear 1832. Begins the year with an Ebenezer—Visit to Normanton—Cholera at Nottingham 1833. Declining health—Much spiritual darkness and trying Providences—Last illness and death of her uncle 1834. Journey to Birmingham—Looking into self—Consequent depression—Glimpses of the grace of Jesus 1836. Fervent wrestlings—Distinction between root and fruit 1837. The Scriptures precious—Helps by the way—Lukewarmness lamented

1838. A profitable conversation—After perplexities—A blessed "assurance of faith" given—Sin a burden—Rejoicing—Symptoms of a fatal disease—The world a snare—Felt helplessness

1839. A close walk with God—Bodily weakness—Fresh manifestations and love visits from Jesus—Foretasting glory—Deep sense of sin—The Savior her hiding-place—Living in Christ—The flesh subdued—Fasting and feasting

1840. Renewed dedication of body, soul, and spirit to the Lord—Remembrance of past mercies—Shortcoming—Searchings of heart—Victory through the blood of the Cross

1841. Soul discipline—Diving teaching—Under a cloud—Felt distance from her Lord—Pressing after a life of faith—Restored to communion—Much tried respecting the publication of her letters

1842. Large requests—Perfect freedom—The Proverbs of Solomon full of Christ—Groaning under felt corruptions, yet glorying in the Lord—Financial straits

1843. Earnests of the inheritance—Her watchword, "More of Christ"—His Person unfolded by the Spirit, through the Word—Sorrow and joy—Self-loathing—The fight of faith—The chastening of love—Kissing the rod—Spiritual arithmetic

1844. Risen with Christ—Blessed views, by faith, of a glorious Christ—Feeding upon the Word—Poor and needy—Leaning upon the Beloved—Jesus her daily Sabbath—Still panting after further revelations of His glory

1845. Eternal union with Jesus—Fiery darts of the wicked one—The Precious name of Jesus—Lesson from a spider’s web—Temporal mercies lent by the Lord—Fresh anointings from the Holy One—Singing of mercy and judgment

1846. The illness of her mother—Anxieties and pleadings on her behalf—New discoveries of the beauty of Jesus—Serving Him without fear—Grace abounding—Her mother’s death—A sparrow alone—The Lord also her Comforter

1847. Not alone—Visit to the grave—Communion with glorified saints—Pressing cares—Walks by faith—Timely deliverance—Visits the House of Refuge

1848. Peculiar straits—Looking unto Jesus—Longing for the salvation of souls—A cry from the depths—Feasting at the King’s table—The triumph of faith—Prayer and fasting, with thanksgiving—A great answer—Emboldened to wait upon the Lord—Singing His praise

1849. The Lord’s faithfulness—Temporal and spiritual help bestowed—A visit to Ockbrook—Great weakness of body—Beams of the coming glory—Rejoicing in the great salvation—Laboring in the vineyard—A public fast—Continued trial in temporal matters, yet cleaving to the Lord and to His promises

1850. Christ her all in all—Favored with access to the throne of grace—Blessed fellowship with Jesus—Matlock blessings—Teachings of the Spirit—The spread of Popery

1851. A day of darkness—A "time of refreshing" from the presence of the Lord—Fatigue and sharp conflict—Great Malvern—Journeying mercies—Increasing sufferings, but new songs—A happy Christmas Day

1852. Rumor of a French invasion—Trusting in the Lord—Heart-wanderings—A peculiar trial—Meditations on the Word—A day of humiliation—Friday evening meetings—Prayer to know God’s will in little things

1853. Seeking brighter evidences—Sensible comforts diminished—Faint, yet pursuing—Sojourn in Edinburgh—Feasting in Famine

1854. Yearning over the soul of a sick friend—Good Friday a hallowed season—The mystery of the blessed Trinity unfolded—Lessons from the Scriptures—Thanksgiving for a plentiful harvest—A time of war—Fellowship with Christ in His sufferings

1855. Thoughts upon death—A day of national fast and humiliation—Much exercised about seeking further medical advice—Passion week—A time of Jubilee—Sips from the fountain—A glorious view of a suffering Christ—Resurrection blessedness—Justification by faith—Christmas-eve

1856. A time of temptation—The Bible a wonderful book—Perplexing letters spread before the King—National rejoicings on account of peace restored—The blessings of Calvary—Martha and Mary—A visit to Filey—Self-examination—"The Word made flesh"

1857. The Spirit’s word—Redemption price—Pantings after Jesus—A banquet with the King—The coverings of the tabernacle—A second visit to Filey—Divine love—Watching for the Lord’s hand on the top of Mount Carmel

1858. A New Year’s motto: "Looking unto Jesus"—The Refiner’s work—Longing for the "better land"—The debt paid, and the Church eternally free—The blessedness of union—No birthday portion—The sun in a mist—The furnace

1859. Tribulation—Disease progressing—Death of Mr. T—. Preciousness of the blood of the Lamb—Jesus as the High Priest—Christ delighting in His Church—A feast-day

1860. Much bodily suffering—The enemy harassing—Christ in the types, Psalms, and Prophets—The realization of the presence of Jesus in the furnace—Safe in the Ark—The Lord Almighty for a crown of glory—The last entry

01.01. 1822

1822

I am going to aim at keeping a kind of DIARY, to write down my feelings, thoughts, and the occurrences of the days as they pass away, in hopes of finding it beneficial. May the Lord grant His blessing!

Sunday, September 1st, 1822.—Attended the seven o'clock prayer-meeting this morning for the first time. The affectionate prayers which were offered up for my dearest father affected me. May they be answered! Seem to have some feeling about Divine things; but, alas! this afternoon am as stupid as usual. Nothing, nothing will break this hard heart. The services of another Sabbath are over; how have my privileges been abused! I feel this evening I cannot tell how; I know not which way to turn. Oh, that I may be directed by the Spirit of truth to the right way of happiness!

Monday, 2nd.—Have spent this afternoon at a friend's. Alas! alas! I have still to mourn my insensibility to serious things; indeed, I seem not to have any desire.

[Reader, this may appear a strange expression from a quickened, living soul; but have you known nothing of having been brought so low, under the power of unbelief, and the entanglements of worldliness, carnality, and sin, as to be brought to halt—to hesitate—to doubt, and, in your inner heart to sigh for even a desire after spiritual manifestations, and such tokens of mercy as you had once hoped were yours? Was not the prophet here when he said, "My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord!"]

I fear that I am not affected as I ought, and have only a faint desire to become a Christian; and that merely to escape hell. Lord, have mercy upon me! Lead aright; break this hard, hard heart! You, Lord, know what I would have, even the forgiveness of my sins. During service was as cold as a stone. Oh, when will this vile heart be melted and subdued by divine grace?

Tuesday, 3rd.—Have been more light and trifling than usual today. I not only indulged a worldly spirit, but encouraged and courted it. How have I to lament every day my sinfulness. I am afraid I have been in some measure trusting to what I hoped to do; but the more I strive to do something acceptable, the shorter I come. I know the right way, but find it hard to depend only on Christ, and to exercise faith. I have no faith, no humility, no sense of sin, no confidence in the promises, no fear of the threatened punishments; nor anything that I ought to have. Oh, what a picture! This evening heard a sermon from John 2:11 ; but, alas! felt next to nothing. O Lord, break this heart into ten thousand pieces! Oh! I would sooner suffer all horrors and terrors imaginable, and be saved at last, than be in my present dreadful and stupid state. Break—break, oh, break my heart, and make me give it entirely to You, O blessed Savior!

Wednesday, 4th.—This evening have been to a friend's. No profitable conversation, nor did I wish for any; but joined in the nonsense, and seemed almost to forget I had a soul. What shall we say to these things? Every night I have to look back upon a day spent in folly and sin. Alas! I fear, and

with too much reason, that I never felt the plague of my own heart. Oh, for all the sorrows imaginable, sooner than indulge in such wickedness! Lord, forgive, and rouse me from this worse than death. Oh, what a hypocrite I am!

Friday, 6th.—Went with Miss B— this morning for a walk. Enjoyed it very much. She seems to think there is good hope even for me. Surely I have not deceived her. I think I told her all I felt; but hope and encouragement seem almost impossible. I have been informed by one of my companions that Miss B— has with pain observed in me a spirit of censoriousness and sneering. I sneer! the last person in the world who ought to do it, feeling so guilty myself. I am afraid I did not receive the reproof in a proper spirit; but felt hurt, as it came from those younger than myself. Lord, subdue the abominable spirit of pride which I feel, and enable me to overcome the censorious looks which are observed in me!

Sunday, 8th, Evening.—I have enjoyed or understood a little of what has been delivered today; but now it seems to have gone from me, and I am the same stupid creature again. Oh, how long shall I groan under this worse than Egyptian bondage? Oh, that I may be enabled to look to Christ for deliverance, and to wait patiently His good time!

Tuesday, 10th.—The day has passed as usual; we have little variation, and my feelings vary almost as little. I am generally as cold and dead as the stones in the street. This evening heard a sermon from Psalms 50:13. Felt a little encouragement to hope that I should some time be delivered from my burden of sin; but then, when I thought of feeling what was said, and looking upon myself as a sinner, it came into my mind, "Oh, you hypocrite! you whited sepulcher!" From whence it proceeded I know not.

Saturday, 21st.—I have this day been rather more still than I am sometimes; but must take shame and confusion of face to myself for all the events thereof. O Lord, make me humble, and allow me not to depend upon anything it is in my power to perform. Oh, keep me humble! keep me from self-deception! begin the good work, if it is not yet begun. Oh, may I not be a castaway! Break, break this stony heart! How long, Lord, how long? Make me feel. Oh, leave me not to this insensibility! What argument can I use? Oh, leave, leave me not! Allow me not to perish! Mercy, mercy is all my plea; for Christ’s sake, have mercy on me! Oh, precious, precious Christ Jesus! be my Savior, Husband, Friend—my Jesus, and my all. Jesus! Jesus! Oh, that You were precious to my soul!

[To a mere novice in Divine things, or speculators in religion, these heart-exercises would appear strange and anomalous; but by such as have been brought into the school of Christ, and are set by the Divine Teacher to the study of the human heart, the struggles—the contention—the warfare between flesh and spirit—that which is from beneath, and that which is from above—will be perfectly and practically understood.]

October 25th—My dear father has been severely exercised with pain; for five hours he endured such agony as he never felt before. My distress during that period was such as I cannot express. The fear that I should soon lose such a dear parent, and the misery of hearing his groans without being able to afford relief, exceeds all I ever felt; but, thanks be to the Lord! my father is fast recovering. Here is cause for a fresh Ebenezer. Oh, I can never be sufficiently thankful! O Lord, grant that both my dear parents may be spared many years, unworthy as I am of them.

October 31st.—Have just returned from a prayer-meeting. My dear father gave us a sweet address from the words, "I know it shall be well with those who fear the Lord;" but, alas! it was not for me—I cannot say that I fear the Lord in the manner described. Everything I hear seems to add to my distress; to hear of the high privileges of true believers, to long to enjoy, and yet to be left almost without hope, is trouble. What shall I do? The door of mercy seems eternally closed against my petitions. I am ready to give up all for lost; but, Lord, make me pray! never let me neglect the means. Oh, sometimes I feel as though I never should give up crying for mercy. I think, if I am cast into hell, I will still cry to Jesus for mercy. Oh, that the Lord would appear for my relief! How long will You hide Your face from me?

November 1st.—Alas! this has been another day of sin. I have given up writing in this book for some time, until this week, for fear it should be pride; but my father says it is a temptation; but I write sin, sin, all sin, nothing but sin. Lord, have mercy! A week ago, my ever dear father suffered unutterable anguish; I cannot be thankful enough to the Lord for restoring him. I have to engage in prayer tonight;* may the Lord help me! but, alas! I tremble.

* Her Friday-evening meetings (of which she often speaks in the course of her Diary) were commenced with one or two Christian friends, at or about this time; and were continued until within a few days of her death.

December 22nd, Sunday.—For the last month, or more, my feelings have been tried indeed. My dear father has been, and still continues under severe affliction. This is the fourth Sabbath he has been confined from his usual labors, but he has enjoyed sweet peace under his sufferings—no fear of death—but he has been enabled to bow to the will of his heavenly Father. He said to me one day, "I care not what pain I suffer, or what affliction, if I could but preach;" the tears came into his eyes, and he was much affected. He longs again to be among his little flock, and to preach to them Christ crucified. May the Lord, if it be His blessed will, soon restore him! But, alas! how stupid and dead have I been under this affliction; my natural feelings have been keen, but, as to spiritual things, I remain unimpressed and cold. Lord, rouse my stupid affections!—leave me not to myself! but take some means to rescue me from that destruction to which I am rushing with impetuosity!

01.02. 1823

1823

January 19th, Sunday.—My dear father preached this afternoon from "God is love;" evening, "Mary has chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

March 9th.—My dear father preached from the words, "But where are the nine?"

March 22nd.—My father has this week, again, been reduced very low, and little hope entertained of his recovery; but today he has revived, and our expectations are again raised. May the Lord continue the work He seems to have begun. The night before last, my dear father began to think "it was all over," and that he would soon be at rest; but we would wish, if it were possible, to keep him a little longer. May this affliction have its due influence on my mind. Hitherto, I have been very stupid, cold, and dead; prayer has been almost a burden; and at times all religious exercises could have been dispensed with. O Lord, arise and shine upon my benighted soul! arouse my sleeping powers! give me to see the multitude and magnitude of my crimes--and to fly to Jesus Christ for refuge! Tomorrow is the Sabbath; may the Divine blessing attend our engagements!

March 23rd.—My dear father is again very low and weak; the Lord only knows what will be the result of this long affliction. Talking to Mr. —, my father said, "Mercy! mercy! all is mercy on this side of hell; it is a mercy I am out of hell." Lord, restore him, hear and answer our prayer, if it is Your Divine will.

March 30th.—This hard heart! sometimes I cannot pray, and, when I do try, the heavens seem as brass to my petitions; surely there is no mercy for me. My dear, dear father gets weaker every day; he seems still to think he shall get better—Lord, grant he may! Oh, take him not away! leave, oh, leave me not fatherless! My father said to some friend, "I wonder at myself; for I have been thinking that I know the happiness and glory of heaven, and yet am not, as it were, rushing into it." At another time he said, "I would be happy to continue to work in the vineyard, if my Master would hire me." And must we part, my father, to meet no more? and shall I read this when I am a desolate orphan, and my father is singing the praises of the Lamb, and has joined the multitude which no man can number? I fear I shall. Oh, it is almost more than nature can bear! If we might meet at last, it would alleviate the pang; but, oh no, I fear we shall be forever separated.

April 1st.—Yesterday, my dear father was much worse. Kept to his bed all day. I was not at home until evening. About eight o’clock, he was seized with violent pain, which continued, I should think, two hours—when, enduring great agony, my dear father said, "Now for the Fountain!" I had read to him in the early part of the evening his favorite chapters, Psalms 51:1-19, Isaiah 43:1-28, 1 John 1:1-10, 1 John 2:1-29. He feels much better this morning; he said to Mr. U—, "Farewell; if I never see you again (and waved his dear hand), I shall soar with the lark; may the Lord bless you!" Yes, my dear father, you will soar above us all; if we do but follow, it will be well. To Mrs. T— he said, "My dear, dear friend, whatever you do--let your soul be your chief concern."

Thursday.—My dear father has had a restless night; he told Mrs. C— that he now derived comfort from the truths he had preached; he said, "I am firm as a rock. I am a poor sinner falling into the arms of mercy. I think I may, with propriety, look HOME now." Seeing my mother weep, he said, "Do not give way, only pray that I may wield the sword to the last." Perhaps, this time next week, I may be an orphan! Oh, is it possible? is it not a dream? Ah, no! it is but too true! Surely, I cannot live.

Sunday Night.—My dear father is no better; the doctors give no more hope, but I cannot give him up. He said, when asked how he was, "Oh, I am going full gallop home!" To several he said, "I cannot say much, only look to Jesus, think of Jesus!" He remarked, "I could not have thought the frame could be so much reduced, as to shut the mouth of a Christian," alluding to his own weak frame, and inability to talk. When anyone prays with him, he says, "Pray for strength, that I may be kept fighting and wielding the sword to the last." My dear father said to me this evening, "The Scripture says, 'a threefold cord is not easily broken;' but you know it may be broken now; the Lord is about to break our threefold cord, and then it will be a twofold one. The happiness of life consists in unity; I commend to your care your dear mother. Make her life as happy as you can; she has been one of the best of wives and mothers. What a comfort it is nothing can dissolve the union between Christ and the soul." He often repeats Hebrews 6:18. "So God has given us both his promise and his oath. These two things are unchangeable because it is impossible for God to lie. Therefore, we who have fled to him for refuge can take new courage, for we can hold on to his promise with confidence."

Monday.—My dear father no better, but rather worse. To my mother he said, "We shall soon all see Jesus as He is." "To be a member of Christ, His body, His flesh, and His bones, is to be an INSEPARABLE member." "Today, Satan came in very slily, saying, 'You are not worthy.' I answered, 'Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I AM CHIEF,' and I was at liberty in a moment."

Tuesday.—My dear father is still alive; he laments very much that he cannot say more now, but hopes he shall be able before he goes. This afternoon he said to my uncle and myself, "The Lord is our King, the Lord is our Lawgiver, and the Lord Jesus Christ is our Savior; we have affronted Him as our King, broken His law as our Lawgiver--but have access to Him as our Savior."

Wednesday.—My dear father appears to be going very fast; after taking some water, he said, "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country--good news of salvation to poor sinners!"

Wednesday, 23rd.—Since I last wrote, death has entered our family. Yes, my father, my own dear father, is no more! The funeral solemnities are over, my brother gone, and we left to mourn our desolate condition. On Thursday, the 10th, his happy spirit took its flight, at five minutes past eleven, in the morning. My dear father was sensible to the last. We were both with him: about five minutes before his departure, my mother said, "Are you happy?" He replied, "Very! I was just wishing I could speak. Salvation is of the Lord and not from the hills and mountains of creatures; it is solid!" His voice was failing in death, and he spoke with much difficulty. About a minute after, my mother saying something to him, he said, "Don't talk JUST NOW." which were the last words he spoke. My dear father's remains were interred on Monday, the 14th, in a vault beside the pulpit--where he has so often preached. May 4th, Sabbath.—Have attended a prayer-meeting this

morning, but without deriving benefit. I daily feel the loss of my dear, dear father, more and more; every place reminds me of him--whom I shall see no more. Oh, how shall I bear up under this heavy, overpowering weight? It is indeed too true, he is gone; he has taken his seat in the mansions of bliss; no more shall I hear his sweet voice encouraging me to look to Jesus, and assuring me I should not be cast out. Now that voice is silent in death, and I am indeed an orphan. May this solemn event be sanctified to my soul’s good! A bitter cup!

[Here, of necessity, a break in the Diary occurs, as a number of pages are missing. From what follows, however, it will be seen that her conflicts between hope and fear—her warfare between flesh and faith—had by no means ceased. It was by a most gradual process, and only after the most prolonged contention between faith and feelings, she was brought to that blessed soul-establishment to which she was at length permitted and privileged to attain. It appears that Miss Bryan formed an attachment, in which it was difficult for her to trace the approving hand of God; and this, without doubt, led to much of her subsequent conflict, and to that strife between light and darkness, which is so observable in the annexed pages. The whole, however, issued in a considerable amount of self-knowledge, and a clearer apprehension of Christ’s glorious person and work: thus she lived to prove, that "all things work together for good to those who love God, and who are the called according to His purpose."]

01.03. 1829

1829

January 4th.—The first Sunday in the year 1829 finds me having made but little progress in the ways of God; still, still, I am halting between two opinions, and seem as if I could not give myself up to the Lord. May grace be given to enable me to do so, and the close of this year find me united to Him in an everlasting covenant!

April 5th.—Oh! that the Lord would be pleased to imprint gratitude on my heart for the mercies with which He does favour me; and make up every deficiency by bestowing on me a new heart, and enabling me to devote myself to His service. I long to come out from the world, and avow myself a disciple of the Redeemer. But, alas! I am persuaded that I never felt the regenerating influence of Divine grace; sin has still the dominion over me, and I can truly say, "The more I strive against its power,

I sin and stumble but the more."

I do wish to resist it, but have such an evil heart, that, at times, it seems my element. Gracious Lord! deliver me by Your Almighty power, for nothing short of Omnipotence can rescue me. I have been much exercised lately about the Trinity, and have no experienced friend to open my mind to, in whose judgment I could confide, and who would meet my difficulties. Perhaps the Lord Himself will be my Teacher. I wish to examine the subject in humble dependence upon Him. May 24th.—This has been a Sabbath of much darkness, and deservedly so! for, during the last two days, I have sinfully indulged in building castles of worldly happiness. I have been hewing out to myself "cisterns, broken cisterns, which could hold no water," though at the same time my conscience told me I was wrong. How then can I expect comfort in religion when I am seeking it in the world? I am now plunged in gloomy doubts and dejection; my sin weighs heavily upon my soul; I am bereft of hope, and afraid to pray, because I have sinned presumptuously, and contrary to much light and knowledge. Oh! when shall I be enabled to give my whole heart to the Savior, to resist the devil, and fight the good fight of faith? Descend, O Divine Spirit! renew my heart, and give me strength to mortify and subdue the lusts of the flesh, to which I am now in subjection. How miserable is my state at this moment! my inward corruptions, and the enemy of souls, are strongly urging to sin and indifference; while conscience and past experience, amply testify that sorrow and distress will be the sure consequence. Lord, deliver me from this bondage!

July 5th, Sunday.—I trust I can say that it is my anxious and chief desire to be found walking steadily towards the Heavenly Canaan. But, alas! I am so distressed by the powerful corruptions of my wicked heart, that I often fear I am going the downward road. I can truly say, "That when I would do good, evil is present with me." I am at this time in a state of much anxiety about my immortal interests. I have begun to read "Romaine’s Life of Faith." I feel much interested in it, and see more of the nature of faith than before. But find myself lamentably deficient, and think that my lack of this precious faith in the dear Redeemer is the cause of my overwhelming distress. Oh! that

I could view Him as my "Law-fulfiller." Holy Spirit! be pleased to open my eyes, to see clearly the finished work He has wrought out; be pleased to grant me a sweet view of Jesus as a Savior, who is able and willing to save all who come to Him; and enable me to come, to be ever coming in the midst of all my darkness. Oh! grant me faith—strong faith. May I every day live nearer to You, and be more weaned from the world. I hunger and thirst after righteousness, and such You have said, shall be filled. "Lord, may I be constantly looking for and expecting the fulfillment of Your promise. Amen."

July 6th, my Birthday.—Twenty-four years have I sojourned in this wilderness, and find additional proof, every succeeding one, that this is not my rest! The last year seems to have passed more quickly than any other in my life. Oh, that I may be enabled to devote myself from this time to the Lord! Dear Jesus, and Eternal Spirit, graciously enable me to do so, and seal, oh! seal my wandering heart to things divine. May I come out from the world and be separate, and be able to say, "All is well," whether You have ordained life or death for me during the next year.

[The reader is especially requested to observe the ardent soul-breathings of the beloved Ruth of faith. Constantly she cries through these pages, "Lord, increase my faith!" and to every unprejudiced mind it will be obvious how graciously and condescendingly the Lord answered this her prayer. During the latter years of her life, faith, in its simplicity and its power, shone so conspicuously in her whole character and conversation.]

July 7th.—I have been reading the memorandum I wrote on my birthday last year, and desire to raise an "Ebenezer" of gratitude to my gracious Redeemer for bringing me out of the anxiety and distress by which I was then surrounded. Bitter indeed was the cup I was drinking, but it was a deserved one. On this day last year, I was all but in despair. I thought the Lord had forsaken me, that He would never more be gracious, and all things were working against me. But now, blessed be His name, I can say He has been better to me than all my fears. I have experienced a wonderful temporal deliverance. Oh! that it may be only a prelude to a spiritual one. I do hope the Lord has, in much mercy, turned my face toward the heavenly Jerusalem, for it is now my chief desire to deny the lusts of the flesh, to live to His glory, and enjoy communion with Him. Yes, O ever blessed Jesus, I long for a sweet view of Your reconciled countenance. I long to live by faith upon You, to pass my time here as a stranger and pilgrim, and have my affections set entirely on things above. Oh, grant the desire of my heart! Send me not empty away, but enrich me with the graces of Your Holy Spirit, and enable me from this time to be Your disciple.

July 19th, Sabbath.—During the past week, I have, I trust, been led to see a little more of the nature of the Christian warfare, and daily taking up the cross, than ever before. It appears to me now, to consist not merely in abstaining from those outward transgressions which are obvious to the view of others—but stedfastly resisting, in the strength of the Lord, those inward corruptions which are daily and hourly striving for mastery; and, also, in endeavoring to deny and subdue those sins, which, from habit and constitution, are as dear as a right hand, or a right eye. This is, indeed, a cross which we ought to be carrying; the moment we lay it down, and ALLOW ourselves in any carnal indulgences, or sinful pleasure—that moment we bring guilt upon our souls, and lose that sweet peace, and serenity of mind, which is only found in reconciliation to, and communion with God.

July 26th, Sabbath.—Since writing the above, I have proved it true, indeed, by bitter experience. Within the last few days I have been more indifferent to spiritual things; those sins of my heart, to which I am so prone, have again, in some measure, gained the ascendancy, and I am now miserable indeed! My heart is cold, my conscience alarmed, and I have lost those sweet desires and longings after the bread of heaven, which I before felt. The privilege of prayer, which was becoming one of my sweetest enjoyments, is now a task. I have but little inclination; and, when I attempt to pray, guilt flies in my face, and I fear to approach the Majesty of heaven. Oh, how hard it is to keep a "conscience void of offence."

True religion appears to me one of the most difficult things in the world, and I very much fear I shall never attain the true enjoyment of it. There must be something essentially wrong, or I would not be so easily and frequently overcome of evil. Oh, Holy and Divine Spirit, Comforter, Enlightener, Sanctifier of your people—be pleased to descend in all your mighty influences, and begin a work of grace upon my soul! I am ignorant—instruct me. I am dark—enlighten me. I am sinful—apply the precious blood of Jesus to my guilty soul. I am altogether an outward-court worshiper. Oh, renew me in the spirit of my mind, and grant that henceforth "the life that I live in the flesh, I may live by faith in the Son of God." Oh, that I may be enabled to overcome the temptations of the devil, to subdue the lusts of the flesh, and live daily in nearer communion with the Lord! Oh, blessed Savior, be pleased to rouse my sluggish heart! CUT DEEP and CLOSE, rather than allow me to deceive myself, or to go on in a lukewarm, indifferent state. Make me lively in Your cause, spiritual in Your service; and may my heart and affections be constantly in heaven, while my body is on earth.

August 23rd, Sabbath.—Some five or six weeks ago, I had some hopes that the Lord was turning my feet Zionward, and that I would be enabled to cleave to Him with purpose of heart. But now, alas! I have reason to believe I was deceiving myself, for my iniquities have again taken hold of, and conquered me. I have lost those earnest desires after the enjoyment of piety, which I before experienced. I am at a loss to account for my strange variety of conduct and feeling, and fear I am entirely given up to work the desires of my wicked heart. At times I feel an entire hatred to sin, delight in the privilege of prayer, reading, and meditation, and seem to desire nothing so much as to grow in grace, and press forward in the Divine life. But soon my besetting sins gain the advantage, Satan represents these in the most captivating light, my heart is ensnared, and I sink into carnal ease and indulgence. Then prayer becomes a burden; spiritual exercises lose their charm; and I am brought into dreadful bondage by the terrors of an accusing law, and a guilty conscience. Oh, that I knew the secret of real religion! but I fear I never shall. I have so often indulged the hope that I was in the way to its enjoyment, and been disappointed, that I now know not which way to turn, and shall, I believe, sink in deep despair, or give myself up to work iniquity with those who know not God. May Divine mercy be extended; and I, forcibly, snatched as a brand from the burning! But, ah! I dare not hope, for my heart seems still to love and cleave to its iniquities; and the Scripture declares, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord WILL NOT hear." Misery and despair are my sad portion.

October 10th.—Most feelingly can I say with the poet—"Strange and mysterious is my life—what opposites I feel within!" For at times my whole mind and soul seem absorbed in desires after spirituality, and the enjoyment of the Divine presence; the world sinks into insignificance, and its enjoyments and pleasures lose their power to charm. But soon, perhaps before one short day has

passed away, some temptation is presented suited to my corrupt inclinations; and, catching the bait, I grovel again in the dust, and give up my soul to the pursuit of trifles! Whence arises this inconsistency? Can I dare to hope that I know anything savingly while I am the subject of it? It is certainly very discouraging, and at times I quite conclude my hopes have been all a delusion. But there is a something whispers, Would the Lord have shown me these things if He had meant to destroy me? I think not, and must still hope, even against hope. I do think the cause of my giving way to temptation, and bringing so much guilt and distress upon my soul, is my not looking sufficiently out of myself; for when I am in some measure restored from my distress, and favored with a more comfortable and spiritual frame of mind, I immediately hope all is right, and think I shall never fall again. But, alas! I soon, very soon prove that my own strength is entire weakness. Blessed and Divine Spirit, be pleased to enlighten my dark understanding! What I know not--teach me! I am weak and ignorant, be my Teacher and Supporter! Grant me copious outpourings of your sacred influences! Take of the things of Jesus, and show them to me, and enable me to be constantly going out of self--and looking to Him who is the Author and Finisher of faith!

[Reader, here appears to be the first dawning of that great and glorious light in which she afterwards so sweetly rejoiced.]

November 22nd.—Within the last day or two our dear kind pastor has called upon us, purposely to converse with me on becoming a communicant at the Lord’s table, which he very much wishes me to do. It is a subject upon which I have not allowed myself to think, always concluding, without hesitation, that I was not a proper character. I have stated my objections to Mr. S.—but he does not think them sufficient reasons, and still urges me to come forward; he thinks it a very refreshing, strengthening ordinance, and that it is our duty to avow publicly our attachment to the cause of Christ, and devote ourselves openly to Him. I feel no hesitation on this part of the subject—but think I could declare myself on the Lord’s side before an assembled world--were I sure I had experienced a change of heart, and was under the influence of the Holy Spirit. May my fears be dissipated, and my doubts banished by the Lord himself! And, oh, that I may be enabled to devote myself to Him wholly and unreservedly, and be determined through His grace to forsake all false refuges, and cleave to Him alone. Amen.

November 30th.—Yesterday attended sacrament, as a spectator. Felt my mind in some degree impressed with Divine things—but did not enjoy that clear view of the loveliness and all-sufficiency of Jesus which I long for. I see clearly the guilt and depravity of my nature and practice, and at times am almost overwhelmed with the sense of my grievous heart-backslidings—but am not at present favored with a faith’s view of the precious Savior. I cannot say "My beloved is mine and I am His;" and, though I acknowledge Him to be the "chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely One," my heart is not so attracted and won by His charms as I wish. Ah, no! the world occupies too much of my affections, and often, alas! excludes the Redeemer from my thoughts. When shall the day dawn and the shadows flee away? When will the Sun of Righteousness arise and dissipate, by His refulgent beams, the thick mists of unbelief and carnality which envelop my groveling soul? Hasten, dearest Lord, the happy time! I do long to give myself entirely to You. Enable me to do so, and accept the worthless offering.

December 6th.—I am still undecided as to whether I should immediately make a public profession of my faith in Christ. I feel more desirous of doing so, than at any former part of my life. But am

very fearful of rushing unbidden to the feast of the Lord. I consulted a friend last week, whose opinion I much value; she quite advised me to do it, and thought I should consider Mr. S.'s invitation as a voice from God. Could I once be quite sure that this was the case, I would not hesitate a moment—but cheerfully obey the Divine mandate. May I be more importunate and constant in prayer, and at length be enabled plainly to discover the mind of the Lord! I have to complain of much languor and unprofitableness in heavenly things. Oh, that the gracious Spirit of truth would descend and kindle in my cold heart a flame of love divine! Would that temporal things might no more so absorb my thoughts. But all my affections and desires be swallowed up in contemplating my glorious Redeemer.

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,

Prone to leave the God I love;

Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it—

Seal it for your courts above!"

01.04. 1830

1830

January 3rd.—Through the kind providence of God, I am brought safely to the commencement of another year. Numberless temporal mercies have attended me through the past, and I trust also I have been favored with some spiritual refreshments. I desire to raise a fresh "Ebenezer" to the goodness of the Lord, and long for faith to trust in Him more unreservedly. But, alas! how painful is the retrospect of the past year as regards myself, and how much cause have I for deep humiliation and self-abasement. Often have my feet wandered from the right way, and often have I hewed out to myself broken cisterns which could hold no water. But I humbly hope the Lord has not left me entirely to my own ways, and that He will enable me to be more completely devoted during the remainder of my pilgrimage; for, notwithstanding my frequent backslidings and wanderings of heart, it is my chief desire to be His alone. Be pleased, dear Lord, to grant me during the present year more of Your gracious presence, more tenderness of conscience and fear of offending You; more humility, stronger faith, and more entire devotedness to Your cause. Enable me to leave my temporal concerns entirely with You, to walk by faith, to have my treasure in heaven, and to manifest by my conduct that I am Your disciple. Let me not grow cold or lukewarm—but may "I lay aside every weight and the sin which does so easily beset me, and may I run with patience the race set before me, looking unto Jesus. Amen."

January 30th.—I have today, for the first time, commemorated the dying love of our dear Savior, at His own table. But have not had that comfort and enjoyment of His presence which I hoped for. I am, in consequence, very, very much cast down. I do desire to wait patiently the Lord’s time, and trust in His mercy—but I seem, instead of getting nearer to Him, to be further off; it is, indeed, a bitter cup. But, if I could know the Lord had a favor to me, and was leading me by the right way to a city of habitation, I think I could bear it. It is the fear, that for my very great and terrible sins and backslidings, He has cast me off, that makes my burden so heavy. Oh! where shall I go for peace? Jesus alone can be the source of true peace—but I have not faith to behold Him. Precious Savior! look upon my distress, and support me; grant me patience and faith, and in Your own time, oh! do mercifully bring me into the liberty of the Gospel. It is dark night, indeed, and I have neither sun nor stars.

[It is clear, from her soul-pantings, that she knew where she was, as personally struggling with sin and corruption; and what she wanted—namely, a realizing sense of the pardon of sin—of the Lord Christ saying unto her personally, "I am your salvation."]

February 24th, Thursday.—I trust, during part of this week, I have had a little foretaste of that comfort the Lord bestows upon his own people. On Monday evening I suddenly felt a sort of impulse and desire to look to Christ for deliverance from sin; and it was in a way I never experienced before. I was convinced that the impression proceeded from something independent of myself, and therefore hoped, that in following its dictates, I should receive strength to withstand temptation. The result proved it to be so, and I afterwards enjoyed serenity of mind, to which I am

usually a stranger. I cannot be sufficiently thankful for this gleam of comfort, and I am inspired with a strong hope, that it is but the pledge of a more full manifestation in the Lord’s own time. Yes, I do hope, unworthy and vile as I am, that I shall one day say, with sweet appropriation, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His!" How I long for the glorious period! I expect next Sabbath to approach the table of the Lord; perhaps He will then graciously shine away my fears, and grant me a glimpse of His lovely countenance. Oh, that it might be so! but if not, I hope resignation will be given, and I be kept waiting, longing, and praying. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" to the rejoicing of my soul. May 2nd.—I have been much distressed for some days with the fear that I am only a hypocrite in Zion. I seem to make no progress in the Divine life; and, indeed, have much reason to fear that I am only a cumberer of the ground. May the Lord search and try me; and, whatever it may cost, make me alive and lively in His service. I long to be more devoted to Him—but cannot attain to it. May 9th, Sabbath Evening.—A day of guilt and uneasiness has this been to me. In vain do I attend the ordinances of the Lord’s House, and in vain hear the delightful sermons of our valued pastor--if Jesus hides His face, and leaves me to my own heart. Oh! when shall the day dawn and the shadows flee away? When shall I be made fruitful in Zion, and be enabled to live entirely to the glory of the Lord? I long for the joyful period, and have many, many fears that it will never arrive—but that I shall prove a self-deceiver—may the Lord forbid! May 16th.—After service, I was much surprised by a young person asking me whether I should object to become a Sunday School teacher, as they were much in need of them. Of course I could not decide immediately—but said I would think of it. I have named it to my mother, who will not be an obstacle in the way, if I think it my duty. I have lately thought much of my inactivity in the Lord’s vineyard, and wished to be more useful. An opportunity now presents itself, and shall I—can I—refuse? I think not. Perhaps it was the Lord Himself who excited the desire, and who has now shown me how I may, in some little measure, promote the interest of His cause upon earth. If so, may He incline my heart to the work. I wish to be as clay in the hand of the potter. While thinking on the subject, these words occurred with some weight: "Why are you standing here idle all the day?" "Because no man has hired me, Lord." "Go work in my vineyard." May I have direction from above! I feel myself very incompetent and unfit for the engagement—but know that the Lord can make use of the meanest instruments. "Guide me, O great Jehovah!"

June 7th, Sabbath.—I entered last Sabbath on my new engagement of instructing the young, and felt, on entering the school, most distressingly agitated, partly from an overwhelming sense of my unfitness for the work, and partly from the natural timidity of my disposition, most of the teachers being strangers to me. The Lord, however, mercifully supported me; and I think, when more initiated into the rules, I shall feel much pleasure in the work. Oh, that my mind might be enlightened from above, and my humble instrumentalities made use of, to promote the Lord’s glory, and the good of His Church!

July 6th.—I have this day attained my 25th year. Through many difficulties and dangers the Lord has brought me. His hand has been ever over me for good, and hitherto by His help I am come. Here, then, I would review the mercies of the past year—erect an "Ebenezer" to His goodness—and, with lively gratitude and increasing faith, gird up my loins and go forward. Since my last birthday I have solemnly given myself to the Lord and to His Church, and also entered upon the responsible duties of Sabbath School teacher. How ought these additional obligations and privileges to weigh upon my mind, increase my seriousness and desire to be wholly the

Lord’s! But, alas! "backslider is still my name"—still I am prone to slight my best Friend. I would, Lord, leave my body and temporal circumstances in Your hands, nor wish to dictate in the smallest particular. But for soul prosperity, I desire to beg hard for the Holy Spirit to quicken and invigorate. May a spirit of fervent and earnest supplication be poured out upon me, and may I be brought much nearer to the blessed Jesus!

August 27th.—I had this morning a most delightful and refreshing season. My soul was sweetly led out in prayer, and I clearly saw my interest in a precious Jesus. Oh! how precious was He then to my soul, and how amazing did it appear, that one so vile and worthless should be interested in His love—never, I think, did I enjoy so much, and here I would set up an "Ebenezer" for the same. Dear, dear Savior, repeat the visit so divine! This glimpse of Your favour only makes me long for a greater manifestation.

September 5th.—I have this week been favored with a more abundant manifestation of the Lord’s love to my soul than I ever before experienced. My heart has been sweetly led out in prayer while sitting plying my needle; and I have had such delightful witnessings of the Spirit, that I could not doubt my interest in a Savior’s love. Amazing that such a vile sinner should be a chosen vessel of mercy! I stand astonished, and can hardly believe the delightful fact, and yet I have had such clear intimations, that I dare not dispute it. Oh, how sweet to have a foretaste of the joys above; a smile from Jesus and whisper of His grace! How insignificant then is the world with its pleasures and honors! May it ever appear to me as it has done during some part of the last week. Ten thousand thanks to You, dear Lord, for Your amazing goodness. Oh! may I be watchful and prayerful, and very fearful of grieving Your Holy Spirit; do continue Your favor—what I have tasted makes me long for more; and I hope it is only the pledge of what is in store for me, for I do desire to live near You, and have much of heaven on earth; grant this, dearest Jesus, for Your mercy’s sake!—"Ebenezer."

November 21st.—While thinking this afternoon of some friends who have been running eagerly from one place to another after a celebrated, and, I suppose, most interesting preacher; this idea forcibly struck me—why manifest such undue concern after streams, when we have the Fountain always accessible? I can, in my humble cottage, approach the footstool of the Father of mercies, and enjoy the manifestation of His love!

01.05. 1831

1831

January 10th, Monday.—I am at this time much perplexed on the subject of family prayer. Since the death of my beloved father, it has been quite neglected, which has long been to me a source of regret. But I cannot decide whether it is my duty to propose it, and engage in so important a service. The Lord alone can give me courage for it, and until I am convinced that it would be in accordance with His heavenly will, I dare not attempt it. May He decide the doubtful case, and cause clear light to shine upon the path of duty, which at present appears enveloped in thick darkness. May 17th.—My mind is this morning much depressed; I do not attain to that establishment in the faith which I long for, and two very pious friends have informed me that they think I do not seek it sufficiently, and that I refuse consolation, and cast comfort away from me. Surely, did they know the conflict I endure, and the anguish which frequently oppresses my afflicted bosom, they would not think I should refuse that comfort which alone can hush the storm into a calm. I think those who are enjoying full assurance cannot enter into the feelings of trembling, tempest-tossed souls like mine. If, however, I have been guilty on this point, may the Lord convince me of it, and make the reproof very profitable, though it has painfully wounded my comfortless heart.

July 18th.—I have just had to endure a severe mortification. The day before yesterday I entreated the Lord to send mortification and disappointment, if He saw it for my spiritual good. But, alas! I find it is easier to talk about than to bear. The flesh is as rebellious as ever, and would fain persuade me that such contrary things can never work for my good. Shall I then withdraw my plea, and supplicate for ease? Ah, no! but rather that my rebellion may be forgiven, and patience granted to suffer all the Lord’s will, and consider all these trials but light and momentary, looking not at them—but at the eternal and exceeding weight of glory!

01.06. 1832

1832

January 1st, Sabbath.—"Here I raise my Ebenezer." Thus far the Lord has brought me. Though the past has been a year of multiplied transgressions and backslidings, I trust, through His abundant mercy, my face is still Zionward, and that my prevailing desire is to be devoted entirely to His service. Take me, dearest Lord, and form me for Your own glory. I feel much bodily weakness, and writing seems more laborious than I ever knew it. Oh, that through the crevices of this frail tabernacle, I may see some of the glories of the eternal world!

March 4th.—I am like a mariner on a tempestuous ocean, without any haven to think of; or a traveler in a dreary wilderness, without any home to anticipate at the end of it, having no assurance that I am in the way to the home of believers. Dark, dark is the night—but, if an eternal day dawns at the end of it--it will be worth a life of darkness here below! May 10th.—"Satan goes about like a roaring lion," and last night he seemed to have permission to worry my poor soul almost to death. I was very weak and ill in body, and the agony of my mind was indescribable. It seemed to me my hope was quite cut off, and I must perish forever. I lay weeping most bitterly, nor could I obtain any gleam of comfort. It was indeed passing through the fire. May the Lord bring spiritual good out of the gloom and horror which so frequently surround me--for they cannot be without His permission. I feel this morning very poorly, and have still to mourn the absence of Him whom I desire to love above all created objects. Come, precious Jesus! chase away these thick clouds, and let me behold Your lovely countenance, and be so captivated with Your charms, that I may never more give my heart to earthly objects! May 11th.—

"In darkest shades, if You appear,

My dawning is begun;

You are my soul’s sweet morning Star,

And You my rising Sun."

During the past night I have again been called to suffer much bodily affliction and very severe pain—but was favored with such sweet comfort from my precious Savior that it seemed light; nay, I thought I could willingly bear a life of such suffering--if I might constantly enjoy His presence. Oh, how delightful was the hope of an eternity of glory, and how sweet the thought that when life’s journey was ended, the veil would be drawn aside, and no cloud ever again intervene to hide from my soul, even for one moment, the lovely countenance of my adorable Jesus! Ten thousand thanks to you, dearest Savior, for this love-glimpse! I long for more tokens of Your love, and thirst for more constant communion with You. Be pleased to preserve me from resting in my feelings. Such is my frailty, that I am ever prone to sin. Oh! lead me to see that darkness and light are both alike with You; and, that though You do hide Yourself, Your love is unchangeable, and, "You will perfect that which concerns me." May 28th.—A friend this morning reminded me of the following

sentiment of Legh Richmond's: "Never impute a bad motive to a person, if you can find a good one." May I not only remember it—but act in accordance therewith.

June 2nd.—Very weak and languid in body. I know not how it will terminate.

June 23rd.—My bodily health much improved yesterday and today.

July 6th.—Again the Lord has brought me to the morning of my birthday, and through the past year has followed me with loving-kindness and tender mercies; for, though I have been visited with bereaving strokes and personal affliction, I believe it is all in covenant love; and, during my own illness, I have enjoyed more spiritual comfort and calmness of mind than I have known before. The Lord make me grateful, and, as He is about to restore my health, oh, that I may be devoted to His service, and live more constantly sensible of my weakness and dependence upon Him!

August 13th, Monday.—Through the kind protection of my Heavenly Father I arrived safely at Normanton, the day before yesterday. I was much fatigued, and still feel very poorly, much more so than before I left home. But I am favored with more calmness and serenity than I have lately known. I hope, while enjoying this secluded retreat from the world and its bustle, to be favored with the presence of my Savior, and cheered with the whispers of His love. May my visit be a profitable one!

Oh, Divine and Almighty Spirit, be pleased to descend and exercise me in spiritual things; open the sacred Scriptures to my understanding; take of the things of Jesus, and reveal them to my soul! And grant, oh, grant, that while in retirement I may have delightful foretastes of the joys above, and ravishing views of the glory of the celestial world! Have you not said unto me since I left home, "According to your faith be it unto you"? I must reply, "Lord, increase my faith!"

[The reader will observe, not merely the simplicity—but the earnestness, with which the beloved Ruth pleads with the Lord. She ventures to remind Him of His promise, and to entreat for its fulfillment, and such is in perfect accordance with the Lord's mind and will, for He says, "Put me in remembrance; let us plead together." Reader, be it yours, in common with Ruth, thus to plead; be assured that every wrestling Jacob shall, in due time, become a prevailing Israel!]

September 4th.—I have the last few days been very uneasy about my dear mother, understanding that that dreadful disease, the cholera, is proving very fatal in Nottingham. I long to be at home, and I trust the Lord will bring me there in peace and safety. Oh, for stronger faith! I am never so happy as when I can give all my concerns into the Lord's hands. May I be humbled and penitent on account of the sins, the aggravated sins, of our country--which are bringing upon us the signal chastisements of the Almighty. Oh, that the people may learn righteousness, and turn to the Lord with weeping, fasting, and supplication. But, alas! at present His voice is disregarded. I desire to be among the number of those who sigh and cry for the abominations committed. Surely, surely, if ever we had cause to be spiritually-minded, and to be upon our watchtower, it is now. Almighty Spirit, be pleased to vouchsafe Your powerful influences; solemnize my mind, and enable me to live every day as if my last!

September 10th.—Bless the Lord, O my soul! for His loving-kindness and tender mercy to one so unworthy. He has in His abundant goodness brought me in safety to my own dear home, and restored me to my friends, in peace. Oh, that He would, as He has heard the voice of my

supplication, and been better to me than all my fears, now enable me to give to Him my whole heart as a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, graciously accepting the same, and forming it entirely for His own glory! Do, dearest Savior, be pleased to make me live to You alone, and vouchsafe much of Your delightful presence.

01.07. 1833

1833

January 18th.—My health is very much declining again. I endeavor to say as little about it as I can, not wishing to grieve my dearest mother. But I begin to think there must be something seriously wrong. Temporal circumstances are dark and trying, and my soul much distressed. The spiritual conflicts of the last week have been very severe; storm, tempest, and horrible darkness have been my experience. And why? Because for some time I have been walking at a distance from my Lord, grown remiss in private duty, and at length indulged in one of my besetting heart-sins, thereby giving Satan an advantage! And when I would have roused myself, he let me know that I had opened the door of my heart to him, and it was out of my power to close it against him; for, when I strived to humble myself before the Lord, confessing my sins, and longing to forsake them, he presents temptations to my soul with such power that I am thrown into confusion, and sometimes know not whether I have yielded or not, being only able to say, "Jesus, save! Jesus, save!" over and over again, as quickly as I can repeat the words in my mind, the temptation passing through it at the same time with equal rapidity. And I afterwards feel all the guilt and distress of having taken part with the tempter, though I am sure I do not intend to do so. I am indeed in a woeful state, and the Lord hides Himself from me. But it is most just, and I do not suffer a thousandth part of what I deserve. Whenever I am inclined to yield to my sinful inclinations, may I read this, and remember the bitterness of the draught, and take warning! And oh, may the Lord in mercy condescend to look upon my sore distress; sprinkle my conscience with cleansing blood; seal home a sense of forgiving love upon my soul; and enable me to walk humbly before Him the remainder of my days--fearing nothing so much as His frown.

February 23rd, Sabbath.—I have for sometime been walking in darkness—but last Sabbath eve was much relieved. We received a letter from Birmingham, containing a disappointment with regard to money matters; instead, however, of depressing me, comfort seemed to flow into my soul. The Lord’s ways towards me are wonderful indeed; the past week my mind has been somewhat calm—but not rejoicing. May 10th.—I have suffered more from extreme weakness the last week than at any former period of my life; and Satan, my cruel enemy, has taken the advantage of it during the night. When unable to sleep, I have been almost in the "belly of hell;" and my mind at times so confused by temptation, that I have not been able for a season even to cry for relief. The Lord has, however, in mercy partly restored my health, and delivered me from the violent assaults of the enemy. I have been much blessed in reading an old book ("The Life of Elizabeth Cairns," written 1752), at which I have often before looked—but never thought it interesting—the set time for me to enjoy it was not come.

August 4th.—Temporal things appear dark and distressing. During the past week my mind has been much exercised about my present employment, not knowing whether I am in the path of duty, or whether I ought not to seek a more lucrative one. May the Lord direct me! For myself, I do not desire great things, and shrink exceedingly from the idea of entering more into the world. Quiet

and retirement I much prize—but I wish to follow the leadings of Providence. May the present darkness be removed from my mind, and my way made clear. I have at this time nothing at all to do. But the Lord has done wonders for me, and I would not distrust. Spiritual things are at a low ebb with me. I am reading John Owen, on "The Glory of Christ;" he is an author I much value; his writings are very searching. I find I have been too anxious about worldly things for some time past, to the neglect of spiritual duties, and in consequence have to cry, "My leanness! My leanness!" May the Lord restore me; it is He alone who can bring me with weeping and supplication to His footstool. Alas! alas! how little reason have I to hope that I am a Christian indeed. Oh, for a closer walk with God!

August 12th.—Again favored with employment, for which I desire to be thankful, and take it as a token that I am in the right path of duty. But, if not, may the Lord convince me of my mistake, and lead me in the way He would have me go. My heart is hard and unfeeling. Lord, revive me! I long to walk cheerfully in Your ways, enjoy daily communion with You, and bring forth fruit to Your glory. But begin to think I never shall, until I am more dead to the world. I believe the indulgence of a carnal spirit is the bane of my happiness. "I would not always live, at this poor dying rate."

Divine and Almighty Spirit, condescend to deal with my poor dead soul! Enable me to crucify the flesh, deny self, forsake the world, and be spiritually-minded.

August 14th.—My feelings are most tried; last evening my dearest mother was so poorly, that she was obliged to come out of chapel. Oh, how is my heart agonized at the very thought of losing her, and the slightest indisposition which attacks her occasions me the severest distress; thanks to the Lord, she is much better this morning. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." I know not what is in the womb of Providence, whether my dearest parent or myself will first be called away. But, from my present feelings, I should think I could not endure the anguish of losing her. I know "with God all things are possible." May He bestow upon me a submissive spirit; and, if it be His will, long spare my dearest mother.

September 1st.—Feel much darkness and ignorance in my mind respecting the life of faith. I fear mine is a life of sense. May the Holy Spirit condescend to instruct me on this important subject, and may the life I henceforth live in the flesh be by faith in the Son of God. I am longing for a revival—but feel much deadness--and not that spirit of prayer I wish.

I have again this week written to my friend, and pressed eternal things upon her notice. May the Lord bless the message! My soul yearns over her, and often do I mourn over her condition, for she is evidently given up to fashion and worldly pursuits and pleasure. "Oh, that she might live before You!"

September 8th, Evening.—Dark and distressed indeed. Surely, I am one of those who are ever learning—but never coming to the knowledge of the truth. In reading John Owen, on the "Glory of Christ," I am led to fear that my profession is hypocritical. I do not find that beholding of Christ by faith which he describes, nor that longing to depart, that I may fully behold it. Oh, that the Lord may show me my real state, and not allow me to deceive myself or others. I am at this time truly wretched. My heart is cold and carnal; my thoughts trifling; and I cannot pour out my prayer before a throne of grace. I chatter like a senseless bird. I am at home in the body, and absent from the Lord. Oh, that I may have some word this evening suited to my case, for I am in a miserable

condition, and deserve, richly deserve, the lowest hell for my abominable ingratitude and sin!

October 15th.—No tidings from Birmingham; perhaps we shall be disappointed in both the legacies which have been left us, and obtain neither of them. May we have grace to say and feel, "May Your will be done." My mind is deeply exercised and much distressed. I find it very difficult to rise above temporal things; nay, it is impossible in my own strength. Lord, vouchsafe me Your grace, and enable me to view things in the light of eternity, and to feel myself a stranger here in this fleeting world. I am sure I have been making myself too much at home in the body; and, whatever disappointment may await me, it will be all in justice; and, if it is sanctified, I shall have reason to rejoice.

We are mistaken in thinking that our happiness in any measure depends on outward circumstances. I know from experience, that, when favored with the light of the Lord's countenance, and enjoying His smile--I can be happy in the midst of trials and afflictions. Why, then, so much anxiety about temporal things, and so little concern about spiritual prosperity? Pardon me, dear Lord, and enable me to put a blank into your hands regarding outward things, for You to fill up as You please. I did profess and desire to do it some years ago, and petitioned that I might have decision and prosperity in spiritual things. I would now "renew my blank," and so do, Lord, as seems You good. But, ah! I find another principle crying--Give, give temporal ease and comfort. Oh! of what conflicts am I the subject, so that I cannot do or think the things I would. Lord, strengthen the new man in me, and subdue the old; and, in Your own time, shine in upon my soul. Until then, give patience and a praying spirit.

October 18th.—My dearest mother is doing very poorly; my mind is much distressed on her account. May the Lord in mercy restore her. He has been very gracious in sparing her so long. I think it has been in answer to prayer. I wish to feel grateful.

October 19th.—Family prayer re-established last night.

October 22nd.—My dearest mother is still poorly. May the Lord restore her, and in mercy sanctify the present dispensations of His providence, which appear very dark. Oh, how has my poor mind been tempest-tossed and agonized lately. I feel a little more calm, and am more anxious to have trials sanctified than removed. This is a desert land—but I have been expecting to find it a place of ease and rest, forgetting "In the world you shall have tribulation."

November 29th.—I have found much profit this evening in perusing my memoranda, written July 19 and 26, 1829, relative to the cross. Indeed, what I have written has proved so particularly useful afterwards on different occasions, that I am encouraged to proceed, though often disposed to give it up, and burn what is penned, fearing I have been actuated by wrong motives. I have hard fighting just now; the corruptions of my nature are very headstrong. May I be kept from laying down my weapons, to which I feel sinfully inclined; yes, even to make a truce with my deadliest foe, and that which formerly robbed me of my peace. The Lord have mercy on me, for I feel that, of myself, I can do nothing but sin.

December 30th.—Uncle W— is much worse, apparently dying—quite insensible. I hope it will be a glorious change when he leaves the body. My dear mother had an accident on Thursday—but I hope, though her foot is much bruised, it will not be very serious. May the Lord support us, and sanctify all dispensations.

Afternoon.—I have shut myself up, that I may not hear my poor uncle, who is struggling and gasping for breath. May the Lord in mercy ease him, though, as he is insensible, I suppose he may not be conscious of suffering. But, ah! we know not what dying is. My mind is much solemnized. I do not doubt his eternal safety, and think him enviable. He is just on the threshold of Heaven. There may we meet. A quarter to Four My dear uncle has just departed.

"In vain my fancy strives to paint

The moment after death!"

01.08. 1834

1834

January 19th.—The conclusion of the last year and commencement of this have been marked by trial and anxiety. May the Lord sanctify it. I am ashamed to acknowledge that backslider is still my name—but past mercies encourage me to hope the Lord will again restore my soul. I expect to go to Birmingham with my beloved mother tomorrow. The Lord protect us, and our habitation, while absent from it, and grant us that degree of prosperity which will be most for our spiritual interest and His glory, and bring us home in peace and safety. My mind is somewhat depressed. "Lord, increase my faith."

February 2nd.—When I view the mercies received during the last two weeks, I am lost in wonder, and wish to have my heart melted with gratitude. We have been taken to Birmingham, and brought back in safety. Our habitation has been preserved in peace during our absence. We have been treated with much kindness by those with whom we sojourned. My dear mother has been wonderfully supported under a considerable degree of anxiety and fatigue, and we have obtained payment of the legacies left us by my uncle J—, which will add considerably to our temporal comforts; and I trust my beloved mother will have more rest and ease than formerly. Oh, may the Lord fill our hearts with gratitude, and add His blessing to what He has given, for without this I would tremble at the possession of it. Dearest Lord, grant us grace to live to Your glory, to "set our affection on things above, not on things on the earth;" and grant us much communion with You, conformity to You, and enjoyment in your ways and worship. I am now ashamed of my former distrust. "Ebenezer."

March 16th.—I have had a season of temporal bustle, and, alas! of much spiritual deadness. The Lord revive me! I have heard the Word preached with very little profit since we came from Birmingham. I do not wish to condemn the preaching; I fear the cares of this world have had a bad influence on my soul. During the last day or two, I have suffered fearfully from the old temptation, in another form; the Lord preserve me from yielding! but alas! I did yield in the first instance. I tampered with temptation; gave the reins to my inventive and sinful imagination; and then, when I would have retraced my steps, that which had been imaginary was partly realized; and what I am indulged in fancy and for amusement, became, through coinciding circumstances, the constant and tormenting inmate of my bosom, showing me the danger of being off my watch-tower. May the Lord pardon and deliver me from the temptation, and say to the storm, "Peace, be still." I know He can, and do believe He will.

Mr. B—'s text this morning, was, "The heart knows his own bitterness," &c.; very suitable to me. My sin, and its punishment, being both mental, no creature knows. But the eye of my heavenly Father is upon me, and I hope, by making my sin its own punishment, He is teaching me a valuable lesson, and will bring glory to His own name, and humble me in the dust. His ways are mysterious, and He brings good out of evil.

March 23rd, Sabbath.—Much calmness of mind, morning and afternoon—but dreadfully tempted and distressed this evening. The billows have, indeed, gone over my soul, and the proud waves well-nigh overwhelmed me. May the Lord deliver, specially support me, and, above all, preserve me from yielding to temptation.

March 29th.—My mind mercifully relieved of its burden; may my heart be filled with gratitude, and my tongue with praise.

April 20th.—May the Lord direct my path, and enable me to bow in silence when He says--Resign! He only knows the feelings which agitate my bosom, and, I believe, He will not be an unconcerned Spectator. May I commit all to Him in faith, and wait with patience the development of His will.

August 3rd, Sabbath.—Much depressed. Behold! I am vile and full of sin and unbelief. I cast my helpless soul on Jesus for life and salvation—but do not feel that confidence of my safety which I desire, seeing He has said, "Whoever believes on Him shall not be ashamed." I do believe; Lord! help against my unbelief, and enable me to receive the testimony of Your Word, without looking at feelings. I want to realize that darkness and light are alike with You, and to believe You love me--even when You hide Your face.

Evening.—While mourning over my barrenness, it has just struck me, that I am thinking more of fruit than of JESUS HIMSELF; that I want to bring forth fruit to rejoice in, instead of glorifying in Christ alone! When quite barren in ourselves, we will rejoice. If this is a right view, the Lord strengthen me in it. "Even though the fig trees have no blossoms, and there are no grapes on the vine; even though the olive crop fails, and the fields lie empty and barren; even though the flocks die in the fields, and the cattle barns are empty, yet I will rejoice in the Lord! I will be joyful in the God of my salvation." Habakkuk 3:17-18

[Those who know the plague of their own hearts are deeply conscious of the absolute necessity of the "line upon line, precept upon precept" ordeal. It is this, and this alone, under God, produces the rooting, the grounding, and settling in the truth. This is, as it were, the first budding forth of that sweet germ of grace, which afterwards so beautifully and conspicuously shone in this plant of the Lord’s right-hand planting. None, perhaps, were ever more clearly shown the distinction between root and fruit, than the deeply-taught, and subsequently highly-privileged, Ruth Bryan. During the perusal of the Diary, we would have the reader keep this prominently before him, as it is evident the deep exercises of her heart were all, in the issue, to tend this way; leading to a humbling of the creature, and to the setting of the crown upon the right head; Jesus, at length, being so sweetly her all-engrossing theme.]

August 4th.—Favored with a wonderful manifestation of the love and grace of Jesus last night, after service; my soul was, indeed, filled with rapturous delight. What condescension! May I be thankful, and bless His name.

August 13th.—Darkness has veiled my mind; my Savior has withdrawn, and my soul is mourning His absence. Nothing on earth can fill the vacuum in my soul, nor do I wish it should. But long, though in the dark, to hold fast my confidence; to this I do not attain: my heart is timorous and fearful, lest all should not be well at last. "Lord, increase my faith!"

August 14th.—My dear mother rather poorly yesterday—but better this morning. She was taken this afternoon with sudden and violent pain, which has much alarmed me; the Lord grant restoring mercy, and prepare us both for the whole of His will. How does my heart tremble at the thought of losing my beloved parent. Lord Jesus, increase my faith; let me recognize Your hand, and say, "Your will be done." Precious Savior! make me less fleshly, and more spiritual; restore, if it pleases You, restore my dearest mother.

August 19th.—I awoke last night with a violent fit of coughing; my breath quite went, and had not the Lord granted relief, I must in a few seconds have been in eternity. I felt afterwards much agitated, and could not realize that my soul would have been safe, had the veil of mortality be drawn aside. Precious Jesus, leave me not in uncertainty. Come and show me my real situation, strengthen my weak nerves and weak faith. You may call me suddenly into Your presence. But, whatever may be the messenger, oh, meet me on the banks of Jordan, and then I shall not fear the swelling tide. Absent not Yourself, precious Savior, when my heart and flesh fail, and the world is receding from my view. Oh, then come, come to be the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. Thanks to Your name, O Lord, for sparing mercy; write gratitude upon my heart for Your distinguishing favors.

August 28th.—I trust the Lord is doing "great things for me, whereof I am glad"—namely, bringing me now into the liberty of the Gospel, and showing me more of its simplicity. The Word says, "He who believes shall be saved." I do believe in the dear Lord Jesus. I cast my naked, helpless soul on Him for salvation; He is my only hope and refuge, and will He send me empty away? No! He is a tried stone, a sure foundation, and I believe (not without intervals of doubt) that He will get glory to His great name by saving me--vile, abominable, hell-deserving me! Thanks and praise to You, adorable, precious Savior, for this hope; however weak my faith, let me trust You implicitly, love You supremely, and be with You eternally!

October 28th, Sacrament Sabbath.—Not favored with enjoyment under the Word preached—but enabled at the Lord’s table to lay hold, as it were, of the Lord Christ, and with importunity to cry to Him. And, though He seemed to hide Himself from me, and appear to deny my request, still I was kept pleading, and did He not Himself enable me to do so? Yes; and I bless Him for it. I am resting upon the promise, "Him that comes to me, I will never cast out," but not favored with a sensible manifestation of my interest, yet believing--vile, abominable, and guilty as I am--I shall never perish; because I am enabled to cast my soul upon Christ for salvation, and to believe He will never allow a soul to perish at His feet. I long to hear Him say, "I have loved you with an everlasting love!"

November 30th.—Much blessed in reading a letter from the Rev. Ralph Erskine to a Mr. Fisher, in which he plainly shows the difference between faith and feeling. How often do I stumble here.

[It was this most important distinction our departed sister was to learn by her protracted exercises; and as the reader proceeds with her memoranda, he will perceive how blessedly the Lord brought out His servant in her clear definition of faith and feeling.]

December 25th.—My Savior hides His face, and I am troubled, and my mind dark and distressed. Heard Mr. S— this morning, a very spiritual and simple discourse. I trust I have been profited—but want a fresh manifestation of my Redeemer’s love. I desire to bear patiently the chastisement of

the Lord, because I have sinned against Him—but I cannot be satisfied with His absence. "Return, O Lord, how long?"

01.09. 1836

1836

January 3rd.—Precious Jesus! grant me a fresh manifestation, another token for good. Eternal Spirit! pour upon me the grace of supplication, for I cannot pray but as You do dictate. Oh, then, pity my abject condition, and bring my soul out of the prison of unbelief, in which it is confined. Oh, that this may be a year of deadness to the world and close walking with God. Remember, Ruth, the flesh will not like this; do not present this petition and calculate upon outward ease in the fulfillment of it, or you will be disappointed.

January 10th.—I want to realize in my experience that I am dead to the law by the body of Christ. Precious Immanuel, give me that faith which shall enable me to lay hold of You as my righteousness, and to run into You as my city of refuge, receiving the sweet assurance that I am safe. Oh, come as the heavenly Boaz, and wed Your abject handmaid; black and filthy as I am, give me to know that You view me all beautiful in Your own robe, which You put upon Your bride. Tell me You have paid all my debts, and relieve me from the constant anxiety and distress which I feel, lest I should be taken away to prison and to judgment. Assure me, also, that You have provided for the future, and that You will not allow sin to have the dominion over me, my enemies to destroy me, nor my adulterous heart to provoke You to jealousy by seeking after other lovers. Thus, dear Jesus, condescend to comfort me. It is long since You kissed me with the kisses of Your mouth, and caused me to lean on Your precious bosom; long since You called me Your love and Your dove, enabling me to respond, "You are fairer than the children of men," yes, the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely One. I know my sin has caused Your absence, I confess it with shame. But, oh, come in the sovereignty of Your love, and melt me with Your free favor; come skipping over the mountains of my sin, leaping over the hills of my unworthiness, and cause me to rejoice in Your precious salvation. Dear Jesus, hear my cry; grant me a manifestation of your beauteous self—if it pleases Your Divine Majesty. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

March 22nd.—Much struck with hearing this passage read this morning: He will "keep them alive in famine" (Psalms 33:19). I thought it was often fulfilled spiritually, the Lord keeping the souls of His people alive, when to their own feelings they are in the midst of dearth, and cannot obtain a morsel of spiritual bread; that is, I mean, when there are no enlivenings in the soul, no love-visits, no openings of Scripture, no savor in the preached Word; in short, the streams seem cut off from their mouth, and they think all hope must be given up. Still it is wonderful to observe, and more wonderful to trace, in one’s own experience, how the spark of Divine life is invisibly and imperceptibly fed, so that there is a breathing, a panting, a longing for another taste of the Paschal Lamb. And, though there may be no fire to be seen, the smoke keeps rising from the smouldering embers, and the soul is kept alive in famine.

August 7th.—Much struck with a remark of Mr. Huntington’s which I have just read; speaking of a certain author, he says, "He seemed to be more earnest for fruit than for engraftings; and, I believe, would be better pleased with a crop of leaves than with a good root." It immediately

occurred to me, how much more we hear about the fruits of a holy life and an upright conversation, than about the root from which alone real holiness can spring. The Savior told us not to expect grapes from thorns, and I think I never saw so clearly—that the most beautiful moral works from a natural heart are not acceptable in the sight of God, who will only accept the fruits of faith, which are wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit, and cannot be produced by the unregenerated, though there will be the outward effect of a moral life, etc. May I thus be made more and more fruitful.

September 11th.—The past week has been one of distance and darkness. I am now, and have been for some time, in a miserable condition, from extreme nervous depression and irritability, together with active corruptions, carnality of affections, hardness of heart, and, indeed, everything which is contrary to what I would have. I look at my friends, and envy them their spirituality, cheerfulness, and sociability, often concluding there is not another being on earth so wretchedly miserable and sinful as myself; for such is my state lately, that I cannot look, speak, walk, work, hear, read, or think, without sin—manifest sin, abominable sin; and such sin as brings me into the very depths of distress, shame, and self-loathing—but yet unaccompanied, as I fear, with true repentance and godly sorrow.

I am sometimes almost desperate to find myself in such an awful condition, and yet, as it seems to me, so utterly without power to extricate myself from that which I hate. Oh, that the Lord Jesus would stretch out His almighty arm, and deliver me from the infidelity, unbelief, and other abominations of my evil heart, which seem to triumph over me. I often wonder what the Lord intends to do with me, and fear I am only drying, as it were, for everlasting burnings! The very vitals of my soul seem scorched up by the heat of temptation and corruption, so that I shrivel in selfish misery, and would sometimes be shut out from society, because I am unfit for it. None, or very few, drink the same bitter cup as myself, the most noxious ingredient in which is, my own sinfulness; for, as Moses burnt the calf, and ground it to powder, and then made those who had sinned by it, to drink it; so it seems with me, my sins are my daily and sorrowful portion. The Lord have mercy upon me, and pardon my ingratitude, murmuring, and unbelief, for Christ’s sake.

September 25th.—I have taken the Sacrament this afternoon, and surely there was not another communicant so vile. Unless the Lord Jesus put forth His almighty power, I must sink into despair, carnality, and sin.

"Other refuge have I none,

Hangs my helpless soul on You."

Leave me not to myself, for my wicked heart is longing after fleshly indulgence! I want, dear Immanuel, to be Yours alone—but cannot. Oh, no; I cannot! a divided heart You will not accept. I fall a dead weight on Your sovereign, undeserved mercy, by which, if I am not caught, I must continue falling until I reach the lowest, hottest place in Tophet, which is my merited portion. But, blessed Jesus, take me for Your own, and magnify the riches of Your grace in my deliverance! "Lord, save, or I perish!"

December 4th.—My flesh and unbelief have been insinuating that it is in vain to wait for the Lord any longer. But with considerable sweetness, and some power, the following words came to my mind: "Those who wait for Me, shall not be ashamed." Dearest Lord, carry on Your own work in Your own way, and keep me waiting on and for You!

December 25th.—Christmas Day and Sabbath.—A very heavy snow descending; the face of nature is enrapt in a mantle of most beautiful whiteness. May my poor soul be so covered with the spotless robe of Immanuel’s righteousness; that wedding garment, without which I shall be "speechless" before Him. It is our Sacrament today. May Jesus be there, and we enabled by the precious Spirit to follow Him from the manger to the tomb, and by faith recognize our individual interest in all that He did and suffered, eating His flesh and drinking His blood; thus having a taste of fat things. Then would this be a Christmas day to be remembered. It may be the last I shall spend on earth. The Lord carry on and perfect His own work in my soul, and all will be well, whether for life or death.

December 26th.—I was much gratified in hearing a Caffre chief and a missionary describe the work of grace which has been carried on in the souls of the Hottentots and Caffres in Africa. But, oh, how ashamed do I feel of my lack of zeal; and I am ready on this ground, to question whether I am the subject of that new birth which produces in the poor heathen such fervor of love and devotion.

01.10. 1837

1837

January 1st, Sabbath.—Text this morning, Jabez' prayer, particularly applied to the cause of Zion. This new-year's day finds me sad at heart, and much inclined to pass it in silence, only I find that on each returning period I have a desire to converse with, and look back upon, my former self; and I am gratified to learn how I felt this time last year, with what feelings I looked at the future, and how my fears or hopes have been realized, etc. As this black book is to meet no human eye but my own, I do with freedom put down those strange cogitations of my sinful heart to which I imagine others are strangers, and also those reliefs and deliverances which they would think insignificant or fanatical—but the retracing of which has often encouraged my sinking heart. Pen then, O daughter of the dust, your present sinful condition with self-loathing; and may this new-year's day be the last which shall find you so overpowered by the corruptions of your deceitful heart. On reading the past, I am distressed to find, that instead of close walking with God, for which I prayed, I seem to have been more than ever harassed by temptation and my own evil propensities during the last year. Much have I desired that on the last day of 1836, or first of 1837, I might review my backslidings and miscarryings with heartfelt sorrow, confess them without reserve, and receive a token of forgiveness and promise of future support; instead of which (awful to say), on the very last night in the year, my old enemies made a sudden effort, found me off my guard, and I was carried a prey (and a willing one too, at the time) by those heart-sins which have their seat in my fallen nature, and have been so often the bane of my peace.

Here, then, I am on new-year's day, miserable enough, and waiting to hear what the Lord will say to me. Surely, if I were His child I would have some victory over sin. May He have mercy on me. I begin this year a poor, broken, shattered vessel, not knowing of what spirit I am, nor to whom I belong. I would walk closely with God—but fear I never shall. I would be conformed to the image of Christ—but can only trace marks of the black tyrant. Lord Jesus, condescend to save even me. Precious Spirit, whisper forgiveness through the blood of the Lamb; pour upon my dry soul a spirit of confession, supplication, and thanksgiving, also for the many mercies with which You surround me, to my frequent amazement. A leper! unclean! unclean! Jesus, have mercy! Say, "I will, be clean." I tremble passing through another year so cold, carnal, and unbelieving.

February 18th.—I must mark down, and that with extreme thankfulness, one new mercy which thus far in the new year I have been privileged to enjoy, namely, that of perusing the precious Word of God with calmness and pleasure, not being so hunted by temptation, disrelish, and lack of interest, when I attempt to read it, as was the case, generally, last year, and, indeed, for some time previous. Oh, it is a mercy most valuable to be able to read calmly, and have some little gleams of light on the sacred page, which is now dearer to me than ever. Methinks, those who have never been shut up in this respect cannot enter into my feelings; however, the Lord knows them, and I bless Him for the change, and pray it may continue. Surely, this is ground to erect a "stone of help" upon. Ebenezer!

March 19th.—Oh, for a manifestation of precious Jesus to my soul, a revelation of Him by the Holy Spirit as my own Beloved! Methinks I trace some "stately steps" towards me in Providence which are encouraging—but this will not satisfy. I want close communion with a covenant God through an adorable Jesus, by the influence and drawing of the dear, sacred Remembrancer, the best and infallible Teacher. I have a gleam of hope that deliverance from the heavy burden of the last eight months is at hand. Trust evermore.

April 2nd.—In reading, this morning, of the Israelites passing over Jordan, I was struck with the circumstance of the priests' feet touching the brim of the waters before they divided, and thought it is sometimes so in afflictions—the waters overflow their banks. Cross we must, our feet touch the wave, and, to the apprehension of sense, we are just about to sink in the swelling flood, when, lo! the stream suddenly divides! we find firm standing-ground, and pass through the dispensation with overwhelming astonishment and gratitude. Such displays of the power of a covenant God are majestic indeed—but not unfrequent; and blessed are those who are led to observe them, for "they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

April 25th.—My timid heart is much moved this evening, by hearing there are some beginnings of riot in our town. The Lord protect us! He is my only refuge; and I feel some little calmness in the hope that He is my God. Oh, that the suffering poor may be relieved.

April 26th.—All quiet again for the present. The Lord be praised!

June 14th, Evening.—Heard an excellent sermon from Mr. I— (1 Samuel 6:13, last clause), by which I have been cut up, and almost cut out—but in which was described the very state I am longing for, stretching out after, and, of late especially, desiring--namely, the liberty of the Gospel.

June 18th, Evening.—I seem to tremble lest the privilege of hearing Mr. I— should pass away without any real profit. I long for the great truths he advanced to be wrought into my soul by the Holy Spirit. I believe there is a state of establishment and stability, which he described, and most ardently I desire to be brought into it. Lord, condescend to manifest your power on my behalf!

June 25th.—Awoke this morning with "The soul of the diligent shall be made fat." Oh, may true spiritual diligence be wrought in me by the power of the Holy Spirit! I am convinced of the sinful sloth which has prevailed over me.

July 7th, Evening.—

"God, on my thirsty, barren soul,

Some mercy-drops has sent."

Oh, that it may be the harbinger of a plentiful shower! I am thankful for the longing desire I feel.

September 5th.—I have been exercised for some time past with successive perplexities, which, though apparently trifling, work painfully upon my susceptible and too-easily excited nerves. I am now distressed about a valuable book, which was lent to me by a friend; another friend saw it, and wished to borrow it; she was in a distressed state of mind, and it seemed very suitable, therefore I ventured to lend it. She has now had it for some time, and, cannot now locate it. I cannot describe the painful anxiety I have suffered about it the last few days, because it is one of a set of volumes

which, by its loss, would be spoiled; nor is it possible to replace it in the same form. It is also on other accounts valuable to the family; what to do I know not: I have laid it all before the Lord—but at present He does not appear to interpose, which again adds to my grief, because I have found much comfort in believing that nothing is too trivial to bring before Him, and I expect His direction and deliverance; and, if obliged to give this up, shall lose my chief support and comfort in the trials of life.

I know I am prone to be impatient, and dictate when the Lord should appear, which is very wrong. May He give me a waiting spirit, and, in His own time, show that he has heard my cry, by delivering me in this trial. 2 Kings 6:5, is my encouragement to bring this matter to Jesus, who is the prophet in Gospel days.

September 8th.—Not yet relieved—but favored with much of a wrestling spirit, and think it has been in this respect a blessing, as my soul has been constantly kept supplicating for some time. Still, however, I much desire the Lord would condescend to bring to light the lost book, as unbelief and Atheism threaten to gain much ground within me, by proving from this, that it is not right to spread such trifling circumstances before the Divine Majesty, and that He will not regard them. Oh, what sharp struggles have I had, and, how does my heart tremble, lest it should lose the sweet solace of telling out all the minutiae of its woes at a Throne of Grace. But I must yet hope that He who has delivered, will yet deliver.

September 10th.—Oh, for another Ebenezer stone, another pillar of gratitude for Divine interposition! What jealousies and misgivings does my poor heart experience, because the Lord delays to appear. I have been privileged with a spirit of wrestling and importunity at the Divine footstool almost constantly during the past week, in which my only temporal request is the restoration of the lost book. All other outward things I have been led to give into the Lord’s hands, to be by Him ordered as seems Him best, so that His Divine glory may be manifested through me, and my soul made healthy and fruitful.

It seems that to these last-mentioned things I must hold fast, being thoroughly tired of my lukewarm state. In the midst of this exercise something has been occasionally prompting me very powerfully to believe that it is all delusion, excitement, and imagination which has agonized my soul. But then, again, I have thought, if this is not the work of the Spirit, I can only go afresh to Him to discover to me what is; to lead me into it, and preserve me from the delusions of Satan, and the workings of my own flesh; so that this has proved, at some seasons, fresh matter for prayer and supplication. The Lord condescend to look at my case, carry on His own work with power, exercise me Himself, deliver me from temptation and the power of the tempter, and thus bring glory to His own name, by making such a vile, ignorant creature a vessel fit for His use, and which shall sound forth His praise.

September 12th.—"When the desire comes, it is a tree of life;"—verily God has heard me; adorable Jesus has condescended to the low estate of His handmaid! The lost book is restored; and, oh what jealousies and misgivings are removed from my heart, for unbelief was ever and anon taunting me with this affair, suggesting that Jehovah did not, as I conceived, listen to such trifling requests. But, ah! with what fresh confidence can I approach the sacred footstool, and spread out all my cares! My soul is lifted up within me with rejoicing, because of this manifest answer to my petition. May I be humbled under a sense of my sinfulness and distrust, and be kept

from sinking into a careless frame. The lost book was restored to the bookshelf of the lady to whom we had lent it, quite unknown to her, by whom she knows not. But one of the family came down-stairs, exclaiming, she had found the book upon the very shelf which she had searched over and over again. The Lord has all hearts in His hand, and no thief can hold when he says, ’restore’.

[Reader, we cannot allow this incident to pass, without asking you to admire and acknowledge the good hand of God toward His servant. While, on the one hand, by this simple record, we see the simplicity, the teachableness, the earnestness of her faith; do we not, on the other hand, see how graciously the Lord honors that faith which honors Him! It is as true today as it was of old, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart; do not depend on your own understanding. Seek his will in all you do, and he will direct your paths." Proverbs 3:5-6]

October 8th.—The former part of last week I was favored with a supplicating spirit, and some outgoings of soul more than formerly; on Thursday, carnal security attacked me, on the heels of which came vanity, about an article of dress I was altering; I had not recourse to the shield of faith, the "sword of the Spirit," or the powerful weapon of "all prayer," but deluded myself in thinking I would finish as quickly as I could the alteration of my bonnet, and then pray, hoping to feel more at liberty. Ah! foolish creature, my iniquity prevailed, prayer was neglected, and a guilty conscience the result; since which I have not had that nearness of access to God, as before. Lord, give me a broken heart--and then come and heal it. Keep me from sinking into unbelief and sins. Speak pardon!

October 15th.—A spirit of careless security in what I have received, was again the inlet of sin, and now what shall I say? May the Lord melt this stony heart, wash this filthy heart, bring back this wandering heart, and somehow, by Almighty power, make me more watchful against those sins which most easily beset me.

December 21st.—Last night the wind was awfully tempestuous, and howled around our dwelling most fearfully; sleep fled from my eyes, and the fear of being suddenly called into eternity agonized my spirit, for I could obtain no sense of salvation, and knew that unquenchable fire was my just desert. The horrors at the fear of dying out of Christ are, I think, felt by few. But few are so guilty and unbelieving as I.

December 31st.—The last day of the year has come again! How rapidly are the wheels of time revolving and bearing me on to a boundless eternity! Another year closing, and of what do its "gone-by" periods testify? Why! of aggravated transgression and ingratitude on my part, and most astonishing mercy and longsuffering from a covenant God. The past year has, I think, been one of more manifest spiritual favor than any former one in my life. My undeservings have been as great as ever—but the Lord has condescended to speak to me with more power than formerly, having permitted me to come into straits--and then poured upon me a spirit of importunate and unceasing wrestling at His footstool, which has been, in itself, a blessing, as well as the harbinger of either support or deliverance.

Added to this, He has enabled me to love the precious Bible, and read it with calmness; also, at times, to feed therein, of which privilege I was before deprived by reason of sore buffeting from the enemy. The preached Word has also, at times, come with power and sweetness into my soul. The dear precious Jesus has I hope, in some little measure, been endeared to me, and revealed in me;

and, though I have not had the full revelation of Him for which I long, yet I take this as a pledge, and look for more. There has, also, been granted more laying hold of Christ, and, when sensible of sin, more running to Him for pardon and cleansing, and, as it were, hanging upon Him in my desperate case, and, if I perish, to do so at His feet.

All this, with much more, I take to be very, very great mercy, and much alleviation of my case. But, oh! the dark tale of my own sin which has also marked this year—it is too black to be told. Ingratitude, murmuring, carnality, worldliness, unbelief, backsliding, and a thousand other evils--make up a list which ought to sink me into shame and self-abasement! Almighty Spirit, condescend to melt me into real contrition, that having received much, I may love much; and having sinned much, I may have much forgiven.

I am so astonished at the near access I have at times enjoyed; the answers to prayer which have been given, and the spirit of communion occasionally vouchsafed--that it is impossible to express my feelings. It seems worth much more suffering than I have gone through--and is all of mercy, free mercy, sovereign mercy, surprising mercy. The Lord make me thankful, and then accept the gratitude Himself gives. I cannot help hoping for more. The Lord seems to draw out my expectations that He will bless me; and, though it still be through the outward cross and flesh mortification--it shall be well! I am sure the flesh is no friend of mine, and as I have not resolution to cut off its right-hand, and to pluck out its right-eye sins, it is most merciful of the Lord to do it for me; and, though I often cry out from pain, my spirit says--Go on, Lord, deal with me as You will, only support and bring me to walk closely with You. Ebenezer!

01.11. 1838

1838

February 3rd.—Most unexpectedly favored with a call from Mr. S—. The Lord condescend to fix deeply in my soul his most encouraging conversation. May the Holy Remembrancer bring it back with power, in so far as it was God's truth.

February 11th.—Since Mr. S.— called upon me, my soul has been exceedingly exercised. His coming was unsought and unexpected, having had no communication with him for more than two years. His converse was addressed to me, and as much in point to my state as though in the habit of frequent fellowship. His aim was to show that I am looking more at my faith than its object—Christ; and am more anxious about frames and feelings than to be established in the knowledge of Him from whom all spiritual gifts come, with much more which, to my sorrow, I have forgotten. Oh, how blessedly did he discourse on the privileges of a believer in Jesus, and how much do I long to realize that living by faith which he described. Here is the question, Did the Lord send him with a message to me? If so, may the Holy Spirit open my heart to receive it. Was what he advanced the truth of God? If so, may the Holy Spirit seal it upon my heart. Is living upon Christ above and in all frames attainable? and is this the true life of faith? If so, the Lord bring me to it, in spite of sin, Satan, and myself.

But, then, most of the Christians I know, though more experienced than myself, seem to think we cannot properly realize interest in Christ when under desertion, temptation, the power of indwelling sin, or a sense of fresh-contracted guilt; and that being influenced by feeling produces the closest walking with God, the most tender conscience, and the greatest fear of sinning. Now this variety of opinion in the Lord's children exceedingly perplexes me, because they each point to the Bible, and there do seem passages to favor both. I have been much tossed about in this matter, the last three or four years, and was just lately leaving it more, desiring the Lord to lead me as would most promote His glory, and my close walking with Him, though certainly inclining to think the doubting path the most safe and humble. I am now, however, on the search again to know the Lord's mind; may He condescend to teach me, and allow me not to be deceived by Satan, unbelief, or creature opinion.*

* This page was endorsed, under date July 1839: "Oh that dear Mr. S— knew what I am now enjoying! It was a true report he brought of the land of promise, and now my feet have reached it, my eyes see it, and my mouth tastes its milk and honey."

February 18th.—Encouraged considerably to believe in and on the dear Lord Jesus as my Savior, because I think if I were not interested in Him, I should not have been brought to hang upon Him the whole weight of my soul's salvation. If this is the work of the Holy Spirit, may it be confirmed; if a fleshy confidence, may the Lord in mercy knock it out of me—cost me what it may.

February 26th.—Privileged yesterday with a most blessed assurance of my interest in the person and work of Jesus, and such confidence of my eternal security in Him, that I could sing with

Toplady—

"More happy—but not more secure,

The glorified spirits in heaven."

I desire to bless the Lord for this high favor, though last night and this morning, the enemy, together with my own unbelief, have thrust sore at me. The Lord enable me to trust firmly in Him, even though He hides His face.

February 28th.—Yesterday morning was favored to taste the joys of salvation by Jesus, and triumph in Him as my portion. But have since been sorely buffeted by Satan and unbelief, who join in telling me it is a fleshly faith which I am persuading myself into, and not the work of the Holy Spirit. These things are most bitter and trying—but still the Foundation is sure, and I trust I am fixed on it, and shall, to the confusion of my enemies, be made more than conqueror through the blood of the Lamb!

March 22nd.—I am much perplexed by the different opinions of real Christians—some urging to look to and trust in Jesus, without regard to feeling, and declaring this the way to stability and comfort. And others are continually directing me to what is felt within as a ground of comfort, and condemning the faith of the former as presumptuous. May the Holy Spirit be my Teacher! I desire to look to Him more constantly, and to pray Him to carry on His own work in my soul with power—let who will oppose. Afresh I fall helpless and ignorant on Jesus for salvation; and will He cast me out? Ah! no, no! "Everyone the Father gives Me will come to Me, and the one who comes to Me I will never cast out!" "Lord, increase my faith."

March 25th, Sabbath.—This day last month, I was favored to mount upon the high places, and, while I sat in the house of God, to triumph in Him as the God of my salvation, rejoicing with exceeding joy to realize my interest in the person and work of Jesus, so that I thought I was keeping a Christmas Day in my soul, seeming to realize there the birth of Jesus as my Savior. How different this morning! I sat under the Word cold and insensible, feeling fully what I am in myself, and proving afresh that in "my flesh dwells no good thing." In this sad state I fly to Jesus as my only refuge. I expect to sit down at His table today. Oh that the depth of my sin and misery may be overcome by His rich grace, that with Mary I may weep at His dear feet, and love much, having much forgiven. May 18th.—Most exceedingly distressed by my sins, and lately have been much fearing that I must be wrong, because of my unfruitfulness. I feel the need of Jesus’s precious blood every hour—but it has seemed to me like esteeming it a light thing to be making such constant application, and yet again constantly defiling myself. May the dear sacred Spirit teach me out of His own Word, for I am in much confusion, and feel afraid of trusting any human author. I want a supply from the Fountain!

June 10th.—Since Mr. S— called upon me, I have been much desiring the jubilee trumpet to be sounded in my soul—that is, I long to be brought into Gospel liberty. I believe some of the Lord’s people are favored with it. But, for myself, I only seem to see it at a distance. Conversing with a minister on that subject which is my daily grief and perplexity—indwelling sin and its activity—he said, "What do you think of sanctification?" Having told him, he asked, "Do you think it has anything to do with the flesh?" I replied, "To subdue and mortify;" but he rejoined, "Do you expect the flesh made holy?" "Not in my judgment," I answered; "but I really begin to think I am expecting

in my experience what my judgment disallows." "I thought so," said he, "and that was the reason I asked the question; remember that that which is born of the flesh is flesh—and ever will be!" He then showed that the believer's perfection is in Christ; that while in the body we shall never be free from sin. But while groaning on account of it, we may be enabled by the Holy Spirit to recognize interest in the covenant, and deliverance through Christ, as Romans 7:24-25. This seems just what I want, and, if for the Divine glory, I trust it will be given. During the above conversation, my mind was forcibly struck with the conviction that I had been looking for something from and in my flesh which the Word of God does not warrant me to expect; if so, may the Holy Spirit deliver me from this error. I feel exceedingly confused, and full of ignorance. Oh that He may condescend to teach me, and lead me to look straight out of self—to a glorious Christ!*

* I do now believe that the first blast of jubilee in my soul was on February 25th, preceding this memorandum, though here I do not seem yet to have fully recognized it as such—but events have quite proved it.

August 5th.—A Mr. P— preached. Great and marvelous are the heights and depths, lengths and breadths of God in Christ, into which he seems to have entrance. My soul listens and longs, wondering much that some of the Lord's dear ministers get so into the marrow and fatness, while others are always eating the bone. But "every man in his own order." Inasmuch as the things I am now hearing are the truth of God, insomuch may I—poor, sinful, hell-deserving creature as I am—be led into them. My soul thirsts, longs intensely—to know more of a glorious Christ, and live more upon Him, for He is the bread of God. May the Holy Spirit breathe again upon my barren heart. Most Holy Comforter, most solemnly do I entreat You, as the Teacher of Your people, to lead me more deeply into heart acquaintance with divine truth, and into communion with a Triune Jehovah, making me lose all things outward, and count them as rubbish and dross in comparison with this. Oh, let me not continue on the surface—but bring me to swim in, and take large draughts of, the water of life. If your servant's ministrations are dictated by You, stamp them on, and root them in, my soul. If not, for the sake of a precious, glorious Christ, keep me from receiving them, and from all error. Oh, come, Divine Spirit, with demonstration and power, that "my faith may not stand in the wisdom of men."

August 7th.—Mr. P— is condemned as a mere letter-preacher by some. Methinks divine power did accompany his words to my soul. May the most Holy Spirit condescend to prove it by sealing the savor afresh home with unction upon my soul; or, if not His truth, taking it quite away. I want to be Spirit-taught, Spirit-led, Spirit-fed.

August 11th, Sabbath Morning.—I heard again last evening of some condemning Mr. P— as a letter-preacher; this takes me afresh to a throne of grace, to beg that the Holy Spirit will bear witness to His own truth in my soul, and not allow me to be deceived by any false light—but rather strip me of every atom of comfort I think I have received; instead of which, I have again this morning been wonderfully favored with inflowings of light, peace, and power, showing me that Mr. P— has told a little—but not one-half of the glories of a precious Christ, the boundless love of a covenant God, the sweet communion of the dear Comforter, and the stability and security of the everlasting covenant. Oh, these are indeed soul-strengthening, establishing truths! I feel them such, and, while others are caviling, I am in secret feasting and rejoicing. May many others of the Lord's dear people, be thus favored. Perhaps some heavy trial will follow these high enjoyments.

The Lord give support and submission, and make me very, very thankful for what I now taste and handle of the word of life. Ebenezer! hitherto the Lord has helped me!

August 19th.—By reason of sinful yielding to worldly care, my mind has been brought into guilt and darkness. May the Lord deliver me—He alone can. May He bestow upon me that penitent, broken heart which I desire—but cannot procure. In fact, I find I must come to Him for all—sorrow for sin, pardon for sin, cleansing from pollution, deliverance from a guilty conscience, and the renewal of peace through the application of atoning blood. Yes even a longing desire for these things must be given, or I shall lie in cold and stupid apathy. So desperate is my case—one just fit for the intervention of a glorious Christ, who, by undertaking such objects and doings all for and in them, gets much honor to His great name. May He again appear for me and to me. Ah! I do believe He will, ungrateful wretch though I am. May the Eternal Spirit reveal His own truth in my soul, and daily establish me more in it—that I may discern things that differ. Soul-agony, horror, and bondage have been long my portion. But I do believe there is in this life a realizing of solid peace, through knowledge of saving interest in the everlasting covenant, union to Christ as a living Head, and in receiving out of His fullness all needful supplies. To this I much long to be brought. If I am wrong, may the Holy Spirit undeceive me at any cost; if right, lead me onward, onward, until grace shall be crowned with glory; and I, even I, through sovereign mercy, be brought to swim in the ocean of love to all eternity. "Perplexed—but not in despair."

October 5th.—I have just witnessed the death of a neighbor’s child. I trust her end was peace. She was most conscious she was dying; she kissed her friends, and wished them all good-bye, and was constantly in prayer for mercy, which I hope she found through that dear Savior on whom she called. May the Lord sanctify the stroke to the family, and to us also. Death has come very near!

October 7th.—My mind dwells much on the death-bed scene I lately witnessed; the dear child’s incessant cry of "Lord, have mercy on me," was very striking, as also the earnestness with which she once said, "I believe He will," and ejaculated, "Amen, amen, amen," to every sentence of petition which fell from those around her. I trust it was the work of the Holy Spirit on her soul, and that she is in the presence of dear Jesus. She is a beauteous corpse; never but once did I see death in so lovely a form. The Lord awaken the dear parents by this visitation. I am much distressed about my own death, fearing I should die out of Christ; or, if I am indeed built upon Him, that He shall be absent when I come to the confines of mortality. Oh, dearest Savior, increase my faith, speak comfortably to my heart now, and be with me manifestly in my last struggle. "Bochim!" [’weeping’ Judges 2:5]

October 30th.—Found much sweetness this morning from Isaiah 49:23, "those who put their hope in Me will not be put to shame," and Psalms 31:22, "In my alarm I had said, "I am cut off from Your sight." But You heard the sound of my pleading when I cried to You for help." The Lord be praised for these divine dewdrops. Lord, increase faith and patience.

December 3rd.—Arose this morning heavy and sin-burdened—but favored at family worship with near access, wrestling faith, and a sense of pardoning love. Wonderful! wonderful! Who is a pardoning God like You? "Truly, to the Lord our God belong forgivenesses, though I have sinned against Him." My naughty, carnal nature is very active today. What a monster of iniquity—and a monument of mercy! Surely I am, as the apostle says, am "example"--that none may despair! This saying is trustworthy and deserving of full acceptance: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save

sinners"--and I am the worst of them! But I received mercy because of this, so that in me, the worst of them, Christ Jesus might demonstrate the utmost patience as an example to those who would believe in Him for eternal life." 1 Timothy 1:15-16

December 11th, Morning.—The former part of last night quite sleepless. "Lord, all my desire is before You, and my groaning is not hidden from You." Oh, deal not with me according to my sins—which are known to You. But condescend manifestly to appear for my deliverance. Oh, renew former mercies.

Evening.—Is it vain to expect the Lord's special guidance in matters of providence? The conversation of a Christian friend this evening seemed almost to intimate as much, and that we must be guided by circumstances. But my own experience says, the Lord does notice the most trivial of His people's affairs, by means of which He communes with them. I desire, however, still to wait, watch, and pray. I am sure I shall be no loser by that. The conversation of our friend, being an old Christian, has certainly added to my burden. But here, again, is fresh occasion to go to a footstool of mercy for teaching and relief. Few, I think, have such conflicts. I suppose they must have stronger faith. The Lord grant special mercy in the special time of need.

December 12th.—Much comforted today with views of precious Jesus, as my dear, almighty Savior, engaged to do all for and in me. Faint indeed are these glimpses compared with what I desire—but are they not pledges of more? I verily believe they are, and that, though a vile, hell-deserving sinner, I shall shout—Victory through the blood of the Lamb! and join the ransomed throng in casting at His dear feet our blood-bought crowns. Who should louder sing than I?

December 24th, Christmas Eve.—Shall I see another on earth? Why—oh, why do I wish it? Have strong reason to believe that the Lord has sent the messenger of death to begin sapping the foundation of my tabernacle, and soon I shall fall a prey to a painful and fatal disease—cancer. I am most uneasy. I feel too much clinging to life, and much shrinking from the furnace which I think is being prepared for me. May my dearest Jesus appear for me, conforming my will to His, and separating my affections more from earthly objects, to which they seem to cling faster since I have had the prospect of leaving them. No one yet knows my forebodings, or the ground of them.

I have much mystery in my outward path—contrary, most contrary, to flesh and sense. The Lord prepare me for all His will, and manifest in its development that it is all covenant love to me, though I verily believe that henceforth sorrow and suffering are my appointed portion—I mean outward. I feel inclined to name this dark place "JEHOVAH JIREH"—the Lord will provide. If prompted by the Spirit the Comforter, I am sure I shall see it fulfilled, though it may be through the destruction of all my fleshly projects. If spared to see another Christmas Eve, which I do not now expect, I think I cannot spend it in more dejection than I have done this. But, "why are you cast down, O my soul? hope in God; for I shall yet praise Him!" A little gleam darts through the gloom. Oh, yes; I hope "I shall yet praise Him."* * The event has proved fully that this was of the Lord.

01.12. 1839

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January 27th, Sacrament Sabbath.—Oh, what manifest outward mercies have I been the subject of, since this time last month! How does my cup run over, and how am I astonished at it, often exclaiming, "Why me? Why, oh why am I so blessed?" Dear Jesus, sanctify the temporal mercies You have given; let me enjoy You in and with them—or they are all nothing. Prepare me for all Your will; if death is hastening, presence Yourself when I pass through the "dark valley." Oh, then let me FEEL that You have taken the sting out of death, and permit me to go to sleep on Your dear bosom. Precious Jesus, I think I can neither live nor die as I desire, without You. Oh, then, if Your holy will, manifest Yourself in the hour of dissolving nature. But if I must long sojourn here, give patience, give direction, set me apart for Yourself, and let me have much of Your presence, to keep me from the evil of the world. I desire solemnly to yield up myself afresh to You, for time and eternity, desiring to be Yours alone. Oh, enable me to say, "Your will be done." The Lord keep me from sinfully desiring to depart—but surely the upper house has more exalted joys to which we must aspire. A debtor indeed to sovereign, unmerited mercy.

February 8th.—

"Did ever trouble yet befall,

And He refuse to hear my call?"

Ah! never, never! May I now, then, "trust and not be afraid." Though at present in thick darkness as to the future, I do believe He, the God in whom I trust, will yet appear.

Evening.—Writing to my friend, Mrs. H—, I felt cold, barren, and empty. But before I concluded, the precious Comforter came, and I had again such ecstasy in the foreviews of glory as I cannot describe. But I have frequently had such lately in the midst of deep conflicts. To what it is a prelude, I know not. The enemy says, "Perhaps a dark death-bed, or some heavy trial." Well, I leave it to that dear Lord who sent this beam of glory. It is a pledge of the future, whatever may come between. "Praise the Lord, O my soul."

February 16th.—The dear Lord has condescended again to appear in His wonderful character, as the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. Oh, what miracles of mercy to such a wretch! Now, precious, lovely Savior, I look up to You for support. Mortify and crucify the flesh as You will—only sustain and comfort. I have waited—but not in vain.

February 22nd.—I am exercised much with felt barrenness and coldness. Mr. Romaine might well say, "It is like leaping overboard in a storm, to venture on Christ alone for salvation, under coldness;" and so I find it—but desire afresh to cast myself upon Him—all empty, sinful, and barren as I feel. I am not more so in reality at this time than I always am in myself. It is His light, and love, and power which glow in my bosom when my case is revived; and, perhaps, it is because I have counted these gifts my OWN that they are withdrawn. Afresh, then, precious

Jesus, I do venture on Your person and work, Your blood and righteousness, for salvation, and desire to wait with longing and wrestling until You shall again appear.

February 26th.—Disease seems to be decidedly fastening upon the walls of this clay tabernacle. Well, it is condemned; come down, it must—the time and means I leave with my dear Lord. I have felt much of cloud on my mind, through sin and clinging too much to some earthly objects. The dear Lord pardon, restore, and snap the ties which bind me down to earth. Oh that my dear friends might be wings to me, instead of fetters.

March 3rd.—What will be the issue of my present exercises I know not—but have lately experienced much hot fighting, considerable outward perplexity, and seem to have "Ichabod" strongly stamped on all created good; with which I have had also mingled sweet views of Christ as my own precious, precious Savior, my Law-fulfiller, my Surety, my Head, my All; and also such ecstatic sips of glory as have made my poor soul pant and long to be away to the full enjoyment of it. Never did my heart so bound at the thought of being absent from the body, and present with the Lord, as lately. If this is the Holy Spirit's work, may it increase; if from the flesh, may the sacred Comforter take it away, cost what it will. Afresh I commit myself into the hands of a covenant God in Christ, for either life or death, sickness or health—as shall seem good to Him; only praying to be set apart more for His service, and to be brought to walk closer with Him. Still, my soul seems to cling to an early dismissal and an abundant entrance. But, says something, "How dare you hope for such favor?" All through the person and work, love, blood, and righteousness of my most precious Redeemer, on whom I now again fall for full and free salvation. The Lord pardon what is mine, and strengthen what is from Himself.

March 11th.—The sun shines cheerfully, and all looks smiling around—but it is nothing to me, for my Savior is absent, and my soul joyless. Disease seems advancing, and I am agonized with the fear that, after all my cries, I have been left to myself, and must henceforth walk in darkness.

March 17th.—The tempter foiled, my Savior faithful, and my poor soul relieved. The storm has subsided—but its effects are not quite gone; the foaming and dashing of the waves are over—but still they ripple; and though their sound is dying away, it at present prevents that calm view of my danger and deliverance with which I hope yet to be favored. I see enough, however, to adore my most precious Savior; and, though the most cowardly creature that ever fought under His banner, I believe He will get honour to His great name by gaining me the conquest, and then crowning me with victory. Oh, wondrous Savior, to do the work, bear the suffering, and bestow upon me the reward. Give, oh, give me a heart to praise, love, and adore You. Holy Comforter, come again, come again, and speak peace through blood. Oh bathe me in that living, healing, cleansing stream. Breathe, oh breathe, on this dry, barren, cold heart! Have I grieved You? oh, melt me into penitence, and then seal home pardon. Hope revives.

March 20th.—This poor tabernacle seems fast weakening. Do I wish to live? Not for anything on earth—but I do want the light of my heavenly Father's countenance. Jesus, my own precious Savior, is absent, and all is cheerless to my soul. Oh, come, come and visit and comfort me. You are faithful, and will not allow Satan to triumph—but he does taunt and buffet me; and it is hard to bear it in the dark. Well, cheer up, poor soul; be not so cowardly: this is the place for fighting, and the Captain of your salvation will yet show Himself more than a match for your enemies. Oh that it were morning. My Savior is with me—but I want to see Him.

March 25th.—Wonders, wonders of grace and mercy! The dear Lord revealed Himself to me again this morning, as my covenant God in Christ. I would praise Him for renewed tokens of salvation and temporal mercies, coming as covenant blessings. The Lord bless my blessings, and only give what He will bless to me.

[Sweet expression, "The Lord bless my blessings." Dear reader, is this the language of your heart?]

March 26th.—A beam of heavenly sunshine, a ray of glory has been mercifully let into my soul this morning; the devil told me it would never come again. But Jesus is faithful, though I am most ungrateful. The harp in tune.

March 27th.—This naughty, naughty flesh is here yet, and distressingly active; the dear Lord be pleased to subdue it. Oh, my precious Savior, come and conquer Your and my enemies. I want to be Yours alone, without one wandering desire. But, ah! it is not so. I need again the balsam of Your blood.

March 30th.—Never had anyone so rich a Banker, so kind a Husband, so tender a Shepherd, and so forbearing a Captain—as I have in my glorious Christ. The more I venture, the more He encourages; the bolder I am, the kinder He grows; the more I expect, the more He gives. I cannot tire or wear Him out, for He is full, yes, fullness of grace, mercy, love, and compassion. The one-half of His glory has never been expressed by mortal tongue, nor the thousandth part of His ravishments and condescension conceived by those who have not felt them. This, this is my—oh yes!—MY Beloved, and this is my Friend! Hasten the day when in His full-orbed glory I shall lose my sorrows and my sins forever! Oh, what mercy to have another love-glimpse. Praise, oh, praise God, my covenant God; join me, you saints on earth, and in heaven, to adore and magnify Him for His mercy—amazing mercy—to a vile Magdalene. Hallelujah. Amen.

April 3rd.—Blessed beyond measure with comfort, peace, and joy—all flowing through the bleeding heart of Christ—my Savior, Husband, Friend, Surety, All. The desire to be with Him in glory continues and increases; therefore there is hope in this thing, that my Beloved is about to consummate my happiness. Dearest Jesus, give patience. Pardon what is mine; strengthen what is Yours. Accomplish Your own purpose in this frail tabernacle; and then fetch me home! Come with Death, precious Christ. I tremble at him without Your presence. Oh, come, and let me breathe out my soul on Your bosom, in Your embrace. Much for me to ask—but not too much for You to give. Your kindness makes me bold. For Your own love’s sake, grant my request, or give submission; and, if not seen, support secretly. Darkness and light are both alike to You; and if it is a dark going to sleep, it will be a bright awaking. Help me to feel "Your will be done." "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Saints and angles, join me to praise Him. Creation, animate and inanimate, I would you were all in tune to praise Him who has done so much for me. Eternity is coming, and then I shall never tire. But shout, methinks, louder than all the blood-washed throng, "He loved me and gave Himself for me." I wait, Lord, Your will.

April 5th.—Tempest-tossed again! Enabled this morning to commit my case afresh to Jesus, the "Wonderful Counselor;" and am waiting for Him to break the temptation.

April 8th.—My Beloved is come again over the mountains of my sin and guilt. I can now shout, Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb! Oh, the sweet, blessed visits my dear Lord pays

me! Pen cannot write it, tongue cannot utter it. Praise Him, oh, praise Him with and for me! May 4th.—Since writing the above, I have been confined to my room by illness; and oh, the sweet, blessed season it has been to my soul, none can conceive but those who have felt the same. My most precious Savior has made all my bed in my affliction, sensibly communed with my soul, and revealed Himself in such glory and majesty—that it seemed nothing but an entrance into His immediate presence could satisfy me. Oh, what delightful views have I had of the stability of the everlasting covenant, and the safety of my, and every, soul hanging on the blood and righteousness of Jesus—the faithfulness of Jehovah being pledged for their security; and what can go beyond that? It is indeed "strong consolation." Bodily strength seems a little returning. It will be hard work to come into the world again. The Lord give submission. May 23rd.—My health apparently improving. I wait the will of my dear Lord, who will do the best—the very best for me. He has given Himself to me for time and eternity—what can He withhold? Still, to enter again into active life, or at least the prospect of it, has been the severest disappointment I ever met; for I thought my feet were on the very threshold of my Father's house, and with ecstatic joy, inexpressible by mortal strains, I did in spirit join the bright host above in Hallelujah to Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb who was slain! Oh, yes, indeed I did seem to catch the strains of celestial harmony, and fragrant breezes from the everlasting hills were breathed around me. How could I, then—but long to be away? My own precious Savior, I bow to Your will; only keep me from dishonoring You, and use me for Your glory. I tremble—how do I tremble at myself. But afresh I throw myself into the arms of covenant love, to be preserved from all evil. I cannot count half the sweet mercies of my affliction. Ebenezer! May 24th.—Again last night favored with some of the joys of heaven let into my soul. The ecstatic rapture, the full-flowing tide of felicity with which I have last night, and today, drank of the cup of salvation, is inexpressible. What shall I—what can I—render? My own dear Jesus, You are most sweetly spoiling me for earth; and what then? Ah, You know. But methinks home is the best place for a spoiled child. Go on, blessed Immanuel, with Your work of love; triumphantly I resign all created good for Your embrace. Prepare me for Your will, and give submission. Make use of me for Your glory, and keep me from my own evil ways, and for the rest "Your will be done;" but oh, Your smile, Your embrace, Your unveiled presence; nothing else can fully satisfy a heart so blessed as mine. I thank, laud, and magnify You, O my covenant God, for what I have received, through precious Jesus, by the Holy Comforter—and wait expecting more. May 26th.—

"Now let my songs abound,

And every tear be dry,

I'm marching through Immanuel's ground,

To fairer worlds on high."

Then, O my soul, droop not because you must stay a little longer here—but take up your cross and follow, closely follow your Lord—happy, beyond expression, in my precious Jesus. Oh, adorable Prince of Life, and Eternal Father in Christ, You have condescended by the power of the Spirit to absorb my soul, engage my affections, and, as one says, "Were all creatures extinguished, I am happy beyond conception in the enjoyment of Your love." Jesus Christ has come in the flesh; here is the ground of my confidence, joy, triumph: Christ Jesus, my Savior, has lived righteously, died willingly, lovingly, and conqueringly. Yes, "He conquered when He fell," has risen triumphantly,

ascended gloriously, and sent down the dear Holy Comforter into my soul, to witness all this that has been done for me—accepted by the Father, my Father, for me—to say that Jesus lives for me—now, and will ever live; and "because He lives I shall live also," being a part of Himself, His flesh and His bones.

Oh, wonderful, incomprehensible, soul-ravishing truth! One with Jesus, one with the Father, heir of God, joint-heir with Christ: must I not praise, adore, and magnify my most glorious covenant God in Christ? Oh, yes, I must; the year of jubilee has come; the tabernacle of God is with men! In Christ we are restored to that state in which God can walk with us in the cool of the day; and commune with us of covenant love and purposes: which are not trusted in our hands—but deposited in Christ, the precious Treasury, and from Him dealt out to us as we need. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!" Thanks unto Him that we, poor bankrupts have an inexhaustible fortune placed in the keeping of a loving, kind, bountiful Banker, who will not let us lack any good, or trust us with too much at once. Oh, it is sweet to grace, though mortifying to nature, to live on His bounty; to come every moment for more strength, more patience, more faith, more love—everything we need. He loves large requests, and is honored by great expectations.

I bless and glorify You, O immaculate Prince of Life; and You, Almighty Abba, Father, in Christ Jesus; and You, holy, blessed Comforter—my near, kind, faithful Friend. I adore and thank Your Divine Majesty, the one Triune Jehovah, for all I have received and enjoyed of You; and I humbly, believingly, for Christ's sake, in Jesus' name, ask, long, and wait for more. Oh, nothing, nothing but the Fountain Head above can satisfy the thirst of love! Happy, happy Sabbath morning, a foretaste of the eternal rest-day, rejoicing-day, Sabbatic-day, on which my spirit longs to enter in my Lord's time. Well may I wait, when heaven is sent into my soul on earth; hallelujah! hallelujah! "The Lord God omnipotent reigns!" "May Your kingdom come." Amen. Hallelujah! May 29th.—A bleeding heart! I have only returned to life afresh to agonize and suffer in the flesh. But do I repine? Ah! no; "my spirit rejoices in God my Savior," and now says, "Your will be done." My own dear, precious Jesus, You are mine—there is ecstacy in the thought! Amputate right hands, pluck out right eyes, where You see needful. Love will guide the knife, and, though I suffer, my spirit cries, "Go on, dearest Lord—separate me from all that keeps me from You! Give Yourself in close communion—and all is well." God is my refuge, and I shall not be destitute; the enemy may taunt in my weakness—but he shall not triumph. God, who is my strength, will arise, and I shall yet—yes, I do now—praise, adore, laud, magnify, love, and give myself joyfully to Him! Yes, I do it now, in this low, low place. Oh, for fresh sensible realization of blood, love, and righteousness—to wash, robe, and crown me! May 30th.—I seem to have found something of the blessedness of living upon Christ, and I want it more fully. I dread the very thought of living myself again—this is a wretched life. But the happy, happy one is, "not I—but Christ lives in me;" and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me. Oh, wonderful! for ME; transporting, soul-ravishing truth; to live thus is indeed blissful, solid, and scriptural too; the Lord grant it me, more and more.

[Reader, it is clear that all the teaching and training to which the Lord had been subjecting His servant was to bring about this gracious end—the "ceasing from man"—the crucifixion of the flesh; or, as she here significantly expresses it, the "living myself." She was sensibly to "die daily," in order that Christ, in His glorious person and perfect work, should become more manifestively her "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;" yes, her ALL AND IN ALL."]

June 1st.—"Behold, I am vile." I have sinned, sinned against love, mercy, and unspeakable favor; my heart is torn with anguish at my ingratitude, and weakness. But I fly to that dear heart which was torn with deeper anguish for this very sin. Oh, yes, to Jesus I must go, deep and dark as is the character of my guilt; for to despair of mercy would add another stain. O Jesus! You can pardon my sin, and I believe You will—Lord, speak, comfort, cleanse, restore—

"Foul, I to the fountain fly,

Wash me, Savior, or I die!"

How does it agonize my soul that I have sinned against a Father, a dear kind Father, who loves me, loves me so as to give His well-beloved Son for me; loves me so that nothing can sever me from that love, not even my vile transgressions. Forgive, Holy Father; for Christ's sake, forgive! You do, You have forgiven me all sin! I cannot, dare not doubt it. But I want fresh manifestations of Your pardoning mercy, as new guilt arises. Oh, yes! I want Your love again to flow through the bleeding heart of my precious Savior, and, by the unctuous power of my most Holy Comforter, applied to my soul. I ask it humbly and believingly (oh, pardon every atom of unbelief), for Christ's sake, in Jesus name.

June 2nd.—Are pardon and peace again mine? Oh, yes! thanks to the Holy Spirit, my faithful Friend, who will "not allow sin upon me" without sharp reproof. Thanks, most Divine Comforter, that You have enabled me to confess my sin, with all its aggravation, known and unknown; yes, and the evils of my whole life, with the pollution of my nature, upon the head of Christ's most perfect sacrifice, and by faith to receive cleansing in His precious blood, and justification in His perfect righteousness. Thanks to my reconciled Father for pardon, through His dear Son, my dear Savior—thanks for calmness. But yet I want the kiss of communion, close, actual, soul-absorbing communion. I ask it, Holy Father, in the name of Jesus, by the power of the Spirit, nor shall I ask in vain! Praise for salvation by grace!

It is hard work to trust sin with Christ, felt sin, fresh sin, Spirit-revealed sin. But it is very safe and very relieving; for in the ocean of His blood it sinks, never to condemn us! Oh, for a clean conscience, ever purged, constantly purged by blood; it is healthy to wash often, and not allow sin to grow hard upon the conscience, for that affords food for unbelief and triumph for Satan. Oh, did the dear people of God live nearer the fountain, and more frequently apply to it—we would have more rejoicing in the camp of our Israel. The Holy Spirit revive His work.

June 4th.—A sweet feast from 1 John 5:13, which came in this way, "I have written unto you who believe in the name of the Son of God, that you may know that you have eternal life, and that you may believe;" that you may know you are safe—but not rest satisfied, saying, I have believed—but still go on believing, "that you may believe;" how sweetly did it show the continuation of the life of faith, that as far as the believer is healthy, it is a continual believing, living on Christ. The Holy Spirit bring me more into this single-eyed faith, that every day I may know I have eternal life, and may believe. The first epistle of John has been to me lately a garden of most fragrant sweets and delicious fruits. Thanks for the Holy Bible, and the Sacred Spirit shining on its dear contents.

June 9th.—Thanksgiving, adoration, and praise to my covenant God for the blessed sermon the sacred Comforter has preached into my soul this morning. Oh, I never had such Sabbaths in my life. This morning my feast was from Galatians 2:17-20, whence was given such a view of Gospel

liberty and living Christ as I think I never had, showing, from that and Romans 7:1-25, how the believer may, even in this body of death, and while groaning under it—be free from condemnation, dead to the law as regards justification, and dead to sin, even while feeling it alive in him, and hating it too; and all through recognizing himself complete in Christ, who has for him fulfilled the whole law; yes, magnified it to the utmost extent of its righteous claims, and for him also atoned fully for his every breach of it, so that now, what can the law say to him? He is dead to it and alive to God, and now brings forth the fruits of love, which are richer and riper far than any produced by "do and live." Live and do is blessed work, because it is "not I—but Christ who lives in me;" and "I can do all things through Christ, who strengthens me."

Dear Comforter, O condescending Teacher, be pleased to seal home Your truth in my soul, that I may not only see it and rejoice in its light—but feel it and live in its power. I am not afraid of sin gaining more power while I am viewing Christ with both eyes, and believing on Him for justification. I truly think our slips come from looking at our way, or our feet, instead of Christ. When the eye of faith is steadily fixed on Christ, I can trust Him to keep my feet even. But as soon as I begin to square them myself, that I may take some graceful step, and then look at Christ, and see how He is glorified thereby—down I come; and in the dust must hide my blushing face, ashamed of not being pleased as the Eternal Father is, that "in Him should all fullness dwell," and from Him should we receive it. Lord, teach me to live Christ!

[Reader, mark the saying—it contains volumes. Until we are brought to "live Christ," we shall never know what real Gospel rest is.]

June 14th.—Dearest Jesus, I leave my case in Your hands. Oh, be much with me in communion, until You shall call me up to be with You forever. My heart aches. What a poor soldier! Sure of victory—and yet shrinking from the contest. Lord, pardon—but oh! I must desire to be where my heart is already.

June 16th, Sabbath.—"I have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets, did write,"—precious, dear, adorable Jesus; and, with Him in the arms of my faith, I can say, "Lord, now let Your handmaid depart in peace, for my eyes have seen Your salvation." It seems to me that the Holy Comforter is showing me more and more beauty and comfort in a life of faith on the Son of God—which is continual living out of self on Christ. Also, intermixing the same with sweet foretastes of another life, still more delightful, namely, the life of glory above; the former I long to be getting deeper into while here—but the latter, in the full beaming presence of my glorified Lord, is what my soul intensely longs for. Make haste, my Beloved, and cut short the hours of Your delay. But still, what is sinfully impatient I pray You to pardon and subdue.

Ten thousand thanks for the sweetness I find in Christ under every circumstance. Reveal Him more and more fully, Almighty Spirit, that I may continually rejoice in the Father through Him, and thus commune with the Three-One Jehovah. Oh, for more of Christ! All things else are sinking into shadows; and my soul, absorbed with His overwhelming majesty and grace, would forget that earth and creatures still enfetter me. Oh, did dear Christians see half the beauty and holiness of Christ I now behold, they would press with more eager concern to walk very closely with Him; indeed, it is worth any sacrifice. May the most Holy Comforter descend with more manifest unction, that we, who are "risen with Christ," may "seek those things which are above."

June 18th.—My heart is full of happiness in Christ, who is all—all to me! How do I mourn to find so few dear believers LIVING CHRIST, and forsaking all for Christ. I have an intense desire that my own dearly-beloved mother may have Christ revealed in her soul, and walk in the sense of union to Him. Holy Spirit, condescend to show the sweet simplicity of the Gospel; enable her to embrace Christ under the deepest sense of her miseries, and she will—oh, yes, she will—feel the power come from Him. Dear Jesus! I never thought to find such a heaven on earth as I now enjoy in You; and then the Heaven of heavens! Vile, helpless, guilty as ever in myself—but finding a perfect salvation in a perfect Christ! Oh! wonders of rich, sovereign grace! Ebenezer! Praise the Lord!

June 19th.—On first waking this morning I trembled exceedingly, as I usually do, lest I should dishonor Christ, and begin to live myself again. Felt most sensibly my weakness, and the pollution and depravity of my whole nature, and longed to find refuge in Christ; and feared lest I should sink into myself, and dishonor my precious Savior, by unbelievingly viewing the disease greater than the remedy; when these words came, "He will not allow your foot to be moved." Oh, how sweetly suitable! I long, every day, to lose my life for Christ; that is, count upon, wish for, no enjoyment but Him, and to lose myself in Christ; taking up the cross He appoints, and only desiring to feed upon, grow up into, and be absorbed with Christ. Lord Jesus, I plead the promise You have given; accomplish it, to the glory of Your own name, in which the Father and the Spirit are also glorified, and the one Triune Jehovah honored.

June 23rd.—I have fed and feasted richly upon Christ the last week; to ballast me, I have, last night and today, had strong temptations. Satan envies my happiness, and, because sin is still in me, would have me again in bondage. But my trust is in the Lord my God, and, though in deep conflict and a vile sinner, I am not destroyed, and shall lose nothing in the furnace but dross. Jesus, my own Savior, sits by, though not so visibly; His heart sympathizes, while mine is agonizing; and He will—oh, yes!—He will deliver. I think I am willing to live, fight, suffer, or do anything (but sin), so that my dear Jesus may be glorified in me. Oh! I want to live Christ now, henceforth, and forever! There will be no fighting soon; it will be (oh, happy thought!) all communion. "Lord, increase my faith." It is a mercy, when one is in darkness, that it is a darkness which may be felt; the darkness which is not felt must be the darkness of the dead. But the very feeling it, is proof of life. "Rejoice not against me, O my enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me."

June 25th.—Yesterday, and last night again, exceedingly harassed by Satan and the flesh. But found the cross of Christ my place of refuge, and from a dear, once crucified, but now glorified Savior—did receive strength in the battle, sympathy in the suffering, and assurance of victory through His blood. Oh, the sweet wonders of a life of simple faith in Christ! From what little I know, I am sure it is the most flesh-humbling, sin-subduing, world-crucifying, Satan-defeating life in the world! Unbelief is the source of my misery. "Lord, increase my faith." Precious Jesus, You are as full as ever; the more I enjoy You, the more I see yet to be enjoyed. The larger draughts I drink of "salvation by grace," the more overflowing seems the fountain. And the more I get into its depths, the more unfathomable seems that delightful ocean. Thanks, thanks to a covenant God for a salvation planned, accomplished, and applied.

June 30th.—From the present appearance of my improving health, it seems I have longer to live in this dreary wilderness than once I hoped. I cannot tell what is the meaning of my blessed Savior; I

thought He intimated to me the contrary, by the soul-ravishing views of glory with which He favored me. But, however, I am nothing shaken as regards His faithfulness. I am quite sure that not one word of all He has promised shall fail me. Should it prove otherwise, it was my ignorance which misinterpreted the voice of my Beloved, and not His alteration of either purpose or promise. Blessed be His name, "He is the Rock, His work is perfect."

Much in temptation the last few days, and unbelief sorely buffeting me. How I detest and tremble at this old enemy, which has been allowed so much quarter that it now makes desperate efforts. But my precious Savior stands by me—yes, fights for me. I only fail when I go forth in my own strength. I have had some jealousies, because the actual and near communion which I enjoyed has been withheld. But, however, I find in my living Jesus all I need; and when it will be for His glory and my good, He will again beam upon me the bright rays of His life-giving countenance.

Lord Jesus, I am Yours. I long to see You—but submit to Your will, and again unreservedly lay before You myself, with all I have and am, to be at Your disposal, and used for Your glory; only crucify self, and live in me henceforth and forever! Amen.

July 6th, my Birthday.—The mercies which have followed me through the past year are overwhelming and astonishing. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His Holy name!" Most precious Jesus, I desire through You solemnly now to take hold of Your covenant, into the bonds of which Yourself have brought me. In it You promise to "put Your fear into Your people’s heart, that they shall not depart from You." I plead for the fulfillment of this in my experience, and entreat that I may be Yours manifestly and entirely, henceforth and forever; to be by You used for Your own glory, as a vessel polished for Your service, and to reflect Your image. Whatever fire-and-water exercise may be needful for this polishing, I humbly yield myself thereto, leaving all I have and am at Your disposal. I do now fearlessly and joyfully surrender myself to You (oh, happy privilege!) as the purchase of Your own blood, and, therefore, Your undoubted right. I am no longer my own—but Yours; and You, O precious Jesus, are mine forever! Cause me, by Your Spirit’s power, continually to abide in You, and walk closely with You. It would be pleasant to be at home with You—but the length of my sojourn here I leave with You, only be glorified in me—by life or death.

August 12th.—I have been hearing such glorious things from Mr. T—, about my glorious Christ and His Church, that quite astonish and delight me. Truly, "I am of yesterday, and know nothing," but still am not discouraged thereby. I bless and praise the dear Comforter, that He has taught me that Christ is mine, with all He is and has for His Church. I wait, therefore, at His threshold, and seek further entrance. Holy Teacher, what I know not—teach You; from Yourself I must receive it. What, oh, what am I born to possess and enjoy in knowing Christ! the thousandth part was never told me. Though a very babe, I can praise, bless, and adore my covenant God for what I have received, and still cry, "More of Christ, more of Christ!"

September 1st.—"I am as a wonder unto many—but You are my strong refuge." Some look at me with wonder of pleasure to see me brought back for a little space from the gates of death. Some look at me with wonder of admiration, to see the poor prisoner set at liberty, and "the tongue of the stammerer speaking plainly." Some look at me with wonder of jealousy, "lest, having begun in the Spirit, I now am expecting to be made perfect in the flesh." Others look at me with wonder of expectation, thinking the feast will be over, and I shall "return to my own sad place." And I look at

myself with wonder of amazement and overwhelming delight, because a monument of saving, sovereign mercy! Happy! happy, unspeakably happy! with Christ in my heart, the hope of glory. Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! for the Lord Himself has done it. "He has comforted His people, and will have mercy upon His afflicted."

September 2nd.—A letter today from dear Mr. T— so full of the glories of my precious Christ. What am I, that such "handfuls of purpose" should be let fall for me? Ah! it is what Christ is. From Him come all my blessings and blessedness. One with him, as He is one with the Father. Amazing miracle of superabounding love! The dear Lord bless Mr. T—, in return for his kindness to poor Ruth, the Moabitish damsel.

September 11th.—Ah! dearest Jesus, it were easy to burn for You when Your sweet love burns hot in me!

September 16th.—Bless God for the Bible!

September 29th.—O my Christ, Jehovah, "You have triumphed gloriously, for the horse and his rider You have cast into the sea." Yes, even Satan, my strong enemy, who was tempting me to doubt Your divinity. Awful, terrible insinuation. But with this passage You have foiled Him: "And let all the angels of God worship Him;" and this from the eternal Jehovah, who thus commands my Christ to be worshiped. Here, then, is my authority; higher there cannot be. Oh, how my soul does dance and sing; it is safe, very safe, to give Satan with his blackest lies into the hands of Jesus. Here we are sure of victory, he of defeat; and, whatever he may suggest to us, he is obliged to bow at that mighty name, and to acknowledge, "I know You, who You are, the Holy One of God!" Victory is mine, through the blood of the Lamb!

November 4th.—"My feet had almost gone, my steps had well near slipped;" looking too much at "things seen," and listening to the flesh, under circumstances which are very contrary to it, I was seized with deep depression. But have just been much refreshed by sitting down on the Ebenezer-stone erected September 14. The dear Lord has inspired me with new vigor, and again I yield my all to His disposal, acknowledging with shame, that it is my unbelief and fleshliness that are the cross of the cross. Dear, precious Savior, pardon and restore; I tremble lest I should sink down into self again! My Jesus, prevent it, by Your mighty power. Holy Comforter, teach me how to live Christ at all times, in all conditions.

Christ is my day, and I am my own black night. When I walk in the day (in Christ) I stumble not—but when I walk in the night (in self)—ah! then it is I stumble, then I fall. But where do I fall? Oh, into the arms of my beloved Jesus! When He has taught me my weakness, then again He bears me up in His own strong arm; and, ashamed of my folly, I would hide my blushing face, and desire never, never, to try or trust self again.

November 16th.—"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" A time of especial trial—but Jesus is my support. He does bear me up. To His honour I acknowledge that, "having trusted in Him, I am helped." My Christ, my own beloved and loving Jesus, to You I look; take Your own way—but continue to support. What I now feel of Your supporting power is beyond all I could have hoped for—but You must go on, I still hang dependent upon You; nor will You prove unfaithful. "Choose the way—but still lead on." Implicitly, unreservedly, and entirely, I give all I have and am to Your disposal. Only

glorify Yourself in me, and then glorify me with Yourself! "Your will be done." Saturday Evening.—Here closes a week of superabundant mercies.

November 17th.—My Christ, You have heard and answered my prayer and my groaning, and I desire "to praise you with joyful lips." Lead on, dearest Savior; leave me not to myself or Satan. I fall my whole weight upon You, and go forth at Your charges, nor will You disappoint me. It is indeed a "verity," that none who wait on You shall be ashamed. "Lord, increase my faith!"

December 22nd.—Again I have abundant reason to bless my God, that He has inclined and enabled me to put down His dealings with me. With affection, I remember, it was my own dear father who recommended this practice to me; and very, very profitable have I found it. This very day my soul has been energized by perusing a former memorandum. I have discovered I was growing fainthearted and cowardly, and have been encouraged to put my whole trust in the Lord, and expect my whole happiness in Him—in the midst of all outward contradictions and crosses. Verily, I am ashamed that these should have moved me an inch. "Lord, increase my faith." Lord, subdue my unbelief. Lord, pardon my cowardice. Lord Jesus Christ, my dear Savior, be my courage, my victory, my all in all. Most unreservedly I do again commit my all to You, roll my all upon You, not desiring to seek outward alleviation—but embracing You as my all, and praying You would glorify Yourself in me. Though tempted, I am not vanquished. Though cast down, I am not destroyed. I am a conqueror in my precious Jesus, though the battle has been lost a hundred times in myself. "Return unto your rest, O my wandering soul."

December 31st.—Another inch of time concluding, and oh, what loud and lofty songs of praise should sound from my heart, for the supereminent mercies and lovingkindnesses with which I have been crowned this year! It has almost been as the "beginning of years" to me; and yet I do remember the last was rich and favored. Oh, what shall I render? I can only "take the cup of salvation," desire larger, larger, and yet larger draughts, and call joyfully, thankfully, adoringly, upon the name of my God. Oh, ecstatic, ravishing, delightful sound! My God! It is full of unutterable and inexpressible delights to me, who for so long was shivering and shrinking before His presence—as my magnificent, tremendous Judge. Hell seemed to gape upon me; corruption boiled within me; temptation hotly pursued me; the world was gloom around me; and oh, what would I not have given to have been without a soul, a never, never-dying soul! So filthy, polluted, and distressed—I had at times no hope of mercy. But, ah! my Jesus watched me through those dark times; and, though unseen and unfelt—He bore me up, and, in His time of manifested love, He brought me out in His own light, to see Himself as my Lord, my righteousness, my life, my all. And during this year, with fullness, glory, and nearness unknown before, He has been pleased to shine upon me; and, also, when the rays of glory were withdrawn, He has by the dear sacred Comforter taught me somewhat of a life of simple faith upon Himself, in which I have been made to renounce joys, comforts, enlargements, deliverances, self and creatures—in point of dependence—and hang completely my whole weight upon Jehovah-Jesus. More of this blessed life I long to know, for I do find it flesh-mortifying, world-crucifying, Satan-defeating, sin-subduing, and soul-invigorating—"Lord, increase my faith!" subdue my unbelief. A poor, weak, guilty, hell-deserving creature, I fall at Your feet, my Jesus. "You have redeemed me by Your blood; I am Yours." Oh, use me for Your glory; prepare me for Your will; reveal Yourself still more unto me. By faith I would embrace You for more gratitude, love, faith, submission, patience, courage, and all I need, while in this dreary desert (which You alone can cheer); for all must come from You. Accept

a thousand thanks for this sweet year of mercy, and crown me with loving-kindness, though still the cross and conflict must attend.

Faithfulness {Ebenezer, Dec. 31, 1839.} Mercy.

01.13. 1840

1840

January 1st.—Most dear and precious Christ, I had not thought to see another new-year's day—but hoped before now to have beheld You face to face! Like him of old, who was possessed of a legion of demons, I besought that I might be with You. But for a season You have seen good to withhold the full answer to my request. "Your will be done;" but glorify Yourself in me, and be much, very much with me, until You shall say, "Arise, my love, and come away," to be with me forever! I desire most humbly and unreservedly, in Your own strength, to yield to Your Divine disposal all I have and am, and to continually lose my wish and will in Yours. I would lay at Your feet all creatures and created good, with every seeming evil, and embrace Yourself, my Jesus, as my joy, portion, happiness, wisdom, strength, peace—yes, my all in all—for the coming year, or so much of it as I tarry upon earth; and then my joyful, blissful portion through eternity! Oh, lead me, Holy Comforter, more into Christ and out of self! I have had much of blessing—but I long and pray for more; in Jesus' name. Enlarge my expectations more, I pray You, and more I shall receive—"Lord, increase my faith."

January 15th.—A full cup of consolation has my precious Savior vouchsafed me today--and that in much bodily pain and faintness. A child at school is delighted with a letter from home, reminding him that the vacation is near; so my affliction seemed like a note, a glowing, loving, heart-burning note, from my most dear Jesus, saying, "The discipline of the wilderness will soon be ended--and you shall enter into my immediate presence."

"Ah! then, in the full tide of bliss,

My soul shall see Him as He is;

And prostrate fall before His face,

And shout the loudest, GRACE, FREE GRACE!"

"Bless the Lord, O my soul," for this fresh manifestation of covenant love! I long to praise, in strains more suitable, my covenant God. O Divine Comforter, tune my heart, and teach my lips to praise. It seems as if I knew not how. Lord, warm my heart with living fire, and give me more ability to speak it out.

January 26th.—Hot temptation, fiery darts, sharp conflicts. But Jesus is all-sufficient. In myself, I am weaker than the weakest, and quite unable to bear the present heart-aching anguish, or stand against the traitorous foes of my own house. But in Christ, my Head, even now a conqueror.

February 16th.—Praise, adoration, and thanksgiving to my covenant God for this day's mercies; especially that the soul of my dear, dear mother has experienced an unusual melting. I trust it is a pledge of good things to come; how do I long that she may be comforted. My Jesus, You hear, know all; glorify Yourself in me and mine. Ebenezer! May 3rd.—Heard a sermon upon the cross of

Christ—a special time of love to my soul this evening. Surely, "His left hand is under my head, and with his right hand He does embrace me." Yes; vile, guilty, abominable as I am, my own Jesus bathes me in His blood, robes me in His righteousness, puts upon me His beauty, and then says, "You are absolutely beautiful, my darling, with no imperfection in you." Oh, the wonders of His love! my heart is ravished and overcome, and I would be away to enjoy the full fruition; "I charge you, O you daughters of Jerusalem, that you stir not up, nor awake my Beloved until He please."

"My happy soul would stay

In such a frame as this,

And sit and sing herself away

To everlasting bliss." May 13th.—A triumphant faith my heart longs for; not only for a submitting, confiding, wrestling faith—but a triumphant one; and what for? Oh, to honour Jesus; and not to rest in—but to go straight out of all the victory, the triumph, and the joy, into Him, the one object of my soul's desire; and with that same triumphant faith to "crown Him Lord of all." Rich indeed is the feast of my Jesus' love again. This very day I banquet with the King, and cannot tell a thousandth part of what my soul enjoys; free, free mercy, sovereign favor; "grace, grace unto it." May 18th.—The minister supplying for us, very unexpectedly called this morning, and methinks the alabaster box was broken among us, for my soul blessedly caught the fragrance of my Beloved's good ointments; before I had been burdened and buffeted, though certainly recognizing rest in Christ, and Him to be my resting-place. May 29th.—Jesus has come, and my soul rejoices. We have been painting, papering, and cleaning our little parlor—but I could not enjoy it until He had sanctioned it by His presence; for nothing is anything to me but as He is in it, and approves of it; and this very evening he has come and communed with me most blessedly, granting me the desire of my heart. Many tears have I shed this week, under a sense of my deep ingratitude and shortcomings. But Jesus will conquer; He will pardon; He will bless; and in His smile I am—I must be—happy! Oh! what wonders! and the consummation to come yet. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

June 14th.—Since the dear Lord has seen fit, in holy sovereignty, and contrary to expectation or desire, in some measure to restore my health, and longer to keep me in this dreary wilderness, I have regretted and wondered that I did not put down that first blast of the jubilee trumpet which was so blessedly blown in my soul, that I might thereby be refreshed in future seasons of trial. It was on this wise. During the week these words followed me with some encouraging effect: "If the Lord had meant to destroy us, He would not have shown us such things as these;" and, on the following Sabbath, which was February 25, 1838, Mr. S— took for his text Judges 13:23. I was surprised at the coincidence, and began to listen with interest to the sermon. The Lord, however, was pleased to manifest His power and sovereignty by taking me aside from the means, while under them, and teaching me Himself, apart from human instruments; for, though I liked what I heard of the sermon, no power attended it—but the Holy Spirit did, quite separate from it, reveal Christ in my soul as my own precious Savior. He was pleased to lead me to recognize Him as born in my soul, and mentally to exclaim, "Unto me a Child is born, unto me a Son is given;" also, to behold Him going through His whole life on earth for me, as my Head, Surety, and Representative; in every part of it obeying the holy law of God, fulfilling all its righteous requirements: the eye of infinite justice following Him through every avenue, and finding no flaw; and all this, not for Himself—but for me. I felt it as fully so as if no other had interest therein. Then His crucifixion, His

offering Himself once for all; there was the atonement for all my guilt, the satisfaction for all my breaches of the law; and here, again, I saw justice fully satisfied, my debts being honorably paid, and my soul lawfully acquitted. As a proof of this, I was privileged to behold the resurrection of my glorious Christ: seeing, that having had all my guilt laid before Him, He must have drunk every drop of wrath and curse due to it, or He could not have burst the bars of the tomb, and taken again that life which He said He "laid down of Himself." Then His ascension to His Father's right-hand was blessedly set forth to me, as a token that the infinite Jehovah had accepted all He had done and suffered as on my behalf. I can only describe the view I had of the ascension of my Christ into heaven by recognizing the eternal Father thereby putting "settled" to my long black bill of sin, guilt, and law breaches, and sending down the dear Sacred Comforter to witness and seal home the same most comfortably in my conscience; according to the promise of Jesus, "I will ask the Father, and He will send you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever;" and again, "the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatever I have said unto you." And truly thus it was with me, this ever-to-be-remembered morning; for the most Divine Spirit did "take of the things of Christ, and show them unto me," putting, as I call it, individuality and personality into them all; so that I, who had entered the chapel with the sentence of condemnation round my neck, signed with my own hand as just, did come out with a free pardon in its place, signed by the infinite Jehovah; also feeling myself robed in a spotless, seamless righteousness, in which I knew He accepted me, well pleased for His righteousness' sake. I, who had often been longing to have no soul, because of the judgment I saw impending, could now bless God for a soul to know and love Jesus, who had first loved me. My burden was gone, and I came home full of happiness. But as it has generally been my lot to fight every inch of ground, so all this was questioned by unbelief and Satan that very night, and my soul agonized with sharp and bitter conflict. But it was done, and DONE FOREVER; nor can the howlings of all the monsters in my own fallen nature, or hell itself, ever undo it. Obscured from my view it may be by darkness, or fierce attacks of my enemies; therefore, while thankfully recording and gratefully remembering it, I humbly desire ever to place my whole dependence, and hang the whole weight of my salvation--upon the glorious Person and finished work of my dear and precious Lord Jesus Christ, and not merely upon the revelation thereof in my soul. For I do find that every part of experience, however clear, and every manifestation, however glowing and triumphant, may be questioned, and, for a time, made to appear a delusion, by unbelief and vigilant Satan. But when, by the power of the Holy Spirit, I am enabled to rest simply on Christ—though in myself as helpless and empty as at first—to venture on Him, and plead His blood and righteousness alone before the Divine footstool, and in the face of all threatening foes—ah! then comes the victory; for the battle is the Lord's, and unbelief and Satan are obliged to fly before Him. May I ever remember this, and, while retracing these marvelous displays of His condescension and love, go through them all to Himself, the immovable foundation of my soul, and the inexhaustible source of my happiness; in whom I may still safely confide, should all the streams of manifested comfort be for a season withdrawn. May the dear Lord keep me from dishonoring Him, by making more of His gifts than of HIMSELF! May He also keep me from questioning those gifts, through the power of that hateful and hated enemy, unbelief. Many a dark night and dreary day have I passed since the fore-mentioned dawn of Gospel liberty, which I can now clearly see that it was, though, by reason of sore buffetings, I was not for some time convinced that it was, a blast of the jubilee trumpet for which I had been so long listening. Slow

have I been to learn that life of simple faith upon Jesus, which honors Him, and makes us in Him more than conquerors, even now. But here I am, pressing after it, longing for it, and blessedly tasting a little of its sweetness; and, by the good hand of my God upon me, I continue to this day a monument of sovereign, saving mercy, and free rich grace. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," for all His amazing benefits to the very chief of sinners! Oh that I could praise Him a thousand thousand times more! Giving myself up to You afresh, at this time, most precious Christ, to be wholly at Your disposal and under Your direction, I humbly crave that You will condescend to be exceedingly, increasingly glorified in me, while You continue me here; and that my short remaining span may be one glow of praise and love, kindled at Your own fire, and kept alive by Your own Spirit. In remembrance of Your miracles on my behalf, I here erect a stone of help. Ebenezer! praise the Lord.

August 23rd, Sabbath.—Of what wonders do I live to be the happy partaker; and all in Christ, through Christ, and by Christ! "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Having heard that some dear friends were grieved by my not receiving Mr. B—'s ministry, I began to fear lest I should be a stumbling-block to them, and might have done wrong in absenting myself. I went therefore to hear him this morning, for the sake of others, and that I might in no way dishonor that precious Jesus who has done so much for me; and truly the Lord was present indeed; and of a truth, "the Word came in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power;" and my soul was melted in love, gratitude, and astonishment. What Mr. B— advanced was deeply searching. But I desired to be searched to the very bottom, cut to the quick, and then healed by the blood of Jesus, and thus made thoroughly sound. I love to hear of the obedience of faith and the fruits of faith, as well as the joy of faith. The doctrine, experience, and precepts of the Word are dear to my soul—my Christ being to me the life of the doctrine, vitality of the experience, and the activity of the practice; from Him is my fruit found, and there will be no lazy walking, flesh feeding, or sin loving, as we are brought by the Holy Spirit to "abide in Him." Blessed be the Lord, who daily loads me with benefits.

August 26th.—It has never been by looking at circumstances—but by looking to Jesus, that I have conquered. The Lord teach me this again, at this very time, and give me a song of victory through the blood of the Lamb!

October 8th.—With thanksgiving and the voice of melody would I record the mercies of my God and Savior, in that He has condescended to appear for me most manifestly, in a circumstance connected with my employment; proving that He is a God who "reveals secrets," and that He does as manifestly give wisdom now, as when He fitted Bezaleel and Aholiab to devise curious words for the tabernacle.

October 31st.—This ever-memorable night I must mark down; for this very evening, on hearing a dear friend read the last illness of Caroline Smelt, my heart has been broken to pieces to find that the joy, ecstacy, power, glory, and blissfulness which she experienced, I too have known; and have bathed almost in bliss ineffable, while caged in mortal clay. But here has been the bitterness--the grief, the wound, the anguish—my deep, deep ingratitude. My Jesus took her home; me He restored to tell His own wonders, sound His praises, shine His glory forth. But oh, how have I sunk into myself, and creatures, and dishonored Him, my loving and glorious Lord. My heart does bleed, and to the very quick is pained. But all my pain is nothing to the cause of it--my wicked, shameful slothfulness and selfish sinfulness. Oh, pardon me, my Jesus, and in Your

power restore; and, whether long or short be my life, let it henceforth be Yours, and Yours alone. Amen, most solemnly so be it; O Lord, Amen.

December 4th.—It seems to me that Christ is the stooping-down of Jehovah; the arm of Jehovah, on which we can lean; the heart of Jehovah, of which we feel the sympathy; the eye of Jehovah, of which we can bear the glance—yes, whose look is love; the glory of Jehovah, upon which we can gaze unconsumed, and, while we gaze, are changed into the image thereof by the Spirit of the Lord; the voice of Jehovah, which is music, melody, and peace; the revealing of Jehovah. Oh, infinite abyss of love and joy, and peace, and grace, and truth, and holiness! my Christ, what is there not, what have I not, in You? In vain I try to ascend the wondrous heights, and explore the mighty depths! I am lost, overwhelmed, absorbed in love and You—almighty, boundless, matchless, endless love; "for God is love," and in this dwelling-place I would rest for evermore.

01.14. 1841

1841

January 1st.—Goodness and mercy, loving-kindness and longsuffering, have hitherto surrounded me. The past year has been marked with love. But, methinks, actual communion has run in a lower channel, which sometimes makes my heart jealous. Lord, keep me close, very close to You; and, whether faith or sight will most honour You, mark You the way, and give submission. But, if Your will, continue my beloved seclusion from the world. Bless the Lord for the mercy-seat! Oh, the great, great privilege! Would it were more enjoyed and valued! Ebenezer!

January 6th.—

"Your mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,

The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;

Your mercy is more than a match for my heart,

Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;

Your mercy is matchless, most loving and free,

How great is that mercy extended to me!"

January 20th.—Passing under cloud and depression—but "the Lord is my light and my salvation;" and, "though now I see Him not, yet believing, I rejoice," even in sorrow, and know He still is faithful, even though He hides His face. I much long to know what it means, whether a chastisement for sin, or a trial of faith, for its strengthening and increase. May the Lord speak—actual communion and love-embraces, my soul longs for—but fears to be impatient.

January 30th, Saturday.—The Lord has dealt wondrously with me this week. He first condescended to show me that I was unduly anxious about my work, which has much pressed upon me lately, from Hebrews 12:5, and 1 Peter 5:7. He then enabled me, after a sharp struggle, to cast all the care of it upon Him, and to prefer His will to the accomplishment of a portion of work, which I had thought very desirable for the accommodation of the owner. After this, when I had quite given it up, He most wonderfully gave me ability to accomplish it with ease, to my own astonishment; thus proving again, that in what we forego for His sake we shall be no losers. I believe my over anxiety was one cause of the cloud I have been under. He does, indeed, lead poor, blind me in a way I know not. But it leads to a city of habitation. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Proverbs 22:15; blessed correction.

February 8th.—I have been traveling rather heavily, my soul often bowed down in me because of the distance of my Beloved; that is, as to manifestation; for I know His eye is upon me, and His heart ever towards me, and that all His discipline is love. I believe the Lord is dealing with me to humble me and empty me of self, which is what I long for; therefore, though painful the process, I

can trust His hand of love; for it is love, Almighty love, which lets out the life-blood of self. I have been exceedingly harassed by the fear that my extreme concern to live to the Lord, and be used for His glory, has arisen from self-seeking, and a desire for self-exaltation. The Lord teach me the right way; I am sure this case is "too hard for me." I almost think I shall not write here again for the present, lest this also be self. Well, now, if I stay away from the mercy-seat because of this my sinfulness, and wait until (through the power of the Spirit) I am enabled to walk more closely with God, and then approach because my conscience is less burdened, what will have become of my sin? It may for a time be forgotten—but will not be the less, and may arise again, to my extreme anguish. Nothing can safely put away sin but blood. Oh, then, away to the Fountain at once, though Satan or unbelief suggest it is presumption, and that I should wait until I am better. I cannot "find out the Almighty," but He can reveal Himself to me. That may be unfolded to me, which never could have been found out by me. I am formed capable of receiving—but not of acquiring. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," that He could descend where I could not ascend, and raise me to where I could never climb (John 17:24). Infinite fullness can fill a finite being (Ephesians 3:19), and a finite being be brought to dwell in Infinite fullness (1 John 4:15-16).

[Reader, mark this momentous distinction, "Found capable of receiving—but not of acquiring." This cuts up, as it ought to do, our poor fallen Adam nature, root and branch. Reader, are you made willing to such a flesh-and-blood-crushing ordeal? If so, blessed be God for what He has done, both for you and in you.]

Some ministers seem most taken up in delineating the features of Christ as reflected in the Church; others rise up into the personal glories of the Beloved, and, almost forgetting mortality and creatures, gaze upon "the perfection of beauty;" and, while they thus gaze, that beauty is, and must be, most clearly seen in them. No fear of crooked walking while the eye is fixed fully on Jesus! I know my flesh must be crucified—but I was never told how many nails should be put in. So as one after another comes, I have no right to say, There are too many. Have I not been too contracted in my ideas of communion, thinking it must be ecstacy, delight, and pleasurable sensations? May there not be communion in patience, faith, submission, waiting, trust, venturing, etc.? The less I am, the more room there will be for the largeness of other people. But as self-importance swells me out, so their importance annoys and offends me. Real humility will pity the pride of others—but not take offence at it; because, always wishing to be least and lowest, it will easily concede what the other demands, and thus there will be nothing to contend for.

February 16th.—A time of love this evening; that is, a nearer approach of my Beloved than that with which I have, of late, been favored, though not that close and ravishing communion which my soul longs for, and which I have enjoyed. Oh, that the fires of Almighty love would descend and melt my frozen heart, and unloose my icebound affections, that they may glow and flow towards their source and center. "If you see my Beloved, tell Him I am sick with love." Ebenezer, for one more visit in this far-off country.

March 28th.—Much blessed in living on the fullness in Christ during the last few weeks; I was tempted today to think that this continual victory in Christ was not right, and that the faith-embracements of Him to which my soul is brought were all imaginary. I was enabled to take this matter simply to the Lord Jesus, entreating to be searched to the bottom, probed to the quick, and separated from all false peace, and the Spirit’s work in me still further confirmed. This has

been done by 1 John 5:4, from which I plainly see that the work has been of God; and I am led to desire still more constant baptism "into Christ," and more venturing acts of faith upon Him as my whole salvation, by the power of the Holy Spirit. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," that Satan is again foiled by Jesus; it is his constant aim to get something, anything between me and Christ. The Lord prevent it.

April 9th, Good Friday.—After all I have received, I bless the Lord I have not had, or known, a thousandth part of Christ yet; it is still above and beyond me; and out of all I have had would I rise into Him "in whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," to whom, with the Father and the Spirit, be glory evermore. Amen.

April 20th.—I do find it in my heart to entreat earnestly and anxiously that no future circumstances of life may experimentally separate between me and my precious Jesus, or cause me to walk at a greater distance from Him. I plead for no exemption from the trials of life, or the mortification, crucifixion, and continued disappointments of the flesh. But I do plead, that in and through all, I may be brought to closer, closer walking with Him who loved me, and gave Himself for me, and that nothing may be allowed to intervene to bring leanness of soul, or that dreaded coldness, lightness, and worldliness of spirit, at the thought of which I tremble and recoil. Oh, hear me, precious Jesus, and grant my one request—to be more like You, and more with You, and that You may be more glorified in me. You have, You do, You will deliver.

April 25th, Sacrament Sabbath.—A good day in Christ. I have today blessedly seen how He is my Brother, born in my nature on purpose for adversity; for it was the adversity of His "sister-spouse" which brought Him down to bear her woes. Oh, what love and fullness do I find in Jesus; may I go on to know Him more. Precious Christ, I embrace You as "my life and the length of my days;" in Yourself the good land into which You have brought me, and in which, experimentally, You alone can keep me. I do now, irrespective of outward circumstances, give myself again to You, imploring that You will be more glorified in me and mine. The weakest, lowest, vilest of all Your family, I embrace You as my energy, ability, life, and righteousness—my all in all; and do close this book,* this page of my life, acknowledging the mighty mercies which have surrounded me hitherto, and the Ebenezers which crowd my path; and, had I room, would here erect an Ebenezer of Ebenezers!—a pile of stones of help.

* The Diary was written in separate books. This closed one of them. May 4th.—A blessed and refreshing shower of unction from the Holy Spirit upon my soul today, leading me to fresh faith-embracements of Jesus, in whom I lose my sins, my sorrows, and myself. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," and still cry after, and seek for, more Christ. May 30th, Sabbath Morning.—The Lord has been very gracious to me through the past week, not allowing the pressure of circumstances to overwhelm me—but accomplishing for me wonders therein. I have felt at times like a ship becalmed, having the sails spread, and waiting for celestial breezes from the Holy Spirit. But feeling that, because of my wanderings, they were in justice withheld. Again, however, sacred gales have sprung up, wafting sweet odors of my Beloved, and carrying me forward towards the desired haven, under a melting sense of pardoning love and restoring grace. How precious and blessed is a life of faith, wherein everything spiritual and temporal, providential and circumstantial, minute and important--becomes matter of exercise and medium of communion. And how great a privilege is the use of the pen, whereby these things are recorded, and reverted to again and

again. I cannot tell the solace and profit it has been to me. No doubt my dear father well knew its pleasures, since he recommended me very early in life to commence this system of mental bookkeeping, if I may so call it; and truly I have found my account and profit in so doing.

June 16th, Wednesday.—My dear mother was in bed nearly all yesterday—but I trust she is better today. May the Lord be glorified in this sickness, and may she be comforted. I think I have found it profitable, though very painful; it has been like loosening the earth about me, that I might cleave less to it; and shaking my comfort in the creature, that I might find it all in Jesus; and truly I do find it there most richly. He has this morning shone on me with love, and is now very near to my spirit. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," for light in a dark place.

June 18th.—My mother is better, the Lord be praised! This affliction has been a very merciful one to me, giving fresh opportunity for the display of the love of Jesus, which has sweetly flowed into my soul, proving that He is better to me than all earthly mothers, fathers, husbands, brothers, or any other. Oh, what have we in our precious Christ! Heart cannot conceive it, tongue cannot utter it! He is all love and loveliness, all glory and majesty. He is Jehovah manifested, communed with, and delighted in! It is heaven begun to dwell in His embrace—yes, heaven—while fettered in mortality, surrounded by creatures, and roared at by Satan too. Oh, for higher, loftier strains of praise to the Three-One Jehovah, my all in all.

July 6th, my Birthday.—I desire to give myself more unreservedly than ever to be the Lord’s alone. Yours I am, O Jesus; Yours, O Son of David. Oh, stamp Your image on me; breathe Your fragrance through me, and be exceedingly glorified in me in life and death. Thanks and praise be to You for the great mercies of the past year; thanks that I was ever born to know You, and thanks that I am born to live forever; thanks and praises, endless and ceaseless, to my covenant God in Christ, for being in Him who loved me and gave Himself for me. Ebenezer!

July 25th.—Amidst the changes of this changing world, O Lord, give me to find sweet repose in You, in Your unchangeability, who is ever the same! May Jesus be the Alpha and Omega of the coming week and month.

July 31st.—I humbly trust Jesus has been the Alpha and Omega of this week, and the one object of my desire and pursuit. I have been much blessed, and have had some gracious bedewings and anointings of the Spirit, and that in "holy sovereignty;" for my undeservings have indeed been manifest, and I am constrained to say, "Grace, grace unto it."

August 8th.—The past has been a week of manifested mercy; it began with fears and faintings, because of things cross and contrary. But the Lord has been my stay, bearing me up, through, and above all--in Christ! He has also, this week, vouchsafed me an outward token of His faithfulness, which has been precious. Some months since, He put it into my heart to do without a dress I wanted, that I might give the money to a saint of His, united to me in the flesh and in the Lord, and who was in need. This was a privilege, and so I esteemed it. But the dear Lord would not be behind in payment, for He has now sent me, through a dear relative, a dress and a shawl too. To Him be the praise and glory of all I receive; also that every occurrence in life affords matter of fellowship and communion with Him, and fresh proofs of His faithfulness. Oh, to trust all with Him, and to forsake all for Him more and more! "Bless the Lord, O my soul," for the privilege of thus beholding a part of His ways.

August 15th.—Lord, increase practical faith in my soul—

"For I am but a learner yet,

Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide."

August 22nd, Sabbath Morning.—If the richness and riches of Jesus shall roll over, rise above, and come through the poverty of the instrument today, my soul will rejoice; and He shall have the praise who holds the stars in His right hand, and makes them sparkle forth His glory, according to His own will.

September 12th.—I do not now wonder that Satan did formerly press me so heavily, hunt me so closely, and tempt me so fearfully about the Divinity of my precious Christ; for, as He is dishonored and rejected by unbelief, the soul is kept weak, dark, and uncertain. But as He is received by faith, through the Spirit's power, no mortal tongue can express the benefits, the blessedness, the glory we find in Him. I know it, for I prove it; and though it be contradicted by those who have never tasted or handled, yet the fact remains the same, and in it we do, must, and will rejoice. "Lord, increase our faith."

September 19th.—It is not all eating, even when with Jesus, as Matthew 15:32, "Now Jesus summoned His disciples and said--I have compassion on the crowd, because they've already stayed with Me three days and have nothing to eat. I don't want to send them away hungry; otherwise they might collapse on the way." How much of the three days they fasted, is not said. But so much, that they were in danger of fainting, if not refreshed. Let me not, then, be cast down by fasting times, even though long; they are often the prelude to a blessed and miraculous supply, when and where least expected; neither let me think, as Satan would insinuate, that because I am not enjoying, Jesus is not with me. He is here as much to regulate the length and effects of the fast, as to bless, give out, and enliven the feast.

September 30th.—A most blessed feast of love, and glimpse of glory today; my soul ravished, and lifted in enjoyment far away from all earthly objects. Somewhat of the grace-fullness and glory-fullness of Jesus revealed to my wondering, admiring soul. But more is yet behind to be unfolded. "Praise the Lord, O my soul.".

October 22nd.—A blessed interview with Mr. D— this morning, one of the Lord's dear ministers; and truly a heart-warming season it was to me. Oh, why, why am I so favored? The dear Lord does melt me with kindness. Mr. D— seems to know blessedly the power of "love and blood," and the efficacy of prayer; he said, very sweetly, "If you can say nothing else at the footstool, cry, Blood, blood!"

[Reader, nothing disturbs the devil like the cry of "Blood, blood!" He has no answer for the glorious testimony—the sinner's last and only plea—"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from ALL sin."]

October 29th.—I have been completely shaken this morning by a letter from dear Mr. T—, in which he tells me that he has sent my last for insertion in the "Gospel Magazine." I cannot describe the distress it occasioned me. Publicity is so completely contrary to my wish and inclination; seclusion and hiding are what I love. But it is done, and without my knowledge. What the Lord intends by it, I know not; my heart aches—but still I would not dishonor Him, for the sake of five times, nor a

hundred times, the anguish. I do know I have given myself, and my feelings, to my precious Jesus, to be used for His honour, as He sees best; and shall I draw back when He says, "Come forth?" No, Lord; if it be Your voice, I submit, though clean contrary to my natural feelings. But if it be an act of the creature, contrary to Your will, I beg and entreat that You will frustrate it. I know well, that in writing that letter, You did bear me up into such bliss and blessedness as no language can describe; it came from You, therefore do as You will with Your own. I remember Vashti, who refused to come forth at the king's commandment, and I tremble; for though my precious Jesus will never divorce me, yet His absence in anger, and the frown of His displeasure, are more terrible than death. Oh, pity Your trembling one; let the cordial of Your love and blood keep me from fainting; and again, in Your presence, solemnly do I say, "Your will be done," though it cuts closely and keenly, and I sensibly feel the smart, for I would be shut up from human observation to my life's end, You know; and yet I would joyfully be a witness for You to the world's end.

October 31st.—Reading this morning Luke 8:22-23, etc., it struck me thus: Why, Jesus knew, when He entered that ship, what a storm would come on the lake; and He knew, when he went to sleep, in His human nature, how that sleep would draw forth the fears of His disciples; and yet He did all this to show forth His glory, and exercise their faith; and so, when I wrote that letter to Mr. T—, and You, blessed Jesus, did lift me up so blessedly in communion with Yourself, beholding Your glory, You knew what would come out of it, though I had not such a thought; therefore I do trust it with You, and commit it to You. Bring out of this event Your own glory, and my soul will be content, though I suffer deeply in my feelings. Now is the time of the storm—but You are controlling its waves and its billows, and I am safe amidst its tossings; and, when a calm will honor You, it shall come at Your command, nor would I desire it one moment sooner.

01.15. 1842

1842

January 1st, New Year’s Morning.—My dearest mother seems somewhat better. But, while thankful for it, I dare not trust in it, or in anything short of the will of Jesus—that is my safe abiding place. And now, precious Christ, I come with a large request for 1842: it is that You would be the "Alpha and Omega" of it; do You not say, "Ask what I shall give you?" Yourself, Lord! You have most blessedly given Yourself to me. But I find sweet liberty to entreat more unfolding, revealing, and opening of Your glorious person, amazing work, and matchless love, than I have yet had; and more losing and treading down of self, too--that I may be lost in the fullness of You, and forgotten and forsaken in Your soul-absorbing glories. Oh! raise me higher, draw me nearer, that I may daily die, and You in me more manifestly live. I just give myself to You, to live on You, to live in You, to live for You, more and more than heretofore, and that by the power of the Spirit resting on me, through union to You; for You had the Divine anointing, without measure, that all Your members, in measure, might receive the sacred unction. I humbly ask that mine may be a large and still-increasing portion; that, under fresh anointings, You, most lovely Jesus, may be more fully known, more loved, more served; for it is to You the Holy Spirit leads, of You He testifies; and as, by Him, we are brought to honor You, the Father too is honored, and thus the Holy Three-in-One adored and worshiped. Oh, do make this a large, rich, full year! You being increasingly honored in me, and I increasingly lost in You, and made an increasing blessing to Your dear people. An Ebenezer for past mercies becomes me; large and magnificent have been Your bestowments; bountiful and constant Your favors to me, a poor worthless nothing! "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

January 2nd.—The extreme selfishness of one of my friends has of late pressed heavily upon me. But something this morning has said within me, "Is it not my own selfishness that makes me feel it?" Were I in the proper spirit, should I not be ready to distribute, willing to communicate to her, all the attentions of Christian friendship, even without receiving much in return, especially as I am receiving so much from Christ? Oh, precious Jesus, pardon me, and make the very pain I have felt a corrective to my own self-love, seeing that is the hateful principle which has been grumbling about the lack of attention from my friend; so that what I have condemned in her, has, in the very condemnation, been prevailing in myself. Oh! kill and crucify this SELF in me—this hateful, hated idol. Come in, O precious Christ, and make it fall before You. To Your own discipline I yield myself. I would be Yours, to serve and honor You, in comforting and profiting Your members. But without You, I can do nothing. Oh! use me for Your glory, and this new year let self be lower laid, and You exalted more: and Yours shall be the praise!

January 8th.—A full cup of love and glory have I enjoyed in Christ today; it has been one of the days of heaven to my soul, a foretaste of glory and high tide of bliss--and all in Christ, who is the boundless, fathomless, fullness of it, and all to His praise; for I am a most undeserving--or rather hell-deserving nothing. But He, my Head and Surety, has had my deserts, and I most blessedly

have His. He has endured my hell, and I enjoy His heaven; and in Himself, my heaven of heavens, do I find substantial bliss. Oh! why am I so favored? why taste so sweetly, drink so largely, of overwhelming joy? It is so because my Father wills it, in "holy sovereignty." To Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be all the glory, and endless, boundless praises, evermore. Victory! victory is mine, through the blood of the Lamb!

January 9th.—Eternally freed from sin, as one with Jesus; what a liberty! what a freedom! It is so, and so forever—it cannot be undone. "Wonder, O heavens! be astonished, O earth." I myself do wonder, with great admiration, at the glorious blast of the jubilee trumpet, which has just reached my ear, and touched my heart. It was the voice of my Beloved, which said, "You are absolutely beautiful, my darling, with no imperfection in you." Free from sin, being dead with Christ to it, "In that He died, He died unto sin once" (Romans 6:10), and we died to it in Him—free from sin, in being risen with Him, to live unto God forever. Paul knew this freedom (Romans 6:7). Romans 8:1-2 : "There is therefore no condemnation [then there can be no sin, for where sin is, condemnation is] to those who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh—but after the Spirit." John knew it (1 John 3:6): "Whoever abides in Him sins not;" and 1 John 4:17 : "As He is, so are we in this world"—that is, must be perfect, and without sin; not in our nature-self—but in Christ, and in that which is born of God and sins not (1 John 3:9). But why, then, do I so often feel myself a transgressor? Because I build again, by my legality, what I had destroyed by faith, namely, justification by my own doings; and thus make myself a transgressor (Galatians 2:18). This is not walking after the Spirit—but after the flesh, and it tends to bondage. The Spirit points to Christ--the flesh leans to self. In Christ we have perfection, without spot, in which we can lift up our head with joy; in self we have spots and no perfection, which must needs make us ashamed!

January 30th.—As I was this evening, and mourning my shortcomings, it struck me that there was sufficiency in Christ to make up for all deficiency in me; and then it came, "Divers weights are an abomination to the Lord," and I saw very plainly that I was not acting uprightly—but was attempting to put divers weights into the scale—namely, Christ AND self. "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord" (Proverbs 11:1; Proverbs 16:2). What is a just weight in God’s account? Only righteousness in which there is no defect; an obedience which reaches to every jot and tittle of the law, and an atonement which fully satisfies for every breach of it. These are the weights of the bag, which are His work, and His delight (Proverbs 11:1), and are only to be found in His Christ, who is not to be put into the scale to make up our deficiencies, for He is the one full weight and just measure; and it must be a whole Christ, and Christ only. Nor are the fruits brought forth in us, by Him, to be added. These are for His honor, not for our justification, HE is that—made so of God unto us, "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption" (1 Corinthians 1:30). Oh, what a full-weight Christ has the Father given, and the Spirit revealed in us: so that, being made to feel our nothingness, we need not fear, for CHRIST is all we need. But, truly, it is one thing to confess we are nothing, and another to be content to be nothing, and make no account of ourselves. I see plainly that I am more frequently engaged in fraudulent practices than I was aware of. The Lord give me to forsake them, and hold fast Christ (my integrity and uprightness), since self has been weighed, and found lacking—yes, proved to be less than nothing and vanity.

January 11th.—I am finding the Proverbs of Solomon exceedingly rich, they being full of Christ, and describing, blessedly, a life of faith upon Him, with its benefits. But it is the Holy Spirit alone that can unlock these secrets, and bring out the hidden treasure. Once I knew them not, and never

thought to find them here; I am now only beginning to discover their fullness. The best is all to come.

March 5th.—Rich and full have been the bestowments I have received in my soul last evening and this; proving, blessedly, that the religion of Jesus is one of power; and that in Him is an inexhaustible fullness of love, blood, and free-grace salvation. How near have I been drawn, and how intimate and endearing has been the communion I have enjoyed; it is wonderful, most wonderful! "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" "Grace, grace unto it!" I am nothing, have nothing. Christ is all and in all. My heaven has begun, and the eternal Sabbath has dawned on my wondering soul, while dwelling in mortality. The days of darkness may yet be many, for God has set prosperity and adversity, the one over against the other. But the full consummation will come, "as sure as the pledge is given," whatever may lie between. Eternal praises to the great Three-One!

March 23rd.—I, through free and sovereign grace, shall leave the ante-room of faith-communion, and enter the presence-chamber of sight-beholding and love-unfolding.

April 3rd.—A good day, and day of goodness--and all in Christ. He is the fullness of my enjoyment, which has been most sovereignly vouchsafed by the power of the Holy Spirit, without instrumentality, except that the minister spoke of our being chosen in Christ before we fell in Adam. And then my soul was led away in views, most glowing and glorious, of the life we have in "second Adam," as infinitely superior to that we lost in the first. It was, indeed, an ecstacy of triumph in Christ, which made poor weak mortality shed tears of joy; and if such be the glory of a little apprehension and revelation of that eternal life, just gleaming through the crevices of our prison, what—oh, what—will be the full unfoldings and open beholdings thereof? I cannot tell what it will be; mortality, I am sure, could not endure it—but "mortality shall be swallowed up of life." And, when at these high entertainments, I think it will be soon, and am ready to say, Surely I cannot. Bless the Lord, for more heaven on earth, this blessed 1842. My sole desire now is to honour Him who has done so much for me—but, poor feeble worm, I can do nothing; He must, He will, work all my works in me, and glorify Himself in the work of His own hands. I feel, with others of the living family, the achings, sinkings, sinnings, and sufferings of the flesh. But I do find in Christ support, pardon, deliverance, and victory. No tongue can tell what we have in Him, in whom "eternal fullness" dwells. Oh! for more entrance into Him, by the power of the Spirit, and more abiding in Him, by faith, by the same Almighty power. The more power we have, the more we want; for power seeks power, and never, never can be satisfied with form.

April 10th.—The day my dear father was emancipated from a body of death and a world of sorrow; and, though nineteen years have rolled away, I still cherish his memory with affectionate tenderness and lively interest. But oh, what mercy have I to tell of since we lost him; truly, our God has been the Husband of the widow, and the Father to the fatherless. To His name be the praise for all the spiritual and temporal favors we have received. I feel a desire spring up afresh, to commit myself unto the Lord this day, for all that yet awaits me in providence and grace, humbly desiring, more than ever, to be devoted to His service; more than ever to live upon His Christ; and more than ever to reflect His image and glory.

April 21st.—Last evening heard, with much unction, a minister of the Spirit. How clearly did he describe a form of godliness without the power, and how forcibly did he speak of the power also. But oh! the wonder of wonders is, that I had, most blessedly, the witnessing of the Spirit with my

spirit, that I am in the power, and the power in me. And this morning my soul is on the wing for glory, longing "to leave dull mortality behind, and fly beyond the grave." Oh, what can I render, for such sovereign displays of sovereign love and favor? How do I feel it has been put into me, without any act of my own, and how am I amazed that I should be taken, and others left. To the Holy Three-One, by whom I have been loved, chosen, and saved, be all the praise! May 8th.—A day of extreme depression; it has not been reaping—but sowing--and that "in tears." May 17th.—I have just seen the clay tabernacle of a dear sister laid in the dust, and that "in sure and certain hope of the joyful resurrection." Glorious prospect! when this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible incorruption; then shall "death be swallowed up in victory," and all to come, be endless, blissful life, for evermore. I love that term, "swallowed up;" it is so triumphant and expressive. The believer's life is victory, his death is victory, and his eternity is victory—but not in himself; himself is all defeat and loss, CHRIST is his gain, and crown, and never-ending triumph. Hail! liberated sister, happy spirit! from clog and fetter free, you know the joys of presence, and do behold Him, without a veil or cloud to intercept His glory. Well—

"But a little, and we know,

Happy entrance shall be given;

All our sorrows left below,

And earth exchanged for heaven."

June 19th.—"Mortality swallowed up of life," has just been very sweet to me in this way—I am mortality, Jesus is life; I want to be swallowed up of Him, in Him, with Him—not merely at death, not merely when I wake up in His glorified likeness—but now, now, precious Jesus, absorbed and lost in You! yes, "swallowed up." Strange as it might sound to the natural man, my spirit glows at the thought, and longs to launch out into, and blend with, eternal fullness: and thus be absorbingly lost, yet blessedly and joyfully found, in God, the great Ocean of love.

July 3rd.—On this last Sabbath in my thirty-seventh year, I do desire most solemnly to dedicate, or yield up, myself afresh unto the Lord, for more particular and complete devotedness than heretofore; to be more blessed, and make a greater blessing. Nehemiah 11:2, seems what I want, to dwell in Jerusalem; to forsake all earthly interests; to give up all earthly and fleshly delights and self-pleasing; so that, in all I do, I may be seeking the Lord's glory—and that thus even my lawful engagements and avocations may be sanctified. It is a great and blessed thing I seek. But He who has given Himself to me, can do it for me. Oh, precious Jesus, grant me this request; I do not honor You, love You, praise You, serve You--half enough. Oh! what unworthy returns have I made for Your great kindness towards me! What pride, baseness, foolishness, and worldliness, have prevailed in me; do anoint me afresh with the Spirit that descended and remained on You, that I, in union to You, might receive thereof. I ask a large, large measure of Your glory—my deeper abasement and Your people's good.

July 6th.—Thirty-seven years have I sojourned in this wilderness, and would now solemnly erect an Ebenezer, and thankfully say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me hitherto." Under the Spirit's power, may I, afresh, renew my trust in the Lord for all the future; still seeking, most earnestly, to live more to His glory. I long that I may, by faith, again take hold of that blessed covenant, which suits me so well: "I will not depart from doing them good. But will put my fear in

their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." Lord, fulfill it in me. I painfully see how much I have lived in and for self. May I henceforth come to be nothing, and Jesus to me be all in all! Ebenezer!

July 7th.—Glory, glory has, this morning, filled my soul. Last Sabbath I "sowed in tears," today I "reap in joy," and long for the fullness of the glorious harvest in eternal glory. The first three months of this year were most glowing, so that I named it the blessed 1842. It began with this, on New Year's day: "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." Christ is my righteousness and uprightness, and in Him I have it all. The second three months I had much blessedness and many blessings—but not such positive, close, and soul-ravishing communion; also, more mingled with chilliness of soul, and depression of spirit. I am now getting on in the third three months; and what—oh, what—am I waiting for? The Lord to "crown this year with His goodness." Yes, crown it, precious Jesus! crown it now with Yourself; and give me again to "crown You Lord of all." More love, more joy, more heaven; for truly, this last two or three days, I have at times had heaven upon earth in my soul, and it does seem as if I must soon burst mortality, and "be ever with the Lord!" I long to behold You "with eyes made strong to bear the sight." Come, come quickly, You dear Lord Jesus! in Your own good time. But come, do not send. Oh, I cannot meet death without You! You are indeed "the death of death." Oh! come, then, eternal life, and be honored and glorified in this body until, and when, it falls asleep in You. Be crowned with shouts of triumph, victory, and praise--while You begin to crown me—poor little me—with glory. Hallelujah! Amen.

August 27th, Evening.—Precious Jesus! I embrace You as my Way, my Strength, and my Guide for the coming week; it looks very dark—but in darkness You will be light about me.

September 4th.—What am I now learning? Methinks, how to be abased, for most painfully is now being developed my selfish and crooked nature, so that I am hateful to myself, and sick of myself, and seem unfit for society; so ignorant, weak, unamiable, and timid, unlike all around me, and I just seem more fit than ever to be secluded from all but my Jesus. A good deal of shade during the last, week, and my Beloved not present in manifestation. Oh that I could honor Him in all states! This is the great grief, that He is in me so much dishonored.

September 18th.—A high look and a proud heart the Lord will not allow, and yet these two abominations met in me this morning; and where? Ah! monster that I am--on entering the house of God! I felt the evil, and the rebuke of conscience; the Lord pardon. It is said, "He knows the proud afar off," but this I cannot bear. I must press near--even if it is to receive the stripes of love, and have my pride beaten out of me.

September 27th.—A good deal depressed in spirits today—a time of weeping. I feel I am preparing to go down into the valley of humiliation, in outward circumstances; all things seem tending that way. May Jesus support, and be glorified--and it shall be well. It is astonishing how everything I have to do with, both great and small, seems blighted by my touch; and I have constantly contrarities and crosses in the flesh. I have thought of Job. Perhaps the enemy has envied my happiness, and obtained leave to afflict me. But, if so, I know he is bounded, and cannot go one step farther than he is permitted. Almighty love is overruling; and, if but my Jesus be honored, it is worth the smart. I cannot, yet, feel anything like wrath in all that befalls me—but believe I am in the arms and heart of love; and, "though He slays me, yet I trust in Him."

October 2nd.—My beloved mother again very ill; seized with an unusual coldness yesterday. It lasted all day, and during the night she was so ill that I was much distressed, and feared the dreaded period of separation was really come; and, what was most agonizing, she was rambling in her mind. I dare not sleep—but kept painful and solitary watch. But the Lord heard prayer, and my dear mother is this morning herself again, though very poorly; still, I hope, a little better. Dearest Lord, spare, oh, spare her a little longer, if it may be Your will and for Your glory; and, above all, shine upon the soul of my loved parent.

October 12th, Wednesday.—My dear mother gradually improving. What shall I render for such mercies? But still I wait for more power and light in her soul.

October 13th, Thursday.—My dear mother was taken this morning with sickness. But the Lord is still my confidence, and, though He slays, I must trust in Him.

October 16th.—I rather think the above-mentioned relapse was for the trial of faith; and a fiery trial it was, for my beloved mother was so ill, and my faith so weak, that I really thought my former expectations were quite cut off. He has, however, taken care of His own honor, and, though shaken, we are not destroyed. Again she is better, and has this morning gone up to the Lord's house, to praise Him for His great mercy. I feel now to "rejoice with trembling," and to walk fearfully, and carefully, as if it were uncertain ground—I mean as regards my dear mother's life. I wish to hold it in and for Jesus, not, not for myself. I trust her recovery may be perfected, that unbelief and Satan may get another throw-down, and we be encouraged to trust and pray more and more; and, also, I would be seeking submission. I fear that I have been too much distressed; for my heart seemed really almost broken, when I thought how she was declining. The Lord pardon any dishonor I have done Him in this matter, and bring me to perfect absorption in His will. I think there is a little breaking in my beloved parent's mind, and have strong hope that the light will come. I have borne my dear mother before the Lord in supplication, and have carried her heavily in my heart, many, many years, very long before I knew liberty myself—yes, even in my childhood, I have groaned and cried to the Lord for her; and I think the reaping time will come. I am sure the breathing of the Lord's Spirit will be answered. May all mine that has been fleshly, be forgiven. Ebenezer! Jehovah-Rophi!

November 18th, Friday.—A blessed prayer-meeting this evening, and a season of power, very great power, in pleading for J. B. R—, with sweet whispers in my soul of future good things to come for him (Mark 5:19-20; 1 Samuel 9:23-25; Acts 27:25). Oh, precious Jesus, Your name is wonderful, Your ways are wonderful, and the instruments You use are wonderful; for they are very little, and very base in themselves. Go on to be glorious in the eyes of your own servants, and still do wondrously before them.

November 20th, Sabbath.—My beloved mother is better, and has gone to chapel alone today, for the first time. "What shall I render?" I feel just now like Esther 5:1-4, venturing into the presence of King Jesus, and supplicating Him to come and banquet with me. And what for? Oh, that I may plead with Him against that enemy which has caused lately a distance between Him and me. I know not yet what it was—but He can discover it; or, I can plead against an unknown foe, and say, "Let Your enemies perish, O Lord." Come, Beloved, let the King come to the banquet, bringing His royal dainties and royal state with Him. The dark cloud has gone. On Friday evening it was removed. All day I kept fearing, lest Jesus should not come, and this word seemed to answer me,

"Be not faithless—but believing;" and He did come, and the shadows of darkness fled at His presence. Oh, then, come again, precious Christ, if it may please Your Divine Majesty, and explain the cause of Your absence, and let the Haman be destroyed at Your commandment. Afresh, I do this morning make a full resignation of myself and my all to Your disposal, that you should be honored in me in Your own way, even as Your love and wisdom dictate.

November 22nd.—I rather think the darkness I was under last week might be covenant discipline, and the stripes of love, for the inordinate distress I felt in prospect of losing my dearest mother in her late illness. Perhaps precious Jesus has been saying, "You shall try whether your mother's presence will make up for My absence." Ah! no, dear Lord, it would not. But Your presence would, I know, supply the place of every creature, and make up the loss of them. Oh, pardon, pardon me, in that I have dishonored You; and restore me to the simplicity of living to, and for, You. Destroy this propensity of overrating and clinging to the creature--along with every other which separates me from Your manifested love.

December 26th.—The Lord, my Lord, is indeed crowning the year to me with His love and with Himself! Much darkness have I felt the last few months—that is, at times—but it is all gone; my soul is now light in the Lord, and I have so much of Christ, that I long to be away to full fruition. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

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1843

January 1st.—Precious Jesus! a new-year's blessing my soul craves of You. Oh, deny me not—but shine and smile, and give a pledge of good things to come during this 1843. For my dear mother, spared and restored, I praise You, and for the ten thousand other blessings with which You have blessed me, I would adore You. But most for Yourself, in whom all things are blessings to me. I humbly erect an Ebenezer for the past, and for the future crave earnestly, longingly (but not half earnestly enough) more, much more, of You, my Jesus, that I may live in Christ.

9 o'clock.—The glory, power, love, sweetness, and ravishing communion I have this evening enjoyed, are inexpressible in mortal strains; I think it almost exceeds anything I have ever before known. But, however, it was truly heaven begun, and still I cry, "More of Christ," until "mortality shall be fairly swallowed up of life."

January 15th, Sabbath.—"I have loved the habitation of Your house, the place where Your honor dwells." These words are much on my mind this morning; and, though I know Christ is the fullness of them, still they seemed to bear upon the outward sanctuary as they pressed upon me.

Noon.—It has not been vain to wait upon the Lord. He has blessed me, above the instrument, by Himself, through a passage which was only quoted; it was, "The heaven of heavens cannot contain You." What bliss and glory do I see, in that the heaven of heavens could not contain Jehovah, because of love as well as of greatness. Love brought Him down; love made Him stoop—yes, made Him bring His heaven to earth, and raise His earth to heaven. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," and give me, precious Christ, to dwell in You, for You are love and heaven. Oh, may my soul in these blessed fires kindle and burn for evermore. Truly this dull body cannot long contain this enraptured soul. But it will burst out of prison to be absorbed in Thee—You, oh, precious Three-One Jehovah, its glorious all in all, revealed in Christ by the Spirit, to the glory of the Father.

February 19th.—I felt yesterday, and feel today, that I could just be one of the poor widow's mites which were cast into the treasury in God's temple. My dear mother is a widow, and I am a mite indeed. But into God's treasury, for God's service, I would, and must, be cast. Nothing less can satisfy my longing soul than entire and unceasing dedication to the Lord, and deadness to earth. In all my powers and faculties I would that He might be honored. O Lord, accept this little humble mite for Your own use, and let me be for You alone, and not another's with You.

February 24th.—It is a great thing to be brought to joy in God. But it seems greater still to apprehend that God joys in us: this was with power made known in my soul last evening. A sense of this is overwhelming indeed, not only to have our hearts full of joy in God—but sensibly and feelingly to know that He joys in us; and thus be able to say, not only, "I am my Beloved's," but also, "His desire is toward me." Oh, wonder of wonders! the feeling of it did melt my heart indeed. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

February 27th, Sacrament Sabbath.—I expect today to commemorate the love of our dying Lord at His table; and, in seeking His presence in so doing, I have just been led to see an evil, of which, I believe, I have been the guilty subject—that of resting in, and being taken up with, certain feelings and sensations experienced by me, rather than with Christ Himself, the Substance of the feast; and thus my feelings become more the object of my pursuit and desire, than His glory. Both in praying and reading the Holy Scriptures, I seem to have been thus beguiled from simplicity, having feeling and enjoyment more in view—than Him from whom they come. And so, when favored with a sensation of comfort, peace, and joy in my reading, I have the next time come to the Word searching for that same sweetness again, more than for Christ, the source and fullness of it. Many dear Christians might not see what I mean—but I see plainly, and beg to be delivered from this seeking the gifts more than the Giver, which is unbecoming to, and not allowable in, a state of liberty. Oh, my Christ Jehovah, how have You been dishonored by worthless me; so blessed, so favored, and yet so prone to rest in Your bestowments rather than Yourself; do pardon, and restore to that simplicity which is alone in You. Oh, do it for Your love and honor's sake!

Evening.—Most blessedly was I privileged this afternoon to triumph in Christ above feeling, and to prove that what we forsake for Him we shall find most abundantly in Him, which I did, until my body was well-near overwhelmed with the love and glory in my soul—one of love's secrets for the abasement of self and exaltation of Jesus. To the Lord be all the glory!

[We venture to detain the reader for one moment; first, to call his attention to the fact of our departed sister's very marked "growth in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus her Lord," in His Divine Person. And, secondly, to the very clear way in which she now—in contrast to her former inability so to do—distinguishes between faith and feeling—gifts and the Giver! Christ Himself, in His most lovely and adorable Person, has now become her theme—her sole object and subject! Reader, is this the tendency of your experience? There is something lacking—in everything short of it.]

March 10th.—How sweet and powerful has the Holy Spirit been in me this morning, as a Spirit of adoption, and with what endearment has my soul cried, "My Father!" It seems that I could with delight be all day at the footstool, repeating the rapturous sound, my God, Abba, Father; and, oh, what love my Father has, to give me to Christ, and Christ to me, and to "bruise Him" for my worthless sake. "Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! for the Lord has done it." An eternity is before us to dive into, and to explore this matchless love.

March 19th, Sabbath Morning.—Much sweetness and power in reading Psalms 91, and this promise seems mine, "There shall no evil befall you, nor any plague come near your dwelling." The Lord fulfill this, in every sense.

Noon.—Truly my soul has been in heaven, and heaven in my soul, this morning. I do not know whether great power has been felt by minister and people; that is with the Lord, and He will work in His own way. But I do know that I, the most unworthy of all, have power and powerful love vouchsafed to me, and still feel we shall be blessed as a people, and by this minister. All that is from You, O Lord—establish and fulfill. All that is of the flesh—pardon and crush.

March 26th.—I heard with much power this morning, though under the deepest abasement, on account of sin—it almost breaks my heart to feel it working so powerfully, and then I am led to see

that my Jesus has borne it, and that I am dead to it, through union to Him, and that breaks it again. The meltings and dissolvings of Christ's love none can know, but those who experience them; and, methinks, those who feel sin most, feel love most. It is so amazing and so humbling to find love, blood, and salvation abounding over the aboundings of felt iniquity; the Lord only knows how I have been broken under the evils of my nature this week, and how I have longed to be released from the body, that I may sin no more.

March 28th.—How tremblingly do I venture on this day, and how gladly would I leave this polluted body, and be away in the full perfection of glory, love, and praise. Oh, my dear Jesus, how precious are You to me, and how willingly I would be with You, and be like You, and dishonor You no more—You know. "Your will be done."

April 2nd.—Truly it is very blessed, safe, and profitable to take a gift from Jesus in the dark, all shut up in mystery, and not being able to see what it is—but trusting the Giver, taking it because He gives it; and for His sake content that it should be to us that measure of cross and that measure of comfort which will glorify Him; this is very flesh-puzzling and humbling—but it will turn to good account. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Jesus in His person, Jesus in His work, Jesus in His love—has been my feast this morning, and I know not how to leave off writing of His wonders. John might well say, "And I suppose that if all the other things Jesus did were written down, the whole world could not contain the books." And so it seems, if my soul was indulged, I should write page after page, and book after book, and so spend my inch of time, and atom of energy, in trying to speak well of His name, and, after all, say nothing in comparison of what is to be said; for what can poor feeble I say of infinite majesty, infinite holiness, infinite love, and infinite condescension? Oh, I can only acknowledge that, having enjoyed much, I can say nothing. But desire to launch quite out of self, into the eternal fullness treasured up in Christ.

April 10th.—On this 10th day of April, 1843, I, Ruth Bryan, do most humbly and solemnly desire to devote myself afresh to the Lord, in His own way, praying that He may be pleased to be more glorified in and by me than heretofore. I know most feelingly that I have no capabilities for this. I have lately been very sensibly realizing that I am nothing; and thus, worthless and helpless, I cast myself upon the Lord, who will be very greatly magnified, if he will condescend to be glorified in me.

April 12th, Wednesday Evening.—Returned from hearing Mr. C— preach from Psalms 143:8, "Let me hear of your unfailing love to me in the morning, for I am trusting you. Show me where to walk, for I have come to you in prayer." The text itself was enough for me, being most suitable to my present state. I have just read 2 Chronicles 20:1-37, and find it in my heart to ask the Lord to fulfill it in me, on the subject which has much harassed me for some days; that He would be pleased to fight the battle while I look on, though the very subject of the conflict; and then bring me by His mighty power to the Valley of Beracah (praise). Oh, yes; I do want to praise Him on this very ground, where flesh and Satan have so sharply troubled me. So be it, Lord. May I "stand still and see Your salvation," and rejoice in it too, though it cut the flesh all to pieces.

April 14th, Good Friday, Noon.—I have had a season of great power and blessedness in reading John 19:1-42, and pleading at the footstool with my dear mother, since breakfast. Why does the

Lord so bless and favor me? In holy sovereignty, and because I am one of the most unlovely members of Christ, and have, therefore, put upon me more abundant honor, whereby I am humbled and Jesus much exalted. John 19:5 was very powerful to me, "Behold the man!" crowned with thorns; that the woman, His bride, might be crowned first with loving-kindness, and then with glory, and that she might have ability and privilege to crown her glorious Bridegroom with praise—yes, "crown Him Lord of all." And He stoops to hear her low notes, and to receive her feeble adoration; and there are, even here, such mutual endearments and communion, that no carnal mind can conceive. Thoughts of the crucified Immanuel much dwelling in my soul, at this time the sun was darkened; may I be privileged to view by faith the mystic wonders of that scene, which the light of nature could never reveal, nor the eye of nature ever behold. Precious, precious Jesus! once crucified—but now glorified, do give me a season of power in Your sanctuary tonight. May love and blood flow richly around to the redeemed, and let minister and people rejoice together.

April 15th, Saturday.—Why me? why me so favored? Surely my heart will be right down broken with love and mercy. Just received a note from my sister-friend, to say it is on her mind to come and unite in supplicating for large power tomorrow—"a pentecostal season." And what is this but an answer to the Spirit’s breathing on Sunday evening? The Lord keep us waiting and praying.

April 16th, Sabbath.—It is mine to endure sharp temptation just now, almost constantly, notwithstanding what I enjoy. Sometimes the bodily frame sinks under the soul exercise of joy and sorrow, which do much exhaust poor nature.

April 18th.—"The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." A bitter, bitter portion—but most richly deserved.

April 22nd.—Much powerlessness, much fleshliness, and much heart-coldness have been mine this week. I dreaded our little Friday meeting, nor could I think there would be a blessing. But there was one. My heart was broken, and brought close to the mercy-seat, under the prayer of my dearly beloved Mrs. F—. Now mercy and power followed, and truly it was a season of solid profit. The Lord be praised, and His name glorified.

April 30th.—My heart broken to pieces under the sermon this morning from Isaiah 42:3, "He will not break a bruised reed, and He will not put out a smoldering wick." Surely it was my privilege to weep at the feet of my faithful and ever-loving Jesus, to whom I have made such unworthy returns; and I believe He will come and heal the broken heart, and restore me to that intimacy and endearment of friendship which I have enjoyed with His Divine Majesty; and thus defeat Satan, who is trying to mar it, and crucify my flesh, which has lately been so busy.

Some power and sweetness in partaking of the Lord’s Supper; and, near the close, a most powerful and melting assurance that the dear Lord Jesus is about to come into us more manifestly, and bless us more abundantly in that place. Lord, confirm and fulfill all that You have spoken. I am astonished You will speak to me, and whisper Your sweet secrets. But it is because of union, as we were told, "Communion springs from union." Oh, though I, and union springs from love—yes, I think love is union; it is, as it were, the root of it; where we love we are united really, whether present or absent. One in spirit, there is union of soul; manifestive union springs out of this, and the communion succeeds; thus it was that "everlasting love" in the heart of Jehovah was the origin

of our union to Jesus—that is, in the sense in which it had a beginning. We were loved, chosen, united; and neither earth nor hell can separate us. We had a being in Christ before all time—but we began to be, or really existed, in our flesh-and-blood nature in time, first representatively in Adam, then consciously in our own persons, when we were born into the world. In Adam the first we lost all creature holiness and perfection, and in our own persons we experimentally prove the loss; we feel our distance from God, and our estrangement from Him, and we think we are undone forever, and all is gone. But the secret has to come out, the secret of love and union, and it does come out in the Lord's time, and love comes in, "and because we are sons, God sends the Spirit of His Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father." The Divine Spirit communicates a new nature, born of God, one with Jesus, which cannot sin, because it is born of God; and He makes us know also that this body and soul, which fell in the first Adam, were redeemed by the second from all iniquity, corruption, and misery, of which they are now the subjects, and also from the curse due to that iniquity. He makes us know that we are the chosen bride of Christ, notwithstanding "our low estate;" that He has betrothed us unto Himself from all eternity, and that even then His delights were with us, and He rejoiced in us (Proverbs 8:1-36)

Thus we discover a relationship we never thought of; union where we could not have conceived it; and love which was so beforehand with us, as to provide a patrimony which we can never waste, riches which we can never spend, holiness which we can never mar, purity which we can never sully, a life which can never die, a crown which we must wear, and an inheritance which we must enjoy forever! Oh, the wonder of union to Jesus, really before time, manifestly in time, and its consummation in eternity! It is very moving and melting, as revealed in the soul by the Holy Spirit, who does further and further develop the mysteries and privileges thereof, as we go on in the Divine life. Truly, union is of love, and communion is in love; and soon love and communion will absorb and overwhelm us forever and ever! May 2nd.—A little drop of love let into my soul at the family altar this morning. Come, my Beloved, and overpower me again by Your glories, as in former seasons. May 3rd.—Oh, this hateful and hated apathy, how it strives to gain upon me! I cannot bear not to feel. My heart is deeply grieved. How can I honor Jesus? How can I be useful and profitable to my dearest mother, and my much-loved Christian friends? How can it be? The Lord only knows. May He anew baptize me with the Holy Spirit, that my converse and actions may be full of power. I often think that the sands in my little glass of life are nearly run out. Oh that Jesus would take all that are left, for His own use and honor. May 6th.—Our Friday evening most exceedingly and solidly profitable to my soul; fresh closing with Christ, and fresh actings of faith upon Christ, brought about in my soul by the Holy Spirit, of which my dear Mrs. F— was the medium, by proposing some queries on 1 John 3:7. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" May 10th.—My heart sorely grieved that I honor Jesus so little in my daily life. The moments are rapidly flying over, and how little are they redeemed. Truly my spirit mourns within me. Oh for new baptisms of the Holy Spirit! "Lord, what will You have me to do?" Can it once be that I can live to Your glory? I know it must be by Yourself alone; and I now desire afresh, by faith, to take Jesus only as the answer of my earnest request, expecting from—yes, in You, O Beloved, all fruit and fruitfulness. Read Daniel 1:1-21 at family worship this morning. Felt a good deal of power then, and since, from Daniel 1:8 and Daniel 1:12. Daniel's desire is mine; and as he fed on vegetables, so I on Christ, would live alone, henceforth and forever; so be it, Lord. Do You say so too. "Prove me now herewith, I beseech You." Cause me to take Christ for my all, in time and eternity. Keep me from that beguiling by which I have been so robbed; and then I know I shall honor You more, and more

reflect Your glory. Oh, let it be so! my poor heart pants and thirsts for this high privilege. May 22nd.—Enjoying much; whether it be a preparation for trials on earth, or speedy glory in heaven—the Lord only knows. I am seeking to have no self—but CHRIST instead, since it with Him was crucified. Oh, the overwhelming happiness of being yielded up by the Spirit's power to Christ alone, and to daily crucifixion in all that the flesh loves and longs for!

June 4th.—Much blessed this morning; not from what was said—but from a sweet view of Psalms 23:1-6, especially Psalms 23:4, compared with Romans 7:24. This present flesh-and-blood state of existence, with all its sins and sorrows, seemed to me "the valley of the shadow of death;" and very triumphantly did I see and feel that, as we experimentally abide in Christ by faith, we may walk through it and "fear no evil." "He turns the shadow of death into the morning." It was truly blessed. I seem now to give myself up afresh, to seek that hidden and mysterious life of faith, so little known in the fullness of its privileges. I would just be watching daily at the gates of Christ, the true Wisdom, and waiting at the posts of His doors. I would only know His righteousness, and in that walk before God and man; so be it, Lord, to me, a poor sinner in myself—but a sinner saved by You; so let it be, for Your honor, that I may be experimentally saved into You.

June 11th.—My dear mother has been out this morning—but she seems very ill, and has a great deal of internal fever. Part of my exercise in the house of God has been trusting my dear mother with Jesus, as able to do for us all we need and desire. My struggle is to rest in His will, however contrary to my flesh, and to look at Him more than circumstances. May we both know the triumph, as well as the trial, of faith.

Evening.—Come, precious Jesus, and wind me up to the climax of love, as You before have done, and then it is impossible to withhold anything from You. My life, love, health, friends, circumstances—all are given to You; and You are sweetly proved to be infinitely more than all. Nearest and dearest—all must give place, that You may have the nearest, first, best place in the soul's affections. So be it, Lord, my loving and all-lovely Jesus; so be it to me, and to my dearest parent, for Your glory, in and by us. Then, come life, come death, if You are but honored, and we behold Your glory and feel Your love. Methinks earth is not long my country, for surely my soul catches celestial breezes, and almost rises into the overwhelming love of Deity, which, in the glories of its fullest radiance, would overpower mortality.

June 15th.—My dearest mother once more raised up to moderate health. The Lord be praised! His mercies to us are very great. I am groaning under extreme powerlessness of mind, as if all energy and vigor for meditation, or other spiritual exercises, were dried up. Surely the Lord will restore it, for thus to live, yet not to live, would be an affliction indeed; and to slip out of life without a word from Jesus is what I shrink from.

June 16th.—Mercifully relieved from the above-mentioned powerlessness this evening (Friday) at our little social meeting; to the Lord be all the glory!

June 19th.—My mind a good deal solemnized by finding I have spit up blood. Feel no alarm. Blood is a peaceful sign. When the destroying angel sees it on the lintel, he passes by; when it is applied to the conscience, it proclaims peace; and, should it now be a token of the speedy laying down of this frail tabernacle, it is peaceful still. For to be "absent from the body" will be to be "present with the Lord." Still, I would hereby be led to the footstool for deep heart-searching, to seek that Jesus

may be honored in the remainder of my life, and exceedingly magnified in my death. Death, did I say?—rather laying down mortality—going to sleep. Death is all gone. Jesus had that, and "abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel." Oh, glorious, conquering Savior may I, by the Spirit's power, abide in You by faith. Then shall I, experimentally as well as really, be conqueror too. May Revelation 3:11-12, be fulfilled in me, whether a speedy dissolving or a longer sojourning be appointed me. "Look, I am coming quickly. Hold on to what you have, so that no one will take away your crown. All who are victorious will become pillars in the Temple of my God, and they will never have to leave it. And I will write my God's name on them, and they will be citizens in the city of my God—the new Jerusalem that comes down from heaven from my God. And they will have my new name inscribed upon them." "To depart and be with Christ is far better."

June 25th.—The subject of much depression today; no power in hearing; and Hosea 2:1-23, first clause of Hosea 2:2, with Jeremiah 11:15, seem my sad sentence, under which I fall, willing to receive the deserved stripes of dishonored love—but begging to be restored to that life of simple faith from which I have too much departed, as shown me by the above passages. Some little whisper of the Spirit in my soul this afternoon, prompting me to rise above effect into cause, and to be more engaged in looking at and believing in Jesus, than in looking at the fruits of so doing; and here, methinks, I have gone wrong. The Lord restore me and teach me, for I am a poor ignorant thing. I would now surrender myself afresh to the instruction of the Holy Spirit, to learn to live Christ and walk in Him, trusting Him with consequences, and rising above effects, however pleasing, into Himself, the glorious cause. Lord, condescend to teach me this mysterious, flesh-crucifying life of faith, so little known or preached about. Very plainly do I now see how I have failed, and how prone I am to think more of the fruit than of Him from whom it comes. For example, supposing I have some experimental victory, how am I wrapped up in it, instead of in the Conqueror? If I find that, when walking uprightly in Christ, no good thing is withheld (Psalms 84:11), anon, I get delighting in the good things, and then does the stooping infirmity creep upon me again, and they are withheld, for my correction, and to teach me that Christ must be more delighted in than His benefits. In a thousand other ways I have been beguiled, so foolish am I, and so ignorant; and such a narrow path is the highway of holiness, that it must be all Christ; there is not room for one bit or scrap of self. This whisper from the blessed Comforter is like a gleam from afar. May it shine brighter unto the perfect day. May Christ increase, and I decrease, until again I am nothing, and He all in all, experimentally. I do loathe myself, O Beloved, for my wanderings; be pleased to work in me until I not only hate self—but forsake it also. I feel what a hard thing I am seeking, "but all things are possible with God," and "all things possible to those who believe." "Lord, increase my faith," and give me now to venture out upon Christ for the desired blessing.

I write this because I see I have gone wrong. I trust the Lord is about to restore me, and I would have this a word of warning and caution in some future day, if I live to need it. I seem afresh now to see that as faith is kept, by the Spirit, in continued actings upon Christ, there will be much emptying, purging, and purifying; not making the flesh better—but purifying from the flesh, and purging from dead works. The old nature will remain what it was, not a whit improved—but it will have starvation; for I am quite certain that, as faith is feeding upon Christ, there will be more flesh-denying and crucifying than in any other way. But in the word before mentioned (Jeremiah 11:15), "holy flesh" is spoken of. I have wondered what this meant; it has just now opened beautifully to my mind while at the footstool; and seems to be explained by Leviticus 27:9-10;

Leviticus 27:21, and last clause of Leviticus 27:28; from which I now see that a thing is holy because it is devoted to the Lord, without any real intrinsic holiness of its own. Would that I could express all the fullness and beauty I see here—but I cannot. It is partly thus: The spouse of Christ is His, in her body as well as spirit, for He has redeemed her body, though it is now the subject of sin; well, when Christ is revealed in the soul, and we are brought into liberty, finding to whom we belong, and what He has done for us, we are led to devote ourselves wholly to the Lord; or, at least, thus it has been with me again and again; not expecting our flesh to become righteous—but giving it to Jesus, earnestly craving that it may be the instrument of His glory; and, like the Gibeonites, devoted to be "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the house of my God."

Now, this being the case, my flesh is not my own—but the Lord's: doubly so—His by purchase (1 Corinthians 6:20), and His by a loving and entire surrender (Romans 12:1), being made willing thereto in the day of His power; and thus it is holy (not righteous), being dedicated to the Lord (Leviticus 27:28), either for doing or suffering, and, most assuredly, for crucifixion (Galatians 5:24). Being brought to this state, my proper and only legitimate life is that of faith on, by, and for the Son of God, who is that holiness, in which I see the Lord, and whose glory is now to be the object of my constant pursuit. Nor am I to choose whether it shall be promoted by my passing through the fire, or through the water; lying down in green pastures, or tossing on the foaming billows; eating rich fruits, or keeping solemn fasts;—circumstances and feelings must all be considered as secondary and subservient to the glory of Jesus, by me. Here seems the "holy flesh" (not holiness of the flesh), entirely set apart to the service of that Master to whom it belongs (2 Timothy 2:21). Now, if after this I draw back, and through self-love seek to spare the flesh from suffering, or seek self-honor, self-ease, or self-satisfaction, then shall I know what it is, experimentally, to have the "holy flesh" pass from me—that is, the devoted thing employed to unlawful use; and the Lord then says, "What has my beloved to do in my house," seeing she has preferred her own? How much this is my case, the Lord knows; I know, to my shame, that I have been sadly seeking my own things, instead of the things of Christ; and my gratification, instead of His glory. Humbly I would seek restoration to a simple life of faith upon Jesus; and with trembling ask that I may be henceforth for Him alone. Lord, be pleased to lead still further into this mystery.

[Reader, be it yours and ours to prayerfully weigh the foregoing observations. They are full of importance. In fact, within the last page or two, is what may be termed the summary of that deep and special teaching for which Ruth BRYAN was remarkable. There is no disguising nor denying that hers was a standard in the truth to which but few, even of the Lord's living ones, are privileged to attain. While they are, for most part, in the lowlands, entramelled by self and sin, Satan and the world, Ruth was fed and nourished upon the high mountains of Israel. What she so constantly craved, she as constantly enjoyed—namely, a living out of self, above creature-changes, in and upon the person of Christ. None more sensibly felt the truth of His words than she did; "Without me you can do nothing," and "From me is your fruit found;" but she at the same time correspondingly gloried in the fact that Christ was hers, and that Christ was all she wanted. Hence she was, so to speak, lost in Him! "Not I—but Christ lives in me," was her watchword; this her theme, this her triumph and her boast. Thus it was, as she so constantly expressed it, she "lived Christ." This she craved, when she so coveted "the abiding" of which she so frequently speaks.]

July 1st.—A providential return of income-tax today, which proves, afresh, that it is very safe to trust in the Lord in the dark, and go through any difficulty, leaning upon Him alone. I was led to act

thus in this matter, not going to any creature; and the answer has come when I did not expect it. There are also other bills filed in the High Court above, which will have answer in the time appointed. The Lord teach me more of a life of faith; not merely for its own sake, or for its benefits—but for the honor of Jesus, its Author (Hebrews 12:2). And methinks this is one of its secrets, to be pressing after the glory of Jesus, more than any other thing whatever; so that, however painful the circumstances, we cannot seek so much for their alleviation as the glory of Jesus in them; and however pleasing the circumstances, the glory of Him, our Beloved, by them, is much more pleasing still. I see it, Lord, a little. Oh, bring me to it, experimentally, more and more. Ebenezer! Trust, and be not afraid in what lies darkly beyond.

July 2nd, Evening.—My experience this day has been that of seeking from my precious Jesus the restoration of a life of faith upon Him and for Him, from which I fear I have been considerably beguiled. I too often forget that the life of faith is to be as much for Jesus, as on Him and by Him. I want to live on Him for my own advantage—but this will not do. He must be Omega as well as Alpha. O Holy Comforter! teach me this practically, as well as in my judgment.

July 9th, Sabbath Morning.—The Lord be praised for all the mercies of the past week; the dark and the light has all been love; I feel it so; my spirit has been as much refreshed by the outward trials we have had, as my body is, when weary and thirsty, by a cup of cold water; so that I can say it is "very good to be afflicted," though not pleasing to the flesh. I trust the Lord is hereby bringing me a little lower, and teaching me, more, how unimportant are outward appearances, and how secondary outward possessions.

July 20th.—Outward circumstances still tending downwards. The Lord teach us to descend, and make us willing to come as low as He pleases. How am I plagued by my unamiabilities! Surely very few of the Lord’s people ever dwelt in such a crusty piece of flesh; and few were ever more painfully aware of it, or loathed themselves more completely. I would be what I am not, and do what I do not. How can the Lord Jesus be honored in this matter? Is it possible? I long to find in Him the remedy of this malady, the healing of this malignant sore—my reserved, unkind, and selfish self. Oh that I could "glory in my infirmities, that His power may rest upon," and be manifest in, me. Methinks, if precious Jesus might be honored in the cure, it would be better than being whole in myself. But what if He sees fit I should not be cured? and will be glorified by my bearing the hated part of my disposition or temper all my life? Then it is a grief, and I must bear it. But, Lord, "if You will, You can make me whole." Would it not honor You to subdue myself? You only know what I feel, and how I groan and mourn, that I do not honor You more in my exterior. "Lord, if You will, You can." Do speak to me on this subject. I inquire of You, "What will You have me to do?" Let faith go out upon You, my unseen Deliverer, for a yet unfelt deliverance. That I am not more amiable, in myself, will be well, if You will gain glory thereby—Yourself being manifested, and I subdued, and kept out of sight.

July 26th.—How very sensibly do I discover the workings of the two natures at this time—the spirit rising ardently upward, the flesh clinging to earth and creatures. But "the elder shall serve the younger"—Jesus shall prevail, and the works of Satan be destroyed.

Noon.—Afresh, precious, precious Jesus, I resign this body to You, for doing or suffering, for living or dying. Will You accept it? Will You use me for Your glory more than heretofore, that You may have some little return for all the benefits You have done to me? Oh, do grant this request; my

heart longs for it, my spirit pleads for it; and "if You will, You can." You know the hot temptation of which I am the subject. Bring Your glory out of it, and keep me from the evil, and it shall be well.

August 1st.—My precious Jesus! You are worth more than a thousand worlds to me, in sorrow as well as joy. When friends frown, and circumstances frown, and the heart is bleeding, how precious then Your love and sympathy! So I feel it now, and find it very sweet to trust You still, though much outwardly is dark, and rough, and painful. You will make the darkness light, the rough places plain, the crooked things straight before us (Isaiah 42:16). It seems a strong word, "You will;" but You have said it first, and I only echo it back to You again; it does not come with felt power to me—but I plead it. You have said it. Fulfill it for us.

Evening.—This day my heart has been weeping, though no tears have been shed. But through all, my broken, softened spirit feels that love prevails; and if my sweetest Lord Jesus should blight outward things, I must still love the hand that smites, and crops, and withers, for He is all love and loveliness—which thought melts my soul before Him, and I find such deliciousness in Him, that all the bitters on earth seem as nothing in comparison.

August 13th, Sabbath.—Rose this morning sorely beset with the trifles of earth; and oh, it seemed as if there were scarcely any rising above them. But the Lord kept me crying, and at the family altar the blessing came; for I felt it was like the poor woman with the issue of blood—the sore was running, and the crowd hindering—but it was for faith, by the Spirit’s power, to press through all to Jesus; and so it was, I trust. And now—

"Dissolved by the sunshine, I fall to the ground,

And weep to the praise of the Jesus I’ve found."

September 9th.—Had unexpectedly a conversation with Mr. — on Monday, in which something was said about faith. It appears to me that he thinks it entirely passive, and I humbly conceive it to be active; then, on Tuesday, while preaching on the subject, he said, "faith is only a receiver." I was a good deal exercised, and went to the Lord, not to have my view of the subject established—but to be taught by Him what is right. Today (Friday) this word has come with power, "As you have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk you in Him" (Colossians 2:6). We received Him by faith, we also walk in Him by faith, and walking must be active; faith in itself has not power—Christ is its power to walk, fight, overcome, etc., and it gives Him all the glory. Then I saw the three stages mentioned in 1 John 2:12-13. Now if faith be passive in the little children merely receiving the forgiveness of sins, it certainly is not in the young men; for it is said, they "have overcome the wicked one;" and it is by faith we overcome both the world and the devil (1 John 5:4, 1 Peter 5:9, and James 4:7, compared with Ephesians 6:16). I also see plainly how the Lord has taught me the activity of faith, by experimentally bringing me into it. It is not in my soul a matter of theory, learned from books—but it is the mysterious life, walk, fight, and triumph, which I much long to know in the power of it—but am very slow in learning, because it is so contrary to myself; and yet I must thankfully acknowledge that the Holy Spirit has led me into a little of its blessedness and privileges. I am now thankful the above has transpired, although it made me tremble lest I should be wrong, and sent me to the Lord to be searched and proved. May Mr. — have as much blessing from it as I have; and to the Lord shall be all the glory. He can speak and teach, when and where we least expect it.

September 17th.—Why was wine lacking at the marriage feast in Cana? To open a chasm for Jesus to fill up, and just make a way for His power and glory. So it is with us; and it is worth feeling the need, to receive supplies from such a hand.

September 18th.—Last evening, Jonah 4:7 met my eye, and it made me tremble. (God appointed a worm that attacked the plant, and it withered.) The Lord prepare me for His will, and preserve me from resting in His gifts instead of in Himself!

September 21st.—Very great glory have I felt and seen this evening, at our prayer meeting, in these words, "The righteousness of God in Him;" and more especially those two words, "IN HIM," did sweetly echo in my soul again and again.

September 23rd.—A circumstance occurred tonight very mortifying to my flesh; and I have since been exceedingly buffeted on account of it. It was respecting one of the gifts sent us last week; and I just now see it to be in accordance with that word (Jonah 4:7) which so much struck me last Sabbath evening. But am I angry for the gourd? The Lord forbid! If I am, in the leastwise, I do not well indeed; rather, precious Jesus, would I surrender all I have on earth, to be withered by Your touch, if You see it a needful discipline. Give me grace to say, "Your will, not mine, be done;" and faith to take refuge in the unchangeable Giver, until these calamities be overpast. A Saturday evening gloomy indeed; the Lord get glory out of this unexpected exercise, and it will be worth the smart. How singular that the verse about the gourd should catch my eye, and that I should feel as if it had some reference to me.

September 24th.—Heard a sermon this morning from John 3:7, and much was said against living above feelings. The Lord be judge between Mr. R— and me, for I verily believe the Holy Spirit Himself has taught me a little what it is to live upon Christ, the source of true spiritual feeling, more than upon the feeling with which He favors me; and great stability have I found in so doing. Mr. R— seems to think that to live above feeling is to live without it. How mistaken he is; for truly I find that it flows most sweetly and constantly when I am not so much delighted and taken up with it, as with Him from whom it comes. But I would go to my Counselor and infallible Teacher, and spread the matter before Him, begging him to confirm what is His own, and deliver from what is error, either in Mr. R— or myself.

October 20th.—My soul much exercised, and also distressed, by a fearful threatening, from Jeremiah 17:4, that I shall experimentally "discontinue from the heritage" the Lord has given me. I wait to know whether this sentence is from Himself, or the voice of an enemy.

October 21st.—Some comfort this morning, in thanking my Father for "His unspeakable gift," and also in realizing that the atonement is made, the obedience is accomplished, the salvation is finished—let my feelings vary as they may. I trust I found a little of the "rest of faith," which is the most solid and lasting relief we can be favored with. I trust also the sentence which has seemed to threaten me, will not be executed; real separation I have not feared—that is impossible. But experimental distance, with apathy and powerlessness of soul, is what I have trembled at, and that the Lord should lay me upon the shelf as a thing not in use, and withhold from me entrance into His Word, into His Christ, into His love, and into His glories, seems to me the worst evil that can befall me. The Lord avert it in love, though he might afflict me with it in justice. "Bless God for Jesus Christ."

October 22nd.—Again I am taught that what we ask in and for the flesh, if it be granted us, will very often be with, or as, a cross to the flesh which desired it. I think I did ask the Lord for a temporal thing, a year or more since—I thought I wanted it; it came not—but it has come lately, and it is a withered gourd, for the flesh is mortified by it. Oh, may I at length learn to be content with Jesus only, and not be importunate for any outward thing—but just take what He gives.

November 7th.—Happy, oh, so happy, in the love of Jesus—yes, in Jesus Himself; for it is in Him I begin my heaven, and have my all. Much privileged at the family altar, and very loath to leave it. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." How the world has lessened and deadened to me lately I cannot tell. It seems a very nothing, and vanity indeed; and to see the living ones gathering its golden dust, and playing with its tinsel toys, is monstrous. Oh, come away, you foolish ones, and leave the ash-heap, and rise into Christ—your priceless inheritance and your eternal riches! "But I have no power." And are you digging for power under those clods of the valley, where you seem to be exhausting all your energies? What find you there, that you work so eagerly? When you have dug out and heaped up a mountain of shining dust, will you have more power then to rise with Jesus? Do you think it comes that way? Preposterous! It is like saying I cannot get fire, and then plunging the last warm coal you possess into water.

November 20th.—My cough is nearly gone, and my health better. But I seem to think the sappers and miners have begun their operations in my constitution; and, if so, the effect will before long manifest itself. "This mortal must put on immortality, and this corruptible must put on incorruption;" and then will death be manifestly "swallowed up in victory." This body must go to sleep for a season; the Lord only knows how soon. Oh that He may be more honored in it while in its present state of animation!

December 3rd, Sabbath.—I have this morning given myself afresh to the Lord, in His house, feeling much affliction in my body, and not knowing but that more may await me. I am enabled, however, to leave that with the Lord, only begging that He will be glorified in me. I belong to Jesus, and have just yielded my whole self anew to Him, embracing Him as my strength for whatever may be coming upon me.

Dear Lord, I am all emptiness, powerlessness, and weakness: in You I must, and do, cast all the cost and charges of this affliction, whether it be long or short, light or heavy; nor do I believe You will refuse or disappoint me—but carry me triumphantly through in Your own arms of love and power. Accept, sweetest Jesus, this offering of my poor self, which is of and from Your own free will—not mine. "Praise the Lord, O my soul," for such a privilege! To be His in eternal love and purpose, and His by free surrender, through the sweet constrainings of His own Spirit!

December 15th.—I think the Lord is teaching me that I shall not only "have no other gods but Him," but also that I shall have no other goods but him; and that if I pursue any object, whether minute or important, for its own sake alone, or my own gratification, my purposes shall be frustrated, and disappointment sent. Last week I planned about my work, and thought to accomplish much (for my profit, not for the Lord’s glory)—but this week a lock has been put on the wheel, and I have moved slowly—yes, labored, as it were, in the fires. I bless the Lord for what He is teaching me, and feel much humbled under His mighty hand.

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January 28th.—I have found that I have been beguiled from the "simplicity which is in Christ," and have been grieved and troubled. This morning I was seeking for Christ to come on my soul like rain, and like the showers that water the earth; and, some time after, this word sweetly breathed upon my spirit, "I will be as the dew unto Israel." The Lord fulfill and restore!

February 4th.—Much entreating for restoration this week, and I trust the Lord is granting my desire, and showing me where I have got wrong—in seeking to have, in myself, what my Father wills I shall have in Christ. Much blessedness now in being made willing to have and enjoy ALL IN JESUS alone. This morning I opened these words, "You shall eat bread at my table continually" (2 Samuel 9:7). Precious Jesus! this is just what I want; then it will not matter who preaches or talks against living upon You, above feeling. I shall prove it a reality—yes, I do now—and prove also, that to live above feelings is not to live without them; for then they flow most blessedly, when kept in their proper place as effects, and I living upon Christ Himself, for His own glory. The Lord further restore and unfold the secrets of liberty!

February 18th.—I find Jesus my wisdom, my life, and my all. "He restores my soul;" and that not to rejoice or rest in the restoration—but in Himself alone. It is safe to live in the cause; then effects are sure to follow.

February 28th.—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." A light seemed to beam on my mind which I had never seen in this passage before. It appeared to allude to those who are perfect in Christ, and to those who are walking uprightly in Him, their perfection. It was a comfort to my heart; for, since the Lord has brought me into liberty, it has been very often suggested to my mind that, having so much joy in life, I certainly should have darkness in death. But the Lord make me upright, knowing nothing but Christ, and keep me so: for the end of such is peace. Evening.—I have just seen a new beauty in Genesis 49:11, the first clause. May the Lord open it more fully.

March 17th.—I am proving, blessedly, by experience, the liberty, privilege, and triumph of a life of simple faith, and also enjoying sweet communion with dear M. C—, who is indeed brought into the good land, flowing with milk and honey; her enlargement has been a blessing to me. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Would that I could bless and praise my Jesus. How do I long for more triumphant strains! My heaven is begun, and yet my notes so low, my praise so poor and inadequate. Lord, if You will it, grant me enlargement in praise.

March 22nd.—"The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runs into it, and is safe." Never did I enjoy the fullness of this word so much as this morning, at the family altar. When my soul had felt convicted of lightness of spirit and heart-wanderings from Jesus, the above word came, and I saw this was the name, "Jehovah our Righteousness;" and I was then running into it, and found safety, in the midst of my own sin and shortcoming.

April 3rd, Good Friday.—Some melting sense of the wonderful cross and glorious Sufferer who endured my death, and who is my eternal life. My precious Jesus is more and more precious, as faith goes out upon Him, by the power of the Spirit. Dearest mother is better—but much weakened. A good Friday to me.

April 7th.—Sorry to find that many dear friends object to have Mr. T— to preach for us, because they think he is getting beyond the truth of God and the experience of His people. But they misjudge. The perfection, glory, and continued happiness which he speaks of are in Christ, and as we are one with Him. And did ever sin and death touch that life and union? or can it ever do so? I trow not. Our brethren admit this as a doctrine; they own we have a completeness in Christ which can never be marred, a life in Him not subject to death or change. But when the Lord makes this glorious doctrine present EXPERIENCE, and brings us to rejoice continually in the triumph and liberty of it, immediately they are afraid and offended, and think we go too far. But how can we, when the Lord Himself has brought us here? Truly, I can say from my heart, that what little I know of this glory was not taught me by any man—but it came by the revelation of Jesus Christ in my soul; and the light and glory increases in the same way. I am not moved as to the triumph of faith above flesh, sense, and circumstances; I know it, I feel it, and long for more; and "I cannot but speak the things which I have heard and seen." May the Lord be pleased to make the doctrine of complete perfection, safety, and victory IN CHRIST, one of daily experience to our dear friends; then will they not fear to say, with joy, that in Christ they are experimentally raised, even now, above sin, Satan, the world, and themselves, and do triumphantly sit with Him in heavenly places.

April 10th.—Twenty-one years since my beloved father was removed from us by death, and how faithful and forbearing has our covenant God been with us, during that period, cannot be told; truly, "goodness and mercy have followed us," and we have lacked no "good thing." My father was dearer to my heart than words can express—but Jesus has more than made up the loss; and I have much greater reason to praise than to repine. My dear mother still remains to me, and that is a great favor; she is my earthly all—but I must not, I would not, withhold her from Jesus. If He call her away, He can then support and comfort me. Although I do seem the most unfit in all the world to stand alone, perhaps I shall then see great miracles. What do I want for the future? Only more faith to apprehend and know more of Jesus; to be continually going out upon Him, never resting on or in self one moment, nor in the creature either—but Christ be all in all. May the Holy Spirit work thus in me by His power, for the glory of the Three-One Jehovah. Amen. For mercies past, "praise the Lord, O my soul."

April 29th.—"Grace, grace unto it." To the Lord be all the glory of my salvation, and my present enjoyment of it too. It is wholly unmerited by me; I have not procured my enjoyments, I do not deserve them, and I cannot by my own power retain them. Sovereignly, as the rain descends upon the unconscious earth, even so, sovereignly, does the Holy Spirit descend in showers of blessing upon my conscious, wondering soul, which, surprised by love, sinks into abasement, crying again, "Grace unto it." "Not unto me, O Lord—but unto Your name be all the glory." Glory to God in the highest; for on earth His peace is felt, and His goodwill enjoyed by the very least of His chosen ones. May 9th.—Sweet Jesus! lovely Jesus! what do I find in You? You are all fair, all glorious, all loving; and You are mine, and I am Yours. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" I cannot express what Jesus is to me. May 14th, Tuesday.—I have been the subject of very sharp, though short affliction, the last few days. During the extreme pain, I had not the triumph of faith, or inflowings of love and

peace, although not in darkness or soul distress. I trust the exercise has been salutary, and very humbling. I have learned afresh that, after all I have received and enjoyed—that I am as helpless as ever, and cannot bear or do anything without Divine power. My soul says, with renewed feeling, "Without You I can do nothing," and "it is good to be afflicted." May 17th, Afternoon.—2 Corinthians 5:1, has been very sweet to me this day. "We know," by the revelation of Christ, by the witnessing of the Spirit, by the word of God, by the testimony of love in our conscience—"We know" that if this earthly house were dissolved, and when it shall be, we have a building of God, an eternal house, a house provided and prepared. Blessed, comforting knowledge! Short the storms of life, the inconveniences of the lodging-house, and the coldness of this foreign climate; soon the welcome sound from our Beloved, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away!" Even so, come, sweet Lord Jesus, quickly come. May 19th—Dearest Lord, if You will restore me to health, oh, let it be double health—let my soul prosper as well; let me come forth in You, walk in You, abide in You always, during the rest of my journey. Let me be lost and hidden, and You only seen; let me be dead, and You alone my life. Oh, let me not again be defiled with my own works or inventions, or myself (Psalms 106:39)—but You be all in all. This only can reconcile me to the wilderness—that I should be nothing, and Jesus only seen, and heard, and exalted. May 27th.—Proverbs 8:21, "I will fill their treasures" has been very sweet to me this afternoon, and it came in this sense: I, Wisdom—or Jesus—I, MYSELF, will fill their treasures; not merely putting in something valuable—but MYSELF will be the fullness of their treasures; so, whether we have much or little outwardly, if Christ fills it, and is the fullness of it, we are rich indeed. Precious Christ! fill my heart, my life, my lips, for You are all I want; and, having You, I am rich, if stripped of all beside.

June 12th.—"All things work together for good to those who love God."

"You fearful saints, fresh courage take!

The clouds you so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall break

With blessings on your head."

Very solid and consolatory has the above been to my mind this morning. A good deal of outward storm, and from such a quarter—that I can open my heart-ache and sorrow to none upon earth. But Jesus is enough—He knows it all. His glory I humbly desire, and also strength and patience to carry my daily cross, deny myself, and follow Him; yes, and to triumph in Him, too, all the while. "It is well," and a mercy, to feel thorns where we try to nestle on earth. How plainly is the Lord showing me, that when we cling too closely, and hold any outward comforts too fast, we shall be pierced by them. Seeing where I was wrong, surely the deepest humility and submission become me, now that I am smarting.

June 16th.—A little more of the wonders of love and of union to Jesus breaking upon my soul, with some insight, in a little measure, into our separation from the first Adam, and the evils of his fall. Yes, it seems to me real joy (perhaps more than I should express), that the creature bank did fail, and the shadow give way to the Substance, the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, our own dear Treasure, in whom our all is stored. But the millions who had all their stock in the creature-head! Ah, there is mystery deep and unfathomable! But the Judge of all does right. To His sovereignty I bow, wondering much that He provided amply for me in Jesus Christ the Righteous.

To God be all the glory! As an instrument of His own forming, may I be tuned to sound His praise.

July 7th.—Yesterday I completed my thirty-ninth year. So long have I sojourned in this dreary wilderness; and, indeed, have abundant reason to erect an Ebenezer, and confess that very abundant have been the Lord’s mercies to me. The future is shut up in mystery, nor would I lift the veil—but renew my trust upon the Lord, and live upon Him by the moment. It is truly wonderful to feel that He is my portion, and that, for time and eternity, I am provided for in Jesus. To "live Christ" is blissful indeed, whatever be the outward circumstances. When He is all, we have all, even though we should seem to have nothing.

[Reader, this is the only solid and really happy way of living "upon the Lord, and by the moment." Strictly speaking, we have nothing whatever to do with the morrow. Distinctly we are told to "take no thought" for it—but "let the morrow take thought for the things of itself."

"Tis enough that HE should care;

Why should we the burden bear?"]

July 28th.—A feast this morning from one word—"Passover." It broke into many parts with much sweetness, and I see how Christ, our Passover, was sacrificed for us, and how He is our Passover, as I never saw it before.

August 8th.—Our morning reading was in Nehemiah, and very plainly did I see from thence that one great aim of our enemy is to put us in fear, while our Lord continually says, fear not, dread not, nor be afraid. "You shall not be afraid of them," etc. I see that fear often goes before fainting, and that our souls are thereby much weakened, and the Lord also dishonored, who says, "Fear not, I will be with you." Surely that is enough, let what will betide. Oh for more of the confidence of love, and trust of faith! I feel my soul energized and encouraged.

August 25th.—Memorable day thus far, five o’clock, happy Sabbath, and such a feast of love at sacrament as I rarely enjoy on that occasion—it was all Jesus. Oh! sweetest, dearest Lord, I cannot tell a tithe of what I find in You: death to death, and life to live eternally. You did take my nature, that my poor, fallen creature-life might die with You upon the cross; and You have given me Your life, that I may never die—but live in You, and with You, my Life, forever and ever; a joyful, never-ending "forever!" Hosannahs to You, my glorious Deliverer! I would praise You if I could. Oh, when shall it once be? The golden harp, the immortal strains of love and harmony, will never reach Your worth, You wondrous, glorious Savior. Immanuel, the name so dear, so fragrant to my ravished soul!

September 19th.—I have lately thought much, and somewhat with melting, of the condescension of our Divine Redeemer, in His act of washing His disciples’ feet, and I see how we are to follow this, by ministering to the comfort of His people; and I see it to be a greater honor to minister to the lowest of His members, than to rule an empire. Oh, for humility and ability to be thus engaged; my heart weeps, and I loathe myself that I do it so little.

September 29th.—"My cup runs over." "His paths drop fatness," and He rewards me "according to my cleanness in His eyesight;" not according to my own doings and deservings—but the doings and merits of my glorious Surety. It is marvelous in my sight!

October 14th.—"He turns the shadow of death into the morning!" Very great fullness and power beam upon my soul in this precious word, of which I do, experimentally, feel the truth, and find such joy and blessedness, and love and glory in Jesus, as words cannot describe.

October 19th.—How mysterious are the ways of my dearest Lord. Our friends consented to invite Mr. T— to preach when he came to Leicester; this evening to my extreme disappoint, I was informed that he had been to Leicester. I do believe that my precious wonder-working Lord will somehow turn this shadow of death into the morning. Perhaps He saw me too much anticipating this enjoyment, with my eye upon the creature; and so He kindly cut off the creature-stream, to oblige me to go away to the Fountain. I thank You, oh, my precious Christ, that You will be nearer than the nearest, and dearer than the dearest, and that nothing shall be between me and You. But You will be "All in all." Even so, for "so it seems good in Your sight." I humbly take You anew as my all, and I shall have no lack in You. Oh that more of Your loved ones were lifted up in love, and found the heaven of delights which is in You! But why me? Here is the unanswerable question, the wonder of wonders! I, a weak, low, vile, wandering worm, filled with Your love! ravished with Your beauty, and absorbed in Your glory, and finding that Your very chastenings are infinite, boundless love! It is all of grace! To God be all the glory!

October 20th.—Surely such a poor worm—and such rich mercy; great glory—and sweet love, did never meet together before!

October 25th.—"To the upright there arises light in the darkness." This word was on my mind this morning, and, I think, has been fulfilled today. What! do I call myself upright? Nay, verily—but Christ is my uprightness, and in Him I am so dealt with.

October 27th.—Oh, my precious Lord, I am overwhelmed in, and by, Your love! You have freed me from my sin and its punishment, by taking them upon Yourself; and You have prepared me for Yourself, by putting Your perfect loveliness upon me. You have overcome me, You ravish my heart!

November 10th.—How precious You are, my Jesus, no word can tell. All empty, poor, and nothing in myself; how free, how blessed I am in You, I cannot find out. I know a little, a very little. Oh! teach me more. Anew, this Sabbath evening, I cast myself on You, to care for me, that I may only care for Your honor, and seek Your glory. My cup does indeed run over. You load me with benefits. But it is Yourself that are my glory and joy. I would crown You, my precious Jesus, with glad Hosannahs, Lord of all. I expect dear Mr. T— shortly, and wish not to think of it—but to think only of Jesus. I am sure that, at first, I anticipated it too much; it was, therefore, kind of the Lord to disappoint me. My Jesus must, and shall be, all in all. "Bless Him, O my soul."

"And when I see You as You are,

I'll give You nobler praise."

November 16th.—My Jesus, my absorbing, all-lovely, loving Savior! how precious are You to Your poor handmaiden. Sharp have been my temptations this week. But the Lion of the tribe of Judah does, and will, prevail. You know all, and You only. Let not Satan succeed; let not the flesh conquer; let not creatures deceive. But rule in the midst of Your and my enemies. My cup still runs over with love and mercy, and I richly prove that "Godliness with contentment is great gain." You,

dearest Lord, are more precious to me this morning than the gold of Ophir.

November 18th, Monday.—No morning is so dreary to me as Monday morning. I love to feel the Sabbath coming—but cannot bear to awake and find it gone. But yet, Jesus is my every-day Sabbath. Oh, yes! indeed He is, and in Him I find happiness and peace all the week, and all the year, when I am kept abiding. This is all I want, never to wander more, or expect any good from anything or anybody—but look for all in Jesus, in whom I now find heaven begun.

[Reader, can you say, with Ruth, "Jesus is my every-day Sabbath?"]

November 19th.—Happy in Jesus! more so than tongue can express. It is, indeed, heaven begun. My Beloved is to me a "Fountain of gardens, a well of living waters and streams from Lebanon." What awaits me I know not; perhaps much that is dark and dreary. But that will not be in Jesus. He is all light, and "in Him is no darkness at all;" and the joy and gladness I now have in Him is wonderful. "Grace! grace! unto it." Yours, O Lord, be all the glory.

November 23rd, Sabbath.—The chief part of last week has been very glowing and triumphant. But all in Jesus, and He is above it all. "Bless Him, O my soul," and rise into Himself, above all His bestowments. Dear Mr. T— comes on Tuesday. My heart trembles, and something would persuade me my feast is over. But this cannot be, for Jesus is the substance of it, and "He is the same yesterday, today, and forever." Something threatens to be contrary—but I fly to Jesus; in Him all will be well.

November 28th.—Our dear Mr. T— is here, and what a blessing we have had; what a feast! what loves! what a Jesus! Praise Him! praise Him! Our beloved friend goes tomorrow. I do feel it painful to part with him—but it is well; for Jesus must be all, and He shall be; and He shall take His own way to accomplish it. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

November 29th.—What a night was the last! Very little sleep—but such inflowings into the soul, as were ten thousand times better; teaching me more how Jesus must be all. The Holy Remembrancer brought back very much of what dear Mr. T— has been telling us; it was a second benefit. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

November 30th.—My spirit thirsts with intense and increased ardency, for unfoldings of the personal glories of my precious Christ, who is, indeed, "more precious than rubies."

December 2nd.—This seems to be my word today, "The peace of God, which passes all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus;" and my dear Lord seems to say, "Fly to my bosom for peace: expect it nowhere else, desire it nowhere else, seek nowhere to rest your head and your heart but here." Precious Lord, You are my rest, my happiness, and You are all-sufficient. Hold me to You, nor let me wander more.

December 13th.—What a Jesus! what grace, love, glory, and liberty I find in Him; and yet I know but as nothing of what He has, and what He is; still He says, "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it." Ah! precious Christ, nothing but YOURSELF can fill this mouth, this heart, which You have made to thirst and long for You.

December 23rd.—My soul is intensely longing to be led, as the Eastern sages were, to the place where Jesus lay. The wonders of the incarnation I long to be led into, in meditation deep and

sweet. Much blessed in Jesus, who is to me more excellent than "mountains of prey" or "hills of frankincense and myrrh." Himself is my glory—Himself is my happiness; and He makes me rejoice with exceeding great joy. To God be all the glory. Amen and amen.

December 29th.—Sabbath, and a glowing one, too, a crowning one, at the closing of this blessed 1844. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," for the wonders, the secrets of love, made known to love's object—in love and by love, for love's own glory. "God is love," and He my blissful dwelling-place for evermore.

01.18. 1845

1845

January 7th.—"Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." How did those words sound in my soul, and break my heart last night. He will not impute sin to us--then who or what can condemn us? He will not impute sin to us. Keep back, you sin-lovers, who know not these wonders in experience. Here you cannot lawfully tread. But here we, pardoned, justified, brokenhearted ones, may tread and triumph. Bless the Lord, my pardoned soul.

February 2nd.—The past has been a week of much love and mercy, and many heart-meltings; and I increasingly see that when the eye is singly fixed upon Jesus, circumstances are very secondary. He, our Beloved, is our triumph in all, and our victory over all. In Him we can bear, do, or suffer whatever He appoints; and that He may be honored in all, is our highest ambition. Very hard the enemy tries to corrupt me from this simplicity—but my Jesus is stronger than he, and I look to Him for victory; I look that still he may be "all-in-all" to me, nor shall I look in vain: love is my confidence and stronghold; love will not disregard the appeals of love, let the enemy say what he will.

February 9th, Afternoon.—I have been just now reviewing a little of my past life; and, oh! of what wonderful mercies and deliverances have I been the subject. I would have ruined myself indeed. But the Lord held me by His right hand, though unseen. I admire the deliverances—but adore and love the dear Deliverer! I praise Him, that He keeps me outwardly moral and upright. But I praise Him a thousand times more for that perfection I have in Him, which no acts of mine can ever mar. I wonder at the way in which He has led me—but wonder more at the end to which He has brought me--and that is Himself! Yes, He has brought me unto the King with gladness and rejoicing, and I find Him the end of the law, the end of sin, the end of death—eternal life, love, and glory! I do, and must praise Him.

February 15th.—Love, Almighty love, is the blissful element in which I still dwell; oh, what soul-dissolvings and heart-ravishings do I there find! I seem all gone, and Christ is "all-in-all."

February 23rd.—How is my soul melted this morning, in the feeling of union, eternal union—yes, from everlasting. You, Jehovah, have "been our dwelling-place," and we have had a being in You; and now You have given us a conscious being, to know our privilege, and to triumph and glory in You.

February 25th.—I have had, last evening, a fiery dart from the enemy. But Jesus is my place of refuge. It was a very powerful suggestion of an IF, and how has my soul melted to find that my Beloved had felt the if before me. "IF You be the Son of God." Oh, my precious Christ, how sweet Your sympathy, how deep Your love, to bear the edge and force of all before it comes to me. It is safe to descend with You. To You afresh I commit myself, and hang on You alone. Your blood, Your righteousness, Your love, are all my plea; and, though earth and hell roar against me, here I must be safe.

April 2nd.—A dear friend this evening quoted Php 4:19; and such a fullness and glory has just beamed on my mind, in the word "according," as I never saw before. "According to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Who can get to the top and bottom of that? The Lord be pleased to show me more, for I know but as nothing. May 4th.—

"Hark! the name of Jesus sounded

Loud from golden harps above:

We may blush and be confounded,

Weak our praises, cold our love." Your name, dearest Lord, is as "ointment poured forth" to my soul; it renews the fire of love, and I long to praise You as I cannot.

"Hail! blissful dawn of endless day,

When sin shall cease, and death shall die;

And Christ His glory shall display,

And beam upon my longing eye."

Then shall I praise, and be absorbed in love! May 15th.—I feel powerfully today the attraction of love and divine drawings of my best Beloved. My heart rises heavenward and homeward, and anticipates the joy of being unceasingly absorbed in love, praise, and worship. Born of God, my spirit rises to God, and longs to be filled with God, and drink full draughts of bliss from the infinite Source of life, love, and holiness. Dearest Lord, I have so feared lest I have grieved You, lest anything should transpire which would cause me to be, in experience, more at a distance from You. Oh! let it not be; You must keep me close, for You are all to me. I ask for nothing earth can give—but I ask Your constant smile, Your constant love, Your constant dear embrace. I ask it in desires of Your own kindling, and leaving all creatures and circumstances to Your disposal: my happiness is not in them, it is Yourself I seek. And here I must be ardent, importunate. Oh, deny me not. While ever I dwell in the body, let me by faith rise much out of it, and be "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." I am too happy, and full of heaven, to work much today. I must keep joyful holiday: "The Lord will provide." Christ is my treasure and my "all-in-all." "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Evening.—This has, indeed, been as one of the days of heaven to my soul, a new beaming in of light, love, and glory. What indulgence! how undeserved! Surely, dearest Lord, You are proving that You are not offended with me, and that You will not leave me to anything which would, in the leastwise, separate from You. Bring me nearer yet, and let more of the fire of love burn in my soul. May 21st.—A sweet portion this morning in family reading. The word was Ezekiel 35:10. I felt the application thus—Though my enemies think to come and possess me, it is in vain, for the Lord is here before them. I am his own, and He will maintain and assert His right, in spite of earth, hell, and self. May 25th.—I desire this evening new givings-up unto the Lord, in all I have and am, that I may be more than heretofore for His glory; which He has afresh shown me is the only real end of my living, and the only right object for my desire and pursuit. I confess, with shame, my shortcomings, and that twice, lately, false and fleshly modesty has prevailed; so that, for fear of seeming too forward, and speaking too much in presence of more aged Christians, I have

restrained what I ought to have said in praise of my precious Christ. Oh, pardon me, my Beloved; let me not fear the creature, or mind creature-opinion. But, when others will not speak, make the tongue of Your stammering one speak out Your love and glory.

June 1st, Sabbath.—How sweet to my soul are these days of rest; they are only too short and too seldom. I would have every day a Sabbath. It is so, in one sense; soon it will be entirely so; one blissful, endless Sabbatism! I have had a sharp internal conflict today—but enjoyed the triumph of faith this evening. Many painful things have been presented to my mind, to affright and dismay me. But now my language is—Though "they compassed me about like bees, in the name of the Lord I will destroy them." And, should things so contrary to the flesh await me, I need not be "moved by these afflictions, knowing that we are appointed thereunto;" and, as Christ is my happiness, that will remain the same, let what will be without.

Dearest, precious Lord, I am Yours. I have willingly given myself to live only for You. I retract not; it is the privilege of love to do as You will with Your own. My desire is Your glory in and by me. This I ask. Oh, let it be so more and more; reveal Yourself more to me; glorify Yourself more in me; make me clearly understand Your will and Your way, and let me triumph in You at all times: let nothing hinder, let nothing ever intervene between You and me; it were worse than death to be at a distance. Never, oh, never let it be. But in nearest, dearest communion, do hold me amid all the changeful and yet unknown vicissitudes of the wilderness.

June 2nd.—

"Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross,

Where God my Savior loved and died."

I feel a little of those wonders this morning. My soul melts in the love and blood of my Beloved. By His cross I find death to sin, law, world, and myself. All my black guilt was here removed; "from condemnation I am free." Eternal praises to my dear Deliverer!

June 15th.—Another of these dear shadows of eternal rest, these days which our Father has given to spend with Him; they are dear to my heart, and seem doubly privileged to me, because favored with such quiet and retirement, so that I can enjoy Christ my Lord uninterruptedly. The temptation under which I suffered last week, and for some time past, has been quite broken in its power. To the Lord be the praise! "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear what can (flesh) do unto me."

June 22nd.—I have just seen a silly fly, sporting heedlessly close to a spider’s web, and most likely it would soon have sported into it--and have become fast entangled in the snare. But a friendly hand swept away the spider’s network, and thus removed the danger; while the heedless, helpless fly, was equally unconscious of both the danger and the preservation.

Ah! then, I thought, perhaps it is thus often with me! In an unseen snare I had been almost heedlessly caught. But the seeing eye, loving heart, and powerful arm of Jesus are mine! He beholds the intended mischief, defeats the wily worker, sweeps away the entangling thread--and thus preserves me from disaster! "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, You preserve my life . . . with Your right hand You save me!" Psalms 138:7

All praise be Yours, dear Lord, for known and unknown mercies and deliverances! Oh, may I never knowingly sport on the edge of sin--or trifle with temptation.

I was much melted in the house of God this evening, by these words, which came with Divine power, "He has made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin." Oh, how great and full did they appear! I am sure there are infinite depths, of which I yet know nothing.

July 10th.—I have had a good deal of spiritual indulgence and enjoyment lately. This morning I was mourning the absence of it, when the Lord graciously gave me a renewed insight into the life of faith, showing clearly how it is in Christ, and not in enjoyments; and how that, after great indulgence, it is salutary they should be withheld, to prove whether we are in anyway resting therein. Thanks to Him for all the lessons and discipline of love! This evening my soul thirsts and pants after Christ. It seems that one word comprises every desire and petition of my heart, "MORE OF CHRIST." Oh, my Father, deny me not. You have given; do reveal, unfold the gift. Make me, O holy Comforter, to know more of Him, in whom are concentrated all the glories and perfection of Deity and humanity.

July 13th.—Oh, my "Abba, Father," I can feelingly say, Your cabinet is full of jewels, and Your storehouse full of treasures. Your beloved Son, my precious Savior, Redeemer, and Surety, is full of radiant glories, ever new. I this day feel Him to be my heaven; let, I beg you, Your revealings and unfoldings be so distinct, and in such measure, that I may receive them to profit, and not lose one grain of such gold; for I find the wonders of Immanuel, in union to Him, so to multiply, that, without Your power to uphold and make definite, my little mind will be fairly overwhelmed in sweets, and retain none, because attracted by so many. Do not stay Your hand; it is not too much. I want to be absorbed in Him forever. But oh, enlarge, that what You do bestow may not be in vain—but may render back to You a hundredfold again.

August 10th.—"With bitter herbs shall you eat it." Methinks this has been my case today. Bitter, indeed, my felt sin and pollution. Precious, most precious, paschal Lamb, who has removed it from me, so that I am free forever; and, though feeling and loathing it, yet I trust it with Him, believing Him to be my perfection and purity.

August 16th.—Our Friday meeting was precious and powerful. In reading Numbers 19:1-22 and Hebrews 13:11-15, my soul was so overcome with the glories and love of Jesus, that I could scarcely find utterance. I have recently seen that there is much glory in His priesthood, and I long to have it more revealed. In truth, I saw Him last night to be such a glorious Priest, such a wondrous sacrifice, that I was lost in wonder. Praise Him, O my soul!

September 7th.—Let me note, for the Lord’s glory and my future encouragement, that having been for some time under a variety of trying, and seemingly adverse circumstances, my weak heart had somewhat failed and become faint, when last Monday the Lord seemed to say to me, "You are mine; I have redeemed you by my blood; trust your flesh with me, to do as I like with, and to bring through what I please." And He gave me ability to give up, and not seek after my own ease and gratification—but be willing for a succession of trials and contradictions, if the Lord should appoint them--embracing Him as my strength to bear them, and seeking only His glory. And I do here record, for His honor and my encouragement, that I find no cause to regret the exercise, or draw back the surrender. All has been well. The Lord will never harm those whom He loves; it is our own

folly in having a will, and striving to choose and manage matters, that brings our misery--and not what the Lord lays upon us.

September 20th.—"Blessed is the man who endures temptation." This Scripture is much on my mind, and it is very striking.

September 21st.—I feel this morning I must erect an "Ebenezer" to the Lord's praise and glory; not that we are brought out of trials—but for support and triumph in Christ, while in them. The way, as regards temporals, is quite dark. But I believe the Lord will work for us, though I see not how. All our temporal mercies are only lent to us; and, if all are recalled, there will be nothing unkind, it will only be to supply us in another way. I humbly confide in love, and embrace You, precious Christ, by faith, that I may trust and triumph in You, through all that awaits me. Without You I can do nothing.

September 24th.—Last evening, Psalms 23:1, was very sweet: "I shall not lack," seemed so positive, and also such a necessary consequence of the Lord being my Shepherd, as I never saw before. It seemed like this: To say "the Lord is my Shepherd," and yet to fear, is unpardonable. He will provide all that is really needful. My soul rose in confidence: "I will trust, and not be afraid!"

October 7th.—Very blessed have been the meditations the Lord has given me lately on the life and triumph of faith, as revealed in the Word—in Abraham, in the children of Israel, in Joshua, David, etc. What a book is the Bible, and what wonders are there revealed, which we find as the Holy Spirit anoints our eyes and opens our understandings. This word was very sweet to me this morning: "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." It came in reference to that matter on which I have such conflicts, encouraging me to view that state which I have counted gain, and to which I have most clung, "loss for Christ;" and further, having given up, not to be looking another way, or to another state or circumstance for gain—but still to go on, counting all things, at all times, loss for Christ, and take Him as my only gain. The Lord be pleased further to enlarge, explain, and make practical. "I can do all things through Christ, who strengthens me."

October 19th, Sabbath.—Being somewhat shut up in my feelings this morning, the Word came powerfully and sweetly, in Habakkuk 3:17-18. Here I see the privilege of faith, and how it hinges not on outward things, nor is it dependent even upon our own feelings: they are not the source of its triumph; its Author is its object, and its rejoicing is in the Lord. And, when all the desolation of ourselves is shown to ourselves, faith does not become disconsolate, for the Lord is still the same. Blessed truth! blessed triumph! Lord, teach me more!

November 16th.—It is said of Ruth, my namesake, "She sat beside the reapers;" and I think I do so too; for, indeed, I fare daintily, though, certainly, I seem to have my supply more from the hand of Boaz, than through any instrument. But yet His servants are made a blessing to me, and I give Him all the glory, both of what He gives and what He sends. Our meeting on Friday evening was most blessed indeed. We all seemed to feel the anointing, which is truth, and teaches all things. My own soul was melted with the wonders of union to Jesus, and free and sweet was my communion with Him. I see more and more how faith looks only forward and upward!

December 1st.—I rose this morning very depressed and faint-hearted—but the Lord has strengthened me by Genesis 46:2-4.

December 18th.—"I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto You, O Lord, will I sing." On Tuesday last, the 16th, we came suddenly into great affliction; my most dear mother being thrown down in the street by a horse and cart. I was not with her—but was told of it. It was a miracle her life was preserved. To the Lord be all glory and praise; and trust Him, O my soul!

December 25th, Christmas Day.—My dear mother is better—but still confined to her bed. I know not what is the Lord’s purpose—but I think He has brought me to lose my will in His. Yes, dear as my mother is, I do humbly trust my chief desire is the Lord’s will, and the Lord’s glory. To His praise I must acknowledge that the support and comfort He has given me have been wonderful! When ready to sink from fatigue and anxiety, He has upheld and revived me. When of myself I could not know what to do, He has counseled me. When my heart has been ready to break at the thought of a separation, He has kindly turned my eye to the things unseen and eternal, and restored peace, and kept my mind stayed upon Himself. What cause I have for thanksgiving, and what reason to trust Him still! I am fully engaged in attending upon my dear mother—but yet I had this morning some sweetness and power in connection with the wonder of wonders, "The Word made flesh." I cannot now meditate as closely as formerly—but, when it is good for me, that enjoyment will be restored. For the blessings of this affliction, so far, "Bless the Lord, O my soul;" and that, "unto us a child was born." "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" Welcome to our flesh, O Prince of life! All hail, O glorious "Second Adam," the Lord from heaven! "Hosannah to the Son of David!"

"Of all the dear objects beloved,

There’s none like the Savior to me." For SUCH a Savior, and such a Savior mine, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

01.19. 1846

1846

January 4th, Sabbath.—Dear day of sacred rest and heavenly peace. I cannot now go up to the house of the Lord to worship, because my dear mother requires my attendance. But the Lord of the house comes to me, and makes me happy in Himself! Though "He loves the gates of Zion," He neglects not "the dwellings of Jacob;" but sweetly visits His imprisoned ones with His love and favor, which are better than life. I feel most anxious that the new year may be full of Christ to me; that is, that my soul may be more filled with Him, and my life more spent for Him, that it has ever yet been. How it shall be accomplished, I leave to Himself. Amen, amen. I almost dreaded entering upon last week. But the Lord has been with me, and, through all, has helped me wonderfully. To His name be glory! I now look especially to Him for the week to come, and desire to cast my whole weight upon Him, doing which, I know I shall be borne up.

February 1st.—On reading the memoranda of the last two months, I am much melted to review and remember that, on the 1st of December, my heart was much encouraged from Genesis 46:3-4. It seemed as if the Lord told me not "to fear to go down into Egypt, for He would be with me." Since then, yes, on the 16th of that month, I did go into Egypt indeed. But my dear Lord has been with me, and now He seems to be bringing me up again, according to His word. But, if it be not so, and heavier trials await me, He still is with me, and it shall be well.

February 22nd, Evening.—I have been to the feast. My heart was pressed down with heaviness about my dear mother. "Oh that You would rend the heavens and come down, and that the mountains might flow down at Your presence." O Lord, hear me, I beseech You: O Lord, hear me, for my heart is sore pained within me, and I am so troubled, I can hardly speak. "I mourn in my complaint, and make a plea." O Lord, make haste to hear me, and deliver us. "Make no tarrying, O my God." Oh, let my mother live before You.

March 1st, Sabbath.—"Bless the Lord, O my soul," that again at our Friday evening meeting much power and blessedness were felt by us. Unworthy I had very strengthening, ravishing views of our "Well-Beloved;" truly and surely Christ was all, and then how little, how verily nothing, am I. It is astonishing that such a worm should be so favored with discoveries of His beauty, who "is fairer than the children of men;" and on whom saints and angels gaze with ineffable delight. But, after all, I know not yet a thousandth part of what He is, and what I have in Him. Oh, for more unfoldings; the door of faith is open; may I enter farther, and yet farther; it is heaven begun, in Jesus to abide; it is as if the pearly portals were thrown back, and open entrance given to one yet dwelling in mortality. Oh! that my lips, my life, and every action, might speak His praise and glorify His name, who is a heaven to me! A most blessed sermon this morning from Psalms 72:17, especially these words, "And men shall be blessed in Him;" which "Him" was sweetly and truly applied to a precious Christ. My soul was feasted with marrow and fatness, and I praised the Lord with joyful lips.

Evening.—Another sermon full of Christ. To the Lord be all the glory! Oh, what a happy, blessed day this has been to my soul; I would like every day a Sabbath. Dear Lord, be with me through the week. Oh, leave me not, I beseech You.

March 3rd.—How plainly do I see this morning, that as the eye of faith is fixed singly upon Christ, we are ready for anything to which He calls us. But as we are walking by sense, and looking at things "seen," we are fit for nothing; the hands hang down, and the knees are feeble.

March 8th, Evening.—A beam of light breaks in upon my soul. One great cause of gloom has been, that I am so much like a drone in the Lord's service, and have done and can do so little. He has now shown me how varied are the different offices and employments of His children. Some have their work outside, much seen and noticed—bringing those in who are afar off by wicked works; others are all within doors, they have a quiet, unobserved path, just among the living family, with whom is all their engagement, and about whom is most of their solicitude. "But the Lord has need of them;" and in them, however feeble, He can honor Himself; although often they say, when looking at others, I am but a "dry tree." Well, dear Lord, You have untied one hard knot, and I say—content; content, if You will be honored in me. It is all I want. Anyhow, anywhere that pleases You, only let me know that I am in Your service, which is so sweet that I would abide in it fervently to my life's end; even if I knew I should not see Your face in glory.

[Reader, this may seem a hard saying—but it contains the very germ of a godly jealousy and divine love. Jehovah's glory—not the creature's happiness—is the great object of faith, next to the person of Christ himself.]

April 2nd.—My ever dear mother has had a whisper from the Lord this morning, as soon as she awoke; it was this, "Come unto me, all who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," etc. She said, "Oh, it was sweet." Bless the Lord for this gleam of light.

April 12th, Sabbath.—My dear mother has been to the sanctuary this morning, perhaps for the last time; for, indeed, I see her growing weaker. May our precious Lord glorify Himself all through the dispensation, and reveal Himself powerfully and graciously to us both; and for the rest, His will be done. He only knows my heart-anguish; He only sees my secret tears of keenest sorrow. But, yet, His will be done. Ten thousand thanks to Him for the sweet feast I have had in His house this morning; the text, Genesis 24:31-32. The minister spoke of Abraham as a type of the Father; of Isaac, as Christ; of Eliezer, the messenger to Rebekah, as a type of the Spirit, and of Rebekah, as the Church; that is, in this matter. Some might think it strained—but it did not seem so to me; and very sweetly did the truths, and the love of Jesus, flow into my soul, making me forget all my sorrows, and rejoice greatly in Him, my precious Isaac, who loved me before I heard of Him; and who was not only laid on the altar, as Isaac was—but was also really put to death for my sake, and was raised, too, from the dead in my nature, all glorious; a fitting Bridegroom for His Church, glorified in His glory. And the dear Comforter has come, and told me of His love, and loving-kindness, and made me willing to leave all to go to this rich, blessed Isaac; and, surely, we have met, for Christ and I are one; and I know the sweetness and privilege of Isaiah 54:5. Bless the Lord, who has blessed you, O my soul.

April 19th.—My dear mother seems a little better today. This word exceedingly sweet to my soul: "You are not your own." Then whose am I? His who has bought me with the immense, the

amazing price of His own precious blood. My heart bounds with rapture to be His, and not my own; I feel He is my present heaven.

April 24th.—Much pressed with anxiety this week; and many fears lest the care which devolves upon me should cause me to be in the leastwise farther from Jesus. Dear Lord, keep me close, very close to You. I think we are, as regards my dear mother's soul, like Simeon and Anna, waiting for the "Consolation of Israel."

April 25th, Saturday.—My dear mother seems weak. This evening I read John 14:1-31, and Mr. S— prayed, during which she evinced unusual fervency. Afterwards, I expressed my hope that the Lord would yet appear; with much energy the loved one replied, "I believe He will, I trust Him for it." This word has been most sweet to me today: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up;" especially this part, "take me up."

April 26th.—On reviewing the past month, I fear I have walked too much after the flesh, especially the last two weeks. How has my fond heart clung and turned about to its darling object, now fast withering from my warm embrace. Dear Jesus, pardon all that has been undue sorrow and tenderness; fix my eye singly on Yourself, and in You may I triumph even now. And can I triumph? Oh, yes, I can. I shall, if You will please to make and keep me single-eyed and single-hearted. I am accustomed, on these days, anew to give up myself, and my all to You. I desire to do so now without reserve. What, oh, what will have transpired before this sacred season returns? May I then have to erect an Ebenezer to the Lord's praise; and may I and my dear mother triumph yet together in Jesus. I desire to rise and shake myself from the dust, to which I have too much cleaved. Oh, precious Well-Beloved, surely I have felt the fibers of Your love today; and my soul says, "Set me as a seal upon Your heart, as a seal upon Your arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave." "O Love! O Life Divine! I would be only Yours." Come, with Your conquering charms, and all absorb this longing soul of mine! Through flood or flame, with You it is safe to go. Lead on, O precious One, and be Yourself my courage, and get great glory by all that befalls me. You, my Lord, do seem to strengthen me; and how I long, through the dark scenes approaching, to honor You. Do let it be so, my glorious, precious Savior. May 5th, Tuesday.—I have felt last evening and this morning as if I did not half pray, and were not half in earnest. The Lord help me to pray more earnestly. This morning, at family worship, had strong cries for free mercy, free pardon, free grace, free love; all irrespective of the worthiness of the object—all free indeed. My dear mother seemed to weep abundantly, and feel deeply. May 20th, Thursday Morning, 7 o'clock.—What means this? My soul is at the mercy-seat, crying to my Abba, Father, "A shower of blessings, a shower of blessings!" and it is as if the word to me is "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it." Oh, is the mercy so long sought at hand? Father, glorify Your own name.

June 14th, Sabbath.—My loved mother rather weaker in body, and much weaker in mind. But, through mercy, collected upon spiritual subjects; and though not more comforted, still deeply anxious. This morning, when taking her medicine, she said—

"When I can read my title clear

To mansions in the skies—"

I said, "What then?" She replied, "I'll bid farewell to every fear;

And wipe my weeping eyes."

I said, "Would you wish to fly away and leave me?" She said, feelingly, "Yes." This afternoon, as I sat writing to a dear sister, she spontaneously said, "Oh that the Lord would reveal Himself, and prepare me for heaven!" "Do you long for it?" I said. "Yes, more; yes, more and more." I have to raise a new Ebenezer to the Lord's glory, in that He has helped me triumphantly through a very heavy week, proving that "all things are possible" with Him. Oh! what happiness have I felt in soul, while the body has been greatly weighted. Christ has, indeed, been a glorious all to me.

June 28th.—This morning I thought my dearest mother spoke, and, listening on the stairs, I heard her say, feelingly, "Lord Jesus, pardon me. Blessed Jesus, look on me. Speak the word only, and I shall be healed. Do, Lord. O Lord, grant it." Yesterday I heard her say, "Have mercy, have mercy."

During the last month the Lord has been very gracious to unworthy me, in upholding under the most painful circumstances; there have been bitters in my cup such as I never expected—but my precious Well-Beloved is still sweetness. Oh, may He be glorified in this dispensation, and may I understand what He intends me to learn in and by it. I have felt very ill during the last week, at times nearly sinking. But I am held up hitherto, and shall be. It is when sense looks at the waves I feel sinking; thus it was on Thursday evening. Almost more feelingly than ever, I joined Jacob in saying, "All these things are against me." Sorrowful indeed were the tears I shed. But, alas! this was "my infirmity," for good is all the will of the Lord concerning me; and again I will "remember the years of the right-hand of the Most High." Dearest Lord, do keep me from dishonoring You, and do yet, somehow, be greatly glorified in what is now befalling us.

July 12th, Sabbath.—On Wednesday last, my ever dear mother had an attack most sudden and alarming; and, from its effects, I believe, is sinking into the arms of death, even at this very time. My anguish is very acute; it seems as if the tie that makes us one would not give way—but must be cut to sever us. I try to give her up. I do so and feel so. But when I think her going, the anguish comes again. There is no further manifestation, except a sweet pleading with the Lord, very evident. Twice it has seemed if death was upon her, and she could not revive; and now she is gradually sinking away—but peace breathes in her chamber. The Son of peace is here, and I trust we shall yet see more of His glory, and praise Him together on earth. Yet His will, not mine, be done.

July 26th.—The Lord has indeed "shown us great and sore troubles." It has seemed, at times, as though I could not live under the distressing pressure and peculiar trial. But "hitherto the Lord has helped," and I am sure He is doing all things well. I have this day been led to remember, how at different times I have devoted all I have to the Lord, and no devoted thing is to be redeemed. So now that He is putting everything, almost, into the furnace, I have no right to complain or draw back. I am to live upon the Lord, when all else is withdrawn, and so doing I shall have no lack. The Lord keep me in this fiery trial, and hour of temptation. I am sure His eye is upon us, as the skillful, loving Refiner; and, though my flesh often faints and fails, He is "the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

August 30th.—

"As myrrh, new bleeding from the tree,

Such is a dying Christ to me."

Precious in His blood, precious in His dying, precious in His rising again, is my glorious Lord. This is Sacrament-day; I cannot go up to the feast—but the great Master has brought me my portion; yes, He Himself my portion is, and truly "my soul does magnify the Lord, and my spirit does rejoice in God my Savior," saying, "God forbid that I should boast, except in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Evening.—My Christ, my glorious Sun, seems so large and full in my soul, as if I could see no other object; oh, may I study Him more, and be absorbed in and with Him.

September 13th.—My dearest mother much the same. My Jesus all and all-sufficient. The past week a heavy one—but brought through it blessedly. In the coming week much labor in prospect. But, "looking unto Jesus," it will only be a new source of triumph to His glory. Still waiting and watching for the Lord in the soul of my loved one—on Him we cannot wait in vain. Much refreshed today by reading a sermon on Hebrews 13:8. Oh how often do we legalize and carnalize. But what unceasing triumph and imperishable blessedness we have in Christ. My heart leaps for joy, though in great outward tribulation (1 Corinthians 1:31; Isaiah 45:25). Oh! to glory and boast in Him all the day long, and all the night too.

September 27th.—Great have been the Lord’s mercies to me the last month. My dear mother’s many infirmities have much increased. But I cannot resign my post to another. I wish to minister to my dear one to the last. It is not I—but Christ in me, who works. Praise Him, O my soul! My dearest mother’s death appears to be drawing near—but the Lord has not yet spoken peace. I seem to hold Him here in faith and prayer, that He will hold her body in life until the vision has spoken which shall soften the pang of parting, and gain to our dear Lord glorious praise. Oh! that I may yet have this Ebenezer of Ebenezers to erect to the Lord, on the dark ground of separation. All hail! beloved Savior; You have done wonders. Oh! do yet greater marvels, I beseech You. My Christ is my rest and refreshing, in all my weariness: as I lean on Him, I triumph; when I confer with flesh, and look to creatures, I get shame and loss. The unknown future is coming, when I must stand alone in this dark, dreary wilderness. But then my Beloved will be all-sufficient, and perhaps He is withholding Mrs. B—, whom I desired in this time of need, that Himself may be all to me.

October 6th, Tuesday.—I am watching beside the dying bed of my dearest mother; I think she can hardly live through the day—no word of power in her soul, and her mind quite rambling. I desire to be this day in great stillness from fleshly avocations, and to wait much on the Lord in this chamber of death.

October 7th, Wednesday.—My dear mother still lives—but is evidently sinking. The Lord has not spoken—but I hope I am coming to feel completely, "Your will be done." I have had nothing special from the Lord but this word, "As one whom his mother comforts, so will your God comfort you;" and this has been reiterated in my soul again and again.

[And what could you want more, dear Ruth? What does not this precious promise comprehend and embrace?] October 8th, Thursday.—The dearest of mothers left this sorrowful world at a quarter-past six this morning.

October 10th.—With wonderful cordials, and comforts of love divine, has the Lord supported my aching heart; indeed, He is fulfilling His promise, "As one whom his mother comforts, so will your God comfort you."

October 11th, Sabbath.—Still the Lord is wonderful in working, and most tenderly ministers strong consolation to my needy soul. He did not please to speak with power in my dear mother's soul—but He has in mine about her, since her departure; and a sweet assurance I have that she is now in glory; "not lost—but gone before." I am often ready to sink—but the Lord revives and restores me, to my astonishment.

[Reader, the Lord may not answer His people in their time and in their way—but He does in His own. Ruth expected a word from the Lord before her beloved one's departure. It pleased the Lord, in the exercise of His divine sovereignty, to withhold that word until after her removal; and then gave consolation by a calm, sober assurance centering in and upon Himself, rather than upon a word spoken by Himself. Reader, do you comprehend the distinction? Was it not upon the same ground that the Shunammite exclaimed, "It shall be well"? Had she as yet, or at the time, any direct word from the Lord? We think not. And yet she was not confounded in regard to her simple but blessed venture upon the Lord.]

October 15th, Thursday—Funeral-day.—The dear remains conveyed to the tomb, "in sure and certain hope of the joyful resurrection." A day to be remembered. In the waterfloods He is with me.

October 18th, Sabbath.—Oh, what multiplied mercies I have to record. While the dear body lay in the house, there was a solemn holy convocation to the Lord, who did graciously minister, and bring out choice and spiced wines for sustaining and reviving. "Devout men," and dear brethren, carried my loved one to her resting-place. They told me there was a peculiar and holy solemnity through the service; and I am sure in this house of mourning, there was a holy calm, and love and peace breathing through each heart. I felt it sweet to belong to the dear living family, and to be in the midst of them. While my dear mother lived, I was once looking forward to the day of her funeral, and the Lord gave me this promise, "When you pass through the waters, I will be with you;" and most lovingly and faithfully did He fulfill it. Yesterday my heart was rent and riven in feeling; my loved one gone; it was a heavy day. The Lord lift me out of the flesh! I find over-much sorrow brings darkness instead of light.

October 25th.—Oh, may Jesus clearly mark my path; already more than one way has presented itself. I wait His guidance. Lord, I beseech You—let the pillar of cloud be visible to faith by day, and the pillar of fire by night.

November 22nd, Monday.—My poor heart is low indeed this morning. Memory brings back, and affection entwines again around its object; and every word and every look revived, is precious, though piercing. But my spirit strives and longs to look only at Jesus, my Best-Beloved. Oh, to look up instead of back! Mine is indeed a widowed state, for the only one on earth in whom my heart fully confided is gone. Blessed Jesus, take these lingering affections, and cause them to be wholly absorbed in Yourself. Oh, fill up all the void, and consign not this poor, this too fond heart, to any other earthly bosom, as a resting-place for love.

How solacing is the use of the pen; it is a luxury indeed, which has often and often soothed my anguished spirit; and, when too full of joy, the overflowings have thus gathered up as a store for

future times of scarcity; and both these kinds of musings have had their after-use, as well as present relief. Mine has been the benefit: to my God be all the glory. Last week I had a small house empty, and with no hope of renting it; also, some mischievous people stole one of its outer doors. I expected to have the expense of a new one this week. But I told the Lord of it and He has made them bring it back in the night; it was in the night they stole it. Ebenezer. That door will now be of value to me, as a proof of an answer to prayer.

December 6th.—I have had great soul exercise about letting my maid go—and being left alone, night and day. I never had been; and now, in my deep sorrow, and so soon after my great loss, it made me almost tremble. But yet I could not feel at liberty to ask anyone to sleep in the house, for fear I should dishonor the Lord. I felt something like Ezra, in Ezra 8:22, and I knew the Lord would be with me. So I did not tell any friend—but the Lord overruled it that M. C—, who had been staying with me (quite casually), overheard us talking about it, and consequently asked me of the matter, feeling grieved to leave me alone; then followed a message from her mother (who knew nothing of this), saying, she did not want her, if well; so altogether it seemed of the Lord's doing that she should stay with me, and His blessing is with us. I take this little matter as a token for good, and believe, that as the Lord has begun to direct manifestly, He will go on to do so in all things. This is my earnest desire. M. C— is gone out today; and I am outwardly alone—but not lonely. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

We both had a message from the Lord, in His house, by His servant, this morning, each according to our case. Mr. B— spoke of the impropriety of growing slack in the Lord's service, through the pressure of our own personal or relative trials; and oh! what fear I felt, lest the deep I had been feeling should become so absorbing as to weaken my hands in the Lord's cause. May He prevent it. I trust it was a word in season, though somewhat sharply spoken. Oh! it is good to be rebuked by our dear Lord when needful. I desire to cast myself as a "mite" into the Lord's treasury, to be used in His service, for His glory.

December 27th, Sacrament Sabbath.—These are my review-days; and I must testify to the Lord's honor that the last has been a month of peculiar mercies; and I do trust my poor heart is somewhat strengthened in the Lord. How much I feel my loss and loneliness, He only knows. But He can make this wilderness and solitary place glad by His presence. He can, for His own glory, make it blossom as the rose. My heart seems anew prompted to seek His glory above everything; and so I yield, by the constraining power of love, myself, my circumstances, my feelings, to the will and wisdom of my Almighty Bridegroom, believing His love to unworthy me is a sure guarantee from all harm. I desire that Christ's love may be active, instead of self-love; and Christ-seeking, instead of self-soothing and self-pitying. Dear Lord, renew old lessons with new power, and raise me triumphantly above myself.

December 31st, Thursday Evening.—The last day of 1846; a most eventful year—but one of great mercies. And how shall I close it?—with praise. The Lord has brought poor me through wonders. What I have most feared has come upon me—but I have been upheld until now; my loved one, my dearest earthly friend, has left me. But the Lord has comforted me, and, looking up, I still find triumph in Christ. I feel an increase of confidence in the Lord for the future; afresh I commit all my way to Him, and it will not be in vain. The Lord is my helper; He has strengthened me with strength in my soul—and I expect to see more wonders. To God alone be glory! Amen, and amen.

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January 1st.—The first day of my first year alone. May my heart and life be very full of Christ; and may the Lord be pleased very plainly to show me the way in which I should go; I humbly trust I have had Divine renewings in the life of faith this week. How sweet in every state to live on Jesus by simple faith, for the present moment, and leave the rest with Him; looking to Him instead of looking to my dear one gone, the loneliness has been lost. I do think that by Him this "solitary place" is beginning to blossom as the rose; Lord, increase my faith. I give this year and my heart to You. Oh, fill them with Yourself!

January 10th, Night.—I have committed all my way to Jesus; and I believe His very love and faithfulness ensure me that it will not be in vain. I trust I shall here have to record His mercies, and that He will so plainly show me His way, that I may say, "The thing proceeds from the Lord; I cannot speak bad or good." My earnest desire is the glory of my most precious Jesus, "who loved me, and gave Himself for me." To minister to His dear saints in soul and body, as He shall give me ability--is my delight. I say, with Abigail, "Let Your handmaid be a servant, to wash the feet of the servants of my Lord." I also have desires for a quiet, secluded life, as hitherto—little with the world, much with Jesus; and I long to do all things spiritual and secular for Christ's sake, not my own, not to the creature. The glories of my Well-Beloved have beamed upon me this evening, so that I longed to be away, fully beholding, and fully enjoying. When will these dusky shadows of mortality have fled away, and the presence, love, and glories of my kinsman Redeemer burst upon me in eternal day?

"Oh, happy souls, who dwell in light,

And walk with Jesus, clothed in white." And happy we, who walk by faith in the same perfection, and see through the lattices--beams of the same glory. Bless Him, O my soul, who has so much blessed you—your God, your glory. A day to be remembered. May that which has begun in prayer, end in praise. "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it."

January 12th, Tuesday.—I trust I have found solid profit from the exercises of Saturday and Sunday. To the Lord be all the glory! Earnest desire and longings renewed in my soul to "live Christ," and for Him only. This morning I visited the sacred spot where rest in peace the ashes of my dearest mother. My desire was, at that grave, to give myself afresh to the Lord, and seek His guidance. I thought, she is not here, "she is risen." Would I see and commune with my mother, I must look up, and not down. My heart longed to be with Jesus, in the land of perfect love and joy. He it is who attracts my warmest aspirations. But, if He will be honored in me here, will I not gladly stay a little longer? My Lord, You know all I mean and feel. "Your will be done." These hands and feet, this heart and tongue, and my whole self, afresh I consecrate to You. Will You deign to accept and use the humble offering of that which is Your own? Oh, be with me through life, be especially with me in death, and then take me to be with You forever. I am melted by my many

outward comforts; "all this, and Christ too!" why me so favored? May my heart and hand be open to the poor and needy. My dear, dear mother, I wish you joy, and I hail you blessed. I would not have you here to sigh and suffer. You freed and happy spirit, range over those bright plains of light, gaze on those glories too brilliant for the eyes of mortals, rise higher and higher still in those pure regions, where reigns eternal love; and sing your anthems, glad and rapturous, in praise of Him who died for you and me, and soon I shall join you; until then would I follow on to know the Lord, and, though feebly, praise Him, too, in lip and life.

January 20th.—A good deal weighed down yesterday, and many fears about the future, during which I had this word: "those who sow to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption"—it was profitable. I saw I was too much seeking fleshly ease; also, a word from my dear sister was very rousing to me; she spoke of those who "live alone, like the snail in its shell; who neither trouble others, nor will be troubled themselves." I felt this was almost what I was wishing for. But it must not be. Live for myself? Oh, no, precious Jesus, choose my way—but lead me plainly on, and may I live for You, and only You. Today this word is sweet, "Take my yoke upon you; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

February 7th.—Tomorrow it will be four long months since my dear mother was loosed from mortality; how short to you, my loved one! Your anthems, your raptures, are but begun; you cannot yet have had half your fill of the beauties of that dear countenance, once "marred more than any man's," now glorious beyond human conception. Gaze on, happy spirit, and praise higher, higher, higher still--HIM whom we both adore! With me Time seems to have got his wheels clogged; they have moved heavily since you have left me; never did the months seem so long. Oh, when shall I, too, have my fill of love, and my longing soul be satisfied in the very presence and fruition of His glories who, even here in Meshech, is to me so ravishingly dear and delightsome? Stay; the moment is fixed by infinite wisdom. I shall not overpass that bound; until then, whether the space be long or short, may it be filled right full of Christ, and I live for Him only and always. Amen. This first week in this month has been peculiarly favored. How shall I praise? Lord, teach me! You deserve nobler songs than I can raise. But let my soul, my lips, my life--let all praise my glorious Lord. Let me have no will, no wish—but Your glory. But be pleased to let me plainly know Your mind. I abide in You, Jesus, for the answer.

February 15th.—Oh, to live Christ only, Christ always, to be ever lost in Him! This is all my happy spirit wants. Sweetest, loveliest Jesus! it cannot be made to appear by pen and ink what glories I have found in You. You have brought me hitherto wonderfully. Ebenezer. "The lame take the prey." I still am weak in the flesh, and "halting upon my thigh." I cannot walk another step but in Your strength. Oh, lead me on; sight forward I have none. Grant me more of the promptings of the sweet Spirit. Be, O my Beloved, my understanding therein, and my willingness and ability to obey: for You are all to me.

March 14th.—I am perplexed about going to London. Dear Lord, make a plain path for my feet, and let me know it, I beseech You.

Evening.—Just now encouraged by Elijah; he seemed to be waiting upon the Lord in prayer, while his servant watched; and, though he sent six times for nothing, on the seventh the answer came. So, although I have been many times looking up for direction about London, and have seen nothing, I desire still to wait and watch, trusting that the Lord will speak.

April 4th—London—Sunday.—Arrived in town on Thursday. I had a safe and pleasant journey; all fear of railroad traveling taken away; and I was much blessed and favored of the Lord. Oh, that this day I may be lost in Christ, and Christ found in me.

April 28th, Wednesday.—Returned home on Monday, favored with journeying mercies.

June 6th.—I feel I am like a wife who has long lived in free and affectionate fellowship with her beloved. But all is now shut up: there is no speaking on one side, and but little on the other. Oh, it is cutting work; and I have this morning said to my dear Lord, "I cannot bear it; I cannot bear it." I know all the fault is mine; may I also know what it is.

June 13th.—I trust I have had some sweet renewings in the life of simple faith; and that chiefly from reading former memoranda, as an instrument. The power is from above.

June 26th, Sacrament-day.—I desire fresh resignings of my whole self and concerns to the Lord's will. The flesh trembles, unbelief struggles, and carnal reason says--I never can enjoy happiness on earth. Well, if I cannot in the flesh, in social endearments, my happiness in Christ is unbroken. Here may I triumph, when all else is dreary. I have had special mercies this month, and proved it good to give one's self to the Lord in the dark, for His whole will.

[Reader, remember, it is "in the dark" that faith works, and waits, and watches. Here, "in the dark," faith lives, and moves, and has its being.]

July 6th, my Birthday.—Some sweet soul-meltings in the morning, in the love of Jesus, and fresh resignings of my whole self to the Lord during the day, that He may be more specially glorified in me.

July 25th.—Happy in Jesus! Much blessed in reading a sermon on 1 Corinthians 12:9-10; it is, indeed, marrow and fatness, just the experience I love: willing to be nothing, that Christ may be all in all. How blessed is my condition! Though so vile a sinner in myself; yet chosen and beloved in Christ from all eternity; every blessing for time, all glory for eternity, secured to me in Him! Himself my blissful portion! Himself my endless treasure! Himself my ocean of love, my God and my glory! "My soul does magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior." Oh, to spend and be spent in service for His glory.

Evening.—At the sacrament this evening I was inwardly prompted to give myself peculiarly to the Lord for the coming month. I had heart-tremblings, lest it should be a prelude to some heavy trial. But, whatever may be coming, I am quite sure, that looking unto Jesus, I shall be more than conqueror in all things in Him: because, being one with the conquering Head, I must rise into His victories, and by my very defeats I shall be more abased, and He more exalted. Oh, my sweetest, loveliest Jesus! honor Yourself in me this once again; appear manifestly for me. Oh, let it be seen in me, that it is not in vain to trust alone in You! You know, some friends reproach me that I do not make more effort to find someone to lodge in my house. Plainly, dear Lord, show me what to do; and then show me that I have done all according to Your word. You know, dear Lord, that I eat not the bread of idleness; my hands are daily diligent in labor. I bless You for my sanctified employment. Oh, bless the labor of my hands, and in my other matters graciously come forth unto me as the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, that herein I may have to record Your wonders. Amen.

July 27th.—As I have for some time been intensely anxious to know the Lord’s will and way about my concerns, and have sometimes felt almost overwhelmed by the delay and suspense, my prayer today has been to be humbled into entire submissiveness to the Lord’s will; that, however long He may delay the answer, I may not repine. But seek to glorify Him in my present circumstances, and thankfully enjoy my many mercies. It has been a day of deep exercise—but I was blessed this morning from these words, "Regard not your stuff, for the good of all the land of Egypt is before you." Seal home this word, O Lord, and quiet my conflicting bosom. It seems at times as if I must sink under what presses upon me. But anon, my Beloved says, "My grace is sufficient for you."

August 1st.—Outward circumstances not altered—but the burden of them greatly gone. I see faith must go on trusting the Lord. "Commit everything you do to the Lord. Trust him, and He will help you." Psalms 37:5. "Trust in the Lord with all your heart; do not depend on your own understanding. Seek His will in all you do, and He will direct your paths." Proverbs 3:5-6. He Himself has brought me to the first part of these words, and will He fail to fulfill the second? Oh, never, never! He will as surely guide me, as He has enabled me to acknowledge Him, and commit all to Him. Our precious Christ is "the Amen, the faithful and true Witness." He is the Amen to every prayer of faith, and, when thus sealed with the King’s signet, no man or devil can reverse it; and He is the faithful Witness to see all faith’s expectations accomplished, as He says, "All things whatever you ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive." How strengthening! what a solid rock it feels to my weary feet. My deep concern has been to know the Lord’s will about outward matters. Precious Savior, grant me an answer of peace. Faith looks right on, and wavers not, whoever may oppose.

August 22nd.—Many fears today, lest I am in any way sinking into a life of sense. Earnest pleadings to be renewed in a life of simple faith. I trust You to glorify Yourself in my present circumstances, and not to let a solitary feeling cast me down; also, as the sin of my fallen nature has been active, to my grief, I desire to renew my trust in the sin-atoning sacrifice of a precious Christ. Being Sunday night, I am feeling dreary and lonely. But no, it must not be, it is thus that my foe gains ground. "I will trust and not be afraid" even now. Lord, help, increase faith, and let me not be beaten off this time—but gain an inch or two upon Satan, unbelief, and carnal reason--my close pursuers! I must trust, I will, I do trust to trust more. I have sown in tears today. But how strengthening to the soul is trusting; how very weakening is fear, misgiving, and doubt; they not only betoken weakness—but they increase it.

August 27th.—Shall Rahab hang out her scarlet line, and, trusting the word of men, whom she never saw before--feel assured of safety, and thus, by faith, perish not? And shall I, with the scarlet blood of Christ upon my conscience, and with my Father’s assurance that all such shall be eternally safe, shall I doubt it? Lord forbid! And shall I hang out the appointed token for His direction, which He has promised to regard, even in all my ways acknowledging Him? or shall I fear that He will break His word, and leave me to take my own way, or a wrong one? Ah! never; the Lord forbid!

August 31st.—Today I have been, most unexpectedly, requested to become a visitor at the Refuge; I felt most sensibly my own unfitness, and thought I never could engage in the work. But then I knew, if the Lord called me to it, that He would be my ability--for He loves to use things of

nothing. It is singular, that for a long time, I have yearned towards this institution, and much wished to see it, and have even planned how to do so. But now a message comes beforehand. I think really it is from the Lord, on whom I have long been waiting, to show me how to honor and serve Him. Opened upon Acts 10:1-48, at tea-time, and was much melted; it seems something like Cornelius and Peter being prepared for, and sent to, each other. That verse, too, melted me, "Go with them, doubting nothing: for I have sent" you. If the dear Lord should send me to some one, as He went to the woman of Samaria! It is strange! He sends for one who is holding back; I know another ready, and willing, and more prepared. But, as yet, she is not called. Show me Your will, and let this be the rule of my decision.

September 5th.—Surely few are so favored as unworthy I. The "bottles of heaven," as Toplady calls them, were this morning poured into my willing, wandering soul most blessedly; and, in contemplations of my blessed Lord, for very love, taking my nature to be one with Himself forever, I could only weep and sing, love and wonder.

September 6th, Night.—I have this evening had a short walk, and taken a trifling token of love to a friend; and thus did I ponder, as alone I walked: Suppose two people had in their gardens choice flowers; one loves to see them flourish, and cannot touch or allow them to be touched by any one; the other loves to pick the very choicest, and gather them, to present to the heart's cherished friend; which has the highest enjoyment? I immediately decided the latter. These were but common thoughts—but immediately it followed: My sweet mother was my heart's loveliest flower; my precious Jesus is my very best, choicest Friend. Would I withhold that flower from Him? Would I rather see it still half bloom in this withering climate, than present it to my dearest Friend, to open out fully in the sunshine-region of His immediate glory? Most adorable Immanuel, You know I would withhold nothing from you. I would find all only in You.

[Reader, should you have been the subject of bereavement, may the Lord apply this sweet thought of the blessed Ruth's to your troubled heart. Think of gifts to, as well as from, Jesus; and how condescending He, to receive such gifts from the hand of faith. "The Lord gave, and the Lord has TAKEN AWAY; blessed be the name of the Lord."]

September 23rd, Thursday.—No small tempest has lain upon me for several days, and I have been at times at my wit's end, crying to the Lord to know the right way—but no moving of the cloud. It were comparatively easy to wait—but for the pressing need of money, and none coming. This week is wearing away, and during the next I expect the tax-gatherer; my heart starts, at times, with the thought how near it is; I have read of such straits—but never so closely felt them. Three ways in which I thought supplies might come have been a blank; faith is at times almost failing, unbelief strives hard, and my dear Lord only knows what I suffer. If He will but show me how to be employed, so as to meet my outgoings, I shall be thankful. Much of this day spent in weeping and crying to the Lord, over my needle; this evening I am a little revived. I see I am looking too much at probabilities, as if the Lord were straitened for a means to help me. Lord, I now humbly believe You are able to do this, although it seems a hard case, and the sum I need is large. I am encouraged by 2 Kings 7:1-20, and also find that in Paul's tempest the ship was wrecked, and themselves cast out the tackling. So may I cast away all human props, and launch out in "venturesome believing." But, oh! the throes of trembling fear, that intermingle!

["Venturesome believing"—the quintessence of faith.]

September 24th, Friday.—What further awaits me is unknown; it is a new scene, indeed—but Christ is all in all. It is said of Daniel, "no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God;" and I do now believe it will be thus with me; faith revives, though trials abound, and I may yet have to drink deeper of the bitter cup.

September 27th, Monday.—I rose this morning with a very heavy heart, and seemed to have this word given me: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." I was graciously relieved and blessed at family worship, and, although my flesh has since had a wound, my spirit was helped to yield to the will of Almighty Love. No movement in providence yet—but I believe I shall not wait in vain.

September 30th.—Much tried in the flesh, much blessed in the spirit. I am afresh in love with the Prince of life and glory. I desire to lie down at His dear feet, and feelingly to say, "Father, glorify Your name."

October5th.—Still in the same outward perplexities. I seem every day to come to the very sinking-point, and that is the turning-point. But, when overwhelmed, the dear Lord revives and comforts me, by His Word or otherwise, so that I go on again; and, indeed, have most precious visits from my glorious Well-Beloved in this time of trial. His love most sweetly solaces my lonely heart, so that I do praise and adore Him.

October 8th.—This day I complete my first year of widowhood, and solemnly commemorate the release of my dear mother from mortality. How tender are the Lord’s mercies to unworthy me. This afternoon, when going to my loved one’s resting-place, just as I drew near the spot, these words came with power: "The maid is not dead—but sleeps." My soul was melted and comforted. It was so sweet to be thus reassured, and it was a check to the swellings of grief. The past has been a year of amazing mercies, though one of sharp trial and deep sorrow in the flesh. I am at this time in peculiar straits—but the Lord is with me; and I trust to walk at large with Him, although in the furnace. It is singular, I have today had to go to the Refuge for the first time; I trust the Lord was with me.

October 12th.—What a feast have I had this evening from these words, "God manifest in the flesh;" or, rather, it is the substance of the mystery which is my joy, and not the words merely. "The Word was made flesh." In my flesh I see God; and here is the spring of my bliss and glory for time and eternity. I feel my heaven begun, and my glad soul would go forth, like Miriam, with the timbrels, in the dance, to the honor and praise of my saving, conquering Lord, who scorned not the lowly door of Mary’s womb, that He might afterwards take my flesh, all-glorious, through the heavenly gates and everlasting doors which were lifted up to receive the King of Glory. I wonder, I worship, and think time tardy which keeps me from beholding Him. Hallelujah! Hosanna to the Son of David! Surely some new trouble is at hand, my soul is so blessed and favored with the sweet love of Jesus, in its incomings and overflowings. The Lord be praised! Amen and amen.

[Reader, in Zion’s pathway new distresses in the flesh and fresh discoveries by and in the Spirit, are commonly most closely connected.]

October 17th, Sunday.—I have been a good deal instructed lately in reading about Abraham; seeing how, at the Lord’s bidding, he went out and went on, not knowing where he went; and how, though the Lord blessed him greatly, and made him great promises, yet He gave him no

inheritance—no, not so much as to set his (fleshly) foot upon. From all which the Lord seems to teach me, that our life in the wilderness must be continually by faith, and not by sight. It seems so very sweet, "not knowing where he went;" and most truly it is so with me in outward things. I felt it this morning in a new sense, because yesterday and today I have been spitting up blood continually. I name it to no one but my best Beloved, because I do not like to make much ado about myself. But I feel that it may lead to something serious, and, instead of the Lord opening a new path in the wilderness, He may be opening a door out of it.

I have for years felt the dread solemnity of the eternal world, and of entering the unseen state of spirits. Many times the glories of Immanuel and His precious love in my soul have overpowered every other sensation; and, encircled with the beams of His brightness, I have longed intensely to be away in the fullness of His glory, and in the full enjoyment of Himself. This is not looking at death—but at Jesus, "who has abolished death." At other times, when in less enjoyment, I have been subject, not to a fear of my safety—but to a sort of shyness and shrinking from an unknown state of being: something like the thought of appearing at a splendid court without having been initiated into its etiquette, although provided with a court-dress. I have also been subject to an idea that trembling and fearfulness will seize me when mortality is giving way, and eternity close at hand. This morning, however, when I found the symptom before named increasing, and seriously felt it might indicate that soon I should put off mortality, I was surprised at the calm confidence my soul felt. It was very precious, and showed me that Jesus will be all-sufficient when the time of "undressing" comes. And as I sat in the house of God, I kept saying, "Do, Lord, give me a token of what You intend, whether for life or death." Then something seemed to say, "that would be sight;" you must just walk on, believing, like Abraham. Thus walking, it shall be well. Oh! for grace to go on looking only to Jesus, and living only to His glory. He is my heaven here below.

October 21st.—This evening Deuteronomy 8:2-3 was very sweet--"Remember that the Lord your God led you on the entire journey these 40 years in the wilderness, so that He might humble you and test you to know what was in your heart, whether or not you would keep His commands. He humbled you by letting you go hungry; then He gave you manna to eat, which you and your fathers had not known, so that you might learn that man does not live on bread alone but on every word that comes from the mouth of the Lord." Deuteronomy 8:2-3

I am sure there has been a needs-be for all the rough paths I have been traveling. I might have been much puffed up if all had gone smoothly. By these things I learn, under Divine teaching, much that is within; and I also find my heart is much softened thereby, to sympathize with others in their trials. What has God wrought for me? I believe a complete deliverance out of the "day of trouble," and from the source of fear and conflict, which have continued so long. I have once or twice had relief, and thought the storm was over—but it has again beaten upon me. Now I do think it is a real deliverance. I give the Lord glory, while shame and self-abasement are mine. I see from it that in my fallen nature there is no improvement. I believe, in this mysterious matter, Satan and the flesh have worked with deceivableness of unrighteousness. How do I marvel when I look back; what deep anguish I have gone through; and now I think that some things which I supposed were from above, were not so. I wish to watch closely, to learn profitably, to be humbled exceedingly, and think I must walk softly before the Lord all my days. I wonder if any child of God was the subject of such an exercise. If I knew of such an one, how gladly would I sympathize, and warn them of that soft, and seemingly spiritual voice, which I now believe must have been of the flesh.

The Lord pardon me, if wrong, and discover it to me. I bless Him, that He has kept me in fervent cries to Him during the long siege, and thus flesh has not prevailed against me. Surely, now, the walls of this Jericho have fallen. O blessed Jesus, in the tenderness of Your compassion, pity my infirmity, and, through it all, lead me on to victory.

October 27th.—I have been to the House of Refuge today. My heart is in that work, and yearns over the souls of those poor girls. Oh! that the Lord may be pleased to bless His Word through such a worm.

October 31st, Sacrament-day.—I have not been favored with enjoyment at the Lord's table. I hang solely on a precious Christ, having neither frame or feeling as an accompaniment. But I come, in all need and nothingness, for free-love bestowments, and free-grace communications. I have had much mercy during the month; the sweet love and power of Jesus in my soul has abounded while commemorating the departure of my much-loved mother, this month last year. The Lord has also sent me some relief from financial straits, and has, moreover, delivered me from the source of long, distressing conflict, known only to Himself. For these favors, praise Him, O my soul! Much mystery in the last-named dispensation: "But the woman, knowing what was done in her, fearing and trembling, came and fell down before Him, and told Him all the truth." This seems just my feeling, that, however great my guilt in this matter, His precious blood is more than a match for it all; and thus He is able to save to the uttermost of my case, and willing, too. Oh! yes; He "will see me again," for I am persuaded that nothing shall be able to separate me from His love. I earnestly desire more light in this matter.

November 3rd, Evening.—I have been to hear Mr. C—. His text was Psalms 5:11, "But let all who take refuge in You rejoice; let them shout for joy forever. May You shelter them, and may those who love Your name boast about You." I trust I have been much edified, and wish to remember that he said "We should trust the Lord with all He has given us, that is, in prayer give all back to Him, as it were, and trust only in Himself." Then, in quoting Job 22:24, he said: "It may be read, without straining the Scriptures, 'He shall be to you instead of silver.'" Both these were sweet to me. When speaking of trusting the Lord, he quoted Isaiah 26:3, "You will keep in perfect peace all who trust in You, whose thoughts are fixed on You!" following which, came in my mind that word in Php 4:6-7. "Well," thought I, "there must be something wrong in me, for my mind is not kept in that peace, it is full of anguish. So now I pray the Lord to show me where I err. I am much more calm—but am threatened to be invaded again. The Lord subdue unbelief and the flesh, and glorify Himself."

November 18th, Thursday.—Christ, the Beloved of my soul, is my perfection, and His blood is my purity, my deliverance, and my preservation from guilt of conscience. This has been like solid rock to my soul these two days. But how are the waves and billows going over my flesh; how is my heart pierced to the quick. Can I ever have an Ebenezer on this dark ground? My Father, I this night ask, in the name of Jesus, that in this "day of trouble," Your will may be done, however severe to my flesh; Your name glorified; and my enemies, now clamorous, defeated; and I now erect a thankful Ebenezer on this very place, so dark and drear.

November 19th.—A providential mercy; most timely, most wonderful. Is the Lord going to turn my long captivity? I should, indeed, be "like unto them that dream." This passage has been often upon my mind, during the time of trial. But I could not see how it should be fulfilled. Certainly, the supply

now so unexpectedly received, is a great present relief, and encourages me to believe that the Lord is not angry with me for waiting to know His will and way. The Lord sanctify the gift, and doubly bless the giver; and keep me "looking unto Jesus."

December 6th, Monday.—Much tried by external things. As I mused thereon, something seemed to say, "Leave all these things, and look at the riches and treasures you have in Me." "What, leave that which is a pricking thorn?" "Yes, leave all with Me." I felt, after, as if I dare not touch them.

December 18th, Sabbath.—Somewhat closely engaged today in seeking the Lord, that I may know His will concerning me; and also, especially, that I may be more taken up with Christ. For, by reason of these peculiar pressures, temporal things seem to have gained too much the ascendancy. Jesus must be all in all.

December 23rd.—Christ is most precious. He is my Ishi; I, His Hephzibah! What love! what wonders, for a worm so vile! But He has borne my vileness away, and is Himself my loveliness! "Praise the Lord, O my soul!" "You will call Me Ishi--(my husband). Hosea 2:16. "You will be called Hephzibah--(My delight is in her) . . . for the Lord will take delight in you." Isaiah 62:4.

December 31st.—The year 1847 is closing. It has been one of peculiar straits and trials, such as I never passed through before. This evening I have been a little reviewing the path, and find superlative mercies, as well as piercing crosses. My expenses exceed my incomings; though I deny myself in all I can, perhaps too much, yet I cannot make things meet; and cannot feel or see how to move. The Lord has done much; may the coming year be one of enlargement in temporal things, by His taking me to a less expensive home, or giving more means to support this.

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January 5th.—This word seems very sweet and wonderful to me just now; "When my enemies and my foes came upon me, to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell."

January 13th.—Outward things as dark as midnight. I do look up, and at times feel an indescribable confidence that deliverance is not far distant; although, when I judge by sight, it seems impossible; and my flesh would think there is no way for the Lord to help me; faith alone sustains me, and faith in a faithful God will not prove a broken reed.

January 23rd.—I know not what the Lord intends to do with me. But, in the midst of present desolation, I desire to go forth in the name of Jesus, which is all-conquering. But all the hardness of my case is nothing with my dear Lord. He is faithful still, and I shall not wait upon Him in vain. Oh, to triumph in Him, all the while the flesh is sinking, and the enemy taunting. Lord, increase my faith; and keep me from dishonoring You. "Even though the fig trees have no blossoms, and there are no grapes on the vine; even though the olive crop fails, and the fields lie empty and barren; even though the flocks die in the fields, and the cattle barns are empty, yet I will rejoice in the Lord! I will be joyful in the God of my salvation. The Sovereign Lord is my strength! He will make me as surefooted as a deer and bring me safely over the mountains." Habakkuk 3:17-19

January 27th, Thursday.—"Don’t you understand yet? Don’t you remember the five loaves for the 5,000 and how many baskets you collected? Or the seven loaves for the 4,000 and how many large baskets you collected?" (Matthew 16:9). Yes, dear Lord, I now remember, and am encouraged. "It is nothing with You to help by many or few." "My eyes are unto You," and, though sorely buffeted, faith does at times arise and triumph. I thank You, You have said, "According to your faith be it unto you." Not according to unbelief, which so violently struggles, and seems at times to preponderate. That vile abomination sinks like lead in the red sea of a Savior’s blood; for though it darkens and distresses, it shall not prevail in those for whom His precious blood was shed.

January 30th, Sacrament-day.—I felt at the Lord’s table today that "His flesh is food indeed, His blood is drink indeed." Outward things have become darker this last month. But the Lord has been peculiarly with me, and I think faith has more prevailed. It seems to me as if the rod had budded and blossomed; if it be really so from the Lord, fruit will follow, and faith will have fulfillment. I desire to inquire of Him on this matter, as Rebekah did. Lord, bring to perfection Your own, and crush all the rest while in embryo. Let what is of the flesh never see the light. Oh, be not dishonored in the dearly-bought purchase of Your precious blood. Fill me with Yourself! Use me for Yourself! Absorb me in Yourself! Sweetly encouraging to my soul is that word, "The way of the Lord is strength to the upright." "He who walks in the night stumbles."

February 3rd.—In the midst of all, I have an increasing confidence in the Lord; and, at times, a firm belief that there is an order given forth from above, for a blessing for me, though to sense every

way seems hedged up. But I thought, yesterday, that the Lord will "open the windows of heaven," rather than that the expectation of faith shall be cut off. To which thought I had afterwards a kind response from the Lord. We had a delightful visit at W—. Saw again the Scripture emblems. Had sweet communion with saints; and heard of one most deeply tried, and most manifestly blessed. This encouraged me, though no one there knew my case.

February 6th, Sabbath.—"The way of the Lord is strength to the upright." I feel it so. Christ is the "way" of the Lord, and He is our strength; and, walking uprightly in Him, we walk surely. It is just now a most important crisis with me. But I feel greatly strengthened in the Lord, and a sweet, loving confidence that He will appear for me, and be my guide and my glory. I never was so clearly cut off from outward ways and means. I must, I do, venture my whole weight upon the Lord. Deuteronomy 11:24 : "Every place whereon the soles of your feet shall tread shall be yours." I do now believe that wherever true faith treads in expectation at God’s command, divine love and power will put in possession in God’s time, according to His own promise (Matthew 21:22). As also in the case of Caleb, who followed the Lord wholly: had the promise of the land that his feet trod upon, claimed it in faith, possessed it in power, and gave the Lord the glory of the conquest (Joshua 14:1-15)

February 10th.—Some close fighting today. The enemy very taunting, and my flesh in league with him. But the Lord is on my side, why should I "fear what flesh can do unto me?" I desire to cleave closely to my Captain, and He will overcome. Most blessed Jesus, You are on my side; oh, confirm Your word unto Your handmaid, upon which You have caused me to hope. Again I cast the burden of all expenses upon You; You can sustain them, though they seem unavoidably to increase. If I am right, establish me in Yourself, and in Your way; if my flesh and foe have beguiled me, discover them, and deliver me, I beseech You. Love will not let me cry in vain; my glorious Lord will arise for my help.

February 13th. "Master," Simon replied, "we’ve worked hard all night long and caught nothing! But at Your word, I’ll let down the nets."—Luke 5:5. And what followed this obedience of faith, for it could not be sight? Plenty, instead of poverty. I have been for months toiling, and have not taken what I needed. I believe it is my dear Lord who has now bid faith let down the net—not on the old, wrong side of creature effort and expectation—but on the right side of the Lord’s purpose and power. And here is the gleaner, just happy in the Lord, waiting His will; and, though often taunted by the enemy with the thought that He has not spoken, yet, believing that He has, she is saying, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Your word." Surely the net is let down. I would bless my precious Jesus. Oh, what a present heaven do I find in Jesus! No tongue can count half His beauties and His sweetness! Oh, to live ever by simple faith upon Him, until called up to live in open vision with Him. Flesh gets most complete starvation--when Christ is all in all!

February 15th.—"My fruit is better than gold, yes, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver." Thus speaks Jesus, the true, eternal wisdom; and sweet are His words to my soul this evening.

February 18th, Friday.—To my astonishment, the Lord sent an answer about temporal things to the faith He had given. It is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvelous in my eyes. Thus has He fulfilled those words He gave me on this matter: on October 9th, Isaiah 54:17; and on January 9th, Exodus

14:13. I am surprised and thankful—but fear to look too much at the gifts. I desire to have a single and loving eye upon the Giver, who directed how the net should be let down. I believe the Lord will employ and provide for unworthy me, without engrossing me in worldly cares, for which I have no spirit left in me, by reason of the love and loveliness of Jesus, whom alone I desire to serve. This word has been powerful the last day or two, "If you can believe; all things are possible to him who believes." "Power belongs unto God." To the Lord be glory! Amen.

February 20th, Sabbath.—The Lord was very gracious to me at the Refuge on Friday. I had a melting-time; I thought of that precious Jesus, who wept over Jerusalem; and my heart and my eyes wept, too, over those poor girls. Surely, there are among them vessels of mercy; they are most attentive, and some of them weep under the Word. I have to go twice this week, if the Lord permits. I tremble—but my "sufficiency is of God."

February 26th.—I have been to the Refuge. I know not whether any of it is natural feeling—but my very heart seems to yearn over those girls. More of them were present today, and there seemed real feeling. Dear Lord, do seal home Your Word upon some of their hearts, and give a token where You are working. Make us faithful; and may they fall down wounded under the arrows of King Jesus!

February 27th, Sacrament Sabbath.—A memorable day. My soul has bathed in bliss. At our little meeting on Friday evening, I was led solemnly to renew my vow before the Lord, to live for Him alone; and, laying down enjoyments and delights at His feet, to seek His glory only, and by what means He should see best. On retiring to rest, I joyfully felt that "the vows of God were upon me;" and was privileged with heavenly and ineffable delights; in the midst of which was great yearning over the souls of the poor girls in the Refuge, for whom I seem to "travail in birth until Christ be formed" in them; and also to believe that all will not be in vain in the Lord. This morning I was mourning the loss of dear Mrs. A—, because she only and M— know fully what it is to lose self and be absorbed in Jesus. And then, on my knees, I besought the Lord for such a companion. It was very striking, that before I had risen from my knees, a letter came from A—, to say how the Beloved had just revealed Himself to her soul, as her blessed Bridegroom; and she used love’s own language; and my soul was as liquid love while I read and wondered. I must wait the Lord’s further mind. This has been a blessed month, indeed. At its commencement I thought the rod had bloomed and blossomed; it has since borne fruit. I am astonished at the Lord’s love and loving-kindness. What will heaven be, where, without interruption or intermission--we shall love, adore, and praise?

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to tell

My dear Redeemer’s worth."

I long that my dying lips might sound His praise, and tell His love, who will be my life in death. But He knows best. Friends do not think it will be so, because I enjoy so much now; and I have thought so, too, and trembled. But "All things are possible to him that believes." Yes, my blessed Jesus, a happy life, and a happy death, are in Your power to give; for You have made an end of sin, and conquered death; You have also drunk up all my hell. What can I render? Only my whole self, with all I have and am. It is not worth Your picking up. But love puts a value upon its object. My Lord, my life, my happiness, my heaven, my all! You have loved and chosen me; You will not turn away.

But, filling me with Yourself, You will use me for Yourself, and You shall have all the praise! I would now go forth in Jesus, and all will be well.

March 5th.—Oh, keep me believing, and let not my enemies prevail to set me reasoning. I was lately thinking of my temporal matters, when something within seemed to say, "You must not sit still, and expect the food to drop into your mouth." And directly, with power and sweetness, came this in answer, "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it." It has melted me to tears more than once since. He has filled, and will fill, I believe, in spite of my taunting foes. Oh, sweet and happy life of faith! May I know more of its privilege and power.

March 12th.—This afternoon I opened upon 1 Samuel 8:5, "Look, you are old, and your sons do not follow your example. Therefore, appoint a king to judge us the same as all the other nations have"--from whence I read forward, and can truly say, "Your words were found, and I did eat them," and they are refreshment to my spirit. How plainly I see Saul, a man in the flesh, continually acting from fleshly expediency, thereby dishonoring and displeasing God. And as I read, it made me tremble, lest I should, under my present straits, turn again to folly. And now I have just come to David, and my soul is melted where he says, "I cannot go in these, for I have not proved them." They seem to me like creature ways and means, as if they were not to be my ways; for, like David, I can tell my experience of the Lord’s wonders by the hand of faith, when He delivered me out of the paw of the lion and the bear. I see that, as is the man, so is his strength; if he be a man in the flesh, his strength will be in ways, and means, and fleshly contrivances; if he be a man in Christ, his strength will be in the Lord his God.

March 14th.—Much shut up in spiritual feelings, striving to pray—but only "chattered like a swallow or a crane, and then I moaned like a mourning dove. My eyes grew tired of looking to heaven for help. I am in trouble, Lord. Help me!" Isaiah 38:14. While reading the cruel treatment of our gracious Lord, when He was "made sin," I was grieved that my heart did not melt. But I thought that sensation might be withheld, that I might be taken up with Christ and His sufferings, and not with my own feelings. Then I longed for Christ to be all, and was enabled to come before God with Jesus only, just pleading Christ. In this way I found my soul strengthened; afterwards, our Friday evening meeting was sweet and powerful. So this day of storm closes in peace, and I am anew in love with my new creation, in Christ Jesus, longing to know more of it.

March 19th, Sabbath Evening.—I trust I have this evening heard to edification a sermon from Psalms 37:4, "Take delight in the Lord, and he will give you your heart’s desires"--in which the Person of Christ was set forth. This is savory meat, such as my soul loves. Although I know, to my shame, that I have been often unfaithful to my glorious Husband, yet my heart yearns for full restoration to its whole privileges; and I think my Beloved has this evening whispered, "I will restore you." Oh! wondrous, matchless love! "He hates putting away." "To her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white." Away with every idol! May Christ be all in all!

March 26th, Sabbath.—I am going to the Lord’s supper, it being "our solemn feast day." Oh! that I may have the privilege to appear before the Lord, and present some bills of promise at heaven’s bank, and either get present payment, or renewal of faith on my part, and acknowledgment on that of the King’s. And, if they be not His own—but the inventions of Satan, may the King tear such forgeries in pieces, and burn them, that I may never see them again! Thus may I either get confirmation or confutation; and do real business with heaven, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

[Blessed and profitable trading this, reader! Do you know what it is thus to be engaged?]

April 2nd.—The times look threatening. Great commotions abroad! Rulers dethroned! The reins of government seized by the people; and mighty overturnings going on. At home, a great moving in the minds of men towards a republican form of government; and an apparent effort to bring it about. Many hearts are failing for fear; many are agitated and perplexed; and a remnant is crying to the Lord in secret, and rejoicing that He is reigning in the midst of all. For myself, though alone and unprotected, my confidence is in the Lord Almighty; and if I dare record anything of my soul estate, it is, that He is strengthening my faith in Himself; and I do indeed feel Him to be a rock—yes, the rock of my heart, and my portion forever. Oh! for more faith.

April 9th.—We have had A— here. And sweet it is to hear her speak of the secrets of love, and the mysteries of the kingdom. Political events assume a portentous aspect. The disaffected are very threatening, and the civil and military powers are making preparations for the defensive. This very week is the time expected to be eventful. My felt security and peace is in the thought that the Lord Jehovah reigns. Last Sabbath evening, I was seized with a very nervous panic during the service, thinking I heard the noise of a mob; I have since been kept in solid peace, with a sweet inward assurance of safety. This word is very powerful: "Whoever puts his trust in the Lord shall be safe." And, although I have no human protector, I feel the power of Omnipotence around me for defense. It is sweet; to the Lord be all the glory. In pleading for my own country, I blush to lift up my face to heaven, on account of our great sins. But I beg deliverance for the sake of the remnant that is left therein. May the salt be full of savor, and preserve this corrupt land from complete corruption.

April 23rd.—Through mercy, the country has been kept in peace; and, during the time of threatening, the Lord has made me happy in Himself, although I have no human defender. May 7th.—In reading a sermon of Mr. T.—'s today, in which he quoted, "He was manifested to take away our sins," that word AWAY had particular power, and I saw how free I am from a thing that is taken away. It remains in the flesh. But I am to walk in the Spirit, reckoning the "old man" dead, being crucified with Christ; in which mystery I wish to be renewed. Sin can never attach to me, as a new creature in Christ Jesus; then, indeed, would God's creation be marred, of which Christ is the beginning (Revelation 3:14). Then I saw how free I am from sin, in union to my Beloved; "because He was made sin" for me, and then put to death (1 Peter 3:18). Now, if my sin was put to death, what remains but eternal triumph in Him, who rose again without sin? I rose with Him, and He is my resurrection and my life; and in that resurrection-life sin never was, sin never shall be. It is almost too much for me while I write and feel it. So real, so true, so rich, so full of marrow and fatness. May 14th, Sabbath.—"Our Father in heaven," I beseech and entreat renewing in the "mystery of Christ." In Him may I abide; thus will much fruit be brought forth, and I not filled with it—but with Him. O Holy Father, Holy Son, Holy Spirit--Israel's one Lord--renew faithless me in the simplicity which is in Christ. I am perplexed by creatures; clear teaching comes from You alone and is by "that anointing which teaches all things, and is truth, and is no lie;" for this I humbly ask, in Jesus's name. I feel unfit for the world, and unlike everybody else--weak, ignorant, and stupid. Of whatever use I am, it is only "Christ in me" not I at all. Oh, for more of Jesus--in heart, lip, and life! May 18th.—Sighs and tears are my daily portion. "Help, Lord, for vain is the help of man." The enemy rages, my heart sinks, and my spirits are truly weighted down. Lord, renew my faith, I earnestly beseech You, and do plainly appear for me. I am ashamed of my anguish—but cannot help it. Surely it is sharp work to live so closely, incurring expenses beforehand, and not daring to

stir, for fear of doing wrong. My dear Lord, You have not in Your family such a poor creature as I.

Oh! do tell me what I must do. Do not let me dishonor You, nor let my enemy triumph. I am yours alone. Oh! save me, for I sink in the mire! This has been a heavy week. But I do not forget Your mercy of the five pounds. You hear my heavy groaning. I want again to be filled with Christ; and this sore financial pressure seems to hold me down. O Lord, my Lord, You must help. I am sure I cannot exist thus. You will not look on indifferently. "Lord, I believe; help my unbelief." May 1st, Monday Night.—Mr. D— expounded this evening 2 Samuel 23:1-5, and preached from Psalms 89:34 --"I will not violate My covenant or change what My lips have said." My soul has, indeed, had a rich, large blessing under his preaching. I have fed and feasted on royal dainties. Bless, O my soul, the living Lord. He spoke of Psalms 89:39 and the following verses—His covenant, His hedges, His stronghold, His glory, etc., as being not the Lord's covenant—but David's, so ours also; the covenant we cleave so fast to--that we should be something, do something, improve something. But the Lord breaks it all up, and plunges us in the ditch, so that our own clothes abhor us; and He says, "I will not violate My covenant or change what My lips have said."

Mr. D— said, it is good to remind the Lord of what He has said; not that He forgets—but He loves us to plead it with Him. "Put me in remembrance; let us plead together." He has "cast our sins behind His back," and says, "He will remember them no more;" so, if the devil likes to remember them, he may go behind, and feed upon them. We love to sit down before the Lord, and feast with Him. My soul was full to overflowing. He did speak so gloriously of our precious Jesus, and of our privileges in Him. The word came into my soul in the power of the Holy Spirit, and I can say, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that brings good tidings, that publishes peace." Surely, I am too happy, and shall either have some great trouble, or I shall soon be taken home. The feeling of my soul has been today—

"To Your glory take me in,

For there I long to be." The overflowings of heavenly joy and glory unfit one for earth, except for Christ's sake, that He may be glorified in us. May 24th.—I rather expect to go to the Refuge tomorrow. Oh, that I might be a guide-post, pointing to Christ, and saying, "Refuge, refuge!" May 25th, Friday.—I have been wonderfully helped at the Refuge. The Word flowed freely and very solemnly, showing the only refuge for guilty sinners; the awful consequences of sin to those out of Christ; and the dreadful "forever" of fiery wrath which awaits them dying thus. O Lord, acknowledge Your own word. I go, because You sent me. Oh, I beseech You for souls, as my hire; not in way of payment—but of free grace bestowment. I believe the feeblest worm in Your family will not go on that errand in vain. I was mourning last week, that I do not know that one soul was ever awakened from a death in sin, by a message through me. But the Lord has His chosen instruments for all His work; and afresh, this night, I cast my whole unworthy self into His service, as He deigns to use me. May 27th, Sacrament Sabbath.—A day of jubilee. Enjoying rest and peace in Jesus. I tremble; every day thinking that some terrible trial will follow this holy baptism of love and joy.

July 23rd.—For some weeks I have been much straitened in spirit. No felt access in prayer; often much wandering. No power in reading or hearing; and many jealousies, because of the seeming stillness of my Beloved. He has kindly given me needful supply for special seasons, with others. But then afterwards no spending money: I mean, no sweet indulgences in that intimate fellowship I

am accustomed to enjoy. Oh, it has been trying work.

July 30th, Sacrament Sabbath.—Still in much debility, and my flesh wasting. The Lord renew the "inner man." I have not had enjoyment in public ordinances today. Instead of feasting, faith was constrained to be embracing Christ as my victory, in felt conflict; and that exercise shall not be in vain. I long for renewal in the mystery of Christ; and feel at times that anything and everything must go, that I may be absorbed in Christ. Love in my soul says, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth; for His love is better than wine." Faith in my soul says, let Him do with me as He sees best, so that He may be glorified.

August 27th Sabbath.—I did not hear with any power this morning. But much refreshed at the Lord's Supper, I trust from faith in a precious Savior. I took Him for my all for this month. Something whispered, "You only do it in the hope of gain." Still my soul would not be hindered—but, pressing forward, I gave all my things to Him to manage, desiring not to touch them—but press after Himself. O all-lovely source of my delights, You overfill and over-match this poor soul of mine. And now, my Beloved, let me ask You for souls at the Refuge. I look at those who have begun to weep. Oh, may I prove them to be Yours, and others too. Let there be joy in heaven and joy on earth over repenting sinners. Precious Lord, my love, my life, my Christ--deny me not. Oh, use me in Your Church, unworthy to keep the door, or wash the feet of Your saints. But, in Your own dear bosom, perfume me with Your own fragrance; then cast me among Your loved ones, to be to them of You, a pleasant aroma.

September 17th, Sabbath.—On Friday went to the Refuge. The matron told me that of the inhabitants, one whom she had thought most under soul concern, was not so much so this week. She has wished me to speak to each of the three alone. I so fear to touch the Lord's work with a fleshly finger; and this has kept me back at present. I feel considerable anxiety, and am looking to the Lord. O Lord, I beseech You for souls in that place. At our evening meeting, I had rich experience of the love of God shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Spirit.

September 19th.—I have for some days been attending the death-bed of a poor blind pilgrim, to whom I generally read on a Saturday; in doing which we both have had sweet refreshment. A week ago, she said, "I would not be without my Saturday mornings for all the world." She is dying, and unable to speak; while she could do so, she said she had no fear, and was sure the Lord would receive her to Himself. Such scenes are profitable.

September 20th.—The aged pilgrim departed at three o'clock this morning.

September 21st.—One Friday I went to the Refuge, and spoke separately to one girl, whose heart we hope the Lord has touched. Oh, that it may prove a work of grace indeed! I was much blessed at our evening meeting. I saw transcendent glories in the incarnation of our blessed Lord.

October 6th, Friday.—Went to the Refuge trembling. But Jesus was very precious, and many tears were shed. Oh, that impressions may not pass away like early dew. Dear Lord, quicken those souls into spiritual life. This word sweetly applied today, "Your Maker is your Husband; the Lord Almighty is His name."

October 24th—A case is pending. Friends think this house is too much for me, and that I ought to lessen my expenses. I am willing—but want the word of the Lord; feeling a belief that He holds me

here, and has promised to bless in temporal things. Well, the rent is now due for half a year. I have not enough in hand. To sense, this seems against me. But my eyes are "up unto the Lord." And I beseech You, Lord, who have been my Helper, either to supply my present real need, and send sufficiency for what is now pressing, or to let Your withholding it be a sure token that I am wrong, and thus show me what is the right way. Though driven very near to the time, I believe the answer will come, and will not be too late. I have fears of presuming. But, dearest Lord, to whom can I go? Your mind I want, even more than the supply I so much need. I must trust You, and thus test You. Oh, pardon me, I pray. I wait, I hope, I believe, and still tremble. No creature knows my strait or present conflict. Creature friends would help—but that will not do. My Husband, my Banker, alone, I must draw upon; and from Him learn whether I overdraw. It is a crisis! Oh, for more faith, to get it put right clearly into the hands of my dear Lord. If the Lord pays my rent without my borrowing, it is a token for me to stay here.

["No creature knows my strait or present conflict." So writes this beloved one, and it is a most remarkable feature in her character, proving in itself the simplicity and the ardor of her faith, that those who were most intimate with her, and loved her for both her natural and spiritual worth, had not the very slightest conception of her straitened circumstances. She had many who deeply valued her friendship, and who would have felt it the richest privilege to have ministered to her necessities. But her extreme modesty as to anything that related to herself, led her most scrupulously to avoid the subject. Now that she is gone, and these facts have become known to those whose privilege it has been to read these sacred records, there has been much weeping of heart, that they had not been permitted to know somewhat of the unbosoming of her sorrows, and to aid her in regard to them. But most evident it is, that Jesus, her best Beloved, had reserved this unbosoming to, and for Himself, in order that He, personally and sovereignly, might Himself bestow the support of which she thus stood in need.]

October 25th.—An evening all alone, producing much calmness. The word today has been, "do you believe that I am able to do this?" Yes, Lord, indeed I do. Carnal reason and unbelief assail me sorely at times, as to whether You will, and whether I am not presumptuous in expecting it. But this word comes ever and anon, "Fear not, O land; the Lord will do great things." Something very much amiss in this poor tabernacle this last week or more. Prepare me for life or death; and do, dear Lord, be honored in both. "Hallelujah to Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb!" And so shall we sing, without tiring, forever and ever! Amen.

October 29th, Sacrament-day.—I have feasted at the King’s table with delight. Heavily pressed in the night, and before service this morning; because the very crisis concerning my rent is come, and no supply to meet it. My eyes and my cries are up unto the Lord. Satan, the flesh, and unbelief thrust severely. Faith pleads hard, and the Lord will arise, I believe, though I can see nothing; and I tremble while I write it. At the Lord’s supper I had the substance of the feast, my very Christ; who is more precious than words can tell. His obedience delights me; His blood over-matches my sinful heart; His love overwhelms my soul. But He Himself is the glory of it all: and I feel that His Person is mine. Oh, bliss inexpressible! Of Christ, Jehovah, Immanuel, I can sing with a good conscience and warm heart, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His"—unworthy I. But so it is, Heaven’s own signet has made it sure upon my heart, and that pledge of eternal love I shall wear forever. Precious, over-matching, all-lovely Jesus! You have made me full with the blessing of the Lord; and I would bless, and adore, and praise the great Three-One in You.

Happy Sabbath-day! sweet foretaste of everlasting bliss. At the table of my glorious Well-Beloved, I did pledge myself to Him afresh, in the bread and in the cup, to be His, in weal or woe, in His giving or withholding, in sickness or health, in life or death. I did give my whole self to Him in love, for what He wills, only claiming that He will guide me aright about this house, rent, expenses, and everything. But, precious Lord, give me a true token. My soul is so happy in the Lord, I think some great trial must be coming. He may test my pledge as I little expect. But, blessed Jesus, I must be all Your own.

"Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice

On You, my Savior and my God!"

Great mercies during the past month; Jesus more solidly sought after. In a great strait now—but I believe I shall have to record a deliverance; and yet it seems almost like presumption to say so.* Lord, I look to You to do great things. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" for the favors of this day—but most for my precious Jesus Himself, who will be the same, and the same to me, when my feelings are at low-water mark. Again, Hallelujah, and praise from the heart, to my covenant God. Your kingdom come, O You Most High. "Take to Yourself Your great power, and reign" manifestly, and among Your people gloriously. We long for Your kingdom, where all is holiness and love. This is an uncongenial climate. Dear Lord, "Your kingdom come." Come, Jesus, blessed Lord Jesus, quickly come! Your bride, in love, says, "Come!"

* Indorsed with these words: "Sacrament-day, November.—It is now proved faith, not presumption."

October 31st, Tuesday.—No supply yet. A sharp struggle between flesh and faith. To sense, it is vain and presumptuous to trust now. But faith struggles through all, and, taking hold of the promise, says, "You said, I will do you good." Lord, I renew my trust; oh! increase my faith.

November 2nd, Thursday.—While at my lonely breakfast, I read about David and Goliath; and how did it fire my soul to hear the stripling defy the giant, who had defied Israel and reviled Israel’s God. I saw quite plainly, that I was taking side with the enemies of my God, when giving way to distrust. My faith arose, my soul triumphed, and I did in spirit praise God for the deliverance He would bring, though yet unseen. I did believe I would yet pay my rent with joy. Oh, yes! the Lord will appear! has He said, and will He not do it? He will, He will. And, moreover, after reading the chapter, it seemed to me, that as David went forth with such unlikely things as five smooth stones, so I, in faith, went forth to pay my rent, not really in the act—but solidly in confidence, while, as yet, I had not the means to do it.* * Indorsed, "November 16th.—I have now paid my rent, with joy indeed. Ebenezer!"

November 4th.—Yesterday, while looking at the Word, in much heaviness, it met my eye that one of the kings of Judah "proclaimed a fast." The words, "proclaimed a fast," struck me at once as if for me; and I wish to taste nothing until tea-time tomorrow, in token of humiliation before the Lord in my present circumstances, and for close waiting upon Him for manifest guidance, which I so much feel to need. As I so stand in the court of the King’s house, may I find favor in His eyes, and be granted an audience, with an answer also to my urgent request. My case is pressing but not hopeless.

Evening, 10 o’clock.—Some entrance with my petition tonight. My heart just melted and encouraged, in remembering how many of the Lord’s servants are spoken of in His Word, as fasting and praying when in great trouble and perplexity; and I do not call to mind one who had not an answer. Oh! it will be a wonderful deliverance, indeed, if the Lord condescends to arise for my help now, makes a plain path for my feet. No creature knows my exercise; I desire to wait on the Lord alone. Thanks and praise for some liberty already, in spreading out my case.

November 5th, Sabbath morning.—When going to bed last night, I remembered that David did fast and pray about his child, and did not obtain his request. But, however, there are so many on record who did succeed, that I must wait on, in hope of an answer of peace. My requests are, that the Lord will pay my rent and expenses; that He will please thus to grant me a sure token of the way He would have me take; that He will grant me anointings of the Spirit, renewing me for His service, especially in the Refuge.

Afternoon, 4 o’clock.—I believe the Lord will answer. It is believing, not seeing; though faith in the Lord is no delusion. I cannot let You go without the blessing, though You should seem to hold back or deny. I desire a clear token of the Lord’s mind, whether I stay in this house, giving myself up to do so, if His will; or to go into ever such a little one, if He will open the way; to rent lodgings if it pleases Him, or to live alone, if He wills it, and will provide; anything, so that the will of the Lord be done, and I kept from distraction about money. Great things I do not want—but desire greatly to live within my means.

Much pleading, also, for my friends. At times, heaviness of heart, with weeping, and my sorrows turned upon me. But, for the most part, both last night and this morning, great encouragement in pleading for Christ’s sake, and a real believing in so doing that the answer will come, though to sense very unlikely. Upon the whole, a most profitable exercise, and very close dealing with God. My flesh always does dread and dislike fasting—but I find it so good, I wonder I do not practice it more; and, really, today I have been kept, in a great measure, from my usual bodily sinkings, although on my knees five hours or more, having since twelve last night, never moistened my lips until half-past four.

Oh! for more self-denial. I hate my self-love. I find how the Lord can keep the soul in vigor without food, through the power of Christ, and remember how He fasted forty days and forty nights for me, and was in sore temptations, too. But how stinted am I in all spiritual service. How far short of Him do I come! and how I must turn away from exercise, and look afresh to Jesus, my only perfection! I was kept so alive in prayer last night, that I afterwards felt condemned, that I did not sit up all night, or, at least, until the weariness came. But flesh is always ready to say, "it is enough." Last Sabbath was a high day in feasting! this a blessed day in fasting—both in nearness to my covenant God. I wait His answer, in answer to my requests. "Praise the Lord, O my soul!"

[It is next to impossible to read the foregoing without deep, deep humiliation and self-abasement! To think of one with so weak a frame, and yet upon her "knees for five hours or more." This is in very deed faith triumphing over flesh! What cannot a precious Christ effect in, as well as for, His people?]

November 6th, Monday.—Very weak and feeble today; also thrust at by the enemy. O Lord, establish my goings in Your paths; and my heart in Your faith and fear. Make me aware of the

enemy, and not so easily moved. Give me patience to wait all Your time, and to be satisfied with all Your will. You hear every sigh, and see every fear; "All my desire is before You, and my groaning is not hidden from You." Often I believe firmly, that deliverance will come; then, again, it looks like fancy and delusion. But, in all, to You do I cry, "O You that dwell in the heavens!"

November 7th, Tuesday.—A very dark cloud. My dear sister has been to London; she has just returned, and brings me very bad tidings about the house, and no money. O my Lord, what will be the end of these wonders? My heart is truly overwhelmed—but longs to trust, and not dishonor, my dear Lord, who is, I am sure, doing all things well--though roughly. "Lord, help me!" Oh, that I did but know what way to take. Surely I have been deceived, and what I thought to be faith was but fancy; and what I thought a word from the Lord was only the imagining of my flesh. Dear Lord, discern for me, for I am distressed and confused.

Night.—Have been to the house of God this evening. A most suitable hymn was sung; also, this word mentioned, which was sweet to my soul: Isaiah 50:10, "Who among you fears the Lord, listening to the voice of His servant? Who among you walks in darkness, and has no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord; let him lean on his God." My heart kept crying unto the Lord, and I felt that I would and must plead on, even if the Lord would not speak to me, and only seemed to deny me. Once, just before service, I thought things never looked so discouraging. But still I found that praying breath was not extinct, for my heart would talk to the Lord. Since then I have received intimation of a handsome present of coals. This will not pay my rent—but it is a welcome hint that the Lord does remember me. Ebenezer! in a dark place.

November 8th, Wednesday.—My soul much revived while busy this morning. I was looking at my case, and crying to the Lord, when the thought came that I must not be cast down, because all likely means dry up, and my set time is past. This is just like the Israelites, when they had no water. They were weary and thirsty, and there seemed to be no way of supply. But the Lord could smite a rock, and made the welcome streams flow out plentifully. I thought, there seems no way for my supply. But the Lord can smite a rock for me. It is not for me to find ways and means for His wonders—but to trust Him wholly, though seeing nothing but discouragement; and I really felt I could do so, and was refreshed. Something says, "All this is fleshly fancy, not faith." The event will decide.

November 9th, Thursday.—A day of bitterness and of conflict. The Lord grant me some real benefit from this fiery trial. I have opened two or three times at Daniel 10:12, "Don’t be afraid, Daniel. Since the first day you began to pray for understanding and to humble yourself before your God, your request has been heard in heaven. I have come in answer to your prayer."

November 10th, Friday.—I have been to the Refuge, and not in vain, I trust. I was led to speak very solemnly to those who had once felt convictions, and seemed in real earnest about their souls. No. 7 was overwhelmed, and her eyes were as a flood of tears. Poor girl! my heart yearns over her. I remember, some time ago, how she seemed to cry for mercy, while I was in prayer. The Lord renew power, and seal her heart for His own.

November 11th, Saturday Night.—May the Lord be pleased to pardon me, in that I desire to wait before Him in prayer with fasting, in my poor little way, until tea-time tomorrow; and this because my case is urgent, and the answer yet delayed. Dear Lord, I beseech You, take not Your Holy

Spirit from me—but enable me further to plead with You. Oh, why the delay? Why tarry, O my God! Do arise, that my enemies may be scattered. Do make me know Your mind concerning me; reveal Your will, and take mine away. I fear to offend You by being importunate, and repeating this exercise. Oh! do not be angry. I am much distracted by uncertainty, as to whether I am in the right way in outward things. O Lord, decide in my heart, and give the token in my conscience, I beseech You. "Lord, help me!"

November 12th, Sabbath Morning.—This is a peculiar time of trial. I have had some fears, lest I should offend the Lord by fasting before Him again, as it seems too importunate. But oh! what can I do? My case is pressing, and the vision tarries. Appearances grow darker; "My eyes fail with looking upward. O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me," and pardon this renewal of humiliation and pleading before You. I tremble lest I should fall into weariness of the flesh, and so lose my aim.

Afternoon, 4 o’clock.—"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" I wonder at the Lord’s great mercies to unworthy me, in that my body has been kept vigorous nearly all the day, though without rest, until one this morning, and not feeling nearly so well as last week. I trust the wrestler will be the prevailer, through Divine power.

Evening.—I must again testify that the exercise of fasting, with supplication, is most truly profitable to the soul; and I wonder it is so cast out of the Church in the present day. It is good to spend the time set apart for fasting in close dealing with God, in prayer, confession, praise, reading the Scriptures, and, as much as possible, on the knees. If there is an interval of public worship, I find it helpful. From bodily weakness I trembled this day—but it ends with a Hallelujah! The spirit has gained more than the body has suffered. My petitions have been the same as last Sabbath. The King permitted me to press my suit both last night and this morning (for I like to begin the exercise the night before), and He did not seem offended. It was suggested this morning that I was like Saul, whom the Lord would answer no more. This was bitter. But I felt, in a little while, that I was not so, for I have the love of God revealed in my soul. And I firmly believe that the Lord is lovingly withholding, to try faith—but not to deny. I think, upon the whole, I have not felt so much confidence in expecting an answer from the Lord. But I desire to have the eye quite single, and to trust, praising Him, and seeking to lay on the top of all my petitions, "Your will be done." This exercise has closed with seeking, that after these sowing days, I might have reaping ones, and a glorious "harvest home," with thank-offerings to the Lord. I have sown in tears. May this memorandum be stirring, if ever I got too slothful and fleshly for fasting. It is not in vain. May Ezra 8:23, be my experience, "So we fasted and earnestly prayed that our God would take care of us, and he heard our prayer."

November 14th, Tuesday Morning.—Wonderful! The giving is more wonderful than the withholding. My greatest joy is, that it was faith, and not fancy, that was working in my heart. I have been walking in converse with God, and not in my own imaginings. The sweet words and breathing of encouragement which I heard in my soul, were from Himself! This is even more to me than the deliverance, though that is almost the greatest I ever had. I have just received the half of a ten-pound note from Mr. F—, for rent of the London house. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" I can hardly believe it.

November 16th.—Yesterday I felt very ill. I think the sore conflict, and then the great joy, were too much for this feeble body. This morning I received the other half of the note. I have, indeed, paid my rent with joy, in accordance with the faith given me on the second of this month. I have, also, thank-offerings to lay upon the Lord's altar, which I do with gladness. Truly, the Lord's dealings are marvelous in my eyes; and, although the exercise has been deep and dark, I believe it was very profitable.

November 17th.—Having obtained my temporal token and mercy; the question now is—How can I return according to the benefits done unto me?—how can I spend and be spent for the Lord? And the plea is for the fresh spiritual anointing which I have sought.

November 18th, Saturday Night.—Here ends this blessed, wonderful week, to the Lord's praise, who has performed all things for me. I have very peculiar feelings, as though I were in the middle, and not at the end, of this dispensation. And this word keeps coming, "What is your petition? it shall be granted you; and what is your request? it shall be performed." Dear Lord, I fear to presume upon Your mercy in asking for the flesh. You know there is a stone for my dear mother's grave, and the five pounds I borrowed in my straits last year. You have enabled me to pay the interest with joy; and the sum itself You can easily give. These things I submit to You; if of faith, answer; if of the flesh, pardon. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" "You shall see greater things than these." Is this faith, or fancy, which works within my bosom? Lord, You know.

November 19th, Sunday Morning.—"Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Your word."

Afternoon.—Psalms 103:2, "My soul, praise the Lord, and do not forget all His benefits." I thank and praise You, O my God, that I can now go about this dear house, and sit down in it without feeling that I am intruding, which I have constantly feared, for it seemed too good for me. Two long years have I watched and waited, with prayers and tears, to have my way made plain. I dared not stir without a token from the Lord: yet I stood still with the greatest trembling, lest I should be wrong; and had the most cruel taunts from the enemy, because I did not make some effort to improve my case, he showing me that everybody could do better than I. But rather would I die from the bitter anguish these suggestions cause me, than move an inch contrary to the Lord's will, or take a step in the flesh. Now, I find it is good to be thus obstinate in waiting only on the Lord. Now I have got my token, and can hardly believe, for joy. "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loads me with benefits." And yet, ever and anon, it rings in my heart, "You shall see greater things than these."

Dear Lord, support me, for I tremble under the weight of these words, and Your great mercy. I know You can easily double the benefits, and perfect the miracle, though it seemed already most complete in my eyes, until this new feeling came. The other ten pounds are not so much to You as ten farthings are to me. And I remember that I did, in my pleading, mention before You, O my God, that twenty pounds would clear all, cover my dear mother's grave, and leave me some for present daily expenses. And I remember, after I got this ten pounds, You did gently say in my soul, "Did you not mention twenty?" and I said, "Yes, Lord;" and then, again and again, it sounded softly within, "Did not you say twenty?" and I just answered, "Yes, Lord." And now, while I am writing, a belief will come that You will make it twenty, that I may be out of debt, though I cannot see the way. Pardon me, blessed Jesus! You are so very kind, I tremble to presume; and my tears flow, yet I cannot help it. It seems so great a favor for such an insignificant worm as I to expect. But I

expect it upon the ground of Your largeness, love, and liberality, which can easily come over my insignificance. What can all this mean? Is the Lord again drawing me out in faith? Is it the shadow of another ten pounds from Him, to stop all mouths that have questioned whether I was right? Pardon, pardon, gracious Lord. Establish Your own word, and take mine out of my mouth, and heart too. My flesh fears to go into such another conflict directly; it seems as if this frail body must sink under it. But You can sustain, and You will, if You call me to it. Hallelujah! oh, praise the Lord my God. Yes; and I praise You for the other ten pounds; for I believe it will come, and I cannot help it, though trembling all the while.

November 20th, Monday.—In very deed, I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies of the Lord our God. And yet has He done me this great favor, to show me He is with me in the way that I go, and that I am where and as He pleases. I wish to praise Him all this day; I cannot praise Him half enough.

November 21st, Tuesday.—Arose this morning under much heaviness of spirit, or rather dullness; and was greatly afraid, lest Divine breathings should be withheld. But I cried unto the Lord for new quickenings; for, in very truth, no outward relief will satisfy the soul. I want close walking with my God in Christ.

Night.—I have been favored, I trust, with much of the Spirit today. As it is now just a week since my mercy, I have sought that I may keep another seven days with gladness.

November 26th, Sacrament-day—Noon.—My heart seems to be urgently taking hold of my dear Lord Jesus, saying, "I cannot let You go;" and, like the disciples at Emmaus, would constrain Him to abide with me. Having Your leave and approval, O Beloved, to stay in this house of my dear parents, and of my childhood, I now beseech You to dwell with me in increased power. I tremble much, lest being a little more at ease, I should slip, and not walk closely with You. I ask importunately for more grace, and to know how to glorify You; and that You will outwardly "perfect that which concerns me," and fulfill "the word upon which You have caused me to hope." Oh, what cause have I for thankfulness! "What can I render to the Lord for all His benefits?"

Evening.—I have partaken of the Lord’s supper, not with so much delight as last time. But earnestly desiring to discern the Lord’s body, with thanksgiving for the past. This has been a month long to be remembered. The trials so great; the petitions so pressing; the answers so striking. Yes, it has included an answer to the anxious cries of two long years of suspense. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" I am so surprised, because this house looks too large for me. I have been looking for pulling down and breaking up. Lord, sanctify this mercy, I beseech You; and prepare me for the greater things of which You have spoken. I look at every room, and everything in this house, with wonder. Do teach me how to use them all for You. I heartily desire more grace for the Refuge, and souls to be born there. I have, dear Lord, these two years sought You about this house. You have given many sweet hints and encouragements. But never a positive token, until this crisis about my rent, when it was put into my heart to ask that You would pay my rent without borrowing; and, if You did not, it should be an assurance to me that I must make some change. But You have bountifully overpaid the demand. So now, the case is decided in the highest court, and there must be no more appeal about it—but a going on in faith.

December 2nd.—I was graciously helped yesterday at the Refuge. Three of the girls wept much, and another, who has been less hopeful, has shed some tears. I do really believe I shall meet some of them in glory. O my Lord, come in great power, and work very manifestly. Enlarge unworthy me in Your precious Gospel. I do not yet half speak its freeness and fullness. Do You Yourself give the certain, effectual sound, and make it reach their hearts.

December 6th.—Nehemiah 4:9, "So we prayed to our God and stationed a guard because of them day and night." This I desire to do at this time. O glorious Holy One of Israel! You must conquer; You must reign alone in me. What is of You, You must confirm and accomplish; what is not, You must break to pieces. Love holds You fast by Your own sweet power working within.

December 15th, Friday.—My heart and my mouth blessedly open at the Refuge. The Lord bless and save. My soul is happy in Jesus this night, and so filled with praise, that no words seem full enough. Much flowing of love toward my Beloved—

"If such the sweetness of the stream,

What must the fountain be!"

December 24th, Sabbath.—A week full of mercies, and much up-bearing under outward pressure and great bodily weakness; with abounding joy also in the Lord, which has made me feel that I may soon sleep with my dearest mother in the dust. Oh that my lamp may burn clearly and brightly at the last, to the glory of Him who lighted it! Greatly blessed at the Refuge on Friday. The matron has complained of some who are careless in their work, and of others who are deceitful; so I have been led to search for, and read to them passages of Scripture under different heads, as idleness, lying lips, deceitful tongue, dishonesty, and many others; together with passages showing God’s strict justice, and how He is closely observing all the actions of men, as in Job 34:1-37, "He repays a man for what he has done; he brings upon him what his conduct deserves. It is unthinkable that God would do wrong, that the Almighty would pervert justice. His eyes are on the ways of men; he sees their every step. There is no dark place, no deep shadow, where evildoers can hide."

I desired, by the Word, to find out each of their prevailing faults, and to show their hatefulness in God’s sight; with also the evil effects which must accrue to them as they pass through life: and then to encourage them by Scripture in seeking to strive against them. Afterwards, in case all were not found out, and perhaps some of them might be saying, I am not guilty of any of these, and feeling proud of their outward propriety, I turned them to Mark 10:18-21, showing they had one thing lacking, namely, to forsake all this, as nothing before God but filthy rags, and as vile sinners to follow Jesus only. I then told them I would take my stand with the worst and vilest; and both with them and for them at the mercy-seat. I do trust it was of the Lord, and that His word will not return void. Several wept; No. 13 sobbed aloud. The Lord break the heart!

December 25th, Christmas Day.—"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." Hosannah to the Prince of Peace! Welcome into our flesh, O glorious Prince of Life!

December 31st.—Oh, what a year has the past been! What a cup full of mercies I have had; and the bitter part how beneficial! My soul, praise the Lord! I desire fresh devotedness, in the Lord’s own strength, to His service, if spared.

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January 1st.—Affliction holds my body with a strong hand. But the silken cords of Divine love hold my soul still firmer; and sweet indeed are those bands. I seem to lie in the embrace of God’s love, so as to feel no bitterness in what the flesh suffers. It is perfect peace, a quiet calm pervading the inner man. What is pending I know not. If deeper afflictions or a speedy coming forth, may the Lord therein be glorified, in life and death. This is the center wish of the heart. My Father’s will is love. Oh, for more submission to it, however strange it may seem to the flesh. Precious Jesus, "Abba, Father," tender Comforter, the holy, holy, holy Lord God of Israel, Your consolations delight my soul this night. O glorious Well-Beloved, how doubly lovely and precious are You, as You are more revealed. Happy, happy sinner saved, am I; to my God be all the glory!

January 3rd.—A most wonderful Ebenezer, in that the Lord has this day sent, to my astonishment, five pounds of the ten which He promised. I muse and marvel, and am sure the other five will come; though I have still a sort of trembling while I write it. But this is in the flesh; the spirit is sealed in assurance on this matter. Very ill all day—but happy in the Lord. I am astonished at the perfect peace I enjoy. To the Lord be praise. Ebenezer!

January 12th, Friday.—Glorious times in the "happy valley," where I now am. Only my dear sister in the Lord and myself at our meeting this evening. But such a blessing as set our souls on fire. I thought surely we were like the two lepers, who ventured out and found great spoil (2 Kings 7:3-8). Truly the glory of the Lord filled the room where we were. To Him alone be glory!

January 14th, Sabbath.—I call my illness a "dinner of herbs" in the "happy valley." Oh, what cause I have to praise my blessed Lord, who is so good to me. At times I feel very ill; still I believe, on the whole, I am getting better. I have today felt more desire "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." I seem not to like coming into the world again. But it shall be well. I have had blessed dissolving into the Lord’s will, and trust it will be continued.

January 15th.—I cannot speak half enough of the Lord’s great goodness to unworthy me, I am so much blessed. It is indeed heaven begun below. No one knows how I have dreaded being quite ill, without a dear mother to soothe and cheer me. The Lord has unexpectedly brought me into it, and by His own sweet presence and love He has taken all the bitter away. Oh, that I could praise Him suitably, and live to His glory. It is quite plain that for every circumstance He is all-sufficient; and that according to our day shall be our strength and supply. I had very great power in prayer last night in bed; and, this morning, such blissful communion, that I lay weeping most joyful tears: praising, blessing, loving—wondering at such mercies to one so vile. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Spiritual Ebenezer!

January 21st, Sabbath.—I much desired to go up to the house of God today—but I am not able. All "my times are in Your hands." They cannot be in a better place. Flesh and strength are still wasting. But I am kept in peace, and surrounded with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Oh, that

I could praise my gracious God! Oh, that my heart were as a ten-stringed instrument, and my tongue as a well-tuned harp, to sound His praise! Tune and touch, most gracious Comforter, that melody may be made unto the Lord, who is so good to me.

February 4th, Sabbath.—I have had a week of amazing mercies. I am overwhelmed at the Lord's goodness to me. Sometimes I fear I am too happy; the sweet peace I enjoy is very great. It has quite seemed to me this week that Home is near, and that is pleasant. I love my dear, kind friends very much. But to behold Him who is dearer than all, and to be absorbed in untiring, unceasing worship; yes, to live and breathe in the pure element of holiness and love, will, indeed, be delightful. O Lord, I pray for such an outcome out of this affliction as shall be most glorifying to You; and, if it pleases You, sanctify me for Your service below or above.

February 6th, Tuesday.—Last week I was led in spirit to give up all to the Lord afresh, and I found it sweet. Well, yesterday He put me to the test: for my most kind friends proposed that I should go away for change of air. I, who have not been from home for years, to go now in sickness, and that to a strange place. But I have vowed to the Lord, and dare not hold back; He must do as He will with His own; so I gave myself up to the leading of His Spirit in providence. May He choose the place where I am to rest for a season. Bodily weakness is fast increasing, I think. My cup abounds with mercies, and my heart this evening was overwhelmed in reading Luke 22:37-44. Oh, those drops of blood, more precious than mines of gold! My heart dissolved in love and wonder; surely heaven is indeed begun below; and what a miracle, to think that my joy should come through such a channel!

February 10th.—Though in excessive weakness, I must record the loving-kindness of my covenant-keeping God. Yesterday He sent me the other five pounds, making the twenty, together with that mentioned November 19th; so now my dear mother's grave has a stone upon it; and I have also paid this night the five pounds I borrowed. Thus has the Lord fulfilled every word. He spoke to me on the subject, and proved to me that those peculiar emotions in my soul were of the Spirit, though I tremble at their greatness. He teaches, also, that secular things become spiritual, as we undertake them in the name of Jesus, and seek His glory by them. My mercies are so great, I can hardly believe in their reality. Who should trust so much, or sing so loud, as I? Surely these great wonders should encourage me in the severe trial just at hand, of leaving my home, and going among strangers, with an almost dying body. My Savior, into Your loving arms I cast myself for life or death, at home or abroad. May Your precious name be glorified, and Your saints be edified; then all will be well. The memorandum of October 12th encourages my trembling heart, for when my dear mother was gone, my Beloved looked in upon me, and filled my soul with joy; so, perhaps, when I have really left all, at His bidding, He will come to me with new sweetness. "I will trust, and not be afraid." Hallelujah to the Lamb! If I never write again, I testify that my God is faithful, and worthy to be trusted in life or death. Praise Him, O my soul. Amen.

March 9th.—Ockbrook.—Chamber of peace. It is three full weeks this day since I left my home and friends, to come to a place I knew not—but which the Lord had provided for me. The journey of twelve or fourteen miles laid me very low, and for some time I was fed by the hands of others. My dear friend was most watchful and tender through my extremity; and all are unceasingly kind. The Lord repay them! There has been, indeed—but a step between me and death. But that step was so guarded that I could not take it; and here am I, still fettered in clay, and my soul still

encaged in the wires of mortality. But through them beams the glory of the better country, and the loveliness of my Beloved. And though yet in my cage, I can sing His matchless love and worthy praise, for the dear Comforter has tuned my heart. How to recount the Lord’s mercies I know not, they have been so beautifully unfolded in this affliction. My strength is somewhat returning. I sat up four hours yesterday—longer than I have done since I came here.

["Fettered in clay," "encaged in the wires of mortality. But through them beams the glory of the better country." Such expressions show at once the character of the writer’s mind, and the heavenly-mindedness that pervaded her Christ-aspiring soul. Emphatically it may be said of her, that she was "blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."]

March 18th, Sabbath.—Still suffering from great bodily weakness. But the consolation and glory far exceed the pain; such visits as I have had to Gethsemane! such meltings at Calvary! and such beamings of the glories of a risen Redeemer! Being much alone today, I feel drawn out to take hold of the Lord afresh, in order to the further development of this beautiful affliction, that His glory may be manifested, and His dear saints be by any means refreshed. To be willing to come back to the wilderness again costs a struggle. It seems so like leaving this celestial valley, with the glory sometimes full in view, to climb a dark, black hill. But yet I really think the Lord has breathed into my soul sweetly, several times, Isaiah 55:12-13, on this matter; and if it be so, it will be wonderful indeed. "You will live in joy and peace. The mountains and hills will burst into song, and the trees of the field will clap their hands! Where once there were thorns, cypress trees will grow. Where briers grew, myrtles will sprout up. This miracle will bring great honor to the Lord’s name; it will be an everlasting sign of his power and love." My heart is ready to say, "I will trust, and not be afraid."

[Reader, do observe the sweets of either mental or bodily afflictions, when the Lord condescendingly and sovereignly moistens it and mellows it by His sweet presence and blessed power! Oh, how highly favored was the privileged Ruth in these respects. How did the Lord make Himself known to her in the depths of human sorrow, and how did He enrich her with Himself, and with durable riches and righteousness, while at the same time she was the creature of poverty and necessity, in regard to time-things.]

March 20th.—The Lord’s leadings and teachings are so wonderful, that I call this "Ockbrook School."

March 21st.—Quite ill again today; unable to leave my bed. Still holding fast by that which holds me—"the name of the Lord." This morning I thought of Hezekiah—"He turned his face to the wall:" so I turn away from all, to trust in the Lord alone; and feel like her of old who would not take a denial. But if the Lord seems (by allowing me to grow worse) to refuse me, in love I would press all my suit upon Him, feeling sure that He will, from the same love in His heart, return with a blessing. This word seemed sweet, "For my own name’s sake I will do it."

March 22nd.—Acts 3:16, was brought home with power to me this morning. "By faith in the name of Jesus, this man whom you see and know was made strong. It is Jesus’ name and the faith that comes through him that has given this complete healing to him, as you can all see." And I saw, in Acts 3:6, that it was in the name of Jesus the healing was done: so I have got the right end in taking hold of "the name of the Lord." But, like Daniel (Daniel 1:12-13), I desire to be proved awhile, waiting only on the Lord: "He who believes shall not make haste."

March 25th, Sabbath.—I am here in a strange place, and have not one true kindred spirit to commune with in rapturous heights of love Divine. But I have heavenly company, and often feel, "The saints above, and saints below,

But one communion make."

March 28th.—I have had a blessed, soul-melting view of my precious Lord in His temptation in the wilderness. Every repulse He gave the prince of darkness was a triumph for me; and, as my faith is enabled to lay hold, thereof, Satan can make no way. My heart and eyes have overflowed in the sweetness I have found; and Jesus is again more precious than words can tell. Blessed Comforter! lead me more into the deep, sweet mystery of Christ, my Lord. Eternal praises to the great Three-One!

April 1st, Palm Sunday.—Since I have felt a little stronger in body, I have much desired to go up to the Lord’s house before going out to breathe the fresh air. When I heard what day this was, I longed to go and bear by feeble branch before the Lord, in acknowledgment of His great mercies. There was only the Moravian Chapel. But there I went, in the name of the Lord. I was mercifully helped—but found myself much weaker than I expected; and, on my return, thought it impossible I could ever again engage in the activities of life.

April 15th.—"And they sung, as it were, a new song before the throne." Oh, it is ever new! I seem often in spirit to join them; and, when so enabled, I always find a freshness in the theme. Oh, that precious blood! how words fail to express the immense value and efficacy of it! Praise Him, my saved soul!

April 29th, Sabbath.—Some heavy tossings in mind. No savor in the preaching. But, this afternoon, sweet meditations upon our great High Priest entering the true Holy Place with His own blood, and of our having boldness to enter there by the same precious blood. The minister, this morning, quoted Hebrews 6:1-2, about first principles; and, on turning to it when I got home, I read forward, and also found Hebrews 6:12, very animating; not viewing it as referring to departed saints—but to those who, in experience, have already crossed the Jordan, and are living joyfully in Christ, who is the good land, flowing with milk and honey; thus, through faith and patience, inheriting the promises; for the Lord does, as Job says, "Appoint us a set time, and remember us." Being thus brought in, I desire to follow those who have been walking the land, in the length and in the breadth of it (Genesis 13:17; Revelation 21:7). And here I would erect an altar, as Abraham did, in remembrance of all the mercies which I have received in this place, where I am a stranger. And now, my glorious Lord, I yield myself afresh to You, for new fillings of the Spirit, and for more communion with Yourself, Your Father, and my Father. And oh, my God, I humbly say, for outward things, "Your will be done." And now unto the glorious Three-One Jehovah, incomprehensible to sense—but blessedly revealed to faith, to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Israel’s one Lord, be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, both now and throughout all ages, world without end. Amen. May 5th, Saturday.—Again has the Lord, this morning, seemed to say in my soul, "Be you faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life;" not the death of the body—but the death of self, in all its willing and wishing; and this must be the death of the cross! The Head humbled Himself unto it, and the members must be conformed thereunto; and that experimentally, or they cannot come to resurrection glory, or wear the crown of resurrection life. The Lord has shown me, this morning, that He will not crown my flesh; therefore the sooner it is yielded to the death, the

better. May 13th.—

"How rich, how sweet, how full, how free,

O Jesus, are Your grace and Thee!"

I received most blessed bedewings of the Spirit, and opening thereby of the wondrous efficacy of the death of my precious Lord. This life of faith is all of Him, by Him, in Him, and for Him; and it shuts out the creature more than anything beside. It is most blessed, and nothing exceeds it but the life of glory. May 20th.— I cannot half speak of the fresh glories and beauties I have lately seen in my blessed Jesus—my all-lovely Immanuel! Oh, indeed, I know but a mere nothing of His matchless worth! It is marvelous that Your glorious, holy salvation, should enclose unworthy me. But so it is. The Lord has shut me in; yes, I am brought by Jehovah's own power into holiness, happiness, and everlasting bliss; and who shall pluck me thence? I have them in Himself: and He holds me fast—oh, so fast! Blessed security! law, justice, holiness, all on my side; because I am one with Jesus, who has met them all with infinite satisfaction. I do love a salvation which can look at law and justice with an open face. No other will satisfy a Spirit-awakened conscience. And with such a great salvation am I saved. Happy I, with such a glorious Jesus! Happy, happy, saved sinner!

[Reader, in sweet accordance with the foregoing testimony, "a salvation which can look at law and justice with an open face," some poet has said, most blessedly—

"Here's an amazing change indeed!

Justice is now for me!" A Spirit-quickened soul would not be saved at the expense of Divine justice; the ground of his rejoicing is that Jehovah can be "just, and yet the Justifier of him who believes on Jesus." It is at Calvary, that "Mercy and truth have met together; and righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Reader, may the Lord mercifully lead you into a personal knowledge and glorious faith's apprehension of these things, for they are most Christ-exalting and God-glorifying.] May 31st.—My dear — has just left me, after spending two days here. The water of life has flowed refreshingly from on high; and I surely hope she has not been here in vain. It is marvelous that I should have such enjoyments: this quiet retreat, this most beautiful country air and scenery, everything I need, provided without cost to me, and the kindest attentions from dear friends! It is wonderful, for I never looked for anything like prosperity on earth until the Lord so strangely whispered to me in December last. I wait Your will. I do enjoy Your mercies, and Your beautiful creation, now in the freshness of spring. But You Yourself are the sweetness of all.

June 21st.—Surely I must again record, with thankfulness, the Lord's great mercies to one of the unworthiest of His creatures. Health really seems returning. It has cost a painful struggle to be willing to live longer in Meshech, and to return there from the gates of glory. But the last day or two I have felt the Lord's power in my soul, conquering all, and causing me thankfully—yes, joyfully, to receive returning health. I am daily giving myself and the future to the Lord; praying Him to manage all, and to be glorified therein. I feel most unfit for any usefulness: my hope is in the Lord alone. He has most kindly gratified one ardent wish, in opening a way for me to help a friend here to work for the poor. This has, indeed, been to me a sacred place—"the house of God and gate of heaven"—my soul being often filled to overflowing with the love and glories of Jesus.

I felt a peculiar longing for the quickening of dead souls, and for the enlivening of living ones. Oh that the blessed Gospel and so great salvation were more fully preached. "Lord, revive Your work," and send forth more faithful laborers into Your vineyard. How often does my heart turn to the Refuge at N—. May the Lord clothe the Word with power!

June 25th.—Yesterday I was feeling deeply my ignorance, when the Lord seemed to say, "I shall never make you wise, I will be your wisdom; I am killing you." I was inquiring why I am so often depressed, and have thus far got an answer: "When your eye is single, your whole body shall be full of light." Surely I would wait further at Wisdom's gate.

June 26th.—From circumstances which have occurred today, I have been thinking how we each have a distinctiveness of character, and our heavenly Father has a different work for each believer. So that while seeing the excellence of others, and being humbled, let me see to it that my own little measure of ability be not unimproved. This thought has much relieved and encouraged me; and I do afresh, my Lord, consecrate my one talent to You, for increase and use to Your glory.

July 23rd.—I received part of my rent this morning, and, when going to take a tenth for the Lord, I felt an incitement to give it all; and was reminded of David, who would not drink the water brought to him at the risk of life—but poured it out before the Lord. Knowing what great straits I had been in before my illness, I waited a day or two to prove if it was from the Lord: the impression continued, and I dare not touch the money for my own use. I had some more to receive, and almost thought I might have that. But these words stopped me, "he kept back part of the price;" so I put all into my charity purse, asking pardon of the Lord for not doing it more heartily, and yet having some fear that I might come to need it. Oh, for a more clear understanding of the intimations of the Spirit! Today I most unexpectedly received five pounds from town, for rent. Surely this says I was right in giving the other. I am indeed astonished at the Lord's mercies. I am most unworthy of the least—but it is all for Jesus' sake. I trust You to guide me aright. You know my deep conflicts—but with thanksgiving I renew my trust, and yield myself afresh to You; from which Satan and the flesh have tried to hinder, urging that I only bring myself into fresh suffering and fiery trials. May the Lord pardon me for being beguiled by it for one moment; bring me to new and full surrender of heart—not courting affliction, yet not withholding myself from my Lord to escape it.

July 29th, Sacrament-day.—I have not the outward privilege of the Lord's table—but much desire to remember His dying love. Trials have arisen; and Satan's power was terrible. But the Lord is above him, and He has graciously supported and delivered me. A family from town have been staying in this house for twelve weeks; they are quite worldly, and the gentleman delicate. I have had great wrestlings of spirit for them—but could not speak. Just before they left, it was strongly laid upon my mind to write to the lady, expressing my concern for their souls. After much heart-exercise, I wrote, and put it into her hand as she was leaving the house. Oh that the Lord may bless that or some other means. I can hardly expect so great a favor as to see the fruit. But "power belongs unto God."

I have now earnest desires for new closing with a precious Christ, as my all in all; that the shadowy things of time may less cumber me, however contrary to flesh, and to live Christ be my one concern. I also cry to You, my conquering Captain, against the power of Satan over me, either by depression, or anxious care, or in any other way he has worked or may work. I pray against him, and embrace You by faith as my power to resist him. I fear I have been ignorant of his devices,

and sunk under what I ought to have stood against. But now I yield up all to You, and myself to follow afresh hard after You, and afresh to "count all things but loss" for Your sake. Oh, my beloved, my all-lovely Savior, You are gain, and gain enough. Something whispers that trouble is near. I commit to You whatever is approaching: keep me in You abiding, and all shall be well.

August 8th.—Again I am renewed in earnest pleadings, and taking hold of the Lord for a token, about my future home. My Father, to You I cry, in the name of Jesus. My precious Jesus, Your company and communion—yes, fellowship with a Triune Jehovah, is what I seek; and for it give up as nothing what mortals so pursue—riches, honor, appearance, fleshly indulgence. I ask, my Father, at Your hands, for Your glory, a home within the means You have given, that I may minister to Your saints, and that my soul may be free for fullness of Yourself. O Lord, hear. I have great hope that You will, though the enemy has well-near smitten my life down to the ground with fear and terror.

August 12th.—Much harassed lately about writing so much in my diary. But it is such a blessed help to me on the pilgrim-road, I cannot refrain. I seem to see with fresh light, that it is vain to expect to come to a certain state, when we shall live by grace, constantly and spontaneously. The desirable position is, to live in felt dependence and emptiness—seeking constant renewings of the Holy Spirit—to live by simple faith on Jesus. Therefore, if I receive ever such large and fresh inflowings of grace today, I must not think that it is a stock for tomorrow; or think then to act by this day’s power, or walk by this day’s light. "Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto You daily." Psalms 86:3. "Give us this day our daily bread." Matthew 6:11. "Praise be to the Lord, to God our Savior, who daily bears our burdens." Psalms 68:19. "As your days, so shall your strength be." Deuteronomy 33:25.

I have at times had a word of power brought home to my soul, which has been like light, and food, and strength, and all I could need; and by faith it has been used with wondrous profit, and I have felt now that I had only to go on using this glorious word, certain of success; and so I have done, until it has seemed dry and powerless, and my soul was defeated and disappointed. I think the Lord now shows me this was wrong, and that it is in constant renewings and fresh power that the work of the Lord must go on; this is living by faith, the other by sense; this is more emptying, humbling, and abasing; the other more independent and exalting. Another Ockbrook lesson.

Five o’clock.—I feel most thankful that the Lord has graciously kindled in my soul the desire again to follow hard after Him. I fear that the pressure of outward things upon my spirit since the loss of my dearest mother, has been a great hinderance to me. I have used my feet too much, my wings too little; I have lingered on earth, instead of anticipating heaven. Dear Lord, renew in the fervor of holiness and love, which will abound in me as I abide in Him.

"Oh, glorious hour! oh, blessed abode!

I shall be near and like my God;

And sense and sin no more control

The glowing pleasures of my soul."

Even so, come, Lord Jesus!

August 16th.—Psalms 27:4, "The one thing I ask of the Lord—the thing I seek most—is to live in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, delighting in the Lord's perfections and meditating in his Temple." More and more anxious to be delivered from worldly care. Oh, I must not be buried in the stuff of Egypt, and have the health of my soul eaten away by corroding cares for this world's gain. I have thought that, as I am waiting for a token of my future way, and know not whether it will come by the Word or by providence, I will, by the Lord's help, when I am alone, take my dear Bible, and on my knees before God, looking to Him, see whether He will give the token there. I began this morning, and opened strikingly upon 1 Chronicles 4:10, the prayer of Jabez, which is, to the letter, what I want; and the last clause is, "and God granted him that which he requested." I wondered with great admiration; my soul was melted and humbled: "Lord, do as You have said." I wait for Your salvation with trembling confidence. Lord, guide plainly, and give me as much of Yourself as possible in this mortal body. My purpose is to wait on the Lord, in and with the Word, directly after breakfast each morning, until deliverance comes. I think much, with encouragement, of Abraham's servant (Genesis 24:13-15). I do not want a creature-companion, as he did for Isaac—but I want to be as clearly guided about a home where I may enjoy my best Beloved. "Is anything too hard (or too large, or too small) for the Lord?" I trow not.

August 19th, Sabbath.—I leave my temporal requests today, and sum all up in seeking Christ, whom I desire to seek more earnestly and exclusively. Renew me, O most Holy Comforter, that I may make diligent search for Christ in everything, pleasing or painful, He being the very kernel of all. The Lord has been very gracious to me the past week; to His name be the glory.

August 24th.—Most exceedingly blessed this morning in family prayer, wherein it came suddenly to my mind what instances we have of answers to prayer in the Word, and how God will even turn the course of nature at His people's cry. He bade the sun and the moon stand still a whole day, and the world was wondering what was the matter, while only a sinful man (but a redeemed man) was praying. At another time, at the voice of prayer, the Lord shut up the heavens from giving rain, three years and six months, and the whole land was parched with barrenness and thirst, because of His people's sin: and again He opened heaven, and gave abundance of rain, when His servant prayed for it. Peter, too, when bound fast with chains, between two soldiers, and secured with bolts and bars besides—could not be held, for "prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him." Jacob prayed, and wept, and prevailed; and the promise is, "I will make you a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth; and you shall thresh the mountains." Surely, this is the prayer of faith. Truly, the whole Bible seemed opened to me, as full of answers to prayer; and this did much encourage and fire my soul to pray—yes, to pray on. The Lord increase faith and prayer.

August 26th, Evening, Sacrament-day.—It has pleased my gracious Lord again to weaken my body. But all is well, though in very deed it is like a dying life. The Lord has been near and precious in the affliction. A month of love and mercy has just closed. I have had the blessed benefit of more realization of the love of my Beloved. I have at times been absorbed in the dear element of love divine, which is the home of my soul. I have not today had the sensible communion which I sought. But my condescending Lord will not be waited on in vain. He has some reason for tarrying out of my sight, and will come again with His overmatching love, of which mine is but the effect. But, however, while He seems absent, I would engage in recording His praise. Praise Him, O my soul. And now afresh I give myself to You, my blessed Jesus, to look at You, and only You; all else is

confusing. I must erect an Ebenezer to the honor of my gracious Lord, who has been above my foes, above my fears, and immeasurably above my deserts.

August 27th.—I do not know anything about being at sea, literally. But am just taught in spiritual matters, when the wind blows hard against us, it is best to hold firm at anchor: since striving then to get forward is wasting strength in vain. I think I must always be thus engaged on Monday morning, which is generally stormy, and the wind contrary. My blessed Rock, keep me from getting one inch further from You.

September 8th.—I have again to record loving-kindness and tender mercies. Still waiting upon the Lord in the morning about going to my little Bethel home. I think Genesis 35:3, and the last clause of Genesis 32:9, are words upon which I am caused to hope. Also one morning it was rather opened to me that I had been, like Hezekiah and Judah (2 Kings 19:1-37), standing a long siege of the enemy, and hearing the dreadful threatening—but still, by divine power, kept trusting in the Lord; and that, like them, I should be fully delivered from the straitness and scarceness. I was mercifully blessed last evening in a poor cottage, which I have weekly visited for some time. It is sweet to find some poor who love to hear of Jesus. Dearest Lord, use me where and how You will. But let me be a savor of You, and let souls be benefitted.

September 13th.—The occurrence of this morning seems remarkable. Some weeks ago I met with a poor girl in the fields reading her Bible. I spoke to her, and found she really seemed to be a lamb of Christ's flock, who had felt both sin and salvation. I have since seen her—but have never had much liberty in speaking to her. I have made inquiries, and find she has a mother of bad character, which makes one feel for her. This morning, to my great surprise, she came to beg from me, and though I could not relieve her, yet my mouth was opened to speak solemnly to her of her state as a sinner, and of the awful consequences if she died in sin. Words flowed freely indeed, and she wept abundantly. I prayed with her, wondering at the courage and power I felt. Oh that this sinner might be turned from darkness to light! it would indeed be worth coming back from the gates of glory. "Power belongs unto God." Oh that she may be slain, and then the Holy Spirit breathe upon her, that she may live. A light springs up, showing me that my forte is not to dispute against false doctrine—but to warn poor sinners, and to seek to comfort and establish saints. This somewhat relieves my mind, which has been much harassed about the former.

September 16th, Sabbath.—I expect this will be the last at Ockbrook, and on Tuesday I shall journey home. My precious Lord has afresh ravished my soul with His love. I humbly desire that my spared life may be for His glory, and my return to N— for His people's good; for which I must look to Him alone. He has graciously granted me some sweet communion with Mrs. B— this last few days. I do think Satan has striven hard to hinder it.

September 18th, Tuesday Morning.—I am preparing to depart hence this evening. My heart this morning has said, "Who has believed our report? and to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?" But, though I see no signs, "the day will declare it." And now an Ebenezer in remembrance of all the spiritual and temporal mercies received in this place. To the Lord be glory in the highest.

September 22nd.—What a death is put upon my return home, in the excessive bodily weakness I feel. Lord, what can it mean? "Your will be done!"

September 23rd.—When wondering, with much perplexity, I thought there was whispered, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God;" and this morning, "Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy;" and, "Weeping may endure for a night—but joy comes in the morning;" and this evening, "Cast your burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain you." I have, in answer, cast it all upon You, my Lord. Oh, increase my faith; and make me willing to endure as well as to enjoy. Let me not live to dishonor You, or be a cumberer of the ground.

"Once they were mourning here below,

And wet their couch with tears;

They wrestled hard, as I do now,

With sins, and foes, and fears."

Yes, there are dear ones before the throne, who once in this very cottage groaned and prayed, as their poor child does now. But they had "victory through the blood of the Lamb;" and so shall I, though now sore buffeted in the place of dragons.

September 25th, Tuesday.—A day set apart in Nottingham, by the suspension of business and observance of public worship—to acknowledge the Lord's hand in the cholera, which is devastating our country; and to call upon Him, as a God of mercy and judgment, praising Him for a plentiful harvest, and for sparing our town from the pestilence, and praying Him to stay it where it is raging. I feel it very solemn and blessed too.

Night.—I have attended the three services. It was an extra effort to this poor body. But I felt it so good to be there, and so precious to hear the breathings of the dear saints: their songs of praise did thrill through my soul, and indeed I am glad to be again among my own beloved people. May the Lord hear, and be gracious to the pleadings of His children for our guilty country! The cholera has been within four or five miles of Nottingham.

September 30th, Sacrament-day.—I see He did not send to the poor widow some sacks of meal and a large quantity of oil; then her faith might have had a holiday. But He just kept the little in the barrel, and the cruse from wasting, and so faith had exercise every time she had a renewal of need. Oh, I must, I must believe, and not want an independent stock.

October 1st, Monday.—Oh, what depths and darkness I have gone through this day, as regards temporal and spiritual matters—feeling ill in body, and unable to bear such roughs, and the harrowing suggestion within; and bewildered, too, and beclouded, as if I could not tell right from wrong, and enjoying no sweet communion with my Beloved, and no power in prayer. I told Him I would pray, and spread out my case before Him—but could not; so I must kneel in silence, and He would know what it meant; and when I did pray, it was just like "the chattering of a crane or a swallow." Oh, I do know what that means, and felt I could only make a noise while mourning in my petitions. It has been a day of night. I felt, as I was reading Psalms 23:4, that I was passing through the "valley of the shadow of death," as regards the Lord's promises, without the sensible enjoyment of His presence. And then it was as though He said, "I am with you—trust Me in the dark." My very soul was bowed down with tears of anguish flowing, and I thought, "You shall hear the voice of my weeping." And, in the middle of this day of night, I thought how silly I was to write what I did last night about faith and this house; it looked to me like nonsense, and I thought I would

not write again for a long, long time, as only worse seemed to follow. But just now this word has melted my heart, "At midnight Paul and Silas sang praises, and the prisoners heard them." It is just like me, midnight enough, in stocks fast enough. But I too, in my poor way, will praise my God. I can only take the three last Psalms of David to express His worthy praise; and I find there that "all deeps" are called upon to praise the Lord; and why should not mine? They are deep enough and dark enough to sense. But praise Him they must, and I sing in the stocks to the praise of Jehovah. I praise Him, indeed, for His longsuffering and forbearance with me, whom Satan has so sorely provoked to murmur; and I praise Him more for His precious, most precious Son, my glorious Well-Beloved.

"Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,

To show that God is love." My soul, praise the Lord! Hallelujah! For, notwithstanding all seeming contrarieties, "the Lord God Omnipotent reigns."

October 3rd.—Very specially has my Beloved been to me today--as the suffering Lord of glory. Oh! what blood was that—what rich, rich drops flowed for vile, unworthy me! I wonder, and adore! "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." And His spouse shall see somewhat of His soul-travail for her, and be satisfied with His love and favor. And that You, immaculate Lamb, should be bruised and wounded for my sake—is overwhelming indeed!

"I long to see You as You are,

With eyes made strong to bear the sight."

I long to fall at Your dear feet, and, before all the glorious company, confess myself a trophy of redeeming love—a miracle of Your saving grace and cleansing blood! I long to be with You. But You have sent me back, to confess first on earth and before men, what You have done for my soul. Your will, not mine, be done. Speak through me, and that to win souls.

October 14th.—I find my blessed Lord is calling me to walk by faith—believing against appearances; and I am sure it is well. I love sensible delights. But through divine power, my soul is being taught to walk confidingly in the dark, trusting to my Beloved to keep me from going astray, though no guide-posts appear. My heart says to Him this evening, "We are now in your hands. Do to us whatever seems good and right to you" (Joshua 9:25).

"Man does not live on bread alone." Luke 4:4. I remember that during great straits, many blessed words of God have come to me, and thus my faith has been greatly strengthened. But because deliverance did not come immediately, I have sunk lower than ever: and on that account I have almost shrunk from being so revived, lest disappointment should follow. But now I stand thankfully reproved, inasmuch as I was thinking that I could only live by the bread of deliverance, whereas I am to live also by every word of God which I have received with power.

November 5th.—My case is very pressing; I must be importunate. My heart cries unto the Lord. Oh, it will be great grace if He does now rise for my help! Lord, help me, and be glorified in me; and let Your dear saints have some benefit by me. Abraham’s servant did not pray in vain. Hannah, when provoked sorely, did not pour out her soul before the Lord in vain. David, when harassed and hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, did not ask counsel at the mouth of his God in vain. The poor woman of Canaan did not press her suit in vain; and unworthiest Ruth will

not sigh and cry in vain; she will be heard and answered, though she dare hardly believe it. Surely a cheerful hope beams in upon my heart. "My soul, wait only upon God; for my expectation is from Him." Dear Lord, all hearts are in Your hand; the silver, and the gold, and the blessing are Yours. I must follow You, with importunate prayer, until You arise and help me.

November 8th.—I received tidings from dear Mrs. F— of a trying nature, respecting the rent of the house in London—but the love of my crucified Lord sweetened it all. However, I was enabled most feelingly to bless the Lord for my temporal mercies, and still more for my cross-sweetening Savior. I cannot see the least token of deliverance. But "God is His own Interpreter,

And He will make it plain." My heart, in the midst of all adversity, adores, confides, and loves. "My soul waits for the Lord, more than those who watch for the morning."

November 9th.—How sweet is the precious Bible to me this morning; and such a melted heart, that I think perhaps more trouble is at hand: the will of the Lord be done. Isaiah 25:9, very sweet, "Look, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He has saved us. This is the Lord; we have waited for Him. Let us rejoice and be glad in His salvation." And also these words, "Your God reigns!"

November 10th, Saturday Night.—I have taken counsel again in my heart, to humble myself before the Lord tomorrow, with fasting. I felt some trembling in so doing, somewhat like Esther, who thought it was a venture to go into the royal presence with her petition. But my case, in some respects, grows very urgent; and, like her, I say, "If I perish, I perish." What I seek is like asking for a miracle. But that does not prevent my plea, for the Lord has wrought many, and He can again. Oh that I may have audience, with power to plead!

November 11th, Sabbath Morning.—The Lord has never stood aloof in the day of my calamity, and, although I am not yet delivered, He has already given me cause to say, "It was good for me that I was afflicted." I humbly desire to seek heart-holiness, and life-holiness, through union to Jesus, and faith in Him; also close walking with God, and the fullest enjoyment of Christ and salvation—present salvation, that can be had in the body; also devotedness to the Lord’s service.

Night.—I seem to have been praying through a dense cloud today, without the sensible power I desired. But was kept crying on, assured the Lord did hear, although He saw fit not to speak. And, by my lack of felt power, I was driven to lay firmer hold of that dear name, in which alone we can prevail. I now feel it has been a profitable exercise—outcome is with the Lord. And now, my Lord, I wait, expecting You will answer—how I know not. But it is Your great love which makes me bold to believe, and sink deeper into the depths of that love. I yet know nothing, comparatively, of that love which "passes knowledge." Oh! to be filled with the fullness of God. Surely this my cross has become a budding cross; and I humbly hope it will be a fruitful cross, to the glory of Your name.

November 15th.—This day is set apart, by our sovereign and rulers, for public worship and thanksgiving; in that the Lord has been pleased graciously to subdue the fearful pestilence of cholera, which has killed 13,000 in the metropolis, besides its ravages in other parts of our land. His people cried, and He has answered them: now we return to render Him the praise. The latter part of yesterday I was in much heaviness, and feared that my songs would be choked with sighs. But I cried to the Lord for a praising spirit, and in great mercy He has vouchsafed it. Bless, O my soul, your faithful God. This has been a favored day. I would like two Sabbaths every week. My

own mind, also, has been much relieved today, without the least change in outward things. But it has seemed to me like this word, "We walk by faith, and not by sight."

November 17th.—Yesterday and today I have been suffering under the deepest depression, almost past endurance. "Surely an enemy has done this." I sent this evening to ask my friend A—, whom I observed last night to be under a heavy trial, to come and unite in prayer, as I thought we might present both our cases to the Lord; she did so, after which came these words to my mind—

"And Satan trembles, when he sees

The weakest saint upon his knees," and also Christian's weapon of "all prayer." Oh! what a solemn season I had in wrestling with the Angel of the covenant; beseeching Him for strength against our spiritual foe, and for enjoyment of the fullness of redemption, and that we might be filled with all the fullness of God. In doing this I so lost sight of my temporal case, that when I would, I could not remember one outward thing I needed. So I finished without naming my temporal needs; it was truly a blessed season, and Christ all in all.

November 23rd.—This evening I opened upon Job 7:1-21, and felt the truth of Job 7:20, "I am a burden to myself;" but then with what sweet power did it follow in my soul, "I am not a burden to You, my Lord;" for You do lovingly bear with all. Oh! what condescension! What unutterable love! My soul wonders and adores!

November 25th, Sacrament-day.—I was much blessed this morning, in hearing a sermon from Deuteronomy 32:4, "He is the Rock, His works are perfect, and all His ways are just. A faithful God who does no wrong, upright and just is He." It was a time of love and power. Surely the Lord has come into my heart, as His guest-chamber. But it is not I who entertain Him; He entertains me, and most blessedly too. Surely, He is fulfilling the word He gave me on Friday (Isaiah 44:3, "I will pour water on the thirsty land, and streams on the dry ground."). I have again taken the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of my precious Lord. It was a solemn season; I did surely eat and drink in remembrance of my Beloved, and gave myself to Him afresh for all His holy will. And, under a sense of His majesty, even in His humiliation, I was constrained to kneel before the crucified one, and to worship Him as my God and Savior. The last month has been peculiar. Many teachings and sweet inlets of love and communion—but no outward opening or apparent answer to my cry. Still, all is love. I desire to go forth only in Your name, and for Your glory.

November 28th.—Yesterday I received a request to go to the House of Refuge, on Friday. And this morning my soul is humbled in reading Ephesians 3:8 "Although I am less than the least of all God's people, this grace was given me—to preach to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." How did the apostle seem to marvel at the great privilege of telling poor sinners of Jesus; and how am I melted at the thought, that unto me, "whom am less than the least of all saints," should this grace be given, to taste of salvation, and then to tell fellow-sinners what a Savior I have found. I am astonished at the mercy, and weighed down under the sense of my insufficiency. But my sufficiency for all, shall be of God alone.

December 2nd, Sabbath.—On Friday I went to the Refuge. The dear Lord made good His promise, given me two days ago. His grace was sufficient for me. I do earnestly long and cry that souls may be quickened into spiritual life.

9 o’clock.—I trust my desire has been granted. It has been a time of privilege, I think both in reviewing and renewing; and again I give myself up to live on, and for Christ alone. "There is a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing," so the Scriptures declare; and surely this is my time for renewed faith-embracements of my Beloved, whom I have afresh turned to for all I need; and I trust it is by the power of the Holy Spirit. "My meditation of Him has been sweet." Oh! what fullness of grace and glory is there in Him! Under divine anointings, I will be glad in Him. Ah! and seek for gladness in nothing else. This is the secret of peace. O God the Holy Spirit, renew in living Christ; I have lived myself too much. You happy hours of this favored Sabbath, adieu! You are fled—but you have been to me a breathing of Sabbatic rest; and I hope my soul is fresh energized in the way of faith. Surely, no one is so much indebted to the Lord as unworthy I. Even now that He is keeping me shut up in outward things, He sweetly blesses me with the flowing of the "upper springs."

These words have been sweet to me today, "He shall be to you instead of silver." Mr. C— once said, Job 22:25, might be so read; and now I feel it verified in myself; and, as the next verse says, "For then shall you have your delight in the Almighty, and shall lift up your face unto God." "Accepted in the Beloved," my soul blesses the Lord!

December 5th.—I have received no money yet—but all is well. I feel, that when I was first put into the furnace, I fell down bound. But that now I am loosed, and my precious Beloved is sweetly with me, and I walk with Him unharmed amidst the flames. I praise and adore!

December 14th.—I have been to the Refuge, to me a solemn, sacred place. I was favored to see — overwhelmed in tears, in repeating that verse—

"I would—but can’t, repent,

Though I endeavor oft."

It seemed to be the very feeling of her soul, and I do trust she is a repenting sinner, though she feels her heart is so hard. I had hopes of her before my illness. The Lord be very gracious unto her at the voice of her cry; and when He hears it, may He answer. — says she has found pardon and peace since I saw them. May the work be real, and that which will stand the test of fire.

December 26th.—Heard Mr. H— preach with power from Psalms 39:7-8, "Now, Lord, what do I wait for? My hope is in You. Deliver me from all my transgressions." I did earnestly cry, this morning, that the grace of the Gospel might flow into my soul, as well as that the words of the Gospel might sound in my ears; and I humbly trust it proved so under the sermon. The minister said, "The living soul waits for answers to prayer, for mercy, for salvation, for the presence of God, and the revelation of the Person of Christ. To have the husband’s inheritance will not alone satisfy the bride: if she has affection, she must have personal communion with the bridegroom. Just so, all spiritual blessings will not satisfy the Church, without the Person of Christ. The soul also waits for particular deliverances in trials and perplexities, and sometimes has to wait long; and also waits and longs to be gathered home, to be with the Lord forever and ever. For this she hopes. Hope is called the anchor—but there must be anchorage as well as an anchor. And so hope takes hold of the everlasting love of God; the ’everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure;’ the Person and finished work of Christ; the Word of God; the promises, as spoken to the soul by the Holy Spirit; and the power and faithfulness of God." Oh, my precious Jesus, my heavenly Bridegroom, I

commit the events of this evening to You. Oh yes, keep me for Yourself, until You shall call me home. The last Sabbath in 1849.—What a peculiar year! How rich in mercy, high in joy, deep in conflict, sweet in love—the love of my precious Beloved, the love of my covenant God. I think I never endured such anguish as at times during this year, from the deep feeling of bereavement, and also from pressing contrarieties and fears, lest I should not be in the right outward path. But love has softened and sweetened all the trial; and here I am—a monument of love's upholding power, feeling sweetly assured that the Lord has heard my prayers, seen my tears, and is with me in this way which I go. Oh, yes; all shall be well; and this deep and dark dispensation shall end in songs of praise. "He knows the way that I take," and though, to the flesh, it is like a long dark road, with only occasional rays of brightness, yet, "my soul, wait only upon God," and wait for Him still; it will not be in vain. He will either release from this fettering clay, or He will carry triumphantly on. And all shall redound to His praise who lived and died for me—my Lord, my life, my all. Praise for the past, trust for the future, befits Your favored worm, O Lord. My blessed Lord, on You Your poor Hannah does call, provoked sorely to fret. I do afresh embrace You by faith, as better to me than ten sons, as my joy, my treasure, and my absorbing all. I fall heavily into Your arms, with all my weights. You will sustain. You will still further bless me in Your love, and use me for Your glory—in life or death, as seems best to You. Amen.

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January 1st.—"I am your shield, and your exceeding great reward." "Walk before me, and be perfect." "Unto Hannah He gave a worthy portion;" and He said unto her, "Am not I better to you than ten sons?" And so my glorious Beloved is Himself the worthiest part of my portion. Lamentations 3:24 : Yes, I will triumph in Him, too, as the summer of my year, the sun of my day, the glory of my life. These are the thoughts of this New Year's morning: "When your eye is single, your whole body also is full of light."

January 6th, Sabbath.—"Looking unto Jesus" has been the prevailing position of my soul during the last week, and I long for continual renewings therein by the Holy Spirit. Surely, when looking by faith away from all, to Jesus only—He does become, in soul experience, "all in all." I cannot describe in words how earthly cares and interest have melted away before this glorious Sun of Righteousness, who is "all my salvation and all my desire." This word has just struck me, "In the way of Your judgments have we waited for You, O God." I seem to see that when we are brought to walk in the way of the Lord's judgments, we are sometimes looking more for the deliverance we hope the Lord will work, than for Himself. I fear it has been so with me in my present straitness. Just as the lame man looked at Peter and John, expecting an alms, so I have looked at my dear Lord for the wonders of His hand in making a plain path for my feet. But He has royally outdone me, in giving me Himself in new revealings—with which my heart is satisfied, and my mouth stopped, and I leave all outside things to His will. Oh, to look on, to look ever. I look nowhere else, though Satan and the flesh fight against it mightily.

January 13th, Sabbath.—Peculiarly held down in spirit, the last week. Just now, while wondering how it was, Psalms 62:4, came to my mind with power, "They plan to topple me from my high position. They delight in telling lies about me. They are friendly to my face, but they curse me in their hearts." I think it may be that Satan, who delights in lies, is stirring up carnal reasonings, to cast me down from my high privileges in Christ; and, though the words spoken seem fair to the flesh, they are, indeed—but a curse within. Yesterday and today these words have been often sounding in my ears, "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it."

January 21st.—This morning I opened upon Numbers 22:7-8; and then it followed me, "Lay up the rods before the Lord;" and I said, "I lay up myself and my circumstances before the Lord;" and I besought that, though so dry, they might be made fruitful.

January 28th.—My exercise this evening is renouncing self entirely—good self, bad self, self pleased, self displeased, self in its complainings, beseechings, enticings, desirings, self entirely. Oh that it may be once and forever! I embrace my all-lovely, soul-satisfying Christ--instead of myself! Blissful exchange! Christ's perfect purity and beauty--for my ugliness and vileness!

January 29th.—I have thought I have surely been as happy this evening as I could be in mortality; such blissful rest in my glorious Well-Beloved, and nearness to a Triune Jehovah in Him. Praise

Him, you multitudes above! Praise Him, you saints below! You heavens, praise Him! Earth, praise Him! All animate creation, praise Him! and the inanimate works of His hands, re-echo the sound of His well-deserved praise; while worthless I, in happy nothingness and sweet absorption, listen with glad delight, and lisp the lovely name of Him whom my soul adores, my God, my glory! Bless, O my happy soul, the God of love; and in the love of God forever dwell. Yes, dwell in God, for "God is love;" and they who dwell in love divine, dwell in Him. O my glorious Lord, I wonder at my mercy, and at Your great condescension; and tremble extremely, lest I should lose, by any means, the precious treasure of Your manifested self. Oh, stay with me. In You I find treasures of holiness, happiness, and love—past all description. O Holy Spirit, enable me ever to renounce self, forsake creatures, and embrace Jesus.

February 3rd.—I have this week been somewhat tossed in mind to find Christians of many years' standing very jealous of anyone having too much enjoyment. This very thing has grieved me ever since I was brought out of bondage. Its seems marvelous; for if I am saved, and positively know it, how can I but be joyful, and sing aloud of His righteousness who was "made sin for me?" My sorrow is, that I do not rejoice more. Lord, what is for Your glory, increase; what is of the flesh, take away. Creature opinions confuse me—but my soul understands Your teachings. I do marvel to hear so little of You, and Your finished salvation, from believers of forty years' standing. "Lord, increase our faith," and simplicity.

February 7th.—"And they sang as it were a new song before the throne;" and my soul longs to join them, being this morning filled with His praise, who alone is worthy, and whose mercies are ever new.

"If but the Spirit touch my soul,

And grace her mean abode,

Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,

She communes with her God."

February 10th.—May not my shallow entrance into the blessed mystery of the Holy Trinity be owing to my expecting to receive it with my natural powers of intellect? And just now it seemed to be whispered, "Be still, and know that I am God;" be still in yourself, to know me in Christ, the only way of beholding and receiving unfoldings of ineffable Deity. In Christ alone, the Holy Ones, the Three who bear record in heaven, are revealed. You, O Beloved, are my nearness; quiet my creature-powers, that I may receive in You, and be filled with all the fullness of God.

February 18th.—This evening Mr. S— preached much about a precious Jesus as a tried stone, and after saying who tried Him in various ways, he said, "God the Father tried Him." "Then," thought I, "if He tried the Living Stone, which is the foundation, He will also try the living stones, which are laid upon it; so I need not wonder at the unlooked-for ways in which He tries me;" and my mind is much relieved. It is better to be tried now than rejected and destroyed hereafter. The will of the Lord be done. Surely I have often said Psalms 139:23-24. And surely the Lord does sometimes to His lively stones as 2 Chronicles 32:31; Deuteronomy 8:2-3; Psalms 105:19; 1 Peter 4:12-13.

February 24th, Sacrament-day.—A blessed month has passed away. I must write upon it, Ebenezer! for surely "the Lord has triumphed gloriously." In Him "have I righteousness and strength," and His service is "perfect freedom." May I go into it heartily and cheerfully, in His name. Unexpected trials have arisen. But they have been the Lord's opportunity, and hitherto He has graciously helped. Oh, my precious Christ! You are my life—I was Your death; may I weep, love, and praise You evermore.

March 17th.—Surely Jehovah-Jesus is my gold, and He will be unto me instead of silver. By His help I will look away from all which has entangled and bewildered me, unto Himself alone, to which trust I feel renewings by the power of the Holy Spirit in my soul this night. Oh, my precious, all-loving Savior! there is in You such an infinitude of blessedness as will fill and delight my perfected capabilities through all eternity! Oh! why do I ever wander, ever look away from You? You will overrule and manage my lowly affairs; and I may safely be absorbed in You. Oh, grant it even now, among threatening straits. O lovely, glorious Immanuel! my soul burns with new ardor in intense longings after You; all else sinks into nothingness. You, and none but You Yourself, does my soul desire.

March 24th.—Our dear brother in Christ, Mr. Harvey, is just waiting at the portals of celestial bliss; perhaps, before another morning dawns upon the earth, he will have made his glad escape from the fetters of clay. I have had much sweetness of spirit in bearing him before the Lord. It seems he is entering glory very triumphantly, and in the very article of death testifying that it is but a shadow. Bless the Lord for leaving testimony with dying breath. This is proof positive that Jesus has "abolished death," and left it stingless and harmless for the redeemed; He having gone before, and made way for them to pass safely over. My soul, praise the Lord. Dear brother, I could envy you; the conflict seems over, and already your victory begun; the cloud of mortality will not long intervene between you and Your Lord—but soon You will behold Him face to face. Oh, that You could come and tell me of the glory, and chant me one note or two in pure celestial harmony, to cheering my longing soul, which has been spoiled for earth by little foretastes of the eternal weight of glory. Dear brother, I have not known you much—but deeply feel your removal; your life was useful, and much desired, and your death is blessed indeed. I trust I have had some reproof, instruction, and encouragement this week about my outward path. Reproof, Isaiah 48:18; instruction, James 1:5; and encouragement to go forward in faith.

March 26th.—Mr. Harvey was received into the presence of God this morning, at nine o'clock. I have not yet heard full particulars—but it seems his departure was most triumphant, and that rays of glory were visible on his dying countenance. I think dear friends must look at poor me, and wonder why I should be spared, while such a saint, and one so useful, is taken away, of whom it may be said, "For my name's sake he has labored, and has not fainted." Truly I blush, and am ashamed to lift up my head.

March 31st, Sacrament-day .—I have this afternoon attended the feast—but I "sought Him, and found Him not," and returned home sad and sorrowful. But surely, "though He slays me, yet will I trust Him." I seem to see nothing but gloom in outward things—but feel sweetness in confiding. The trial of faith grows very sharp, and I greatly fear dishonoring my Lord. Oh! strengthen Your poorest child, or grant some relief. Help, Lord, lest the enemy triumph. I feel a vile, unworthy, unholy being. I loathe myself beyond expression. But the blood and righteousness of

Jehovah-Jesus is my confidence, and here I have a place of refuge. "What a wretched man I am!" Romans 7:24. "Christ died for the ungodly." Romans 5:6.

I give myself to You, for the unknown events of the coming month; Your will be done. This frail tabernacle suffers much—but I would wait only on You. Oh! increase faith. My poor heart trembles, and seems at the sinking-point. Oh, let me not listen to carnal reason, and dishonor You. "Save, Lord, for the waters have come into my soul." I do not fear sinking into hell, Your love prevents that. But I fear sinking into a life of sight and sense, and thus judging Your providential dealings after the flesh. Lord, prevent it, and be better to me than all my fears. My Savior, I call upon You amidst the water-floods; I hear You not—but You are precious in presence, and in absence too.

"Why, then, my soul, these sad complaints,

Since Christ and you are one?

Your God is faithful to His saints,

Is faithful to His Son.

Beneath His smiles my heart has lived,

And part of heaven possessed:

Then praise His name for grace received,

And trust Him for the rest."

April 16th.—Wonderful! Again privileged to behold the Lord’s wonders, as a Hearer and Answerer of prayer. Two or three months ago, an aged female, who has been very respectable—but is now in very reduced circumstances, applied to me to intercede for an almshouse. I feared to do this—but I could plead in the Highest Court, and I did; for, though this person was quite a stranger to me, I felt much interested in her cause; and I have seen her several times since. She had applied before, and has been waiting two years. Well, the Lord has worked, and given me the privilege to look on. A vacancy occurring, she obtained an interview with Mr. S— which she never could get before. The Lord touched his heart. He thought she was the right person, and today I had the pleasure of going, with a friend, to present it to the poor woman, who was overjoyed. "It is the Lord’s doing, and marvelous in our eyes." Oh, for many such blessed errands; it is the delight of my life. What encouragement to go to the Lord about everything, and still wait—though He tarries long. Ebenezer!

April 21st, Sabbath.—Heard Mr. C—. He advanced some weighty and solemn things, which I was glad to hear, and to be searched by. I trust I was edified with what he said about the Person of Christ, and also about the Lord’s choice of His people, on which my mind has been much exercised lately. But on one point I differed with him. He seemed to speak against full assurance. Now, I find it in the Scriptures, and the Lord has put it into my soul. He also maintains it there by the renewings or witnessings of the Holy Spirit.

Night.—I have not been out this evening. My Beloved has surprised me with a visit, and "or ever was I aware, my soul became like the chariots of Amminadib." How has the precious Gospel flowed, like oil and wine, into my soul!

April 28th, Sacrament-day.—I humbly trust the Lord is deepening His work in my poor soul, and renewing me in faith. But it is wonderful how He works by contraries; and I seem just now to see, that where a thing is evidently set for me with a cross in it, I may safely take it up, expecting a blessing. I am not a Romanist, I do not mean a literal mark of the cross. But I mean something which crosses, and is contrary to—my fleshly will, choice, ease, or gratification. Dear Lord, help me! It is a hard lesson to flesh and sense. But light and glory now beam upon it. How I must have loved self and its ease—for it to be yet so hard to welcome its crucifixion! May 3rd.—"But He answered her not a word." These words very sweet and encouraging this morning; for, on one pressing point, my gracious Lord answers me not. But I am sweetly enabled to wait still upon Him, and feel an assurance in His love, that to me also He will vouchsafe an answer, in the right time, as well as to the poor woman mentioned above. My soul glows with desire to praise and trust my faithful God, though my way be dark. May 12th.—The trial of faith sharp recently. I often groan before the Lord, and feel overweighted. But there are two staffs in His word, on which at times I am brought to lean, and then get rested. They are these: "Father, glorify Your name." "Your will be done." I long for a more single eye, and more triumph in Christ—amidst many perplexities. May 23rd.—Psalms 45:11. What words are these! and how sweetly did they smile upon me, above all the rest in the Psalm, "So shall the King greatly desire your beauty." How? In forgetfulness of all but Himself; for when we are experimentally, with single eye, beholding Him, then is His glory visibly reflected in us; we are beautiful in His beauty. But it is like an eclipse, when we get taken up with self and creatures. Oh, for this happy forgetfulness! My glorious Well-Beloved, my soul desires Your beauty, with intense longing. You have ravished my heart! No creature can fill the place You have occupied. Oh, come and bless me again with Your overwhelming love and loveliness! The Spirit in me says, "Come;" Your poor gleaner says, "Come;" yes, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

You still closely hedge me up in outward circumstances; and this, with other pressures, has entangled and turned my heart from You. But I come, I return by Your own sweet drawings in my soul. I desire You; I invite You. I would forget all I inherit in the first Adam; I would resign myself and my circumstances to Your will; and by faith embrace Yourself, and, in Your glorious Person, find everlasting bliss!

"Then I saw a Lamb, looking as if it had been slain, standing in the center of the throne." Revelation 5:6. Alas! those wondrous wounds. Have they left immortal scars? Will You, through all eternity, wear those marks of Your matchless love? And will You, in those blissful realms, dissolve our souls in holy rapture and adoring love, by saying, "Look at My hands and My feet—it is I Myself!" Surely, if anything could add beauty to that glorious form, it would be, in the eyes of love, those deep engravings, "I have engraved you upon the palms of my hands." And surely You, O Beloved, are engraved on the table of this longing heart. Set, oh, "set me as a seal upon Your heart, as a seal upon Your arm," too. Oh, grant another glimpse of Your surpassing charms! Let me—

"Behold the God who died for man;

And praise You more than angels can."

You did not take their nature into union with Yourself—but mine, for evermore: amazing mystery! Oh, give me deeper entrance into, sweeter experience of, my oneness with You, O lovely

Immanuel! Give me to abide in my perfection and completeness in You; so will You greatly desire Your own beauty in me! I would sink into Your arms, and recline on the bosom of Your love. "He is your Lord," O my soul; "worship you Him." May 26th, Sacrament-day.—I am again almost overcome with love, my Beloved is so precious. And this is quite old-fashioned; for when the spouse, in the banqueting-house, embraced by her Beloved, cried, "Oh, feed me with Your love--Your 'raisins' and Your 'apples'--for I am utterly lovesick!" Song of Solomon 2:5. She was lovesick; that is, overwhelmed with the amazing love and loveliness of Immanuel! And such is somewhat my happy case. Oh, I long to be away in the land of spices, to see Him as He is—

"Nothing but the Fountain Head above

Can satisfy the thirst of love."

I can find few kindred spirits; all seem afraid of being too warm.

June 14th.—"How unsearchable are Your judgments, O Lord; and Your ways past finding out." I have been advised to sink most of my ready money for a life annuity. This might make me a comfortable income—but I cannot do it with a good conscience. It seems taking my affairs out of the hands of the Lord, and preferring human security to Divine. And, looking at it in a more natural light, it seems selfish; for then all would die with me. Thus feeling, I have concluded to take money from the stock, when I cannot get on, and trust the Lord for the future.

June 23rd.—My health indifferent again, on which account it was suggested, yesterday, that I should go to Matlock for for two weeks, at the expense of some friends, who paid all for me at Ockbrook. I feel utterly unworthy of these great favors—but I commit it to the Lord, and wait now for a heavenly gale in my soul, which has somewhat been becalmed. And, oh, what a solid Rock have I felt Him to be in my soul!

June 28th.—"In the light of the King's countenance is life; and His favor is as a cloud of the latter rain." So my soul finds it this evening. Our little Friday evening meeting has been very refreshing. My mind was in much confusion—but the Lord has allayed it. This word is very sweet, "There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams."

June 30th, Sacrament-day.—Not favored with sensible enjoyment—but for past mercies I would give thanks; and my heart longs to go forth afresh in His name, who loved me, and gave Himself for vile, unworthy me, all holy, and all lovely as He was.

"Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills

Their lasting silence break;

And all redeemed human tongues

The Savior's praises speak."

Oh, all-glorious Well-Beloved! reveal Yourself afresh, and eclipse all other objects! If I am to behold the works of Your hands in creation as I never saw them before, let me feel the love of Your heart as I never before did. Let me not turn away from high or low, where I may speak of You for the good of souls; and, oh, grant that unfolding of Your glorious Person for which this spirit pants.

July 1st.—Surely the language of my soul this Monday morning is, with felt humble solemnity, "Like a servant's eyes on his master's hand, like a servant girl's eyes on her mistress's hand, so our eyes are on the Lord our God until He shows us favor." Psalms 123:2. Watching Your eye to guide me, and Your hand to provide for my need.

July 6th.—It is late, and I am weary. But I cannot let this day pass away without some little memorial of the Lord's goodness to unworthiest me. The past has been a year of much trial. But often have I worn the crown of loving-kindness, and tender mercy, and often testified, "He does all things well." Forty-five years have I now spent in this great and terrible wilderness, and up to now the Lord has wonderfully helped me. "Praise Him, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits;" and trust Him still—trust Him with all.

July 7th.—

"My soul, repeat His praise,

Whose mercies are so great." And record it, too, that again you may look to the hill Mizar on some future day, and remember your God from thence. The heavenly dew fell upon my weary soul very refreshingly this morning in the house of the Lord. Before the service began, Habakkuk 3:17-19 seemed suitable to my outward state—"Even though the fig trees have no blossoms, and there are no grapes on the vine; even though the olive crop fails, and the fields lie empty and barren; even though the flocks die in the fields, and the cattle barns are empty, yet I will rejoice in the Lord! I will be joyful in the God of my salvation. The Sovereign Lord is my strength! He will make me as surefooted as a deer and bring me safely over the mountains."

How encouraging that it is lawful to rejoice in the Lord, even when His providences wear a stern aspect towards us. Truly it was rejoicing and reproving, for how have I failed; how have I hardly dared to trust at times, because of the dark cloud which has kept thickening around me, until I seemed enveloped in mists of perplexity; and how have my praises been choked with anxiety. Pardon me, O Lord, and renew me by Your Spirit. They sang, "God moves in a mysterious way," and my own verse, "You fearful saints . . ." Oh! that the clouds may break in blessings: they have often looked very dark. "Lord, if your presence goes not with me, carry me not up hence." I commit all to You, and beg You to bless us and make us a blessing. I hope to journey hence in the morning; the Lord preserve our going out and coming in, and be glorified in all.

July 8th, Matlock—Through the tender mercy of our Lord, we arrived here safely last evening. I never saw anything so enchanting as the view from our windows. The thought that the Lord specially guided me here, makes me glad; and then to look constantly at the majestic works of creation, elevated my heart very much. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for His wonders to such a worm!

July 13th, Saturday.—We have been seeing some of the wonders of nature—such wild, romantic scenery. Wood, hill, and water, ever varying, enrich the lovely scene. I have much enjoyed it—but want more Christian communion, to hear more of the love of Jesus.

July 27th.—We all returned home yesterday. Through mercy, we traveled safely, and the Lord did sweetly presence Himself as we passed through the long, dark tunnels. His word was a light and a comfort: I trust and believe it was ministered to my soul by the Holy Spirit. The first portion was

Micah 7:8 "Do not gloat over me, my enemies! For though I fall, I will rise again. Though I sit in darkness, the Lord himself will be my light." The second was Psalms 139:1-24, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, too great for me to know! I can never escape from your spirit! I can never get away from your presence! If I go up to heaven, you are there; if I go down to the place of the dead, you are there." I desired to come home with my eyes shut—that is, the eyes of flesh, sense, and carnal reason; just to walk through the dark, and the difficult, and the pleasing also—looking only to Jesus, and trusting only in the Lord.

August 18th, Sabbath.—A rich feast this evening in hearing Mr. —. He preached Christ—not in the letter, but in the Spirit; not in the history, but in the mystery of godliness, and under that anointing by which alone He is revealed. He preached Christ up—and me down. He seemed to batter me into happy nothingness, so that afresh I lost all identity out of Him, and came home, feeling myself the happy bride, and gladly finding that I could afford to lose self and creatures for, and in, so rich a Husband.

August 30th, Friday.—The Lord has been very gracious to unworthy me today, in taking me to the Refuge. I had much trembling about it yesterday—but I have been mercifully helped. I felt much power, and there seemed much melting among the girls. Oh! that it may not be like "the morning cloud," which soon passes away. May the Holy Spirit deepen conviction, and seal impressions. Ah! indeed, what is of Him shall endure, for He will have respect to the work of His own hands, and make it prosper.

September 6th, Friday.—Yesterday, as I was walking, the thought came to me, Why do those who have been brought to count all things loss for Christ, find a double desolation in turning back again to any sort of beggarly elements—to anything but Christ—for satisfaction? Blessed be the Lord that it is so, though keen be the smart. Afterwards, as I came home, another "blink" was let into my soul, teaching me that I had been too much living upon feelings, and less than formerly upon Christ by faith. With this word, "His paths drop fatness," showing me it was my own paths which were so dry.

September 19th.—I have had sharp exercises this week, concerning what many would think a trifle. On Monday, a tenant gave me half-a-sovereign, which was lost I know not how. It appeared most mysterious, for I much needed it. My soul sank within me, because I feared my Father must be angry, or He would not so constantly smite me in providential matters. It seemed as if my Lord would speak there would be a calm; and I know He will, although I cannot see how He can be glorified in this thing. I felt much encouraged by reading "Burroughs on Contentment." It is to encourage dependence on the Lord when ways and means seem most shut up. He quotes 2 Kings 3:17 : "You shall not see wind, neither shall you see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water." I never saw the passage in this light before. My God, You are able. My soul was afresh encouraged to supplicate, notwithstanding long delays and straitenings.

September 24th.—I have been much harassed on account of my temporal affairs—but in the conflict have been brought to close dealing with the Lord; faith has afresh taken hold of His faithfulness; to fulfill His promises. Psalms 37:5, and Proverbs 3:6. "Commit everything you do to the Lord. Trust him, and he will help you." "Seek his will in all you do, and he will direct your paths." I have been enabled to "commit my way unto the Lord;" and, after strong crying and tears, have at length found peace and calmness in what I call my little corner. "Your will be done."

Evening .—A large demand for half-a-year's poor-rate has drawn the providential knot still tighter. Through Divine mercy and power, I am enabled to bless the Lord, assured He does all things well!

September 25th.—Yesterday came tax for highway rate, which, with the other, only left me a few shillings in my purse. I cried to the Lord to have pity, and before noon was sent £1 2s., which was owing for needlework that I have done. How timely! how merciful! What a ray across my dark path. It is like a gift from the Lord. Thanks and praise be to the Lord for this great mercy. He is dealing wondrously with me for some wise purpose.

September 29th, Sacrament day.—I have felt great jealousy lately, lest, being alone in the wilderness, I should, by the pressure of time and things upon me, get one inch further from my God. God forbid! My Father prevent, by Your own Almighty power. Draw me nearer, much nearer. I cannot endure the thought of "following afar off." Lord, draw me, and keep me very close to You.

Evening.—I have not had the sensible presence of my Beloved at His table, as I expected—but have felt some earnest seeking there, that I may have as much of Him as can be had in mortality. Glorious Redeemer, come to me in further and fuller developments of Your personal glories; and, in the warmth of Your love, make me a live coal to many hearts, for nothing have I here but to live for You and Your people. Let me see Your heart laid open by the sword of justice, and read there the deep inscription of Almighty love.

I have presented a cheque to You, as my banker, for a certain sum of money. I have asked the Father in Your name. I wait the reply. If it be of the flesh, Your name will be as a knife to cut up, or a fire to burn up my cheque. But, if it be for the Divine glory, Your name will secure the bestowment. You know all the secret. Help me to wait, and patiently hope for Your salvation. In the meantime breathe, sacred Spirit, into this heart, quickening there desires more ardent after Jesus.

October 1st.—Sweet breathings and bedewings of the Spirit in my soul last evening and today, bringing sweet odors of my precious Jesus, after whom my soul has been eagerly pursuing for some time. Outward straits continue—but it is as if the Beloved were between them and me just now, seeming to say, "Am not I enough?" and my heart answers, "Yes, Lord, You are—without anything else." I just present my cheque day after day, not knowing yet whether it was drawn up under promptings of the flesh, or anointings of the Spirit. But this I know, my Jesus is sweetly all to me, unworthy though I be. I long to walk more erect in Christ. Blessed are those who dwell in Him by faith. "They will be still praising You."

There are few rejoicing souls now; emotion is thought dangerous. I want more of it day by day. Our Head has "the Spirit without measure;" He has "the oil of gladness above His fellows;" but He can bestow upon them a large measure, for in Him is no straitness or scarceness of either gift or grace. Lord, overrule all, and, when You have tried me sufficiently, bring me forth like gold purified. But must I wait until then to praise You? Paul and Silas sang Your praises in the stocks, and we read of "being joyful in tribulation." My God, my flesh writhes under Your present circumstantial dealings. But my spirit longs to praise You, and walk closely with you, even when You walk contrary to me in outward things.

November 3rd.—Earnest longings for more of Christ, and pleadings to be renewed in the "simplicity which is in Him." Unbelief struggles; faith wrestles. O Lord, increase my faith. You are the land of plenty, where we eat bread without scarceness, and have no lack of anything. Oh

renew, restore my longing soul, which this night "counts all things loss" for You. I feel, if You gave me a mountain of gold, I would turn from it, or climb over it—to get at Your precious self, if it could not find You in it. "Yes, everything else is worthless when compared with the priceless gain of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord. I have discarded everything else, counting it all as garbage, so that I may have Christ!" Php 3:8

November 12th.—A morning stormy indeed. My poor heart aches because needed relief comes not, and fearing there must be something wrong and displeasing to the Lord; also fearing to dishonor Him by tears and anguish, and struggling to look to Jesus above it all.

Noon.—A mercy-drop, in a small sum for work done, with one shilling and sixpence over pay.

Evening.—Just a gleam in hearing Mr. D. F— speaking of the resurrection of Jesus as a pledge of ours. And, thought I, "Shall I trust Him with this body, to raise it up at the last day, and not trust Him with time things, with my present debt and difficulty?" My heart seemed to melt into trust, and I could only say, "Precious Jesus."

November 16th.—On Wednesday evening I heard Mr. D. F—. He spoke much of love to the saints, and of doing them good, to our inconvenience. I had a clear sight why I had not had so much bright shining lately, and what I should be without Jesus, by whom all the fruits of righteousness come. I saw also what a vile wretch He had loved: and how did this melt my soul, and enhance His matchless love. I could only bless Him for the very withholding, which had been so painful—but laid me low at His feet. I should remember, that on Friday I thought I should never have another temporal Ebenezer to raise—but soon after came a ton of coals as a present. I was astonished. It seems the Lord will supply the house, though so much trying me about the rent. May He pardon all my mistrust.

November 21st.—I have decided to sell sufficient stock to pay my rent, feeling it will be better to be reduced, and have Jesus, than to keep stock in hand, without His company. Dear Lord, You must come in, if all else goes out. I do love You, and long for You, You know.

November 22nd.—I have been to the Refuge this afternoon—a hallowed place to me. I was peculiarly blessed in prayer. The Word also appeared to open in reading, and there was some deep feeling in the girls. Lord, breathe upon the dry bones, or all the prophesying will be in vain. "Can these bones live?" "O Lord God, You know." The change in my spiritual feelings is great indeed; the mountains seem removed; and now that I am come cheerfully to lessen my earthly store, my heavenly one is more freely and fully opened. My blessed Jesus seems more free of access; and nothing on earth, or in heaven, is like communion with Him. I am longing exceedingly for souls to be quickened, or liberated. Oh! to know that I am of use to one soul, would be to me more than a mountain of wealth!

November 24th, Sacrament-day.—The Israelites came to the impassable place, and the enemy behind kept them from turning back; they must go forward. But the sea is there, and no bridge; and, when the strange command is given by their leader, the waters shall wonderfully withdraw to either side, and between the liquid walls they shall safely pass over, to the honor of their God. This seems like me. I have come to the place of hedging up. I have looked all ways for an outlet, and cried to the Lord for it—but in vain. I find deliverance in the trial, not out of it; and now, while going through the deeps, my sighs are changed for songs.

December 16th.—Rich, full, glorious Christ! how near have You come; how precious have You been to this poor heart tonight; and now the desire is, "I beseech You, show me Your glory!" Let it shine through surrounding gloom. Now, in these eventful times, when Popery is putting forth fresh power, be the wall of fire round about Your Church, and the glory in the midst of her. Shine in us, shine on us, shine through us; and be glorified, and gloriously revealed.

December 22nd, Sabbath.—The Lord very gracious. Ten thousand thanks, dear Lord, for all Your mercies. I only want more revelation of the personal glories of Jesus, and more power to speak of Him to fellow-saints and fellow-sinners. Surely with joy I have payed that I have vowed, and triumphantly sing, "Salvation is of the Lord."

December 29th.—Our little church is sending a petition to our dear Sovereign, against Popery. Everyone may sign it; and surely with heart and hand I subscribe for Christ against Antichrist.

December 31st.—Psalms 26:8. At our prayer meeting today, my soul cried to the Lord for a blessing upon the coming year, with some poor praise for the past. While there, these words seemed sweetly given me for 1851: "You are not your own. You are mine." Dear Lord, "You are mine, and I am Yours." This is my glory and joy.

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1851

January 12th, Sabbath.—"Bless the Lord, O my soul," for more mercies in the wilderness, for another sip of the brook by the way. We have heard Mr. R— this morning. The text was, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you." The word itself was suitable to my outward case; for there have been many burglaries in the town of late, especially during the Sabbath services. Having always left my house in the morning, I have gone out as usual, just committing all to the Lord, who once told me, "No man shall desire your land when you go up to worship the Lord;" and who has lately often said, "According to your faith, be it unto you." I cried to the Lord to know the right way. It was a trial of faith, and a sharp struggle. I thought the enemy was consulting to cast me down from the simplicity of faith in Christ. I was encouraged by "Whoever puts his trust in the Lord, shall be safe." I concluded to go, telling the Lord, if this trusting in Him were presumption, I was willing to know it; and if it were true, living faith, I would have the token of a safe house; and so has it come to pass, to my furtherance and great joy of faith. Therefore, I testify to all whom it may concern, that it is "better to trust in the Lord, than to put any confidence in man."

January 14th.—"I will cause those who love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures." Most precious Lord Jesus! this soul does inherit substance in possessing and enjoying You, who are substantial.

"O! to grace how great a debtor!"

February 1st, Saturday.—Isaiah 12:1. "My cup runs over; I am full with the blessing of the Lord." It seems as though the Lord would again turn my captivity, and a second time restore unto me the years the locusts, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar had eaten, renewing the blessedness of 1839. "I am a wonder to myself;" few conceive the happiness I enjoy. My soul, praise you the Lord.

February 13th.—My soul has been clouded for a day or two. This morning I was desiring communion with the Holy Trinity, when my precious Immanuel shone forth as the Morning Star to me. He seemed the coming forth of Jehovah from behind the cloud. Oh! for more of the glory shining in my soul, in the Person of Jesus Christ!

February 17th.—I have again been exercised about writing so many letters, thinking it was "labor in vain, and wasting my strength for nothing."* But the Lord has graciously, this week, sent me two messages to the contrary. Blessed Jesus! I only live for You and Yours. You pour into my heart what is poured out by my pen. All the goodness is Yours, bless it; all the badness is mine, forgive it.

* Many of these letters have been collected, and are so valuable, that it is hoped in due time they may be published.

February 23rd.—My life seems all miracle and mercy. I am a miracle of mercy, and a vessel of mercy! The Lord’s goings are very stately, and His ways very majestic to His unworthy worm. It is

wonderful how He answers me in little things, proving my "desire is before Him, and my groaning not hid from Him." It does truly look as though my temporal straitness was passing away. Lord, keep me from evil this month, and from any snare that may be laid for me.

February 26th.—I plainly see that neither my old man nor my new man can be mended: the one is too bad, the other too good. There is no patching or painting the old man to advantage; it will still be "corrupt, according to its deceitful lusts;" and the new man needs neither patching nor painting, for it is "created in righteousness and true holiness" (Ephesians 4:24). There is nothing for the old man but the cross, and for the new—but to "grow up into Christ in all things." Most Holy Comforter, exercise my spiritual senses to discern between good and evil, not seeking to confound or blend them—but understanding that what "is born of the flesh is flesh," and will act after its nature; and "what is born of the Spirit is spirit," and will aspire to its source!

March 17th.—Precious Jesus! I embrace You as all-sufficient for me, and as all I need for work and welfare. You are the Rock of my heart; I feel You to be so. My hopes rest in You; my faith centers in You; my love has its repose in You, and by You goes forth to the Father. From my sins You are the Deliverer; under my trials You are my support; and of my joys the sweetness and crown! I long for dear saints to know You more, enjoy You more, and have less to do with self, which is all loss and misery.

April 1st.—A sweet outflowing of the Spirit of adoption, in bed; so that I could sweetly say, "Abba, Father."

April 2nd.—I have just been to the Refuge, and found it a privilege. I had a very wrestling spirit in prayer, much longing for some soul to be benefitted, though feeling I am truly an unprofitable servant! But work, dear Lord, for Your great name’s sake. Oh, "awake, arm of the Lord!" come forth, as in former days. We have felt power, even in that place! and have had seasons never to be forgotten. Do renew former mercies. "Revive Your work," where begun; and quicken Your dead, who have never felt before. My soul is afresh enkindled with desires for these young women.

April 3rd.—I have this evening heard Mr. C—, with much unction and sweetness, from Isaiah 61:10, "I am overwhelmed with joy in the Lord my God! For he has dressed me with the clothing of salvation and draped me in a robe of righteousness. I am like a bridegroom in his wedding suit or a bride with her jewels." It was a time of sweet refreshing to my soul, and Jesus was all in all. Oh for renewings in the "simplicity which is in Christ!"

Mr. C— is a father in Christ, and seems almost ripe for glory. He spoke sweetly on the fitness, beauty, and fullness of Christ—fullness of grace, and fullness of glory. And he spoke of the joy, the clothing, and of the ornaments of the Church—"the things which accompany salvation," a meek and quiet spirit. And I now see, as I never saw before, how many think it will do to be clothed, and through soul-sloth neglect the ornaments, which are to the Lord’s glory. Lord, quicken me, I pray, and give soul-diligence; and "let the beauty of the Lord my God be upon me."

April 6th.—I have had great profit from Mr. C—. Jesus is very precious; and a life of faith in Him, by the power of the Holy Spirit, is very blessed, world-conquering, Satan-overcoming, and sin-subduing. But surely, "My feet had almost gone, my steps had wellnigh slipped."

Almost all around are so engrossed with the workings of self, that I was almost beguiled to turn away from the holy commandment delivered unto me, and look there too. But for this "there has been deep searchings of the heart." I was many years sinking into the pit of corruption, and passing through the valley of the shadow of death. But the Lord has brought me out; and why should I wish to return? I would not palm my experience upon any one; nor will I, by God's help, try to conform to theirs. But leave myself in the molding hand of my God, who has called me into liberty. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Those whom the Son makes free, are free indeed; I feel it, let who will gainsay it. "Jehovah has triumphed;" His prisoner is "free." Precious Jesus! keep me from entanglement in any yoke of bondage (Job 17:9).

April 8th.—Some dear friends kindly propose that I should go from home again. I feel abased and ashamed. The Lord reward them; and lay and keep me low. Malvern is the place thought of—I suppose it is very lovely. I committed it all to the Lord.

April 17th, Thursday.—O my Savior, my soul melts this morning in remembrance of You, and of Your sufferings; ten thousand thanks for Your amazing love! We are busy cleaning this house—but You must cleanse this heart! We use water and much soap for the house—but only blood, Your own precious blood, will avail for the heart. Grant a fresh sense of its efficacy; and let my meditations of You be sweet this day. I do, in love, commemorate the death of our great High Priest, my Brother and my Friend.

April 20th, Sabbath.—Through a very fatiguing week, the Lord has graciously brought me, by Divine power; granting sweet bedewings of His Spirit, in the midst of domestic engagements. I am trusting that the Lord will clear my way as regards expense of house cleaning, begun in faith. While thinking over this matter and my London house rent, which is due, this word came to me: "those who wait for me shall not be ashamed;" and has been a stay to my soul. In the evening I went to pay for the painting, etc., of my house, when I found a kind friend had already done it for me. Here was an unexpected token; to the Lord be the glory! Surely, He is "with me in the way that I go."

April 29th.—A morning of gloominess. Dear Lord, "I am oppressed: undertake for me." You did provide a piece of money in the mouth of the fish for the tax; oh! send the needed sum for my rent, which the event of this morning has so pressed upon me afresh. If I am right, grant me again this token, and defeat unbelief and Satan. "You have known my soul in adversities." "You have been my help." Therefore, I come again to You in the day of trial. Oh! hear and help me, my Lord and my God! May 3rd.—The Lord has heard and answered, by sending rent from town—so I have this day paid my rent here. Ebenezer. May 4th, Sacrament Sabbath.—I have partaken of the Lord's supper, in loving remembrance of Him whose mortal "vesture was dipped in blood." Surely He has kissed me with the kisses of His mouth. His love is most sweet. The fire of jealousy has been kindled in my soul this week, for lack of personal communion with my Beloved. And, since He has heard the cry of my distress, and sent me some outward help, and thus given me another token about this house, I began to fear, lest He would withdraw still further, as some say He has done, when their trials have been lessened, and the outward path made smoother. But I could not bear it; and I told Him yesterday that I could walk cheerfully in the path of trial with Him—but not in the path of prosperity without Him. He did give us a good unctuous season on Friday evening—then yesterday He was gone again. But today He has been known, in the breaking of bread. Most

precious Savior, I would hold You, and not let You go. What in heart, or lip, or life, or friends, offends You, discover to me, for You I must have. You are essential to my life, my peace, my happiness, my holiness, my usefulness—all are bound up in You. You know this is the true confession of my heart. I give myself to You, my best Beloved, for the events—it may be important events—of the coming month. "If Your presence go not with me, carry me not up hence." Keep this Bethel safe in Your absence, or let me not leave it. Amen. May 18th.—The past week has been one of much fatigue, sharp conflict, trial and much mercy. I feel today faint and low. But the Lord can revive me. My heart sinks at going from this quiet home: we expect to go tomorrow morning, if the Lord will. May He preserve us, and bring us back in peace, to erect another pillar in His name, to His praise. I was encouraged this morning from Jeremiah 24:5-6, "This is what the Lord, the God of Israel, says: The good figs represent the exiles I sent from Judah to the land of the Babylonians. I have sent them into captivity for their own good. I will see that they are well treated, and I will bring them back here again. I will build them up and not tear them down. I will plant them and not uproot them." I again commend myself and friends to Your care. Most glorious Three-One Jehovah! You will be faithful still, I humbly believe. I again record Your praise. May 20th.—Great Malvern.—Through mercy, we arrived safely at this place last evening. The Lord’s mercy was very manifest while traveling. May 20th.—The loveliness and beauty of this place quite exceeds my expectation. Its majestic hills, and extensive scenery around, are very striking, and delight me much. This morning I had a very early visitor. ’Mr. Godlyfear’ knocked loudly at my heart before I was up: instituting inquiry, and commanding a watch, lest, having more society, and so much change of scene, a trifling spirit should unawares intrude. Lord, prevent it, and keep me in Your fear all the day long.

June 8th.—Surely it becomes me to record the mercies of my covenant God, to a most unworthy creature. On Friday, June 6th, we journeyed safely home, preserved by Israel’s God and Guide. I found this Bethel-home quite safe, which is another proof that it is good "to trust in the Lord." The ministry of Mr. — very savory to my soul; and I had some precious visits from my dear Lord. The beauties of His creation delighted me—but the love of His heart was the crown of the whole. And to feel that I am enclosed in His everlasting covenant of peace, fills me with wonder and delight.

July 6th.—"Remember that the Lord your God led you on the entire journey these 40 years in the wilderness, so that He might humble you and test you to know what was in your heart, whether or not you would keep His commands." (Deuteronomy 8:2). So I would do this day, which is my birthday. "Marvelous are Your works, O Lord; and that my soul knows right well." In Your great mercy You have led me hitherto, and no others seem to have so much cause to praise You. The past year has been rich in bestowment; and, to my surprise, I find myself much relieved from the so long distressing outward straitness. "I have waited for Your salvation, O Lord," and I have not waited in vain. How I would encourage all tried souls to wait on the Lord, and wait for Him, though He tarries long—and not turn to carnal means for relief. But wait for His bidding, though in the most trying circumstances. "The way of the Lord is strength to the upright." The enlargement of my spirit, in this respect, has been very striking. What can I render? My whole self, a living sacrifice for the Lord’s glory. For the coming year I humbly ask, in the name of Jesus, spiritual increase and enlargement, and that prayer, the Bible, and ordinances may be more blessed to my soul; my friends more blessed to me, and I to them; and Jesus more glorified in all.

[Reader, how sweet, and full, and comprehensive, this prayer! Is it in your heart to plead the same? How comforting the thought, then, that you can and do appeal to the same gracious Listener!]

July 20th.—I heard Mr. J— this morning from John 5:3-4, "Within these lay a multitude of the sick—blind, lame, and paralyzed—waiting for the moving of the water because an angel would go down into the pool from time to time and stir up the water. Then the first one who got in after the water was stirred up recovered from whatever ailment he had." Oh, mighty, matchless Jesus—Angel of the everlasting covenant, my earnest cry is unto You, to "stir the waters," and put virtue into them. Stir the waters of instruction at the Refuge; stir also the waters of ordinances, the waters of adversity, and the waters of friendship. Oh, come in all, to put power into them, for Your glory and our profit.

July 22nd.—"My soul is satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth does praise You with joyful lips." I can feelingly say, "Worthy is the Lamb!" He is my worthiness! Praise Him, O my soul.

July 28th, Monday.—The Lord, I humbly trust, gave me two portions yesterday: Php 4:19, "And this same God who takes care of me will supply all your needs from his glorious riches, which have been given to us in Christ Jesus." and Hosea 6:1-2 "Come, let us return to the Lord! He has torn us in pieces; now he will heal us. He has injured us; now he will bandage our wounds. In just a short time, he will restore us so we can live in his presence." They were reviving. But the heart continues heavy. "They feared as they entered the cloud;" and my soul trembles at the return of former straitness. "Lord, help me!"

July 30th.—"The Lord has put a new song in my mouth" today. Habakkuk 3:17-18 "Even though the fig trees have no blossoms, and there are no grapes on the vine; even though the olive crop fails, and the fields lie empty and barren; even though the flocks die in the fields, and the cattle barns are empty, yet I will rejoice in the Lord! I will be joyful in the God of my salvation." I have often sung it before—but it is new every time the Spirit’s power is in it, and especially under fresh trial.

August 3rd, Sacrament-day.—I had some soul exercise and sweetness at the Lord’s table. But I want more unfolding of the "unspeakable gift." My circumstantial calm was short. A letter brought heavy tidings, which makes the future look dark. I commit all, with myself, to Him who rules the winds: and, when the waves are high, He stills them. Lord, I wait for Your salvation—but more for Yourself, in manifested love. Oh, come, my glorious Redeemer, skipping over the mountains of difficulty, and over the worse mountains of my sins. The moments of Your absence are as days of tedious gloom. Shame upon me, that my trust is not always triumph; for whether You smite or smile, whether You come with sword or with the horn of plenty, You are my Savior still, and my portion.

August 25th.—Much pain of body—but my soul strengthened afresh to trust my glorious Lord, and venture upon Him for time and eternity. My outward things are a cloud of perplexity to me—but not to my God. He sees the end from the beginning, and He will clear my way.

August 27th.—I am far from well. The winter of last week’s buffeting is over and gone, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in my soul, proclaiming the love of the Holy Ones. Ezekiel 1:28, very sweet, "All around him was a glowing halo, like a rainbow shining through the clouds. This

was the way the glory of the Lord appeared to me. When I saw it, I fell face down in the dust." The glory of the Lord is, indeed, in my soul, "as the appearance of the bow in the cloud in the day of rain;" it looks peace, and betokens safety. Also Lamentations 3:22, and Isaiah 54:8-9, have smiled upon me. "The unfailing love of the Lord never ends! By his mercies we have been kept from complete destruction." "In a moment of anger I turned my face away for a little while. But with everlasting love I will have compassion on you, says the Lord, your Redeemer. Just as I swore in the time of Noah that I would never again let a flood cover the earth and destroy its life, so now I swear that I will never again pour out my anger on you." I could only weep tears of love and praise before my God. I could not ask anything, nor promise anything. But seemed a happy nothing in the glorious river of life, having nothing to do but to be absorbed in the wonders done for me by the great Three-One—the salvation planned, accomplished, and applied to my soul.

August 29th.—I had a tooth extracted last evening. It was rather severe. But the strong cordial of Divine love was a preparative. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

September 5th.—How unexpected the events of this week! My kind friends, seeing me so much out of health, propose to take me with them to the sea-side next Monday. This great kindness has quite overcome me. I have committed it to the Lord.

September 7th, Sabbath.—I am ready to depart on the morrow. "Not knowing what shall befall me there," I commit all to my covenant God and covenant Head, in whom I am chosen unto life and salvation, knowing all will be well. I have felt my thread of life may be short. Well, to depart and be with Jesus will be "far better."

September 10th.—Bridlington Quay.—Arrived here quite safely, through Divine mercy. The God of Bethel had made provision.

September 14th.—The Lord is truly gracious. He has met me here over and over again, and blessed me. He is the God of our Bethels, and of our Peniels; and we come to these places when we so little expect it. Truly, You are a God doing wonders.

October 12th.—We arrived home safely on Friday, the 10th, with abundant cause for thanksgiving, on my part, to the God of my mercies.

October 25th, Saturday.—In the past week I have had much spiritual darkness; and felt this evening that I was, as it were, in "the lion’s den," and in the "mountain of leopards," through the felt evils of my fallen nature. When the Lord makes it night, all the beasts of the forest creep forth. But, when the blessed Sun of Righteousness rises again, they creep into their dens, and hide themselves. How evil things do dislike the light.

October 26th, Sacrament Sabbath.—Again have I sat at the Lord’s table with my own people. I can only plead the blood and righteousness of my Surety, and, by faith, cast all my debts upon Him. Most Holy Spirit, by Your anointings, renew me in the simplicity which is in Christ. I wait for fresh power from on high. Much mercy since my last communion season. I want more melting of soul under what I receive. Lord, be pleased to guide my future path. Keep me from creature-snares of all sorts.

"Weaker than a bruised reed,

Help I every moment need."

Lord, renew faith, to live in emptiness upon Your fullness; and oh, my precious Beloved, be revealed again in power as my all in all.

October 30th.—I was much blessed tonight, in reading "Letters, etc., of Oliver Cromwell." "He, being dead, yet speaks" to my heart, showing me how Christ must be all in all. He was but a man, and therefore not perfect. But evidently, to the spiritual mind, he was a "man in Christ," and hence the sweet savor that breathed in much that he said and wrote. This must be discernible to all who are in the secret of the Lord.

December 6th.—I am much pleased with Ephesians 1:3, which is very full and precious to my soul. Blessed and praised indeed be our Father for such a store, and for such a store-house, and most of all for experience therein, or enjoyment thereof, under the anointings of the Holy Spirit.

December 14th.—A few days ago, I discovered in this frail tabernacle a new sentence of death, the symptoms of which have, for the last few years, been lulled to sleep. Under these circumstances, I desire to give myself into Your loving hands, my best Beloved, for all Your will. To leave this sinful body is joyous, not grievous. But, oh! I feel piercing pain, that You have been so little glorified in me. I fall blushingly at Your dear feet, and loathe myself for my many abominations and shortcomings. And yet my heart seems to trust You, without fear, in the fearful disease which threatens me. I wonder at what I feel. But it is Your perfect love which casts out tormenting fear. For life You are mine! For death You are mine! For eternity You are mine! Though I tremble at the article of death, You will order all about it, and will not fail or forsake me at the time of undressing. Oh! grant me renewings of faith by the Holy Spirit. Exceeding praise to You, my covenant God, for the great relief in my mind about temporal things; so that I can use what You have provided, and leave the future to You. You brought me to this before I knew of this mortal disease. Oh! that I could praise You. Further, my gracious Lord, there seemed in Your house, this morning, a sentence upon my soul-case, that I should now have to walk in darkness and felt distance. I ask if it was from You? If so, get glory to Yourself in the change. If it was not, I beseech You to "turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness." Let my sentence come forth from Your mouth. "I appeal unto Caesar;" I mean unto You, my God, the highest authority.

December 21st.—This afternoon I have been reading a translation of the Psalms, by Romaine, which is very cordial-like to my soul, because therein my glorious Lord has so sweetly the pre-eminence. I do praise my God and King, who condescended to be born in the city of David, in the Church, His spiritual Zion. Most glorious One, I love You with Your own love, the fire of which You have kindled in my new heart. You, the First-born, are formed in the heart of all Your younger children. "Christ in us the hope of glory." Because I feel this, I welcome You into this world of woe, into this flesh and blood (Hebrews 2:14); and rejoice that "all my springs are in You," "the Word made flesh," in whom "all fullness dwells." "Crown Him Lord of all."

Christmas-day.—Surely this is the happiest Christmas-day I ever had, though there is a thorn in my flesh.

December 28th, Sacrament-day.—A softened spirit and melted heart at the Lord’s table. My tears freely flowed under a sense of my unfaithfulness. But I trust my Lord’s fruit was "sweet to my taste." Dearest Jesus! I find the leprosy in every part of my house, and therefore I desire to dwell in

You, the House of the Lord, every day. Some high mountains are before me. But before you, O Zerubbabel, they shall have become a plain! "Not by might, nor by power—but by Your Spirit, O Lord Almighty." For the mercies lately received, and that the dark sentence in my experience is not come to pass at present, I must erect a thankful Ebenezer! How do I long to be more fruitful to the praise of my redeeming Lord. Matthew 15:30 was very sweet last night, "A vast crowd brought him the lame, blind, crippled, mute, and many others with physical difficulties, and they laid them before Jesus. And he healed them all." There are many spiritual cases I would thus bring by faith, and lay before my all-healing Savior.

December 31st.—Another year is closing. To You, my God, be praise for all the peculiar mercies of 1851. But, oh! I want a touch of Divine power to put my heart in tune.

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,

With all Your quickening powers."

Set my mercies in a bright light before me, that my heart may dissolve in love and thankfulness. None can have greater cause than I to praise my gracious God. But yet my spirit is a little drooping, not for lack of anything on earth—but I want a fresh blessed anointing from the Holy One, our sacred High Priest, from whose head it descends to me, the lowest of His members. Oh, adorable Lord, do anoint Your worm with "fresh oil." May the beauty of the Lord our God be upon His Church. "Peace be within your walls, and prosperity within your living palaces. For my brethren and companions’ sakes, I will now say, Peace be within you."

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January 6th.—I have had a rich feast this evening in hearing Mr. S—, from Song of Solomon 4:1-16. Gladly would I have returned to earth no more. My soul did glow as he described the glory of my beloved Lord; and did swell with rapture while he described the harmony above echoing and re-echoing, "Worthy is the Lamb! worthy is the Lamb!" Again I feel the blessedness of union, and that I dwell in the married land: "Your Maker is your Husband; the Lord Almighty is His name."

January 18th, Sabbath.—On Friday evening I was informed that the French were likely to invade our dear country. My heart was much moved at the thought of a Popish power, or, perhaps, an infidel one, I knew not which. Our little evening meeting was solemn. We pleaded with the Lord that He would be on our side. But oh, how I felt our guiltiness, in giving liberty to Papists in the midst of us. For this I "blush to lift up my face to You, my God." We do deserve judgment—but ask for mercy, in the name of Jesus.

February 1st.—My heart much comforted concerning the threatened invasion of our country. My eyes are up to the Lord; and, if He is for us, it will not matter what thousands are against us. "Whoever puts his trust in the Lord shall be safe." I trust the peace of God is caused to rule in my heart through Christ Jesus.

March 7th, Sabbath.—My soul has been convicted by my Lord of heart-wanderings. He used Ezekiel 16:1-63, turning me to it again and again. I pleaded guilty—but was not broken down until this morning, when my soul was melted, and humbled, and ashamed beyond expression. Oh! to dishonor such love, or ever turn from such a Savior. Glorious Lord, pardon and restore vile, vile me! I fall into Your arms of injured love, to accept whatever punishment You shall appoint.

March 8th.—Noah, and those with him, entered into the Ark, because of the waters of the flood; and so I desire by faith to go into Christ, because of the waters of temptation which now assail me.

March 21st, Sabbath.—My mind has been much exercised this last week by a remark about the liberty of soul which I enjoy. What anguish has this caused, with "strong crying and tears" to the Lord, not to condemn me to experimental banishment from His presence. I may deserve it. But I plead for Jesus' sake. Surely there is grace and liberty enough in Jesus. Dear Lord, save me from what I fear. Outward things I leave with You, only asking that situation and those circumstances in which I can have most of You. Oh, pardon what is wrong! I do not covet trials. But I do covet Your sweet, blessed company. I have had some words of encouragement from Romans 14:4, "the Lord is able to make him stand." O Lord, to You have I revealed my cause.

March 25th.—I have been walking in much heaviness from the remark made, which has entered like iron into my soul. But I was comforted this morning from Psalms 81:9-10; Psalms 81:15-16; Isaiah 58:17-18. Attended a prayer-meeting, last evening, at —, for one who is near death, and in great distress of soul. The brethren pleaded very sweetly. I think the power of the Lord was

present. May the bound one be loosed.

March 28th, Sacrament-day.—A day of conflict. But my precious Jesus is the same in the battle as at the banquet. In Jesus I may triumph, though my enemy thrust sorely at me. Reading the "Letters of Anne Dutton" has been very confirming to me. She was taught the way of faith, which the Lord alone taught me. I want renewing in it, by the power of the Holy Spirit. I have been sorely harassed by wandering thoughts, so that I could get no fixedness of meditation. At the table of the Lord I cast myself upon Jesus for deliverance. He performs all things for me. If He puts me in the furnace, there is a needs be; it will be all love, and I may safely welcome it. And if He slays me, I may safely trust Him still. The enemy suggests, "But perhaps it is for sin." Well, if it is for sin, still I must trust Him, who alone can remove it. Sin must not make me hide myself and my case from the Sin-Bearer. That were the way to let sin grow strong, and give Satan an advantage. I must walk openly with my Beloved, in my worst moments as well as in my best. The dying person is brought again into joy and peace by the faithful God. When I heard it, these words came with power, "Not for your sakes do I this." Ah! no; it is for His holy name's sake. How this does lay all creatures in the dust. The painful words to which I have referred are still like a barbed arrow in my heart. Only Jesus, my sweet Savior, can extract it, and heal the wound. Mr. B— departed this life at a quarter to seven this evening. Thus one pilgrim after another lays the staff and sandals down—to sleep quietly in their bed of dust until the morning without clouds, when they shall awake up with His likeness, and be satisfied.

March 31st, Evening.—Much trial of soul these three days. Wind and tide contrary. Much crying to the Lord about the remark of my friend. How could I live if banished from Christ. Same melting this morning from 2 Kings 8:1-39, concerning the Shunammite, who has her land restored; 2 Kings 8:5-6. Jesus is my land, and I am crying for full restoration to Him. My glorious Redeemer, I cannot believe You will condemn me to absence and gloom, when my whole soul, and every particle of happiness, is bound up in You. I do deserve the worst You can inflict. But, oh! for love's sake, let me see Your loving frown, and feel Your loving stripe—but not find You gone. Your absence is hell to the heart that has seen Your glorious charms, and felt Your matchless love. Oh, do not, do not leave me; and do not let me leave You!

April 3rd, Saturday.—I have been much edified by again reading "Anne Dutton;" and, though still much in the dark, I have great longings for the activity and strengthening of faith. I feel as if the Lord dare not trust me with much manifestation at present. But my soul has been arrested by Luke 23:17, "Therefore, I will punish him and then release him." I thought, tomorrow is the Gospel feast. Oh, for the release of the prisoner! I then saw who was released; not the holy, immaculate Jesus—but the guilty Barabbas. Ah! and it is guilty I who wants to be released from felt-bonds, on the very ground that the guiltless Savior suffered in my stead. Pilate might strive to release Him, because of His personal innocence. But He stood under responsibilities which neither Pilate nor the Jews knew anything about. He was Surety for debts; and now was the time of payment—the price His precious blood and His precious life.

"What wondrous love—what mysteries,

In this appointment shine:

My breaches of the law are His,

And His obedience mine!"

April 4th, Sabbath.—My soul laid in the dust this morning. I went to the house of the Lord, saying, "I am the guilty Barabbas;" and, feeling as vile as he, I could not plead for sweet indulgences of Divine favor, fearing I would misuse them. But my heart just felt, "Your will be done." I heard Mr. J— this morning, from John 15:1-2, with profit. He spoke of the need of pruning the branches and I felt it very good.

April 8th.—

"When on the cross my Lord I see,

Bleeding to death for wretched me,

Satan and sin no longer move,

For I am all transfixed with love."

March 9th, Good Friday Morning .—I have tender remembrances of You, O holy Redeemer, my suffering, atoning Lord. May I be closeted with You this day, and learn more of Your matchless love, in Your bitter agonies for my vile sin.

Afternoon.—A few mornings since I awoke with Hosea 2:15, "I will return her vineyards to her and transform the Valley of Trouble into a gateway of hope. She will give herself to me there, as she did long ago when she was young, when I freed her from her captivity in Egypt." And this morning Mr. — pleaded it in his prayer. My soul has a hope that the conflict, tears, and prayers, which have been caused by the late painful trial, may result thus. I think there has been profit therefrom. Dear Lord, You read all my heart; pity, compassionate, and renew in me a life of faith.

April 14th.—A day of conflict. Someone says, "Walking beside a smooth stream, on a bright day, we may see the sun clearly reflected. But throw a stone into the water, and it will no longer faithfully reflect the image of the sun." It is thus when temptations or trials suddenly disturb the soul. This heart has felt the truth of it. But Jesus remains unchanged, however our views and thoughts of Him may be obscured.

April 18th, Sabbath.—I went to the house of God in much fear of being turned from faith to sense by the ministry I expected. I was led to plead two words which the Lord gave me years ago on this subject. One was Ruth 2:9, "See which part of the field they are harvesting, and then follow them. I have warned the young men not to bother you. And when you are thirsty, help yourself to the water they have drawn from the well." The young men are the reapers, or ministers. The other word was 2 Samuel 9:7, "Don’t be afraid Mephibosheth! I’ve asked you to come so that I can be kind to you because of my vow to your father, Jonathan. I will give you all the land that once belonged to your grandfather Saul, and you may live here with me at the palace!" How earnestly did my soul desire the dear Lord to remember these words, "upon which He caused me to hope," and to which He has indeed been faithful. When there, I opened upon Isaiah 54, and found power in the four last verses as an answer to my cry. I am sure the Lord has brought me into liberty; and, although it be a bondage-day, my soul pants and longs to be kept from entanglement. Those who are in Egypt, or in the wilderness experience, are not under the same rule as those that have crossed the Jordan, and are dwelling in Christ by faith. Therefore, let us not judge one another.

But "whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule," living in love, and pressing after the things which are before.

Night.—I have had much close waiting upon the Lord for my own soul-case. Psalms 81:10, seems to have been given several times, "For it was I, the Lord your God, who rescued you from the land of Egypt. Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it with good things." Thus have I encouragement to faith, though not the response of love from my Beloved. Lord, enlarge me to open my mouth wider.

April 19th.—This word very sweet this afternoon: "I will make the dry tree to flourish." It just fits me. But this morning, at family prayer, a blessed gleam came, turning my soul to Christ, and showing that He is to be the plea, not my emptiness and need. This evening these words very sweet: "And the tabernacle shall be sanctified by my glory." The glory of Jesus sparkling in all its vessels, sacrifices, and services; He being the fullness of all. "Moses wrote of me."

April 22nd.—I heard Mr. C— this evening, from Proverbs 22:20-21. How very precious was the word to my soul. The redeemed earth did "drink water of the rain of heaven." Mr. C— does not turn us back into our own feelings for comfort—but leads straight out, and straight on, to the Person and work of Jesus. The other day, when reading Luke 24:31, where I always regret that Jesus should depart the moment His disciples knew Him, a sweet beam shone into my soul, showing that His departure was to teach them that they were not to live by sight now—but by faith, and that manifestations were to be short and occasional. But that faith was to continue, being constantly renewed by the Holy Spirit. He came, that they might see and be comforted; then went, that they might believe and be established.

April 25th, Sacrament-day.—I heard Mr. P— this evening, from Isaiah 22:20. He spoke of Zion in the sufferings and death of her King; in the call, work, and soul-travail of her ministers, and in the heart-experience of her children. Then of the "quiet habitation," peace in the soul with God, through the blood of the Lamb. Then the tabernacle, which, he said, was the humanity of Jesus. Our tabernacle will be taken down—but that will remain forever. 2 Corinthians 5:1 was quoted. He also spoke of the stakes as believers, and of the cords as the love of the Triune Jehovah. This I blessedly feel.

Oh, make my eye single, that my whole body may be full of light. Make me follow You wholly, that I may "not walk in darkness—but have the light of life." Sanctify the pain and weakness I constantly feel in my body; let all that befalls me glorify You. Oh, reveal Yourself; for this I long, more than words can express. Your rising glories in Bethlehem, the bright glories of Your holy life, Your setting glory in Gethsemane and Calvary. Oh! how I long to re-visit the sacred scenes under Divine anointings. Oh! bow the heavens, and rend all that is a cloud between me and You. I ask it for Your great name and love’s sake.

April 27th.—I again feel the sentence of death in my body, as on December 14th. Let it be a medium of communion with You and my soul, and be You magnified in my body, by life or death. May 9th.—I have been much longing to lean on Jesus’ bosom experimentally, as John did literally. Divine love is the very element of my soul. May 12th.—Some kind friends propose a journey to Beaumaris. The Lord reward them, and show us the right way. May 23rd.—It just beams powerfully upon my mind, that the more we live upon things seen, the more we shall be filled with worldliness; the more we live upon self, the more we shall be perplexed with its workings; the more

we live upon Christ, the more we shall be filled with Christ, and the two former will be subdued. The Lord has ordained laws—as in natural so in spiritual life. He has appointed that food shall be received to strengthen the body, and Christ to strengthen the soul that has been quickened into life by the Spirit. All our victory over the first Adam nature is in the second Adam—Christ. Therefore, no health or vigor of soul, except as faith has much to do with Him! Faith is certainly not in the power of the creature. But He who gives spiritual life, gives power also to perform the functions of that life: as in eating, John 6:53; John 6:56; looking, Hebrews 12:2; working, John 6:29, Ephesians 2:10; walking, Colossians 2:6; fighting, Ephesians 6:11-12, etc.; in all of which exercises, the Scriptures show the activity of faith on and upon a precious Jesus.

It is true, indeed, the babe in Christ cannot eat, walk, etc.; therefore, for them, is Gospel milk of precious promises, and the "breasts of her consolation;" and when the enjoyment for a time of these is withheld, there is much fretting; knowing only the life of spiritual sense at present. As there is growth into Christ--He increasing, we decreasing—we come to live upon Christ Himself, by faith in Him, under the renewings of the Holy Spirit. And, though our fallen flesh, like the city of Jericho, is under the curse, yet Christ is like the salt cast into the spring, to bring forth health and fruitfulness, by subduing the works of the flesh, and bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit (Php 1:11).

Friday, May 28th.—Matthew 28:7; Matthew 28:10 were specially applied, in reference to our journey. Lord, "do as You have said." Meet us in that strange place, and let us see You there, to the joy of our hearts. May 30th.—I am encouraged in the love of a Triune Jehovah: the Father giving the Son, and bruising Him; the Son giving Himself to the bruising; and the Holy Spirit testifying of Him, and applying His merits and blood. Here my soul feeds in green pastures with thanksgiving and praise. Lord, enlarge poor Japheth further to dwell in the tents of this glorious Shem. Let who will condemn, the Lord has taught me the privilege and victory of living out of self by faith, and by faith living in Christ, the good Land. Ready to depart on the morrow for Wales. I would lovingly go forth in the name and strength of my glorious Husband, and seek that He would be "a covering of the eyes to me," to those with me, and to all others I may meet. Thus veiled, I would go forth to know nothing but my glorious Christ, and Him crucified for me.

Beaumaris, June 1st.—Last evening we arrived safely, through the tender mercies of our covenant God. The first word that was given me here was, "He has been mindful of us: He will bless us." Lord, "do as You have said."

June 6th, Afternoon.—We cannot hear the sound of the Gospel this day, for all the preaching is in Welsh. But the Lord has made it a blessed day. I had deep soul exercise in the night, and much humbling work, under which I pleaded guilty; and this morning have felt sweetly how the Lord does dwell in the broken and contrite heart, and how He alone can give the brokenness. As I gazed upon the mountains just opposite our window, I had sweet musings upon a precious Christ, whose immaculate feet trod the mountains of Judea. I was favored with nearness and communion, and realized the fulfillment of the Lord’s promise, given the Friday before we came. Matthew 28:7; Matthew 28:10. This word was sweet this morning, "The Lord Your God turned the curse into a blessing;" and, "He that has the bride is the bridegroom." How thankful I am to meet my Beloved in this strange place.

June 18th.—In great mercy we were safely brought home yesterday. Oh! for more gratitude and power to praise!

June 23rd.—"And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in You." Returned home in peace, I now want fresh anointings of the Spirit for work or warfare, as You shall appoint. I am a poor creature. Oh, keep me looking to Jesus, and following closely after Him!

June 27th, Sabbath Morning.—"The diligent soul shall be made fat." "Those who seek me early shall find me." Dear Lord, please to give me the grace of diligence, and of early seeking You.

Five o'clock.—It is Sacrament-day. I have had some dear remembrance of a crucified Savior. "My body broken for you." "My blood shed for you." Here is individuality. Much savor in Ruth 4:10, "And with the land I have acquired Ruth, the Moabite widow of Mahlon, to be my wife." Jesus, the heavenly Boaz; and I the gift of His Father, the purchase of His blood, and the conquest of His love.

July 25th, Sacrament-day.—A day of humiliation before the Lord, and deep abasement on account of sin. I fly to Your blood, and cleave to the crucified One. Union remains unaltered. But, indeed, I abhor myself, in dust and ashes, for "I have fallen by my iniquity." Some close soul exercise at the table. Only in Your sight have I committed evil; oh! make me to hear the forgiving word, and give me to receive instruction by this thing. Much blessing during the past month: to the Lord be praise: "shame and confusion of face" belong to unworthy me.

July 30th, Friday.—Isaiah 26:3, "You will keep in perfect peace all who trust in you, whose thoughts are fixed on you!" I have been to the Refuge; and oh! what a pleading spirit was given me with those girls: "my mouth was filled with arguments." Since I was last there, one girl has been removed by death, of whose eternal safety the matron had no doubt; she had been in the house about two years, and was quite dark, spiritually, when she came in. "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" To the Lord be the praise!

August 15th.—Yesterday I was much cast down in not hearing any tidings of dear C—, who has been paying me a nice visit. He had gone away by a fresh railway, and I feared all was not right. But, after looking up to the Lord, there was sealed upon my heart a sweet assurance that all was well, and this morning I have a letter to say all is well. I call it only an echo of the Lord's message, for He brought the tidings first, and set my heart at rest. This is a dreary land, and I a trembling traveler. But the Lord is very gracious to His "sparrow alone." I need supporting, like the ivy which clings round the oak. Lord, lead me—but do not leave me. "I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top." Psalms 102:7

September 5th, Sabbath Morning.—I have been much tried lately how to know and do the Lord's will in little things. As, for instance, when a friend wants me to go anywhere, and I feel pre-occupied. Must I consider my own convenience? or must I quite give it up, and take every invitation, or wish of others, as from the Lord? or how must I discern? I earnestly desire to walk with God—but seem to make many mistakes. While waiting before the Lord just now, these words came with sweetness, "Commit your way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass." Also Psalms 55:22, Proverbs 10:29, and Psalms 56:13, which were very applicable. I wait for further light.

September 12th.—A friend was conversing with me last evening, and spoke of the many different denominations of Christians in this day. Soon after came to my mind, with guiding power, "God has in these last days spoken unto us by His Son." It was timely and sweet, showing I must cleave closely to Jesus, and leave outward religious forms alone. By Him my Father has spoken to me,

and said in my soul, "Hear Him." Lord, keep me from every strange voice.

September 26th.—I have been suffering in a very unusual way from headache, and am quite unable to grasp a subject, or meditate with clearness. It has distressed me—but "I know whom I have believed." And however, through infirmity I may not be able to apprehend Him, He apprehends me still, in love and power, for salvation; and is able and willing to "keep that which I have committed unto Him until that day" when He will "present me faultless in the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy." Trust Him, O my soul!

October 6th.—I have been praising the Lord for tribulation. I do feel it good, though not pleasant to the flesh. But how Revelation 7:14, reconciles to John 16:33! "These are the ones coming out of the great tribulation. They washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "I have told you all this so that you may have peace in me. Here on earth you will have many trials and sorrows. But take heart, because I have overcome the world." I am earnestly longing for more outgoings of faith upon Jesus by the power of the Spirit.

October 31st.—On Friday evening we had a choice meeting. Isaiah 55 was read, and verse 13 sweetly sealed upon my heart as my portion; that, through union to Him, Jesus will bring the evergreens, instead of the thorns, which have lately distressed me so much. "Where once there were thorns, cypress trees will grow. Where briers grew, myrtles will sprout up. This miracle will bring great honor to the Lord’s name; it will be an everlasting sign of his power and love." Satan fights hard against me, to turn my eye from Jesus. It is a sore struggle—but the Lord is on my side, and He will prevail. He has often, the last week, made my cup run over with spiritual joy—still keeping me empty in myself, and glorying only in Him.

November 14th.—Surely I know something of recumbency in Divine love. I am "dead to the law, by the body of Christ." "Sin is not imputed where there is no law." "He who is dead is freed from sin." Here is the blessedness of one "to whom the Lord will not impute sin;" "you are complete in Him." Can anything be added to such loveliness? Here is ugliness gone, and beauty come—through union to the Lamb. My feelings are indescribable; such stillness pervades the soul in finding all in Christ.

November 24th.—No rent money yet. I am still kept in suspense about it; every post-time seems a fresh disappointment; and this morning it has been sharp, and my heart sinks anew. I cried to be kept from a murmuring feeling, knowing all is right. And, surely, my soul has been brought to kiss the hand that holds the rod, and cleave closer to Him who is thus trying me.

November 26th.—I saw a dying saint yesterday, lingering on the banks of Jordan. But, though in a painful state of body, she is kept very peaceful. She said, "I have been thinking—the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yes, I have a goodly heritage." My own temporal case is still pending; my eyes are up unto the Lord; the vision tarries long; things are very pressing. Dearest Lord, be pleased to make Your meaning plain in the present trial; and make my heart perfect with You through all wilderness discipline.

November 30th.—The Lord is faithful; and what He promised, that He does perform; nor can all our fears and faintings hinder it. This day the rent money has come from town, and I have paid mine here—to the Lord be all the glory! It is not in vain to wait for Him. But, oh! how hard to flesh and blood. Ebenezer! And now, my dear Lord, I crave more revealings of Your precious, glorious

Person. I find today a fresh sentence of death in my mortal frame. I consecrate this threatening malady to You; let it be Your chariot, in which You will come to me, and I to You; let it be—

"An opening door; and let me fly,

And build my happy nest on high."

December 15th.—Yesterday I saw the dying sister; she was sensible—but breathing painfully, and could not speak. I left her about half-past three; and, between six and seven, her spirit was released.

December 16th.—Dear departed one, how little can we conceive your joy. "Present with the Lord." Probably, I too, before very long, shall cross the Jordan. My Savior, come then, or how shall I do in the swellings thereof? Jesus is felt to be very precious in believing this week: no praise to me. The actings of a living faith are by Divine power; be it mine to entreat for them: all the glory, Lord, be yours.

Mr. H— has again put a letter of mine into the "Gospel Magazine," without my knowing. A sharp cross to my flesh is this—but I dare not draw back; having done so in 1842, in the same thing, to my cost. Dear Lord, it seems impossible You can speak through me to any profit. But here I am, Your very own; if You please to bring me forth only to abase me, it shall be well, if You will be glorified.

Christmas-day.—I have had sweetness in Isaiah 60:19-20, "No longer will you need the sun or moon to give you light, for the Lord your God will be your everlasting light, and he will be your glory. The sun will never set; the moon will not go down. For the Lord will be your everlasting light. Your days of mourning will come to an end." Oh! what a narrow path I have to walk in. Lord, hold me up, and I shall be safe! Let me not fear to acknowledge what You have done for me.

"Behold! my soul at freedom set:

My surety paid the dreadful debt."

December 26th, Sacrament-day.—I heard Mr. H— most preciously this morning, from these words, "Jesus only" (Matthew 17:8). Surely, I could experimentally subscribe to all he said; my soul was satisfied with marrow and fatness. This afternoon I had a blessed time at the Lord’s table; and do desire to go forth with "Jesus only." It is safe and blessed, although many who admit it in their judgment that He is all in salvation, do, in experience, seem to put it away as a thing not to be known here below. Well, my blessed Lord, the secret is between my soul and You. It was Yourself taught me this privilege of love; and afresh I give myself to You, that the last little inch of my life may be "Jesus only." What glory I see herein! I do experimentally find that nothing is so subduing, humbling, and emptying to me, as going on with Jesus all, and "Jesus only." I have had great mercies the past month. The painful have been profitable—and for many things mortifying to the flesh I have feelingly thanked the Lord. Am I coming to Marah? Blessed Spirit, cast into the bitter waters a branch of the "tree of life," and I shall then drink with praise. Christ in the affliction will be a blessing.

01.26. 1853

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January 1st, New Year’s Morning.—Oh, my Father, bless me, and make me a blessing this year. I ask, in the name of Jesus, for more unctuous entrance into Your Scriptures, more anointing of the Spirit, more communion with a Triune Jehovah, in union to Immanuel.

Night, 11 o’clock.—Though weak and weary, I must record a sweet new year’s visit from my Lord this evening, at the family altar, wherein again I feel His exceeding preciousness, and can feelingly say, "You are altogether lovely!" Thus have I already got a new song this year.

January 16th.—I have been depressed, because I see not my tokens. It seems as if I lived a useless, profitless life. I was much blessed this afternoon in Genesis 15:17 "As the sun went down and it became dark, Abram saw a smoking firepot and a flaming torch pass between the halves of the carcasses." It seemed to me that the smoking firepot was a type of the iron furnace of Egypt, where Abraham’s seed were in cruel bondage; the flaming torch a type of the Divine guidance they should have out of Egypt, and thence to Canaan. These two passed through the halves of the carcasses, which was a token of the covenant, and seemed to show that all the circumstances of Egyptian bondage, wilderness travel, and Divine teaching, were ordered in the covenant, and so covenant blessings. This, spiritualized as to the children of promise, was very sweet.

Then I sought something touching my own present soul-case, and it seemed powerfully given in these words, "This also we wish, even your perfection." Here Christ was afresh set before me as my perfection in doctrine, experience, and practice; He as the fullness of it all, and, as brought by the Spirit to apprehend Him by faith, it will make me neither barren nor unfruitful in the work of the Lord.

January 18th.—Oh! how has my soul sunk within me in fear and trembling, lest, in the midst of all my varied occupations, I should lose "the piece" of silver—the assurance of faith; lest I should have to say, "While I was busy here and there, He was gone." My Savior withdraw to a distance? Oh! I cannot bear the thought. Seclusion, poverty, anything with Jesus. But life is death without Him.

January 29th, Sacrament-day.—"I will sing unto the Lord;" for that which has been set upon His table is full of fatness. Mr. S— preached this morning from Deuteronomy 33:8, "About Levi he said: Your Thummim and Urim belong to the man you favored. You tested him at Massah; you contended with him at the waters of Meribah." He took the text spiritually, in reference to our glorious Christ; and, in explaining the name of Levi, which means joined, he said many things which had been opened to my soul some months since, from Malachi 2:4-5, causing me to rejoice greatly in this "Joined One," who is one with His Father, and one with His Church. When Mr. S— was concluding his sermon this morning, it occurred to me, sweetly, that the Lord’s people were a tribe of Levis; every believer is a joined one, for "He who is joined to the Lord is one spirit;" and "we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." I was blessed in hearing—but still

wrestling with the Lord for more; it was not a cup running over. Sensible enjoyments have run in a lower channel for the most part lately, which excites longing and jealousy. My Beloved has seemed "behind the wall," and only looked through the lattice, instead of full, personal communion. I was blessed at the Lord's table more than for some time past. The dignity of that precious Sufferer, and His mightiness to endure, were a little set forth in my soul. He was a royal person, even when made a curse; and the "mighty God" when He stooped to the dust of death—or He never could have taken its sting away.

March 6th, Sacrament-day.—I have had my mind much distressed in hearing of the apparent dishonesty of one whom I thought a brother in Christ; "Lord, what is man that You are mindful of Him?" What an impure mass is the whole human race as found in the fallen head—evil, and only evil. My heart saddens continually at the sin and sorrow I hear of, which makes me groan in my secret places, and long to be away from the body of sin, and the world of guilt and woe. Lord, if this man is Your child, send an arrow of conviction into his soul, humble him in the dust, and restore him to the good and right way. If he is a hypocrite in Zion, let fearfulness surprise him, the mask fall off, and salvation yet reach him—if it is Your holy will. Lord, keep the feet of Your saints from the paths of the destroyer! Oh! hold us in Your ways, order our footsteps in Your word, and "let not any iniquity have dominion over us."

March 8th.—Surely unfixedness of thought has been like a "fiery furnace" to me for some months. Perhaps this thing has come upon me in reproof for some unknown sin—perhaps some lightness of spirit, or something else. I remember the calf which was ground to powder by Moses, for the children of Israel to drink. I have formerly known this bitter experience, when the sin I had trifled with became my daily and sorrowful portion, nor could I rid myself of it. Oh, this is sore work. "Lord, help me!" though I feel I am not worthy of the crumbs which fall from Your table.

March 10th.—I have taken counsel in my heart to fast until tea-time tomorrow—fasting before the Lord, and waiting upon Him to find favor in His sight, and an answer of peace on several pressing accounts, and my own soul-case of unfixedness of thought, which distresses me so much. Oh, my precious Savior! I want You to have all my heart, and all my thoughts; do take what is Your own. Also, I want to plead that my dear Lord will be specially present and precious in the bodily affliction which seems to threaten me; also for our country, and for Your Church; for an outpouring of the Spirit, and for some hard cases which are on my mind. I have much fear lest weariness of the flesh, and languor of spirit, should prevent close dealing with the Lord. I feel tonight like a broken vessel. May the Holy Spirit help my infirmities, and plead in me.

While thinking of the matter, a suggestion came, how vain it would be to put aside my work, and be thus occupied. But this word followed, "those who honor Me, I will honor." Lord, cause me to honor You in my fasts and my feasts. Lord, give me power to plead with You. I would wait like Esther; like her, may I be called to touch the scepter, and gain my request. I do feel helpless: may I "out of weakness, be made strong." Amen. In the midst of my fears, I must confess, to the Lord's praise, that hitherto He has always helped me; and that it will be the first time if He now stands "aloof from my sore."

Half-past Ten.—"For my people who have searched for me, the plain of Sharon will again be filled with flocks, and the valley of Achor will be a place to pasture herds." Isaiah 65:10. "I will return her vineyards to her and transform the Valley of Trouble into a gateway of hope. She will give herself

to me there, as she did long ago when she was young, when I freed her from her captivity in Egypt." Hosea 2:15 March 11th, Morning.—

"Lord, I come before You now,

At Your feet I humbly bow;

Lord, do not my suit disdain,

Nor let me seek Your face in vain." Our God is very gracious—yes, and very merciful; and I feel it, in that I am not straitened or bound in approaching Him—but have permission to speak, who am but dust and ashes. Lord, hear and answer, for Your own name's sake. I want more power and deeper humiliation in my feelings.

After Tea.—I have great cause to praise the Lord for upholding me during my exercise before Him. About three o'clock I was sorely cast down, thinking all was in vain, because I did not feel a sensible answer in my soul. For a short time my grief was very great—but "when the enemy came in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard (of the Word) against him" in this sweet portion, "As the Father has loved Me, even so have I loved you—continue in My love." It was like oil upon the waves of my troubled soul, producing a great calm. And to the love of Jesus I did commit my petition—pleading for many others and for myself; desiring that His blood might be upon all. Blessed be the Lord, who has not turned away my petitions, or His mercy from me. Dear Lord, send answers of peace and power.

While before the Lord, I thought of the precious Savior, when He fasted forty days and forty nights, and fought that fierce but bloodless battle, with our great foe; and it seemed to the spiritual eye as if the wilderness was strewed over with the broken shafts of hell, and arrows of the mighty, which had been hurled at our great Champion, and by Him repelled and broken. Every weapon that hell could devise was tried—but all were in vain; and now there are no new ones to bring against the Church. Satan can only assail her with those which her Lord has already blunted and spoiled—yes, written "conquered" upon them all. Dear, redeeming Lord, this view encourages this trembling heart in this time of conflict.

March 20th, Sabbath.—Again the Lord has graciously come forth as the answerer of prayer, to the joy of many. This morning it was announced, that those persecuted believers in Tuscany—the Madiai—are set at liberty from prison, and we are to have a thanksgiving meeting on Thursday. Much prayer has been made for them, and it is indeed new encouragement to pour out our heart before the Lord, however hard and difficult the case may appear. Ebenezer!

Night.—Before service this evening, I was musing on the Lord's mercy in answering prayer about the Madiai, when there came a sweet encouragement to my soul, that He would also graciously answer about my —, for whose salvation I have prayed, and groaned, and travailed heavily for years. Lord, do as You have said. Mr. T— preached from Acts 13:38, in which I feel a sweetness I never did before. "Brothers, listen! In this man Jesus there is forgiveness for your sins." Through the heart of this precious Man—Christ Jesus—comes every covenant blessing to unworthy me.

March 22nd.—Much enlarged into Christ in writing to Mr. T— today. How often has that correspondence been a blessing to my soul. I have felt somewhat of the blessedness of dwelling upon Mount Hermon, "where God commands the blessing—even life for evermore." I have seen,

that, though for some time "the iniquity of my heels" has compassed me about, in those wandering thoughts which have so distressed me—yet I am safe from condemnation, because that very iniquity compassed my precious Jesus about first, when He felt the substance of those words which were prophetically spoken of Him (Psalms 40:12). He called His people's sin His own, because He had taken their place in law, and "the Lord laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." Thus I am free from sin in Christ, and I have afresh blessedly felt this freedom; and, though I dwell in dust, have afresh been made to rise and sing unto the Lord, for mercy and judgment—judgment to Jesus, and mercy to me—to the glory of a Triune Jehovah. Oh, it is wonderful! Blessed are those to whom "the Lord will not impute sin." Dear Lord, let me into the sweet secret of which I have tasted a little, and find such celestial flavor—debasing the creature and exalting a glorious Christ.

March 25th, Good Friday.—I love to meditate upon what this day commemorates, for the Lord does at times make the keeping of it a door of communion to my soul. It is now between one and two, and the sun is shining beautifully. But, on that solemn day when Jesus suffered, it withdrew its beams from the guilty earth, refusing to enliven that scene so shrouded in gloom, so darkened with sin, curse, wrath, and suffering—when the Lamb without blemish, the Antitype of the Paschal, was offered "once for all," and by that one offering entirely put away sin from His Church. Oh! the agonies He endured when His righteous soul was made sin—when "He was bruised for our iniquities." I would now, in spirit, sit at the foot of that cross, and learn more and more deeply and experimentally the mysteries thereof. Only those who eat the Paschal supper here with bitter herbs shall sit down at the Marriage-supper with everlasting joy. This word is sweet to me, "He turns the shadow of death into the morning." Our blessed Surety had the substance and sting of death; and what He so endured is turned into a spiritual morning to us, because by it our deliverance comes.

March 27th, Sacrament-day.—"Peninnah had children—but Hannah had no children." How this word has sounded in my heart this morning. It is just like — and me, spiritually; she is made useful to souls, and I am a poor barren thing, not knowing that one has been called through me. It says that Elkanah gave to Hannah "a worthy portion," and this is spiritually true of me. "The Lord is my portion, says my soul." I do rejoice in Him, though I am the least and most insignificant of His members. I was much blessed the other day in seeing Psalms 89:32, fully applicable to Christ, as shown out in 1 Peter 2:24. He was the Surety, and He had the stripes; and coming to realize this in faith, heals sin's malady in its guilt and power more than anything else, because it is God's own way. O "Abba Father," I humbly beg for the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Jesus, and of You in Him.

"Prove His wounds each day more healing,

And Himself more deeply know." The threatening symptoms of disease have seemed to abate. I have no liberty to speak of the matter, excepting to my dear Lord. I have no wish He should remove it—but that He would come in it, and sanctify it, and glorify Himself. I commit it all to my precious Savior, who "Himself took our infirmities, and carried our sicknesses."

April 17th.—From weak nerves and unfixedness of thought I am unable to meditate closely—but I am sure my soul is fixed all the while on my covenant God, and my precious Savior. This lack of power to think is my infirmity, You, Lord, know. My heart says, "Whom have I in heaven but You? and there is none upon earth I desire beside You." Amidst all I am suffering, the Lord seems

strongly confirming me in the doctrines of grace. Exceeding light and power keep breaking in upon my soul upon the Divine sovereignty; and the majestic holiness, love, and, glory of Jehovah, are increasingly revealed. Thus, though a tempest-tossed, I am safe; and I think I shall soon be at home—in the haven of rest.

April 24th.—I have been unexpectedly called to visit Miss G—, who is dying. I saw her on Friday; she was in great distress, fearing she had been deceived. During conversation she said, "I fear I do not feel sin enough; that I only have a dread of punishment. I cannot pray; I can't believe." I saw her again yesterday; she was more comfortable. I read Zechariah 3:1-10, in which she seemed deeply interested.

April 27th.—I had a blessed time again, with Miss G—; she is rather better. I trust it was profitable. I read Mark 5:1-43. In speaking I referred to Isaiah 13:2; in reading which I was struck with Isaiah 13:3, and told her of some different explanations I had heard. When I had finished, Miss G— said, "How singular you should speak of that verse; we were so wondering what it meant." May 27th.—When thinking of a proposed journey to Scotland, I had much trembling about traveling by the express train—but last evening the Lord gave me a sweet assurance of safety, and this morning Psalms 139:1-24. We are not going to "the uttermost parts of the earth," but we are going far away; yet, even there Your right hand shall keep, and guide, and hold me up, O my God.

Edinburgh, May 31st.—Ebenezer! Through Divine mercy, we find ourselves located, for a short time, in this great city, to which we were safely brought last evening, about half-past eight. Great was the Lord's mercy in protecting, and He kindly communed with me in the night-watches, so that I did sing, and weep, and bless my loving Lord. Oh! for faith to live in all the fullness of Jesus.

June 8th.—The first minister I heard here was on Thursday evening, Mr. M. S—. A word in season to my soul, from Ephesians 1:11, "In him we were also chosen, having been predestined according to the plan of him who works out everything in conformity with the purpose of his will, in order that we, who were the first to hope in Christ, might be for the praise of his glory." He was speaking much on the subjugation of the will in us, which was just what the Lord was instructing me about on Monday night. Oh, to learn the lesson! There is one dear saint in this house, and we have together been holding fellowship with the King, while all the rest were in bed.

June 20th.—I "am ready to depart on the morrow." The Lord has been bountiful and gracious to my soul in this place. I have been favored with the communion of saints, with the King of saints. I have had some severe exercise also, according to that saying, "Day and night shall not cease;" it is also written, "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God;" but, indeed—

"My soul through many changes goes,

His love no variation knows," And "Now, Lord, what do I wait for?" "My eyes are upon you," for a parting blessing, and for journeying mercies on the coming day.

June 23rd.—Ebenezer! I was favored with a safe journey; and my dear Lord let me feel His presence along the way, and spoke to me by His holy Scriptures: praise Him, O my soul! I felt peace of soul on arriving at my sweet little home. In Jesus—I am as safe as I can be, and very happy—a sinner saved by grace! Free grace and free love is all my theme.

June 26th.—Scotland was a place of royal dainties to my soul: may the Lord pour out His Spirit upon His people there. He is still fulfilling to me Isaiah 43:16. "I am the Lord, who opened a way through the waters, making a dry path through the sea." I desire to be still learning His will—to the subduing of my own.

July 3rd.—I have been to see Miss G— for the first time since my return. I think her not so well. My spirit feels refreshed with a comfortable hope that she is a vessel of mercy.

July 10th.—Again I find a blessing in taking up the cross. I sought deliverance from it. But I find the Lord had placed deliverance in it; praised be His name for not letting me escape, and turn away from the blessing.

August 15th.—"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;" why, then, are so many of His people poor? To draw out their faith upon Him; to show forth His marvelous works; and because this world is neither their home nor their portion. It is all right, and I feel it so. We need not be in abject poverty to be in financial straits, as those who have small incomes well know; for they often "see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." A life of faith is a life of miracles, temporal and spiritual.

September 3rd.—"Out of the depths have I cried unto You, O Lord." In addition to outward trial, there is deep inward conflict. Under an agonizing sense of unprofitableness, there seems to come a blight upon everything I touch! Oh, it is bitter! I have not a doubt of my precious Savior's love—but I feel as if all else is torn from me; and I am covered with shame because I make such poor returns to Him. Dear Lord, enable me to endure all You see needful. I am sure it is well, though I feel something like David, in Psalms 66:12, "You sent troops to ride across our broken bodies. We went through fire and flood. But you brought us to a place of great abundance." But I deserve a thousand times worse. "Father, Your will be done."

September 11th, Sabbath evening.—In the past week I have had deep conflict, many storms—but sweet interminglings of mercy. I feel weak and faint, as if the journey were too great for me. But my dear Lord will sustain me. I am the poorest worm—and must let fall my whole weight upon You, my precious Savior. Lord, help me on, and help me home. Isaiah 43:1-28 is very sweet today, "Do not be afraid, for I have ransomed you. I have called you by name; you are mine. When you go through deep waters and great trouble, I will be with you. When you go through rivers of difficulty, you will not drown! When you walk through the fire of oppression, you will not be burned up; the flames will not consume you. For I am the Lord, your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior!" I am much pleased with the expression, "dragons and owls honoring the Lord" (Isaiah 43:20; Job 30:29).

September 18th.—I bring a hard case to You, my Lord; some of Your dear children think I am in a wrong position, and would delight to have me again in the depths of my own corruption. My heart is deeply wounded—I commit it to You. If constantly looking at what I am in the first Adam will most honor You, I resign myself to it. If looking to my dear Lord, and learning what I have and am in Him, is most God-glorifying, I pray for it, whoever may fight against it. I do marvel that some of the living family should so seek to take off my eye from Jesus. O Lord! undertake for me, and judge between us. Make me know the right; confirm what is Yours; deliver from what is mine, or any other creature's.

October 30th, Sacrament-day.—The past week one of trial, and I have not had such near communion with my Lord as formerly; many sweet visits from Him—but not that constant abiding with me, and I with Him, as once. I received great blessing at the Lord's table this afternoon; surely the King was held in the galleries. My heart-backslidings reprove me; all withholdings, all trials are deserved. I do not deserve that my dear Lord should ever speak in love to me again on this side Jordan. But I must cling to Him. He is my Sun, though he refrains to shine—

"Though for a moment He depart,

I dwell forever on His heart,

Forever He on mine."

November 24th.—"Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who alone does wondrous things. And blessed be His glorious name forever: and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and Amen!" (Psalms 72:18-19). Fill, O Lord, my body, which is Your earth, with Your glory, by using all its powers in Your service. This I have long asked. But I feel so unprofitable that I have lately come into despair about it, and thought that I must just be useless in the bosom of Divine love. I have had some blessed hours with a poor tempted and distressed soul, with whom I have been often of late. Her trouble comes from the death of a brother, whom she dearly loved. Her body is weak, her nerves shattered, and evidences all clouded; at times she seems almost distracted. She sent for me this afternoon. I went; and oh! what a season we had in mutual prayer and reading of the Scriptures. It was indeed a pouring out of the Spirit. Our mouths were filled with arguments, and my soul with power. No creature effort, no fleshly excitement; all was calm and quiet—but very powerful; it was a hallowed season, "a shadow of good things to come." The dear soul was encouraged. Satan and her trouble may return—but deliverance is sure to this daughter of Abraham; either below or above, she shall surely sing the praises of our covenant God. Shall the typical David slay the lion and the bear, and rescue the lamb they had taken out of the flock? and shall not the spiritual David, our Good Shepherd, rescue this torn sheep from the roaring lion? He will! He will!

December 18th.—On Friday this word was sweet to me, "In the days of famine they shall be satisfied." I felt satisfied with Christ, although I had not a shilling in the house to call my own, and money is needed for many things. My dear friends would help me if they knew of this trial. But I could not thus go before the Lord, and lose the blessing which is in it. "My soul, wait only upon God; for my expectation is from Him." Php 4:19 was very sweet an hour ago. I saw more largeness and richness than ever in those words, "According to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." What a rule to be supplied by! It is like an infinite investment on our behalf, from which shall flow all we need for the wilderness journey. "Lord, increase my faith." "O God, command deliverances for Jacob."

December 31st.—The last evening of 1853. Truly the past year has had deep trial to me; I think more so in experience than ever since I came into liberty. It is worth anything to have my dear Lord's presence, and fixedness of mind. But oh! what a blessed mingling of mercy in my cup during the past year. Lord, increase my gratitude and my praise.

"Here I raise my Ebenezer;

Hither by Your help I’m come;

And I hope, by Your good pleasure,

Shortly to arrive at home." This has been my word today: "As dying—and behold we live!" Ebenezer!

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New Year’s Day.—"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever." "Looking unto Jesus."

January 8th.—The Lord has helped me in outward things; it is a chastened benefit; I feel abased in my own eyes. I am very unworthy. But I must, I do, praise the Lord that He has not shut up His tender mercies from me.

January 22nd.—"The way of the Lord is strength to the upright." This word has again been somewhat speaking in my experience. And what is the way of the Lord? None other than a precious Christ. Surely, "the Lord God is my strength; and He will make my feet like hinds’ feet;" to tread lightly upon earth, to go safely over the mountains of difficulty and tribulation; and to have my footsteps ordered, and my goings established upon the rock of Christ. A good deal raised above outward trials, and Jesus precious the last week.

January 28th.—On Thursday evening I had deep soul-abasement and wrestlings with the Lord, on account of spiritual unfaithfulness to my heavenly Bridegroom. Oh, I was caused to hold Him by faith, and say, "I will not let You go"—frown, reprove, smite, wound—do anything You please. But I must have You. In Leviticus 26:1-46, at our family reading, I saw my own case, and that of the living Church in this day. How was my soul humbled and broken under a sense of our declension and departures from our blessed Jesus. "Oh, that my eyes were a fountain of tears; I would weep forever! I would sob day and night for all my people who have been slaughtered." Jeremiah 9:1. Oh, He did lead me, "with weeping and supplication," desiring His holy presence to destroy all in me that offended Him, as the Ark, His ancient symbol, destroyed Dagon. Words cannot express what I find in Him. Oh! indeed there is a heaven of love and holiness in my glorious Christ. Abiding in Him is "as the days of heaven upon earth."

February 5th.—I was sorely distressed last night about dear Miss G—’s state. I have had great fear lest she should not be the Lord’s. But this morning, in the house of God, her safety was sweetly sealed upon my heart. I believe she is among the redeemed. My soul rejoices over her salvation next to my own, and adores my God that through eternity I shall join her in praising Him for this wonder.

"Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills

Their lasting silence break;

And this poor softened, gladdened heart,

My Savior’s praises speak."

February 12th.—I heard Mr. F. this evening, with much soul profit, from Song of Solomon 4:8-9. He said that the Hebrew word there rendered "ravished," is not used in all the Scripture beside; and it might be rendered, "You have taken possession of my heart for Yourself," as if the Holy

Trinity were absorbed in delighting in the Church. Lord, enlarge my heart. I come with You, adorable Redeemer, to look away from all besides.

February 16th.—"Then one of the twenty-four elders asked me, 'Who are these who are clothed in white? Where do they come from?' And I said to him, 'Sir, you are the one who knows.' Then he said to me, 'These are the ones coming out of the great tribulation. They washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb and made them white. That is why they are standing in front of the throne of God, serving him day and night in his Temple. And he who sits on the throne will live among them and shelter them. They will never again be hungry or thirsty, and they will be fully protected from the scorching noontime heat. For the Lamb who stands in front of the throne will be their Shepherd. He will lead them to the springs of life-giving water. And God will wipe away all their tears.'" Revelation 7:13-17. This passage has come before me again today beside the dying couch of a stranger whom I have been asked to visit. I went with trembling, fearing to find her in nature's darkness. But I believe she is one of the hidden jewels of Zion's casket—a gem to shine forever in the crown of the King of Glory.

March 8th.—For the immense favors in my unworthy soul I must raise an Ebenezer. When I speak of what I have been passing through this last few months, none but the Lord can understand me. Oh! what I have suffered in wandering thoughts; and, though having often sweet messages and communion with my Lord, it seems as if I got but a side view of Him, and not that open gaze and unreserved fellowship as before: whatever degree of communion we have been brought to, nothing less can satisfy us. I now feel all still in my soul, lest I should lose that sweet embrace of love Divine which begins my heaven.

Good Friday.—That lovely countenance of the suffering Savior! how it is marred more than any man's. But faith and love see beauty still. There is love's climax! the Bridegroom enduring for the Bride, and leaving her only a cup of blessing, although she, as well as He, must be a sufferer.

"Here it is I find my heaven,

While upon the cross I gaze:

Love I much? I've much forgiven;

I'm a miracle of grace!"

I would love to sit in this hallowed seclusion all day. But I must leave it. Sweet Savior, enfold me again in Your bleeding embrace; let me into the secrets of Your love and union; oh, absorb me forever in Yourself, my God, my glory!

April 26th.—A day of national humiliation and prayer. The Lord hear, and send peace to the kingdoms of the earth. But, oh! my soul says, "Your kingdom come." May 13th.—I was richly blessed last evening from Isaiah 50:1-11; Romans 8:33-34. The justified Head and the justified members both say, "Who is he that condemns?" My dear Lord opened the door of my heart by Isaiah 50:1-11, and revealed Himself gloriously: all praise to the Lamb!

June 15th.—Home. Peculiarly blessed in soul and strengthened in faith, during a recent visit to Brighton.

June 25th.—Since my return home I have found indescribable blessedness and fullness in Jesus. I cannot express what my soul finds in the realization that I am in Him. It is rest indeed; although blight has followed blight in outward things. But the rod of Jesse blooms in my experience; and "His fruit is sweet to my taste." The government also is upon His shoulders: so all will be well, however contrary to the flesh. Being in Christ, all is mercy. How astonishing, that there is so little praise in the living Church! We lie too much "among the pots."

July 6th, my Birthday.—Here I desire to give glory to God in the highest, that I was born in union with the Lamb. And because of this, I was, at the appointed time, quickened into spiritual life; and shall live through death, because united to Him, our living Head, who has for us "destroyed him who had the power of death, that is, the devil."

[Believing reader, mark the glorious mystery, "We shall live through death." Why? because we have a life in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life which death can never touch. It is in Him, and of Him, and through Him: hence, every soul in union with Christ may triumphantly say, "O death, where is your sting? O grave, where is your victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."]

You know my request is this day for a closer walk with You, and deliverance from wandering thoughts; for more of the activity of that faith which purifies the heart; for the Spirit to be as springs of water in my soul; and for more realization of that perfection and glory which the Church had in Christ, before she fell in the first Adam. May I behold the Three divine Persons therein, with Their distinct love-acts; and thus live much more above the fogs of earth and vapors of fallen flesh.

I also long for an open heart to speak of the mysteries of Christ to some dear saints, by word of mouth, as well as by letter; that the well-spring of wisdom may be a flowing brook between us, and He a sweet savor through me, and to me, in life and in death. O Lord, these are my requests, with thanksgiving for all that You have done; to You be glory and everlasting praise. Let all my powers be Yours; and this affliction consecrated to You; so that, instead of an ill savor, there may be a sweet fragrance of Yourself! Ebenezer!

August 5th.—This week I have suffered great pain and weakness of body. But have most fully experienced that "He Himself took our infirmities, and bore our sicknesses." Most sweetly have I felt the suffering lightened, as if my dear Lord did bear the heavy part for me. Sweetly solemnized this morning by 1 Kings 8:5, where it speaks of sacrifices which could not be told or numbered for multitude. The glory and majesty of the holy Jehovah were there, and Solomon felt the need of blood, yes, an ocean of blood, as it were, to enter upon the worship of so holy, holy, holy a being. The ark was placed in the holiest place, in thick darkness, showing that Jehovah can only be seen in His own light. All light of nature must be shut out, for it only causes confusion in the things of God. This evening, again instructed in 2 Samuel 6:1-8. Much zeal and praise are mentioned—but no blood; and it ends in death and condemnation. For (2 Samuel 6:13) the ark was only taken six paces when oxen and fatlings were sacrificed; so that blood was mingled with the praise, and the end was life and peace. There is no right prayer or praise on earth without blood. And what is it above? Oh! there the song of the redeemed is of blood, and praise to Him who shed it. Revelation 1:5 : "Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." This is most sweet to my soul.

August 6th, Sacrament-day.—I longed for my heart to be as a ten-stringed instrument, and every string swept into harmony by the touch of the Spirit, in praise of Him, my Beloved, whose heart was laid open for me. Oh, that I could praise Him, and cleave to Him with full purpose of heart. My soul afresh would "make her boast in the Lord." "Who is He that condemns? It is Christ who died." A Person so holy, so majestic, so glorious in Himself, though humbled to the death of the cross. It is He who died and is risen again. Here rests my soul; here hangs my salvation.

August 13th, Sabbath.—This morning I had a word in season. Mr. H— spoke from Psalms 104:21-23, "Then the young lions roar for their food, but they are dependent on God. At dawn they slink back into their dens to rest. Then people go off to their work; they labor until the evening shadows fall again." Speaking of faith, he said, "One work of faith is to lay hold of the Lord Jesus, to lay hold of eternal life, another is to hold Him fast. Hold that fast which you have, that no man take Your crown. Not the crown of life, for none can take that. But the crown of rejoicing, which we have when we lay hold of Christ; and, while so doing, none can take it from us."

September 3rd, Sacrament-day.—I have much enjoyed Psalms 126:1-6. The Spirit opened it to me about Christ and His Church. Surely they both "sow in tears and reap in joy." How bitter the cup He drank when the Lord was doing "great things for us," by laying upon Him "the iniquities of us all."

September 10th, Sabbath.—My heart cried to the Lord to keep me following on. In the midst of outward trial I have considerable inward peace and rest in the Lord, to my own astonishment; so that while flesh trembles at the little store emptying so fast, the inner man reposes in the Lord, and feels sure that in plenty or in straits He will be the same—a sufficient portion.

September 19th.—I have been in the deep today. The enemy and carnal reason strong, and my soul much distressed, I was greatly relieved by faith being again renewed. This evening we have had an exposition of Psalms 23:1-6, which was quite a word in season.

September 24th.—"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." The love of God, and God of love! here be my resting-place; this be my theme. How I wonder at the stupendous love. Not one drop of mercy to the suffering Redeemer, in His own precious body and soul, that He might receive all the mercy in His mystic members. No pity shown to Him, that the Lord might be very pitiful to us. No comforts to the Bridegroom, as He says in Psalms 69:20, that the Bride might receive the Comforter (John 15:26); yes, and Himself come, and comfort her too (John 14:18). Oh, the depth of infinite love laid up in the heart of Jehovah! I cannot fathom it—but would continually sink deeper and deeper into that bottomless abyss. "Keep yourselves in the love of God." "Continue in my love."

October 1st.—This is a thanksgiving-day for the plentiful harvest, and that the Lord has, in some measure, stayed the dreadful pestilence which has been raging in many parts of our land, though Nottingham has been mercifully preserved. The Lord give us humbled, grateful hearts, and accept in Jesus our poor thanks.

Evening.—Dearest Lord, what means this note of gladness in my heart? Is this Your voice, which speaks of brighter things approaching? O my Lord, You know all things: do not let me be deceived by the flesh, or the devil. Most lovely Savior, You are enough to fill the soul with rejoicing, whatever may be my outward state. I long more for the heaven of Your love, and the beamings in

of Your glory and beauty. Oh, come to this longing heart, and let it be all taken up with You. You will—this is Your love burning in my bosom, and You will "rest in Your love."

October 20th.—Richly blessed yesterday in hearing dear Mr. H—, and have had as one of the days of the Son of man in my soul today. It is a most timely blessing, for my heart is peculiarly exercised. It has been singing with the thorn at my bosom, and the cross on my back. But the presence of my precious Jesus makes me sing, anywhere and anyhow. Oh, dearest Lord, do stay with me; do separate me from everything that grieves You; and do grant me the "Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge" of Jesus Christ.

October 23rd.—"Behold my hands and feet, that it is I myself." "My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior." A faith's view of Jesus does make the heart rejoice. Oh, open my understanding in the Scriptures, that I may see Jesus in every part. Oh, for much heart-burning, through His talking "with us by the way."

October 29th.—I thirst and long to be absorbed in You, and used for You, and must sing to Your praise of— "Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

Blessed Spirit, ever give me lively actings of faith upon the glorious Person and finished work of this Immaculate Lamb. Feeding upon Him, I shall grow more and more out of love with self, and all that is not of the Father. And now I go forth "up and down in the name of the Lord," by the anointing of the Spirit of truth.

November 5th.—Ebenezer! "He gives food in due season." He touches the upper springs, and the heart runs over; He touches the nether springs, and the cup runs over. "He has remembered me in my low estate: for His mercy endures forever." He first delivered me in the trouble by His own love and presence, and then delivered me in a measure out of the trouble, that is, as to present straitness. I must sing of the mercies of the Lord, which are forever and ever. Precious Lord, You have revealed Yourself in me, the last few weeks, and taken away all strangeness. Oh, stay, ever stay, and keep me from dishonoring You in any way.

November 12th.—My heart mourns for my country. It is a time of war, and hundreds of our fellow-countrymen are slain. O Lord, if You are on our side, give success to our armies, and end the bloody strife.

November 19th.—Romaine says, "The way to live for Jesus is to live on Him." This is a true witness, and is what I seek.

November 26th, Sacrament-day.—I am much abased in my own sight, because of sin. "O Lord, You know my foolishness, and my sins are not hidden from You." I know that the precious blood of my Surety has atoned for them all. But I loathe the evil working of my nature. Dearest Lord, hear the cry of my heart, which cannot be put in words, and with precious blood purge my conscience, and fully restore my soul to the simplicity which is in You. You alone did teach me the life of faith. Oh, renew that teaching amidst all discouragements! Work for your own glory. Lord, hear the groaning for our country and soldiers. Lord, pardon, spare, save, and restore peace. Lord, humble us as a nation before You.

December 10th.—For a week after the above "I sunk in the mire where there was no standing." My case grew very heavy. Then came Psalms 126:5, with a little power and sweetness, "Those who

plant in tears will harvest with shouts of joy." Jesus whispered in my heart the precious words, "Child, your sins are forgiven." Thus has the Lord brought me up out of the depths little by little, feeding me with spiritual "food convenient for me." Ever praised be Your holy name, whose right hand and holy arm has gotten the victory over all my foes.

December 16th.—Last evening Isaiah 25:5, came to my mind very sweetly: "The noise of strangers," that tumult of thoughts within, which hinders quiet meditation and communion. But it says here, the Lord will bring it down, "like the heat in a dry place." Lord, "do as You have said," Let it be so experimentally in my soul. Let strangers' voices by You be silenced, "And You alone be heard to speak,

And Jesus reign alone."

December 24th.—Happy Christmas-eve! Welcome, thrice welcome, into our flesh, O glorious Prince of Peace. What a moist root You are in our dry ground: what a bright Sun in our shadow of death, which You have, indeed, turned into the morning. Oh, for privilege to come by faith to Bethlehem, and afresh to see You arise upon our dark world: to see You coming from the virgin's womb, as a bridegroom coming from his chamber, to claim for himself his betrothed bride. For this You came from the heaven of heavens to Bethlehem's manger—made royal by Your presence. You were born to die! You did die to redeem; You did redeem to possess and to enjoy. I, worthless as I am, am part of Your purchase, "to make mention of Your righteousness, even of Yours alone," for "it is finished" and complete. So I henceforth would cease from my own broken works, and by faith be searching into these unsearchable riches of You, my glorious Christ. Oh, blessed Jesus, deign to spend Christmas with me. Come, and make the feast. I am sure we follow You too far off. Draw us to Your feet, to Your bosom. Bless and comfort each precious son and daughter in Zion who may be in affliction or perplexity. Make this night bright with Your presence.

Christmas-day.—Was not well enough to go to W—. The tabernacle shakes—but I have "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Precious Jesus, again I rejoice in Your lowly birth, which was the first step to Your wondrous death. Oh! come nearer; be more and more fully revealed in this heart, which longs to be filled with the fullness of You. Order every step in the wilderness; cause me to speak of You in life and in death. Oh, demonstrate to the living in Jerusalem that a life of faith in You is to Your praise. Embalm me for the death and burial of the body; or rather, perfume me, that I may be a sweet savor of You, as You are to me.

December 26th.—It has been a great trial to me for my illness to be known. But my health has so failed, that I have thought it necessary, and the Lord has truly blessed me in the deed, as He said, "When you pass through the waters, I will be with you." Again I beg You to consecrate this affliction all to Yourself, and grant a rich blessing to all concerned in it, that Your joy may swallow up creature-sorrow. Be seen, heard, felt; be praised and crowned by me, and my companions, in drinking Marah's stream.

December 27th.—I am very happy in my precious Lord. If You will be glorified through this trial, I will, for Your sake, forget the shame, and "rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." I did not expect such rich cordials, after all my unfaithfulness to You. Surely You have "kept the best wine until now." Oh, grant that my beloved friends and I may drink together of the spiced wine of Your love. I do sing with love and wonder, "Grace, grace unto it!"

December 31st, Sacrament-day.—My glorious Lord, You have crowned this year with Your loving-kindness to my soul. My remaining steps may be few. The sentence of death is openly declared in my leprous house. I humbly and confidingly embrace You as my life, and peace, and pardon; my purity, my joy, and my all. I ask to be led by the blessed Spirit afresh into the love scenes of solemn Gethsemane and Calvary. May I see You baptized in suffering for me; and may I, by Your Spirit, be baptized into Your death, as my only victory over self. You have gone through the dark river when its waters were at their highest. Lord, comfort me when I follow You there; and may the blessed Spirit write the last pages of my life with CHRIST in Your own living characters—that He may be exalted and honored, and I lost sight of in Him.

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January 10th.—A week ago dear Mr. H— called for a few minutes, and, in speaking of Psalms 23:4, he said, "Because Christ had the sting of death for His people, it is, therefore, only a shadow to them, which is elsewhere called a sleep." Last evening I was telling this to Miss W—, and we conversed upon the subject of death; and in the night-watches I was thinking that if death came from union with the first Adam, it must be as a penal punishment, because part of the curse. Then was sweetly opened to me 1 Corinthians 3:22-23, in which everything is included; and, besides, death is especially mentioned there as ours, because we are Christ's; therefore it comes to be so in union to Him. In the first Adam we were death's prey; in the second, death is the gate through which we must pass to obtain the perfect likeness of our Lord. In the first Adam death was a conqueror; in the second, "death is swallowed up in victory" (1 Timothy 1:1-20). These meditations were most sweet to my soul, making me at midnight to sing aloud songs of praises unto the Lord.

January 14th.—I heard Mr. S— this morning from Psalms 1:3, "They are like trees planted along the riverbank, bearing fruit each season without fail. Their leaves never wither, and in all they do, they prosper." This afternoon greatly blessed in meditating upon the first verse, and seeing Christ and the Church therein. Mr. S— spoke of this—but not in the fullness and glory the Spirit showed it to me. Christ is "the blessed Man," as the federal Head of His Church; and the description of Him is quite in accordance with 1 Peter 2:22-23; Hebrews 7:26. He is the Man, who, doing these things of the law, does live in them (Romans 10:5). His righteousness is of works, and He is blessed in His deeds. His reward is of debt. He owes nothing now. But the Father owes Him the acceptance and glorification of all His seed. Law and justice have payment beforehand, and now owe Him the indemnification and justification of all His people, in their individual experience. He is the blessed Man, and His bride inherits the blessing in Him. She is blessed as Eve was (Genesis 1:27-28). Eve was not brought out of her husband, when it said, "God blessed them." So it is with us. We are blessed in Christ (Psalms 72:17; Ephesians 1:3; Eph. 10), and thus dwell in those mountains where God has commanded the blessing (Psalms 133.); yes, upon Mount Gerizim, where all the blessings of full obedience are promised. See Song of Solomon 4:7; Ezekiel 16:14. To talk of the Church being blessed or beautiful, except in the obedience and beauty of her Husband, is strange language to me. Whatever good works or fruits are seen in her, they are His fruit and flowering through her. They do not procure the blessing—but are the effects of it. He is the tree of life by the waters, and we, receiving His fruit, are made fruitful.

January 16th.—I have been much exercised by my friends wishing me to have further advice for my malady. My soul was greatly bowed down, fearing to dishonor my precious Lord, and yet sorry to grieve kind friends. I desired that this day of quiet my soul might be closely engaged with the Lord about it. All I want is the Lord's will and the Lord's glory. This evening these Scriptures have been applied: Psalms 50:15; Psalms 32:8; Micah 2:7. I trust this is the blooming of the rod, and that it will also blossom and bring forth fruit; for which purpose I lay it up still before the Lord.

January 21st, Sabbath.—There is much snow on the ground this morning, and my Lord melted my heart with Isaiah 1:18, and this because of 2 Corinthians 5:21. Before divine service that word came sweetly, Song of Solomon 7:13; which the Lord fulfilled to me, showing me from His word how, for His own good pleasure, He had long led me in the way of faith, and had been to me, instead of human advisers, medical, legal, and spiritual. Often has He also turned about the cloud to guide and instruct me. I am fully satisfied to be in His loving hands. May he cause my dear friends to know that I do these things by His word. "Those who honor me, I will honor."

Evening.—I venture upon You, Lord, as my way. Answer—"The way of the Lord is strength to the upright." I venture upon You as my wisdom. Answer—"The Lord gives wisdom; out of His mouth comes understanding."

January 22nd.—"The preparation of the heart of man, and the answer of the tongue is from the Lord." He seems to be giving me the first part, and I trust the rest will follow, that I may give an answer to my kind friends.

January 23rd.—I am almost too ill to write tonight. But I must, for further profit, note down that from reading 2 Chronicles 16:1-14 the Lord has brought me (contrary to the judgment of the flesh) to the decision not to go to Oakham for human medicine—but to commit myself wholly to Him, in whose hands I feel safe and happy. Jeremiah 42:15-16, and Hosea 5:13, have seemed weighty.

January 24th.—With the heart we believe, and then with the tongue we make confession. Praise to You, my Lord, for Your kind answer to my poor cries in the hour of trial, when waiting to know Your mind. "Was I ever a barren wilderness to You?" Answer—Never, never, my dearest Lord! It is I who am the barren wilderness. But You make the wilderness to bloom, and rejoice with joy and singing. "You are my witnesses, says the Lord."

January 30th.—Isaiah 33:24, is just as I feel, "The people of Israel will no longer say, 'We are sick and helpless,' for the Lord will forgive their sins." Though afflicted in body, yet I am dwelling in Christ by faith. In my precious Jesus I enjoy experimentally forgiveness and healing. I could not have thought to have seen such good days. I have often prayed to possess the west and the south together. The west—the setting sun, the evening of life; the south—warm, bright, and cheering. And if this disease is taking down my tabernacle, it surely is with me as with Naphtali: "Satisfied with favor, full with the blessing of the Lord;" yet all I enjoy is free and sovereign, "without money and without price."

February 1st.—O Lord, give me a thankful heart. Answer—Do you want one to feed upon? Feed upon Me, and then a thankful heart will not be lacking.

February 18th.—I felt this morning rather weary, and, like Jacob, "would needs be gone," because my soul greatly longed for my Father's house above. I had afterwards a refreshing time in the sanctuary. Mr. D. F— preached from "Having nothing, and yet possessing all things." During service the Lord sweetly renewed in my soul two formerly given portions, in Isaiah 35:10, John 14:3; which came home to my case of affliction, and I felt they were a pearl dropped for me, which I must put among my treasures for this last stage of the journey. "Those who have been ransomed by the Lord will return to Jerusalem, singing songs of everlasting joy. Sorrow and mourning will disappear, and they will be overcome with joy and gladness." "If I go away and prepare a place for you, I will come back and receive you to Myself, so that where I am you may be also."

February 20th.—Mr. T. S— kindly called upon me today. In conversing upon death, he said he had been thinking that Naaman the Syrian had to go into the waters of Jordan before he could get rid of his leprosy; and so the believer goes through the Jordan of death to get rid of the spiritual leprosy. This was very sweet to me. It is at death we drop the image of our fallen head, by whom we received the dreadful disease.

February 22nd.—"We who have believed, do enter into rest." Surely this is known by me this night, after enduring much temptation. Oh, the excellent overcoming life of faith; how it strengthens grace, and is the beginning of glory.

"Believing, we rejoice

To see the curse remove;

We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,

And sing His bleeding love."

March 4th.—What must I do with these books of my heart's journey through the wilderness? How I shrink from leaving them behind for other eyes than my own to see. Oh, it seems impossible! And yet this word has come, which has made me to pause, "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it." O Lord, I commit them to You. Your will be done. I cannot be too much abased. Oh, set Your foot on me, if thereby you may be more seen, and exalted, and enjoyed by any of Your redeemed.

March 9th.—For two days I have been asking that I might come more into the light of eternity, which the Lord has graciously answered; for this afternoon, while at the Divine footstool, I was favored with a little revelation of absorption in bliss in the fullness of Jesus. It was a little in comparison to the consummation. But yet, there was that in it, which earth's language cannot express, opening sweetly to me the thought that eternity is, with Jehovah, one "eternal now;" and how there is no night there, no weariness—an everlasting glory, uninterrupted by the revolvings of time. I realized a little of what it is to be unshackled, not only from earth—but from time. But words fail to describe that fullness of glory, activity of worship, and perfection of rest.

March 18th.—I have felt great blessedness this morning, and as if every cloud of guilt and trouble were under my feet, in union with Christ. He has also given me another comfortable whisper about dying, "If you abide in me, you shall not feel it" (John 8:51). What a passage! It never seemed so full before. Dear Lord, fulfill every good word "on which You have caused me to hope." I am pleased to find that while I was so much blessed on Friday, a dear brother was pleading for me, and enjoying much blessed freedom with the Lord, and union with my spirit. This is "communion of saints." Oh, for more walking in the Spirit! It is He who reveals spiritual secrets, and opens love's stores, such as 1 Corinthians 2:9, as I am a happy witness. "No eye has seen, no ear has heard, and no mind has imagined what God has prepared for those who love him!" Ebenezer!

March 21st.—Day of national fast and humiliation, on account of the dreadful war. O Lord, hear Your people's cries, and spare our beloved—but guilty land. I have long blushed before You, because of our favoring Popery. O Lord, open the eyes of our King and rulers, that this sin may be put away, and Your just judgments be removed from us.

March 22nd.—"Your will be done," has been the peculiar feeling of my soul today, and for some time previous. The Spirit has kept me bowing to meet every fresh wave as it comes; for, oh! this is a stormy world. But the true feeling, "Your will be done," is like oil upon every wave, so calming the soul that there is no contrary current. The Spirit bends us, the wave passes over us, and we say, "It is well!"

April 2nd.—Precious Jesus, I am glad You bring out good wine at last. I need a strong cordial. Oh! renew the miracle of Cana of Galilee. I know six of Your vessels which are filled with the waters of temptation or tribulation, and Your power is the same as ever. Let us all feel it; and let this very water be turned into the wine of the kingdom. How sweet and strong has this word been to me tonight, "He is able.""'Ask the Lord for rain in the spring, and he will give it. It is the Lord who makes storm clouds that drop showers of rain so that every field becomes a lush pasture." Zechariah 10:1. "I pray that you will begin to understand the incredible greatness of his power for us who believe him. This is the same mighty power that raised Christ from the dead and seated him in the place of honor at God’s right hand in the heavenly realms." Ephesians 1:19-20. Oh, that mighty power! Lord, give me faith to take hold of it, in my present state.

April 3rd.—This is called "Passion-week." I feel it precious to have the companionship of a once-suffering Savior, who was "a Man of sorrows." He drank of every bitter cup, that He might feel with and support us. The times and seasons are in the Father’s power, not in the hands of men. But I am glad, if through these times of commemoration, I can get a view of my Lord in His humiliation or exaltation. Dear, precious Lord, I afresh crave fellowship in Your sufferings.

April 6th, Good Friday.—I have been looking much at the last hours of my precious Lord, this morning. This afternoon I have been somewhat beholding the precious Sufferer on that middle cross. Both the thieves railed on Him. But one of these theives, by the power Spirit, was brought to confess his own sinfulness, and by the same Spirit to call Jesus "Lord." Then how sweet was the answer of peace, "Today you shall be with me in paradise." Thus did redeeming love break forth in a refreshing stream from that suffering heart and those parched lips—to give drink to that other sufferer, who was, indeed, "ready to perish."

After this, came the cry of agony, "My God, my God, why have You forsaken me?" Oh! that was the climax of woe! And then those mysterious words, "I thirst!" Mere bodily suffering was not all which was couched in these words. But that righteous One was dwelling with the devouring fire, and enduring what would have been to us "everlasting burnings." The wrath of the Lawgiver was going forth upon the sin which was found upon Him. He thirsted, as in hell—that He might "lead us to fountains of living waters" in heaven! And those tender looks and words to His mother and His beloved John, do indeed manifest a heart without an atom of that selfishness which we inherit by the fall.

Truly, I have almost seemed to stand beside His cross, and gather up these precious fragments with wondering love, and mingled joy and grief.

How I wonder, whether, in the multitude of those gazers, anyone in that hour beheld the "Fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem." We know that, afterwards, some were washed therein, as Peter testifies, in Acts 23:1-35, 36: "Whom you with wicked hands have crucified and slain;" at which time they were pricked in their hearts, and brought to look by

faith "upon Him whom they had pierced; and by His stripes they were healed."

Then came the end, when, after receiving the vinegar, Jesus said, "It is finished!" Then bowing His head, He gave up His spirit. What amazing weight and fullness is in those three words, "It is finished!" Finished for me, the vilest of the vile, whom You have privileged to stand, with dear Mary Magdalene, at the foot of Your cross, and listen to Your dear lips, which, even there, do drop as the honeycomb. If these sips in grace are so sweet, what will those draughts in glory be? Ah! when I have received the vinegar, I shall follow Him. Hasten on the happy day! Oh, bless all my loved ones with like sweets from Your bitter cup.

April 8th.—My precious Lord, I long for entrance today into the glories of Your resurrection by the power of the Spirit. Oh, come and show Yourself to me, as You did to Mary Magdalene. I seem to have gotten to Your feet for a moment, as my risen Lord, and You have sweetly repeated in my heart, that "where I am, there shall you be also;" above sin, the world, and death. But, dear Lord, I want a fuller revelation of Yourself, as it is written in John 16:1. Come, and do the same to me. On Friday You gave me a place with Mary Magdalene at Your cross, where, as chief sinners, we loved and wept to Your praise. Oh! now give me her privilege in the garden—to see You risen; and show me, as You did those other disciples, Your hands and Your feet; and let me hear You say, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself!" May 6th.—I have been in the deep of soul-exercise and anguish, five days in this week—but have since enjoyed a Bethel visit, when meeting with two dear saints. It was a time long to be remembered. My soul’s sins seemed to be lost in Jesus, and for some moments I enjoyed heaven beyond expression, in all the stillness of love. Oh! did dear saints speak more of Him, they would have more heart-warming seasons. My heart gladly sings, "Hosannah to the Son of David;" for though I go down to the deeps, His love is under all; and when I get above earth, self, and creatures, His love is above all, whether I apprehend it or not. Praise to my covenant God forever. My outward things are rough—but it brings my Beloved nearer, and that is more than all. Oh, that I could praise and honor Him more, and win His loved ones and mine to walk closer with their God, by abiding in Him. Oh, precious Christ, eclipse all earthly vanities, by revealing Yourself more fully! May 13th.—I heard the sermon with a blessing this morning, from Habakkuk 3:18. The minister remarked, that where it says, in Habakkuk 3:17, "Though the fig-tree shall not blossom," it intimates, not only dearth at the present—but also a prospect of it for the future; for, if there is no blossom, there will be no fruit; yet would the prophet "rejoice in the God of his salvation." In this thought there is something solemn as well as sweet. When present trials are heavy, flesh would take shelter in hope. But when there is no blossom, and therefore no fruit, faith only can rejoice here. Jesus is the object of faith, and He is "the same yesterday, and today, and forever." "Though the fig tree does not blossom and there is no fruit on the vines, though the olive crop fails and the fields produce no food, though there are no sheep in the pen and no cattle in the stalls, yet I will triumph in the Lord; I will rejoice in the God of my salvation! Yahweh my Lord is my strength; He makes my feet like those of a deer and enables me to walk on mountain heights!" Habakkuk 3:17-19 May 14th.—I have this day learned a lesson, never to do anything when feeling very impetuous. Then should we wait, and waiting is the work of faith, which is no easy matter at such a time. Dear Savior, seal home this lesson to my heart. May 27th, Sacrament-day.—The past month has been a stormy one with me—but I have had great joy in the Lord. I think I shall never have much ease in the flesh, because I am so very covetous of the Lord’s choice spiced wines—and they are chiefly found in

trials and adversity.

July 6th.—Jubilee. My birthday. I had scarcely thought to see another—but hoped I was almost at home. Disease has made decided progress, and I have suffered much—but in the furnace of affliction many sins have been burnt off, and I certainly now walk more at large with my Lord. I am this day fifty years old, therefore it is the time of Jubilee; and surely, during some past months, a blessed return has been proclaimed in my soul. I had been suffering much for a year or two, from lack of that close sweet contemplation enjoyed before. In this affliction it has been restored—all glory to the Lord. Another peculiarity has been, that when very ill I saw such folly, extreme folly, in my anxious care about outward things, because the Lord knew He would soon take me home, and that little would do. Oh! I felt ashamed of my perplexities and lack of trust.

"I find myself a learner yet,

Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide."

I am much abased in my own eyes, and truly dependent on the Lord for faith and everything else. I have had a quick succession of trying events this year—but much spiced wine of my Lord's love. Oh! what cause I see to praise Him, for He has indeed done great things for unworthiest me; and yet I am desiring more. With thanksgiving I further seek enlargement into a glorious Christ, and abiding in Him by faith, that His fruits may more abundantly flow out in my life and conversation to His glory. Anew, my precious Lord, have I this day sought that all I have, and am, should be consecrated to You, and You much honored in all that shall befall me. Oh! guide me with Your eye, make Your way plain before my face. If I live, may I live unto the Lord; if I die, may I die unto the Lord; may Jesus be more revealed to me and through me; may His savor and perfumes be breathed to living souls. Oh, bless all my dear friends abundantly, and may we all be full of Him. Grant still more, a south land, and springs of water also. Amen, and amen. Ten thousand thanks for all Your matchless favors, in the sunshine and in the storm. I dare not look forward with the eye of sense—but would go forth by faith, with Jesus only. Lord, give the single eye. A poor, weak, lonely creature, leans all her weight on You—and shall be blessed and shall bless You, for You have blessed, and none shall reverse it.

July 8th.—Surely some of the silvery tones of the Jubilee trumpet are sounding in my soul, in which I discern liberty, return, rest. Oh! my precious Lord, thoroughly fulfill these in my experience while I sojourn below. In Leviticus 25:13, it is said, "In the year of this Jubilee you shall return every man to his possession." I much enjoy this in connection with Numbers 18:20, where the Lord says, "I am your part and your inheritance among the children of Israel." This includes just the very thing I want, which is, fully to leave all trials and perplexities, and dwell in Christ as my possession and experience. Leviticus 25:19 : "And the land shall yield her fruit, and you shall eat your fill, and dwell therein in safety." I do not mean any outward improvement—but to dwell in Christ by faith, feeding upon His fruits, and to receive all outward things for His sake, seeking only His glory; and so to welcome them, whether pleasing or painful. This is walking uprightly in union-privilege. To have this fully, I humbly seek as my Jubilee, in connection with experience of Romans 6:1-23. Oh, my precious near Kinsman, You have redeemed me: and, in right of Your redemption, I seek these things. I, a poor, enthralled, sin-bound worm, could have had no Jubilee but for Your redemption. You have bought me with Your blood, I am Your land, and I must return unto You—love brings me. Oh, possess me fully in every power and faculty—dwell in Your poor land, and be its riches—dwell

in Your poor garden, and be its fruitfulness, and then eat Your pleasant fruits. Oh, come, for it is Jubilee; and Your land cries unto You to come, that she may enjoy her Sabbath, and be refreshed by resting in You. And then also You, Your own self, are my Land, for we are married; "my Beloved is mine, and I am His." Oh, delight of delights! And You possessing me, I shall possess You; and this makes my heavenly Jubilee my foretaste of the fullness of joy.

July 24th.—The following portions, as heavenly manna with dew, have come into my soul today: "You are complete in Him," which was repeated in my heart when feeling the abominations there. And then Song of Solomon 4:8, Look "from the lion's den, and from the mountains of the leopards" (our own corruptions), to Jesus to subdue! Then Psalms 110:3, these words, "Your people shall be willing in the day of Your power," willing "in the beauties of holiness." Here was the power at this time—Christ "the beauties of holiness;" even amidst all we feel within, He is our loveliness—and the Spirit does strengthen faith to be willing to glory in Him alone. This is a mystery, and a mighty triumph of faith—but not too hard for the Lord; and, moreover, faith is enabled to embrace Jesus as its victory over the very evils which the soul may be feeling and loathing. The "beauties of holiness." How that word has sparkled as a description of my Lord. "Will you go with this Christ?" Ah! willing, most willing, indeed, am I to leave all, and follow Him whithersoever He goes.

I had also much sweetness in Genesis 22:1-24, especially verse 8. Our Father has provided Himself a Lamb. He has looked into Himself for it. He spared not His own Son—His beloved Son: He delivered Him up to bear all that sin deserved. Here is the sufficient sacrifice for all the abominations which are my plague. Hence it is that my sins cannot damn me; the guilt of them has been atoned for; and, therefore, it is not presumption to have rich consolation in Christ, and to rejoice that I am complete in Him, even while feeling that in my flesh dwells every evil thing, and groaning under it, too. Adored and adorable Lord, seal Your lessons with power on my soul! Let my meditations of You be increasingly sweet! Make me glad in You, the Lord—the Lord my Righteousness.

July 25th.—I was much profited last evening in hearing a sermon from Psalms 119:75, "I know, O Lord, that your laws are righteous, and in faithfulness you have afflicted me." It was very simple—but many remarks were suitable for those in tribulation, and I have since had great profit from the text itself. It has been most searching in my soul. In my bodily affliction all seems right—but in those providential trials which have so continually come upon me, am I in them thoroughly reconciled to the Lord's will? Do I realize that it is all love? have I not often been kicking against the goads? Have I not at times thought it hard? Have I not listened to carnal reason instead of walking by faith? And thus this text has, by the blessed Spirit, searched me as with a candle. Oh! gracious Lord, bring me fully to the experience of it in all things. This word has been sweet today, "I have refined you—but not with silver, I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction." Ah! indeed, I seem to see that I must not pray to come out of the furnace; I am not half broken and humbled. Do, dear Lord, bring Your glory, and my soul health, out of those things so bitter to the flesh. I render praise that I heard that text and sermon.

July 29th, Sacrament-day.—This morning I heard a sermon from Hebrews 4:14, in which Isaiah 53:6 was quoted, and never did I see so much in the last half of it—"The Lord has laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." I seemed to realize the weight of sin and guilt so ponderous that none but Jehovah could have laid it upon the Surety, and none but such a Surety could have borne it! My

soul was humbled and melted.

I did not enjoy the Communion as sometimes—but faith and love were stretching after a dear crucified Savior in all His solemn glories, where it is said, "His soul was made an offering for sin," by which "one offering He has perfected forever, those who are sanctified," whereof the Holy Spirit also is a witness to us. And also, "he who believes has the witness in himself," the Spirit bearing witness to our spirits that we are the children of God. That is a wonderful word, perfected by His one offering—may the Spirit seal it with instruction in my heart, that I may feed and grow thereby.

Oh, glorious King, come and sit at Your table: and, while faith is feeding upon You, my spikenard will send forth the fragrance thereof, which can be nothing else but the graces of the Spirit. Oh! do bid the north and south wind blow upon my soul, that the spices may flow out, and You may be regaled with Your own—for from You is all my fruit and spice found. I offer You warm thanks for all Your mercies during the past month; indeed You have not been a barren wilderness to me. Though in tribulation, You have been with me, and Your paths drop spiritual fatness upon the pastures of the wilderness. I praise You, and would praise You more, and rejoice that Your "mercy endures forever," and that Your will runs as a straight line through all the crooked things of this time-state. Oh! reveal Yourself to me in more fullness; let the shadows of temporal things shorten, and the substance of eternal things brighten and deepen in my soul; let me live above while I walk below. I am not refined—but refining: sustain me under the more fire that may be needful. Many clouds are around me—but this word is on my mind, "The way of the righteous shall be made plain." I can only be righteous in You, "the Lord MY RIGHTEOUSNESS."

I had a very sweet view of death while in God’s house this morning. I saw that this mortal flesh is like a veil upon my spirit, and it was as if my Beloved said, "At death I shall only come to turn the veil aside, because I want to see you face to face." Oh! this was precious, for surely I do want to see Him face to face; and, if disease should remove the veil of this flesh with a rough hand, my dear Lord will sustain me, and one view of Him will swallow up all remembrance of self-suffering.

August 19th.—I was much blessed this morning under the word preached from Colossians 3:1, "Risen with Christ." Oh! what volumes of blessedness are in it. I see it in that we are risen with Christ in three ways—virtually, vitally, and experimentally. The sermon was very strengthening. Oh! to live constantly in this privilege by the renewing of the Holy Spirit. Much glory beams on my soul in seeing how we are risen with Christ, which must be in His perfection and purity. This is the fact of the case, and it is establishing to search into and meditate on facts, and not be circumscribed merely within our feeling of them; though where faith realizes the former, the latter will not be predominantly at low tide.

I have been feasting on, "Where here is no law—there is no transgression." "We are dead to the law by the body of Christ;" hence He can say, "There is no spot in you," no transgression. "He has borne our sins in His own body on the tree." Law and justice took hold on Him, and therefore they let us go—they cannot hold both; as the sin He died, and as His members, we died with Him; and as we abide in Him do we enjoy the freedom, for "he that abides in Him sins not." This is the true Gospel way of having the power of sin broken. Oh! what glories do we inherit in union to the Lamb. We lose our own impurities, and are ever beheld, in the Divine eye—in His perfect holiness. Precious Beloved of my soul, bring me by the Spirit to live in You, walk in You, and never wander more.

August 26th, Sacrament-day.—How very wondrous did it appear to see the King of Glory crowned with the curse—showing, as one has said, that He has conquered it for His people. Oh! for more revelations of Christ crucified—this is the way to enjoy Christ glorified.

August 31st, Thursday.—Today I have enjoyed Him as the smitten Rock. I see how all grace-fullness was stored up in Him for His needy members. But He must be smitten, that they might honorably receive of it. Moses smote the rock—the law smote Christ, because His people had broken it; and thus streams of grace flow out to them, their conscience being smitten by the same law with conviction of sin, which makes them thirst for this suitable supply. The dear Savior says, "If any man thirsts, let Him come unto me and drink." Precious Jesus! You have refreshed me with this living water; keep me coming, keep me believing, for You have said, "He who comes to me shall never hunger; he who believes on me shall never thirst."

September 2nd, Sabbath.—I came home on Friday, and the dew of Divine blessing has richly rested in my soul since. Dearest Lord, You have been most kind to provide this little rivulet of love in such a dry and thirsty land.

September 7th.—Very refreshing gales from the everlasting hills have revived my soul this week, and cheered me on in the pilgrim way, drawing out my heart afresh in faith upon Jesus. For the two past nights, in the silent watches, my dear Lord has given instruction—the first night upon union with Himself, and last night showing most plainly that it is not feeling and knowing corruption is salvation—but knowing the Deliverer and deliverance by Him.

September 16th.—I have had a sweet meditation on the miracles of our Lord. I saw how in the first Adam every part and power were broken by the fall—and this is shown by the blind eyes, deaf ears, lame feet, withered hand, palsied limbs, maddened brain, leprous flesh, etc., which were brought to the second Adam; "and He healed them all," for He was in all senses the Restorer of the breach, and was manifested in flesh for this very purpose, to destroy the works of the devil. These diseases of the different parts of the body which He healed, seem to show what I feel spiritually—even so maimed and broken, that I cannot use this body for His service as I would; and I feel sweetly encouraged to bring each diseased part (every one is diseased) to Him, that, having quickened me from the dead, He would so dwell in me that my members shall be instruments of righteousness, and by His own healing power overcome the dry and barren land; that while sin dwells within, it may in no part reign over me. I feel that "without You I can do nothing!" I may, by the Spirit’s enabling, come to Him by faith, and find also, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengthens me." I have heard it said, that our dear Lord living so many years in seclusion, shows the hidden life of the believer. This is very sweet to me, and I see that those works which are manifest must, if they are worth anything, flow from that hidden life, and the power of God therein.

September 22nd.—A few mornings ago these words were sweetly opened in my soul—"The just shall live by faith;" and the subject has continually returned since, showing the Lord’s way of working, in giving a promise and faith to receive and enjoy it—at times so fully, that the soul feels it to be almost like the possession of the blessing included in the promise, according to that word, "faith is the substance of things hoped for;" which substance is for the time so satisfactory, that no further trial is expected. Frequently, however, the Lord permits contrary winds to blow after this, which make the soul to stagger. In such seasons we can only "live by faith;" and, if the blessed Spirit keep faith in exercise, there will be a steady going on through these dark shades of death,

saying, "I will fear no evil, for You are with me."

Usually, every child of promise has to be offered up in sacrifice at the word of the Lord, for these are deaths which the redeemed family are continually called to pass through, because, being "children of the resurrection," their blessings shall have a death put upon them, that flesh may be kept down, and they enjoy all, within and without, in resurrection power. Here the "just shall live by faith." The Lord is showing me how these things apply to my own providential matters, as regards the rejoicing confidence given me in the winter; and feeling the folly of anxious care, as noticed July 6th, and also the unlooked-for trials which have come since. I now see the latter are only to try the faith of the former; and the fears and tremblings I have at times felt, prove how much sense there was mixed therewith. Inasmuch as faith prevails, I do experimentally live in the trial, and look for resurrection life out of seeming death. "Lord, increase my faith." How plainly does each living soul discern His coming and going, that is, in manifestation. On Tuesday I was much favored with the liberty of the Spirit. Yesterday more bound—but in the afternoon Judges 6:38, seemed powerful; and this morning the word in Exodus 16:1-36 has been sweetly fulfilled in my soul, about the dew, and the manna, etc. Oh! how full of instruction and refreshment has that chapter been. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

September 30th, Sacrament-day.—A blessed month has passed away, "full with the blessing of the Lord." My heart would praise You. Oh! tune it, touch it, that there may be spiritual melody unto You. Much blessed in hearing this morning from John 17:24, "Father, I desire those You have given Me to be with Me where I am. Then they will see My glory, which You have given Me because You loved Me before the world’s foundation." What a glorious view I had of my precious Lord having finished perfectly the work of obedience unto sufferings and death, for through them He must enter into His glory. It seemed as if He had said, "I have finished Your work—now smite me. I have loved You, served You, never transgressed at any time Your commandment—now bruise me, and call for the sword of justice to awake against me." But why smite, if thus perfect in His work? It was for the sins of His bride. He had worked for her, and He would now suffer for her; for when He added, "Now, O Father, glorify me," etc., He knew that He stood as Surety for His Church, and that neither He nor she could be glorified until He had drained the fiery cup of indignation—and again said, "It is finished!"

He was perfect in His Person, and perfect in His work: thus He stood now before the Father, as a lamb without blemish, to be offered for the transgressors, and as a fatted calf, ready to be slain for the prodigals. My soul melted in this view of Him, and on Him by faith I sweetly fed. At the Lord’s table, too, this afternoon, I was again refreshed with "living bread," which words were read, and seemed fuller than ever. A precious Christ is living manna, rained down from heaven for those who are written among the living in Jerusalem. His body was broken—but not His bones, which represent His members; these He preserved by yielding up Himself to the stroke—"If you seek me, let these go their way."

Precious Jesus! I would now thank You for every wound and every sorrow You endured; for "Your bloody sweat," caused by agony of soul. It was all in payment of my debt, all was atonement for my guilt. It was the dignity of Your Person, which made every stroke and stripe of worth indeed. My poor body is worn and weary—but I would gladly go on; for the Rock pours me out rivers of oil, and my happy soul longs still to pour it out, as I have been trying to do before, to one dear to You

and me.

Oh, what will it be to see You face to face? If ’streams’ are so sweet, what must the ’Fountain’ be? I long to be there; until then, oh, do renew living faith in lively actings upon Your precious Person, and work continually by the operation of Your blessed Spirit. Use me for Your glory and for the profit of my loved ones. I am fit for nothing. But You are the Worker, and the fitness, in all things.

October 8th.—Praise! It is nine years today since my dearest mother was taken to the bosom of Jesus. I never felt so much longing to gird up the loins of my mind and look up, and look on—but not look back. This heart would swell, and this bosom would heave at times today. But then did I struggle towards my Savior, desiring to leave the dead for the living, sweetly feeling that in our living Redeemer we are still and forever one; and that to look at her, my loved one, with fleshly regrets, is to dishonor Him, and darken my own soul. To You I come, my glorious Beloved. Oh! take and use me for Your glory, and make my remaining ’inch of life’ below show forth Your praise. I thank You for my revered parents, and for all blessings by them: I thank You they are safely housed—

"Far from this world of noise and sin,

With God eternally shut in."

October 28th, Sacrament-day.—I have the last three weeks had deep soul exercise, with many tears, about allowing my letters to be published in the "Gospel Magazine;" but, when covered with shame and grief before the Lord, He seemed to say, "For your shame you shall have double," and Exodus 2:3-4, has come with power. When Moses could no longer be hidden, then his mother in faith laid him in an ark at the river’s brink; it looked like giving him up to the Lord at a venture, and so I must do, hiding what He has done no longer. This word has come to me with power, "Go, borrow vessels of your neighbors, even empty vessels; borrow not a few;" also (though I do not know that it is Scripture), "like oil from vessel to vessel." Oh! it is most blessed to be under Divine teaching. Dear Lord, I wonder and adore. Oh! pardon the vilest of all Your children. If You will take just the fag end of my days, and honor Yourself therein, it will be another of Your wondrous stoops. Behold the handmaid of the Lord; "be it unto me according to Your word" and Your will. I am ashamed of the past, and my tears will often flow on reviewing it. I had a blessed season at the Lord’s table: I went to sacrifice freely unto the Lord in the above matter. Oh! my precious Beloved, if this thing is of You, let the yoke of my timidity be destroyed by the anointing. Lay Your cause, truth, and people closer upon my heart, and, at whatever cost to my flesh, be honored through me. Oh! can it be? It can! "Nothing is too hard for the Lord."

November 26th, Sacrament-day, Morning.—Ebenezer! O my God, my soul has been cast down in me. But now You comfort me before any outward deliverance comes, and are filling me with Your hidden treasures of spiritual wine and oil, in Ezekiel 44:1-31, where, O blessed Spirit, You do richly preach Christ unto me. Oh, how blessedly does Ezekiel 44:27 show how we are to go to the Lord’s table, even with Christ as our sin-offering; and especially how we who feel our own unholiness may come near to a holy God, and worship Him within the veil which has been rent in twain. The outward rite of this is fully shown in Leviticus 16:1-34, and the spiritual secret in 2 Corinthians 5:21, where we find our sin-offering, which God first found for us—which our High Priest has offered (Hebrews 9:14; Hebrews 7:27)—and which God has accepted. We who are thus made priests

unto God are to bring the same offering by faith under the anointing of the eternal Spirit, and that, not only when we first believe and know that this precious Jesus was made sin for us individually—but also in all our after approaches to the mercy-seat. Now those who would come near to God, must do so with a true heart and a single eye to Christ (Hebrews 10:22). There is no other way of approach. Then Ezekiel 44:26 points to Christ again: "They shall eat the meat-offering and the sin-offering;" explained by "Take, eat, this is my body;" also, John 6:53, is another exercise of faith-feeding on Christ. But John 6:28 is most blessed, alluding to the sin-offering: "It shall be unto them for an inheritance;" not a thing enjoyed and done with—but that which is to continue a blessing and benefit. Then follows, "I am their inheritance." How striking! for surely here shines out that He is our sin-offering, since both the sin-offering and Himself are our inheritance, and we, as His priests, are to have no other; also, Numbers 18:20. He gave to Abraham, in the promised land, none inheritance; no, not so much as to set his foot on. He dwelt there a stranger and sojourner, and yet he lacked no good thing—but had a goodly portion; for the Lord said unto him, "I am your shield, and your exceeding great reward." So, in all things here below, we too are but strangers and sojourners—but our Christ is our inheritance; and we find in Him all that a holy God requires—even precious blood without taint, and a sacrifice fat with perfect obedience to the law. "The fat and the blood are the Lord's" (Leviticus 3:16-17, and Ezekiel 44:15)—but we partake with Him, for "He has made a feast of fat things full of marrow, and wines on the lees well refined," which is spoken of in John 6:55. Our God has, indeed, "prepared of His goodness for the poor," and with Him we feed on His own chosen Lamb, in whom He is forever delighting. John 6:5 strikes me very solemnly. I look not at any of the literal meanings of the prophecy—but at those which are experimental. The entering in is by Christ, and the going forth is by self. Mark it well, O my soul, for indeed thus you have found it. When Christ is all, and your eye single, there is blessed entering into holy nearness with God. When self is set up, there is a going forth from that near approach. John 6:4 says, "the glory of the Lord filled the house." Christ is that glory, "whose house are we," and when our hearts are full of Him, and fixed on Him, then self falls, and our spirit worships in Christ, who is "the beauties of holiness" (John 6:17-18). Those who entered the inner court were to wear nothing that "causes sweat," as sweat was connected with the curse: "In the sweat of your brow you shall eat bread." But when Jesus took away the curse from His people, He sweat for them great drops of blood, that they might enter into rest by believing, and worship in quietness and peace, not in the warmth or effort of fleshly feeling and excitement. They must have on the fine linen, even "the righteousness of the saints," being clothed with His obedience, who is the "Lord our Righteousness."

December 3rd.—I had a rich feast yesterday in Lamentations 3:1-66, where Christ did have the pre-eminence as the Prince of sufferers. On Friday evening those words were most powerful, as the language of Jesus (Lamentations 1:12), and I saw how much His own children pass Him by—how much I pass Him by. O precious Lord, how can You bear with me so?

December 9th.—This morning Job 38:4 was opened to me. God asks, "Where were you when I laid the foundation of the earth? declare, if you have understanding." In Proverbs 8, Jesus, under the name of Wisdom, says, "I am understanding;" and it is in Him we find the answer. The Church was in God from everlasting (Psalms 90:1). But she was left to fall from her creature perfection in the first Adam into the mire of actual transgression; yet has He devised means whereby His banished ones should not be expelled from Him (1 Samuel 14:14). The Church is of God; there is

her Divine origin. But also in Christ Jesus (1 Corinthians 1:30); for "the Father gave her to His Son, and Christ betrothed her for His own." Then comes Hebrews 2:14. The elder Brother taking flesh and blood is the devised means to brink back the younger children—His banished, saying, "Return, you children of men" (but children of God also). Now we could not return where we never had been before. Here, therefore, is plainly shown that eternal truth (which I never could receive until God Himself revealed it in my soul)—eternal union as well as eternal choice. In the resurrection, this "purchased possession" shall awake from the dust, incorruptible, and return "to Zion with songs and everlasting joy." The first return is experimental, when quickened, or rather new born; and these privileges are opened by the Spirit as the new man grows. But the fuller, and more glorious return will be in the resurrection. Truly, the Lord fed my soul with the fatness of His spiritual house. I had been much awake in the night, and was earnestly longing to apprehend Jesus by faith, as the death of my old man, and the life of my new. "They shall not be ashamed which wait for me." Blessed are all those who by the Spirit wait for Him. That I should be one—oh, what a marvel! Grace, grace unto it.

December 23rd.—I have been much desiring the grace of the coming season (Christmas), to commemorate the incarnation of our Lord. He can make it as a lattice, through which He will show Himself to His believing people, and often has He done so to my soul. Never did I need it more than now. This very morning a trifle seized my fleshly mind, and stirred up its vanity and folly, by which my thoughts were for a time brought into captivity. How abominable and filthy is my natural heart, drinking down any iniquity or foolishness like water. Truly, raven-like it is, for it feeds upon corruption, which brings the Dove, or new nature, into true mourning. Thus am I now. Behold, I am vile. Woe is me, that such a mere feather weight of temptation, finding me off the watch, should carry me away into lightness of spirit, with vanity of mind, etc. My precious Savior, I fly to You by faith. Only You can give me rest and peace, by Your blood and in Your love.

Evening.—Let me remember the sweet sacred power with which the following thoughts have just melted my soul, while crying to the Lord for instruction in the way of wisdom, and for faith to apprehend afresh the atoning efficacy of the death of Jesus as regards my present feeling of sin. First, I was much arrested with Exodus 30:1-3, etc. The altar of incense, made of shittim wood and of gold, on which sweet spices were daily burned. Here my precious Jesus beamed upon me, to the reviving of my soul; and methinks I did by faith take hold of the horns of that altar while waiting for a word from the Lord with much desire. After that came to my mind, "The just [or justified] shall live by faith." "There is not a just man upon earth that does good and sins not." "He that abides in Him sins not." When the Spirit brings the sentence of justification into the conscience, through the blood and righteousness of the Surety, thenceforward the justified one lives in the blessedness and grace of justification before God. But we have experimental access and continuance in it by faith alone. There is not a justified person on earth who so constantly lives by faith as always to realize experimentally that he is, before God, as one that sins not, because of union to Him who was made sin for him, and bore it all away. "He who abides in Him sins not." It is not that he sins less, or sins unwillingly, or hates it while he does it. All this is true—but more also. In a law sense, he sins not. He is one to whom God will not impute sin, because his Surety has stood in his law place, and has had it all imputed to Him. This is a sinning not which will stand the strict scrutiny of a holy God, for it is the way of His own devising and accomplishing. So to live by faith, looking only to Jesus and His blood and righteousness, is blessed indeed!

Alas, however, deceitfulness comes in, and, by giving a side-look at self, we go down again into the ditch of our sin; for if we will, through legality, touch our own responsibility, we must fall and sink under the weight of our guilt. If we, in our own personality, say we have no sin, "we lie, and do not the truth;" for the mystery of iniquity is all within, and we shall feel it. It is only in union-privilege we sin not; the Husband standing, in law, responsible for the wife. It is not that she contracts no debts—but all is in His name; so it is as if He contracted them, and not His bride. Thus the law and the divine Lawgiver look at it. But, woe is me, I fail in faith, and turn to sense, and bow down under my sin. Yet rich have been those words to me: "If any man sins, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: who is the atoning sacrifice for our sins;" and afresh we do realize, that though sin works in us, yet we are "complete in Him;" which humbles and melts more than anything else, as my heart does this evening prove.

All my feeling of sin and shame this day has not softened my heart so much as a sense of non-condemnation through non-imputation. Words cannot express the rich healing grace that flows in. I wonder and adore, and long to live by faith to honor my glorious Lord, who has justified me from all things, and forever. The poor dove has got back to the ark, and the raven may starve. Never does the old man get so little food as when we are truly living and walking by the faith of the Son of God. O precious near Kinsman and Redeemer, You have taken my responsibilities and liabilities. Oh, give me faith to live in this blessed freedom—loathing sin, renouncing self, exalting Christ, "made wise unto salvation." All praise to a Triune Jehovah, from a chief sinner saved. Surely such a one should be a chief singer upon the stringed instrument of the new heart. "Unto Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory and dominion forever and ever.

December 24th, Christmas-eve.—Praise! Ebenezer! The well of Bethlehem opened.

"A debtor to mercy alone,

Of covenant mercy I sing."

Through a covenant Savior, yes, through His very heart and veins so precious, which were pierced that there might be an outflow of the living stream to the covenant family, and that we might know how deep was His love, who thought not such a cost too much for His bride the Church. And am I a covenant child? Am I one of that happy number? Can such a vile worm be of the Royal family? Even so—all praise to my covenant God!

I am alone in the house. But while at tea, my royal Lord came, to the joy of my heart, and over my lonely meal He caused me to sing with heart and voice, "Crown Him Lord of all," while joyful tears flowed in love and wonder at His great kindness to His "sparrow alone." Through free grace, I experience Isaiah 45:24-25. How I am thinking of the shepherds and the angel’s message: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior—who is Christ" Jehovah. And now we can take up the song in nearer interest, "Unto us a child is born; unto us a Son is given." Oh! it is "an unspeakable gift," a precious gift. I feel it to be so, and long ardently that all my loved ones might share my full cup of joy and gladness. Precious, precious Jesus, visit them all, and then they will, they must, sing unto You, and will not condemn me for being too happy in You. O Father! do pour out Your Spirit more copiously upon Your redeemed, to raise them more above flesh and sense, that they may sit in heavenly places. Oh! that they sought it more, for You are a liberal Giver. Yet

for all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel, says the Lord. That was a blissful day when, in the stable, the Lord of glory came forth in the prepared body—an Infant of days, and yet the Father of eternity. Profound mystery! in contemplation of which I am happily lost—but find Him whom my soul loves, and in His praise would join that most wonderful concert, when a multitude of the heavenly host sang His entrance into the Church by the door; for He was the good Shepherd, and did not climb up some other way. And now He is to me an open door, a gate of praise, a way of life, my glorious all in all. "Glory to God in the highest."

December 25th, Christmas-day.—I had not thought to be yet in these lowlands. Last Christmas-day I seemed getting near home—but my disease has been rebuked; its progress is now slow; and I may still have long to wait in this leprous house. Dear Lord, let it be all to Your glory, and it shall be well. My cup of joy has not been so full today as last evening—but my fountain is still the same, and in Him I do rejoice. I welcome Him into my nature as "the branch of the Lord," beautiful and glorious. Now do I long for more unfolding of the glories of His Person. These words have been rich in my soul today: "You are complete in Him." There is a wonderful mine of tried gold in them, which just suits my poverty.

December 30th, Sacrament-day Morning.—What! Do you think that He will not come to the feast? Do come, precious Jesus, and meet me there, and renew my faith in lively actings upon Your Person and works, love, and blood, and righteousness. These are the green pastures of Your own providing. Oh! lead me afresh therein. May I journey today from Bethlehem to Gethsemane and Calvary, and find You in them all—the Man who has "stood in the gap" for me, in contrast with Ezekiel 22:30-31, and has borne on Your own holy devoted Person those vials of wrath which were justly my due. During the night-watches I had a solemn view of the exceeding vileness of my past life. I am sure I am the worst of all.

"My faith would lay her hand,

On that dear head of Yours" as my "sin-offering," and there confess it all. Blessed Spirit, grant me solid soul-exercise this last Sabbath in another year. There cannot be a thorough faith-view of Jesus, and entrance into His finished work, if we fear to see the worst of ourselves which He is pleased to show us. The whole we can never know. But oh! what an abasing sight it is. I seem to myself a monster of iniquity.

December 31st, Monday Night.—An eventful year is just closing; for it heights and for its depths I have cause to praise the Lord. Oh, my heavenly Boaz, Your unworthy gleaner gives You praise for all Your covenant handfuls of spiritual favor—but most for Yourself, my boundless, endless treasure; my everlasting all. It was wonderful to let me into Your field; more so to invite me to Your meal. But most wonderful of all to take me for Your own, and give Yourself to me in everlasting bonds. Oh! that I could praise You. Time cannot attain to suitable strains; and oh! eternity will be too short to utter the half of what You are worthy to receive. Renew faith in lively actings upon Yourself—then will You be more known, more loved and honored. Ebenezer!

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January 1st.—Precious Jesus, be manifestly with me in each flood and fire of tribulation, and in the swellings of Jordan. Oh! ripen me to be gathered in. Do sanctify all present and future trials. I do not mellow and mature under Your much discipline as I desire. I see others so much more profiting by it than I. Blessed Spirit, exercise me thereby, and cause the peaceable fruits of righteousness to be yielded. I have been thinking of the prayer of Jabez. Dear Lord, so let it be; and on Mount Gerizim be my dwelling-place. Amen. Amen.

January 27th, Sacrament-day.—A season of peculiar temptation. James 1:12. Oh! for grace to endure; and to have the blessing. Sweet are the thoughts of a once-tempted Savior. He will not leave me in the enemy’s hands. Oh! no, my Lord; You will conquer in me as You have for me. Oh! strengthen my faith to cleave to You through all, and to cleave to Your will, however contrary to my own sense and reason.

February 6th.—The first chapter of "Thoughts in Suffering" has proved quite a balm to my wearied soul this evening. To the Lord be the praise for this streamlet in my wilderness! I do love anything that tends to encourage faith, and to discover any corner of unbelief in which I am hiding. That which makes manifest is light.

February 24th, Sacrament-day.—Afresh have I presented a hard case to the King at His table today, and watch for an answer of peace. I do long to be all-absorbed in love Divine. This is my own dear element, where only my soul can thrive and be happy. Praise and thanksgiving for the mercies and teachings of the past month. Oh! to spend this one in Gethsemane and Calvary. An Ebenezer for our dear country, in that our rulers have prevented the desecration of the Sabbath which some desired to bring about; in vain the heathen rage, when the Lord is on our side.

March 14th.—"Do you see yonder shining light?" said Evangelist to Christian. "I think I do," said the other. "Then towards it you must run." And surely this morning the shining light of glory beams in the distance; and, through the crevices of this decaying body, I behold it, and towards it I must run, leaving my mortal interests behind. "To depart to be with Christ" is far better; and these gleams are tokens to me of that joy’s approach.

March 16th.—Very feeble—but happy in Jesus, the blessed "Sun of Righteousness," who is chasing away some mists that have for some time in a measure bedimmed my soul. Oh! how glorious, how loving He is. I do wonder why dear saints do not talk with more ardor about Him who has, in love to our souls, brought them up from the pit of corruption. But oh! what it cost Him. Price beyond all computing. Heaven’s richest treasure paid for worms of earth!

Precious Lord, Your dealings in providence the last year have been mysterious—but all blessed. You have dried up streams to bring me nearer to You, the Fountain. I have formerly been too anxious, and Your way of lessening the care is just leaving me less of earth’s store to be anxious

about. Beautiful and wonderful is Your working. Blessed are You!

March 21st, Good Friday.—I went to the house of God this morning. It is said of our dear Lord's crucifixion, that "there were women beholding afar off." I have today been like one of these as to feeling, for I have been looking after a crucified Savior, and the scene of His sufferings. But have not been standing at His cross, and hearing His precious words, as I did last Good Friday. My blessed Lord, "Your will be done."

March 27th.—O Lord, You have this morning fully proved that You know the thoughts of the heart, and have kindly answered the little weak faith which went out upon Your all-fullness. Oh! the wonders and blessedness of union to such a rich Husband, who thought not His own precious blood too much for my ransom! Eternal praises to the worthy Lamb!

March 28th.—I praise You and bless You, O Lord God of my Father, and my God in covenant forever and ever. I humbly and heartily thank You that You have heard my voice out of the depths, and this day have granted me relief. I must still lift up my eyes unto You, for You the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are "the everlasting hills" from whence comes my help.

March 30th, Morning.—Acts 9:6 was shown to me spiritually and experimentally last evening, as referring to Jesus. He is my city "of refuge," "of habitation," "of defense;" and, entering into Him by faith, and there abiding, I shall be told by the Lord what He will have me do for His glory. Oh! it is in the city, even in Jesus, that we hear the King's voice, and see the King's face. Afterwards, in Isaiah 66:13, I saw the city again. Jerusalem was the city of the great King; it was the place of worship, and of sacrifice; and in the holy life, sufferings, and death of Jesus is our city and temple; in Him we find most acceptable sacrifice! Psalms 40:8; Luke 22:42; Hebrews 9:14.

Also, as brought experimentally into Him, we get the sacrifice of a broken heart; Psalms 51:17; Matthew 21:44; and of a resigned will, which is one part of true spiritual worship, besides the sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving; Psalms 22:22; Psalms 84:4; and the power to do good and to share—with which sacrifices, God is well pleased. Oh! what a city of store and blessing is our precious Jesus. Dwelling in Him, the "lofty city" of self is brought down and laid low. Isaiah 25:12. He makes us poor in spirit, and then causes the feet of the poor to tread it down. Isaiah 26:1-21 :Oh! to dwell by faith in the spiritual Jerusalem in daily self-sacrifice. My very soul says, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after," etc. Psalms 27:4.

What a wonderful book is God's Bible, as opened to the heart by the Spirit! Christ is the key which fits every lock, both in the book and in the heart. My soul is satisfied with marrow and fatness. How I long to open to other dear ones the secret of joy in the Lord. But they are affrighted at the rough way to it, for we must "pass through the valley of the shadow of death," yes, self must be crucified with Christ; and they are afraid to die, and "venture to be nothing." But oh! the eternal sweets which open in resurrection glory, when the lofty city is laid in the dust, when He lives in me, and I in Him.

April 20th.—I have had much conflict the past week; sorely cast down, on account of my useless, unprofitable life. This morning was favored again to go up to the Lord's house, and I trust the sermon was edifying and humbling; there was much to suit my case; text, 2 Peter 3:18. Blessed Lord, I fear I am not growing in grace. Oh! search and see my case, and minister thereto for Your own glory. I do seem to see today that Satan has been consulting to cast me down from Christ my

excellency. I cry to You, my Lord, against him! Oh! renew my faith.

April 27th, Sacrament-day.—I am too weak to write much. I have been to the table spread for the poor, and have given myself afresh to the Lord, with earnest desires to be nothing at all. The last month full of mercy—but shaded as to actual communion. For this to be restored, I do, my dear Lord, anxiously plead; nothing can compensate for it. Oh! hear and answer, to the joy of my heart and the glory of Your name. For the love, blood, sufferings, and death of my Savior, eternal thanks to my covenant God. I fall my whole weight on You, my precious Jesus. May 4th, Sabbath.—Dear A— and I have had letters of perplexity. We spread them together before the King, and found Him come as the dew upon our souls. It was a time of refreshing. May 8th.—Surely I ought to record as a waymark that this passage, "He who endures to the end shall be saved," has been verified the last few weeks, upon the matter for which they were given, April 15th, 1855. To the Lord be all the praise! He only can enable us to endure, and He must bring the salvation. May 10th.—"O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endures forever." This morning favored to hear the Word preached with profit to my soul; text, Romans 2:21-22. Bless the Lord for such a joyful sound! the righteousness of God for poor sinners like me, whom the law has killed, and Christ has made alive, by the power of His resurrection. I had a blessed time on Friday evening. I was panting and pining for Jesus, and how welcome was His dear presence to my heart, which again He condescended to make His guest-chamber. Oh, come dearest Lord, and dwell forever there. You alone must be my companion and solace, and You must be my veil and covering from all besides. Strange and mysterious is my path. Afresh my heart has said, "None but Jesus!" May 13th.—Local rejoicings on account of peace restored. The God of peace be praised for this great blessing to the nations of the earth. He surely has heard the cry of His own elect. Isaiah 53:1-12 has been sweet to me. I can just see that there are great glories within it, and I am knocking for opening into them. Oh! I must follow hard after Him who is "our peace." My soul pants to be all-absorbed in that once-suffering now glorified Savior. I have seen much in these two passages, Psalms 45:2; and Isaiah 52:14. "You are the most excellent of men and your lips have been anointed with grace." "His appearance was so disfigured that He did not look like a man, and His form did not resemble a human being." Love unutterable! Wonders inconceivable! From all the sights and sounds of earth I gladly turn, to seek for new beholdings of this wonder "done under the sun."

Oh, my Father, grant me the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Your beloved Son, in whose face You give us the knowledge of Your glory. Oh, bless all my loved ones with like favor. "How greatly I long after them all in the affections of Jesus Christ." Oh, draw us, quicken us, call us onward; for how slowly and feebly do we press after the prize. Thanks and praise for this day of peace in Jesus, with some "joy in the Lord." This is a drop. But oh! there is an ocean-fullness yet to be enjoyed! Oh! pour out Your Spirit. Ebenezer! May 18th, Sacrament-day.—I have had a blessed communion season, and have seen afresh what a glorious shelter and hiding-place is our precious Christ; how the vials of wraths must have long since been poured on a guilty world—but for His covenant undertakings and accomplishments. I have felt much glory in these words, "Your life is hidden with Christ in God." The enemy aims at this precious life—but he can never touch it. This is a cordial to my soul. I do enjoy this sacred ordinance. It is to me one of those gates at which many pleasant fruits have been laid up by my Beloved, and all flowing through His bleeding heart. The well of Bethlehem was opened on

Calvary for thirsty souls—

"There Jesus' blood in rivers flowed,

For love of worthless me."

Eternal praises to the Lamb who was slain! Oh, what a banquet we shall have above! Even here we have precious sips from the streams of salvation. But there will be an eternal draught of the river of life! The poorest of all Your living creatures humbly sues for more outflowing of faith, and inflowing of Your love this month in near communion, making me much less, and exalting You more and more. And oh, my precious Lord, while touching the scepter, I beg to plead for my loved ones who are sick, tried, or tempted, and for those dead ones for whom I travail in birth. Oh, quicken them, and increase soul-communion with saints in You. Psalms 71:16.

June 1st, Sabbath.—I have been thinking how natural things are types of spiritual. Before noon, our black shadow is seen in front of us. When the sun is vertical, there is no shadow. And, after noon, it is cast behind us. So before Christ, our Sun of Righteousness, was fully revealed in my soul, though walking towards Him, sin and self were ever before me. Psalms 51:3. When He was revealed in His glory, sin and self disappeared, and all was love, joy, and peace. Now, in the afternoon of my experience, they are in measure cast behind me; they are not between me and my Beloved, for I have "set the Lord always before me;" and, looking unto Him by faith, I am lightened. The dark shadow, or old man—is behind, though still it follows closely; and, alas! at times, I turn to it from my glorious Sun, and then all is gloom indeed.

June 5th.—Have I sinned, O Lord? If so, pardon me, I humbly beseech You, and bring Your glory out of all that concerns me, while I in the dust am lower and lower laid. I do commit all to You, who judges righteously, and tries the thoughts and the heart. Help me to endure, and let precious blood cleanse away what is wrong in this matter.

June 6th.—I have spoken unadvisedly with my lips, and fly to the blood of atonement. Oh, that I could have endured all meekly and silently! Let Your multiplied pardons be felt in all my transgressions. Through rich mercy my heart has just been melted, at the thought of Peter wanting to make tabernacles on the mount for Moses and Elijah with Jesus. But no, they must pass away—type, shadow, prophecy, and law service must give place to the substance. And oh, how favored to be found with "Jesus only!" yet we fear to enter into the cloud of separation through which we arrive at it. I see more than I can express in the withdrawing of Moses and Elijah. Things which have been highly prized and made real blessings must give place to Jesus. "Hear Him!"

June 16th.—Very full blessings has the Lord vouchsafed to me during the past week, and my glorious Christ has been to me "a place of broad rivers and streams" in this dry and thirsty land. He has sweetly manifested Himself to me on Mount Ebal, in reading Deuteronomy 27:1-26. The blessed Spirit seemed to show me that Calvary was Mount Ebal to me, where I sit in the dust at the foot of the cross, hearing the solemn thunderings of the law, "Cursed, cursed, cursed," which I have thoroughly deserved. But beholding them fall short of me, and rest upon my adorable Surety—the suffering Lamb sacrificed for us. Oh, what blessedness flowed into my soul! it seemed as if Mount Ebal had become Mount Gerizim. My precious Bridegroom was made a curse for me, and every open vein seemed as a mouth proclaiming to me "Blessed, blessed, blessed," in time and eternity. Then did I feelingly understand how on Mount Ebal we eat and drink by faith the flesh

and blood of our Paschal Lamb, and rejoice before the Lord, and find the peace-offering in the place of curses (Deuteronomy 27:6-7), which is just where we need it. Truly, here our Father supplies our need "according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

I have also been richly enjoying those two expressive words, "in Christ." Throughout eternity, we shall never fathom the depth or reach the height of that blessedness. O Lord, grant me further entrance into it now. Exercise me in the written Word by the Spirit, showing me therein the Incarnate Word. Adorable Immanuel, Moses wrote of You, the Psalms and prophets speak of You. Open my dull understanding to discern You through the types and through the shadows. Show Yourself through these lattices, and open my heart to receive You experimentally in all, and my mouth to show forth Your praise everywhere. Bodily strength increases, I do long to devote it to You. "Eternity will be too short to utter half Your praise." Oh, cause me to lisp it more constantly and feelingly in the low notes of the wilderness!

July 6th, Sabbath.—Heard dear Mr. H— most blessedly from Proverbs 12:9. The saints, the despised—Christ their Servant. Oh, the wonder of wonders, that such a worm as I should have such a Royal Servant! It was a time of love and praise!

July 13th.—Received much blessing in hearing Mr. G— from Psalms 119:41, "Let Your faithful love come to me, Lord, Your salvation, as You promised." I felt I was under the wing, under the skirt, and under the arm of my Beloved. The wing to heal and nourish (Malachi 4:2); the skirt of righteousness to cover (Ezekiel 16:8); and the arm to protect—and that arm looked so strong that it would ward off anything. It was a blessed season in a time of trial. He may try sharply—but I believe He will preserve and bless. He never will put faith to shame. Mine is very weak. But oh, I cannot tell what sweet assurances the Lord puts into my heart; and, while some dear saints condemn me because I speak so little of corruptions, and am ready to think I have no exercises, the Lord is exercising me touchingly in His own way. Oh, my blessed Lord, I praise You for Your sweet supporting and delivering mercies, which come even unto me. "Guide me, O great Jehovah!"

July 22nd, Tuesday.—"Mary sat still in the house;" but when she heard that Jesus was come, and called for her, "she arose quickly, and came unto Him." I am sorely distressed about doing so little for the Lord. But this morning He has graciously opened to me the Word in Jeremiah 35:7. There I saw how the Rechabites were unlike all the rest of the Israelites, just as I feel unlike the Lord’s people around me; yet they had a blessing in obeying their father. Afterwards, He showed me the Martha and the Mary character, both in the living family—but so opposite. I saw there must always be Maries at the feet of Jesus, and that there was my place, and when I stray from it, I mar my usefulness instead of increasing it; for I am just to be a savor of Him to the two or three He may send, and to be much in supplications for many. Oh, this teaching did take a weight from my heart, whereby I believe Satan was consulting to cast me down from my excellency; and through this lattice my precious Lord revealed Himself a little to this longing heart.

July 26th, Sacrament-day.—I have had some blessing in the Lord’s house today, some Divine dew at the King’s table; and liberty to present petitions, and to confess my sins upon the head of the precious Scapegoat. O Lord, I cast myself and my weights upon You. Oh, rebuke Satan, where he has been so oppressing me. Make me look unto Jesus more singly and simply, then would Satan be oftener defeated. And now, my blessed Lord, manifest Your precious Self to Your poor weary

pilgrim, for You are my rest and my refreshing!

August 3rd, Sabbath-morning.—"Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for You are with me." I have just found some support in the above words as regards my experimental case, which is like "the valley of the shadow of death;" but my precious Lord is with me, though unseen.

August 13th.—Last evening I was favored to hear with power a sermon from these words, "Yet has He devised means that His banished should not be expelled from Him." The subject was handled in a threefold way—the banished by the fall—brought back in regeneration; the banished by backsliding—brought back by healing them; and the body banished in the grave—brought back at the resurrection.

August 15th.—"Lord, I am not worthy that You should come under my roof," has truly been my feeling this morning. Yesterday I was much tried, and longed for the sensible presence of my Beloved. But this morning I feel more like Peter, when he said, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Nothing but Jesus can satisfy me, and without Him all is dreary. But to lie with my mouth in the dust seems more fitting for me, than to banquet with the King. Oh, my Lord, lay me low, and keep me there. You know my abasings. I desire to serve You—but cannot attain to it.

August 16th.—I am experimentally passing over a boggy place, where continually I sink into some evil of my fallen nature—into sins and evil propensities which seemed crucified—but now come forth again very boldly. It is most trying, and deeply abasing. I can only cleave to my crucified Surety, who has borne all my "sins in His own body on the tree," and whose precious blood cleanses from it all. Blessed Lord, You know all I suffer, and how I loathe the evil. Let it be for Your exaltation, a fresh crowning You Lord of all, while I lie low in the dust at Your dear pierced feet. I have had some melting of heart about the "bitter herbs" of sin, of which my precious Jesus partook. If He had not, there would have been no Paschal Lamb for me. But now, even I eat that wondrous food. "That same night they are to eat the meat roasted over the fire, along with bitter herbs, and bread made without yeast." Exodus 12:8

August 31st, Sacrament-day.—I had a refreshing communion season today—but not a full banquet, and was brought to resign frames and feelings to my precious Lord, to give me what will most honor Him, and to "Keep me still in faith abiding—

Life deriving from His death."

I "bless God for Jesus Christ," and long for more revealings of His glorious Person and matchless love. My mind is perplexed about going to Filey. Lord, make Your way plain before my face.

September 3rd.—Many sweet words have been given me about going to Filey (Isaiah 65:8; Exodus 33:15; Psalms 121:8). But there are mountains of difficulty. Father, accomplish Your will, and glorify Your Name.

September 7th.—The past week has been one of mountains and mercies. O my Lord, I cannot praise You enough, for You have done wonderful things. You have put it into the heart of kind friends to take me to the sea, having Yourself provided for it. Oh, do get glory out of it, for You have turned my captivity and blessed my soul, since I was made willing to go.

September 14th.—"He blessed him there," is written of Jacob, and so it may be truly said of us at Filey. Oh, what blessed heavenly lessons have we had from the Spirit, and how have our hearts burned within us in fresh enjoyment of a precious Jesus, and His all-fullness! Oh that my mouth may be opened to testify of Him to the profit of some redeemed soul!

September 17th, Wednesday.—Filey is to us, indeed, in difficulties and deliverances, "a land of hills and valleys," and truly it drinks water of the rain of heaven, for here our precious Lord has come down as the rain upon our souls.

September 25th.—Yesterday we went to see what is called the Bridge—but it is more like a natural pier. It is composed of immense rough pieces of rock, jutting far out into the sea, which dashes its waves on and over it, so that at high-water much of it is covered. In one place there is a mass of huge stones, over which we have to scramble. While looking at one of these with a rough surface, like a large honeycomb, in the cavities of which water was standing, and at another next to it quite smooth, I thought they were an emblem of two believers, one constantly tried with waters of a fall cup wrung out to him, the other less exercised—but both placed by covenant love upon the same Rock. I enjoyed this. But, while walking back again, the rough stone was strikingly placed before my mind, with these words, "His visage was marred more than any man's." Here I saw my blessed Jesus having the preeminence in suffering. The waters came in unto His soul. "All Your waves and Your billows" went over Him. Hence the Church is, in comparison with Him, like the smooth stone, for all her sorrows are lightened and sweetened by His having gone before in the tribulated path, and taken away all the curse. My soul melted under this teaching. This morning I have had fresh honey from the Rock in several passages of the word (John 15:5, last clause; Hebrews 7:25; Acts 2:18). Truly this Filey journey is a wonderful dispensation. It has been to me both a place of straits and of deliverances.

October 15th.—It is ten years today since my dear mother's sleeping dust was committed to the tomb, and there it rests, part of the dust of the spiritual Zion to which Jehovah has an eternal favor; and He has set a time when He will visit it again, and raise it up in the incorruptible image and perfect likeness of the glory-Man, the precious second Adam, who will awaken His sleeping bride to be with Him forever. My dear mother, these are your prospects and mine, through free grace and everlasting love. I sorrow not as those without hope—but while lovingly remembering you, I look soon to be where you are, not to gaze upon you—but upon Jesus forever and ever.

October 19th.—Very great blessedness do I find in a life of faith. I quite marvel at what my dear Lord does for unworthy me in each new dispensation of Providence. My precious Jesus is just what suits me in every case and every place. Oh, what a gift has my Father bestowed! Never, in all eternity, shall we fully learn His glories, beauty, and love. He will be ever revealing Himself more and more, and filling all our enlarging powers with ineffable and now inconceivable bliss! How I long that dear saints were more completely enamored and taken up with Him. Oh, beloved Bridegroom, take us wholly and absorb us with Yourself, and use us for Your glory. You have lived, died, and risen again for us. You have bought us with Your precious blood, and we are altogether Your own. To the glorious Triune Jehovah be endless, boundless praise!

October 26th, Sacrament-day.—"Iron sharpens iron; so a man sharpens the countenance of his friend." The blessed "Man Christ Jesus," seen by faith in the sanctuary or elsewhere, does so enliven his poor sinner friend. "It is good for me to draw near to God," entering "into His gates with

thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise." I seem to have more cause for praise than anything else. I cannot recount a tenth of the blessedness enjoyed. It is not that all is smooth to flesh and blood—but it is abiding in Jesus, instead of conferring with flesh. It is not that flesh grows more holy—but it is apprehending Christ as my holiness, and in His death finding its crucifixion. Oh, the life of faith is wonderful. Blessed Spirit, lead me on in this path of life, so hidden that nature's keen eye never saw it—but "the new man" joyfully walks in it while "the old man" is crucified with Christ. All praise to my Lord that I know the experience of this new-covenant secret. Hold up my steps in this "highway of holiness," until I leave the body and mortality. My natural health improves by sea-air—but the disease slowly progresses. My precious Lord seemed today to ask me if I could accept longer life cheerfully for His sake. I hesitated, longing to take anything He pleases—but wishing also to be absent from this leprous house of clay, and present with the Lord. I have felt afraid because I could not joyfully take the cup of life—but am now comforted by the words of Paul (Php 1:23). Dear, precious Lord, I am willing to tarry Your time, if to me to live may be Christ, and all my powers of mind and body be filled with Him and used for Him. Oh! the superabounding mercies which have been mine for the last two months, the last ten years—yes, during my whole life. Dark things and bright, painful and pleasing, have been made to "work together for good" by my gracious God. I marvel and adore. Oh, why am I in the covenant of life and peace? Why am I in Christ? chosen to salvation and brought to sanctification of the Spirit, and saving belief of the truth? Why am I shut in and not shut out? "Even so, Father; for so it seems good in Your sight." Oh, let me be a ten-stringed instrument, tuned and touched by the Spirit to praise You below and above.

November 9th, Sabbath.—

"What is this which absorbs me quite?

Steals my senses [from earth], shuts my sight [on creatures],

Drowns my spirits [in love], draws my breath [in adoration and praise]?

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"

Yes! Crucifixion with Jesus, which kills to all but Himself, and through which His resurrection glories beam upon me in love and loveliness, taking my heart away. Such were my thoughts and feelings while sitting in the house of God this morning. I had also some little beam of the glories of the divine Trinity. Jehovah, as a Spirit, did break through the crust of flesh into "the new man." I long for further revelation therein—but it is sovereignly bestowed, and quite out of the reach of human intellect. My glorious Jesus is to me a land of delights. I have this day had experience of those words, "I bore you on eagle's wings, and brought you unto myself."

December 7th, Sacrament-day.—At His holy table today, my faith seemed fed and strengthened by the precious flesh and blood of Jesus. How did I realize His finished work, sin made an end of, and righteousness brought in. The way of faith seemed opened afresh. I could only weep at His dear feet, who was pierced for me. He is my own vine and fig-tree, and, sitting under His shadow, none can make me afraid. Dear Lord, keep me there.

"Bruised Bridegroom, take me wholly,

Take and make me what You will."

December 14th.—"The oxen and donkeys that till the ground will eat good grain, its chaff having been blown away by the wind." Isaiah 30:24. These words have been a good deal on my mind lately, and today I see that the Lord gave the desire, and is fulfilling it, by sending me the teaching and preaching of Christ, "with the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven." Ten thousand thanks be unto You, my blessed Lord; this is the instruction which is food to my soul. Oh! continue it to us, that "we may grow up into Him [our living Head], in all things." Lord, pour out Your Spirit largely upon my dear people. Oh! grant us a blessed personal revival.

December 18th.—The Spirit leads into all truth (John 15:13-14) and makes us to know the things which are freely given to us of God (1 Corinthians 2:10; 1 Corinthians 2:12); therefore, when we are rejoicing in the truth, and walking in it, delighting in Christ and His benefits, which are the things freely given to us of God, then are we walking in the Spirit who has made them known unto us.

SELF-EXAMINATION—when the leper first discovers his miserable malady, he will be examining himself and his symptoms continually. But when cured, the command is, "Go, show yourself to the priest," and from thenceforward his health will be most promoted by examining the wonders of his cure, and the person and work of his healing Savior. Jesus is our life, health, and strength, and when He is revealed in the soul, then begins a life of faith, not in the miseries of self—but in Him.

ACCEPTANCE IN CHRIST.—This is a fact and blessing sure to all the chosen seed, from eternity. The sense or enjoyment of it is brought into the soul when the blessed Spirit makes the fact known, and brings home the blessing. But when the sense of it is gone for a time, then is faith to go out upon the fact, which remains still the same. Faith has to do with fact; sense cannot go beyond feeling. There is much contrariety of opinion working at this time in some whom I know on these subjects; they are contending that faith is only passive, and can only act when the soul is enjoying sensible manifestation: while a few believe that where Christ is revealed, the soul is to abide in Him by faith, and that so abiding, the Spirit is plentifully enjoyed, and thereby faith goes out upon Jesus amidst all the changes in self and feeling.

December 21st.—Romans 12:1, with Judges 6:20; Judges 6:26. Psalms 20:3. Christ is our Rock; on Him we must present our bodies a living sacrifice. And this fire will consume the power of the flesh in its carnal workings; sin shall not have dominion over us. Oh! precious Jesus, as I see more and more the great blessedness of abiding in You and walking in You—then do I abundantly realize the privileges of union, and that all my weights are even Yours (we two—being one). I praise You for fresh opening in the blissful secrets of union. You have seen my anguish for lack of it. You have seen some beguiling from the simplicity which is in You, through some aged and experienced ones of Your children urging me to look into self, although You have taught me the contrary. I was somewhat turning back to this folly, through a feeling of their superiority, and fearing to be too bold. Oh! pardon Your vilest worm, and fully restore me to the dear losing place where self is forsaken, and You are all in all. The last three or four months You have been graciously working towards this end, giving me much wrestling and travail of soul for it, with increasing blessedness in You. I cannot be thankful enough, and would still press on towards the mark. As the Eolian harp vibrates to the wind, so may every chord in my soul vibrate to the breath of the Spirit who testifies of Jesus. And as Echo repeats the sound given, so may my inmost soul receive and reverberate the Spirit’s testimony of my Beloved; and Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,

shall be honored in me. My temporal strait continues—but You, my precious Lord, are so precious, that I seem as if I must abide in You, and lovingly wait Your will.

December 25th, Christmas-day, Morning.—I have had a restless night—my soul seeking earnestly to praise my precious Savior, and Satan at my right hand to resist me. Oh, what an awful fiery dart did he cast against my God about permitting sin to need such cost for its remission. Oh it was fearful. I could only keep saying, "I will ascribe righteousness to my Maker," and "Jesus Christ has come in the flesh."

Afternoon.—Heard Mr. H— this morning from Matthew 21:5. Many things suitable to me, especially James 1:12, which he quoted. My precious Lord will rebuke Satan, and in Him I shall be more than conqueror. It has been sharp work today—songs and sighs mingling with my prayers. When Mr. H— said "Christ came to do the Father's will," great glory beamed in my soul, in seeing how the image of God in our nature was lost, when the first Adam acted in his own will contrary to the revealed will of God, "You shall not eat of it." Then how the Word "was made flesh;" how He passed by the nature of angels, and took hold of our nature to do therein the will of His Father, and restore the image of God—but much more gloriously than it was possessed by the first man, even in his innocence, and I saw that He must do the will of God in us as He has done it for us. Adam had the image of God passively, if I may so speak. But when that image had to be carried out actively in doing His will, so that every action should be a reflection of God's glory, herein he failed, preferring the image of himself, even his wife and her will, to the image and will of God. He sought his food in doing the will of the creature—but it proved deceitful food; so that instead of being "as Gods" they became as devils, thenceforward having a disposition to do Satan's works rather than the works of God. Thus was human nature in the first Adam spoiled to good and prone to evil, and in this state it has been communicated from the parents to the children ever since; so that "we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness is as filthy rags." But oh! how precious it is to my heart to see the second Adam, who is the image of God again in human flesh, taking up our nature by a conception immediately of God, thereby showing that HE can be clean who is born of woman, because He is not the seed of fallen man—but of God alone. Into that stable at Bethlehem He comes, even through the lowly door of the virgin's womb, "made under the law." Under it He was to work, and walk, and think, and speak. In His circumcision He acknowledged Himself a debtor to keep the whole law, and that not in a compulsory but in a voluntary way. So that if He had failed in one point, His Church, for whom He stood, must have been lost forever. One feeling or thought of sin, would have brought condemnation to Bridegroom and bride, for He had so married her and her interests, that they must stand or fall together. He must be justified by the Lawgiver for her. "In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory."

Oh, what a burden did He take on His shoulders, what a work in His hands, when He came, as the second man—not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it! Oh, wondrous birthday this which we commemorate, when God Himself came down to do the will of God in human flesh, and thus to raise to His Throne the objects of His choice, for whom He thus a Servant would become. I marvel and adore; and oh, my Lord, I lovingly beg for deeper entrance into this deep "mystery of godliness." Blessed Spirit, lead me on in meditation, while You testify of Christ Jesus, for only in union to Him can I live in the Divine will, doing that will from the heart in my life below.

Another beam of glory I see in that as He, the Head and Husband, was born of God and of His will; so also are all His members (which are His bride), "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man—but of God."

Nothing is a greater hindrance than the creature-will; for whatever (in this sense) "is born of the flesh, is flesh." Hence the apostle denounces all "will-worship;" and the more we are enabled by the Spirit to walk in Him who did the will of God perfectly, the more clearly shall we discover what is the working of the creature-will, and the more hateful will it be. We shall then see how many strange children it has begotten us, which were not fruit unto God, and we shall cry, "Rid me and deliver me from the hand of strange children" etc. (Psalms 144:11). Oh, I see there is no self-glorying here. But as the First-begotten of God sought not His own glory—but His Father's, so His seed in us will do the same, and the more so, the more it thrives and grows.

I can heartily join one who has said something like this, "I would that Your love in me should judge and consume all that is not of You." I see what creature-will has done for me to Your dishonor. Oh, turn me fully, wholly to Yourself, my most precious Immanuel! Words cannot express the heavenly lessons of these silent hours with You. Wherein my enemies have dealt proudly, You have been above them, and spread me a royal table in their presence. To Father, Son, and Holy Spirit be endless praises!

December 28th, Sacrament-day.—It is a time of storms—but oh, what mercies! Help me to trust You in the dark, and in Your own time open to me the treasures of this darkness, and the hidden riches of Your "secret places." I believe You are with me, my most glorious and precious Lord, though You do not fully show Yourself. I am in the valley—but I desire to be sowing there in faith and prayer by the power of the Spirit, and I believe You will make "the fruits of the valley" to flourish—though now You will me to follow You "in a land not sown." Amen.

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February 10th.—Richly blessed in John 20:1-31. Oh! how it shines and warms me, because so full of Him who is the Heaven of heavens to me. When the blessed Spirit opens the Word, and shows Christ in it, it is indeed "a feast of fat things," full of marrow. Oh! my precious Jesus, how fair and how full are You, and how pleasant for delights. Again have You proved the enemy a liar, by putting him to silence, and turning my prayer into praise. Blessed Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Blessed Three-One Jehovah, who are my God in covenant; I praise and love You, so gloriously revealed to me in the Person of my adorable Immanuel. Blessed be You, Lord God of Israel; yes, blessed You are, from everlasting to everlasting. Amen and Amen.

February 16th.—My soul much dissolved at the footstool of mercy this morning, under "the love of the Spirit." Oh! it is such condescending, tender, noble love; for He shall not speak of Himself—but He shall take of mine, and show it unto you, said our precious Christ; and so He does. First, He comes as a Convincer, showing self to ourselves, to prepare the way of the Lord before Him; and when He has thus wounded and killed, He begins to speak of precious blood, and of Him who shed it in love to us; and thus He woos and wins the heart to Jesus, and not to Himself. Eternal praise and thanks to You, O heavenly Dove, who are so kind and comfortful to us, poor worms.

February 19th.—My soul was much melted this morning over Zechariah 11:12-13, where our dear Lord speaks of being valued at thirty pieces of silver, and says it was a goodly price. Ah! an unworthy one indeed for Him whose price is above rubies; "no mention shall be made of coral or of pearls;" "the gold and the crystal cannot equal" Him; yet for only thirty pieces of silver was He sold—His love calling it a goodly price, because the redemption of His Church beamed through it. If a female were to be redeemed, thirty pieces of silver was the price (Leviticus 27:4). His bride did indeed need redeeming, and He scorned not to be, for her sake, valued at the price of a female and a slave. I worship and adore, and would joyfully sink into Love’s unfathomable abyss, where sins and self are lost.

February 22nd, Sacrament-day.—Very memorable. Before going out this morning my heart was dissolved in the loves of Immanuel. Boaz gave Ruth parched corn. Our precious Christ, the true corn, was parched, indeed, in the fires of wrath and justice; and dipping our morsel in the vinegar seems like fellowship of His sufferings. I went to the Lord’s house under the sweet bedewing, and did, indeed, banquet there with the King, sitting under the droppings of the sanctuary with great delight.

February 23rd.—Mr. W— preached this evening from Song of Solomon 4:7, and in speaking of the fairness of the Church, he mentioned her as often feeling so vile and guilty, and said it was because she has the two natures. This painful feeling of sin is fellowship with "the sufferings of Christ." The thought came with living power to my heart, and did seem a blessed and Divine opening up of the subject. How are the sufferings of the dear Redeemer, under the sins of His

people, expressed in the Psalms, and how do those Psalms express also the very heart-beating of His people. There is one heart in Christ and His Church.

February 24th, Morning.—I have had a most blessed night. Whenever I was awake the Spirit was enabling me to feed upon the kernel of that nut which was cracked for me in the house of God last night, namely, "the fellowship of His sufferings;" and Scriptures were unfolded to me, setting forth the oneness of Christ and His Church, until I was constrained to sing aloud upon my bed the high praises of my God and King. This morning, before I rose, I had a most melting view of the Father giving the Church to Christ in eternity past, and that in perfect beauty and glory, "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." How Jesus accepted her in love, and engaged to bring her back to the Father in the same beauty and glory, knowing that the Adam-fall would come between, and that she would be involved in it; and fully viewing all the degradation it would bring her into, and all the mighty cost it would be to Him to fetch her out, and raise her up. But He loved, and so loved—that all these waters could not quench it. He seemed to delight thus to show it forth, for in the sight of all this, His "delights were with the sons of men." Oh how safe we all are in His blessed hands. Our Bridegroom is risen and crowned, and before long shall His bride stand on His right hand, "all glorious within," her apparel being of wrought gold. Oh! how the threefold love of a Triune Jehovah beams in it all, and warms my soul with gladness.

March 6th.—When Amalek came out against Israel, Moses went up to the hill with the rod of God in his hand. I think that rod was a type of Christ. As it was held up—Israel prevailed; when it was let down—Amalek prevailed. My position tonight seems to be that of Moses on the mount, faith holding up Christ as the only victory against the Amalek which is come out against me. O Lord, let not flesh prevail, and let it not be permitted to mar the exceeding glory which continues to open to my soul in Yourself. I long to pour into other hearts the rich blessedness I enjoy. But so many are afraid of it, and think they are safer in looking at self than in looking at Jesus. But oh! indeed, when their heart "shall turn to the Lord, then the veil shall be taken away." Then will His perfect love cast out the fear of looking, or leaning upon, or making too much use of Him—which we can never do. All praise to the matchless, worthy Lamb!

March 9th.—Exceedingly blessed in my precious Lord yesterday and today. I have the last two weeks had a clearer revelation of the Person of Christ than I ever had before; and herein my heavenly Father has centered all my blessings, even in His Beloved and mine. "Sing, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth!" that such a vile worm should be so sweetly blessed and absorbed in the ocean of love, without bottom or shore. But it is all according to the eternal plan and purpose for the Divine glory. Blessed by the great sacred Three in the two eternities, the little isthmus of time between them must partake of the blessing, too. I marvel exceedingly—but find the blessing flow in my soul by night and by day.

"Jesus is mine, and I am His."

I seem like the four poor perishing lepers, who found such great spoil (2 Kings 7:1-20). I want to share it with others. Blessed Lord, pour out Your Spirit abundantly on all my precious friends in Jesus. Oh! bring them into that secret of loves and blessedness—the Person of Christ, and experimental union with Him. I feel at times too much blessed to live long.

March 14th.—The short period of the year already past has been an eventful one. I am astonished at the superabounding blessedness which has been poured into my soul. Truly I have had a foretaste of heaven, some draughts of the river of His pleasures who is my all in all, which make the great things of earth seem contemptible, and this lowly Bethel to be as the gate of heaven. Today I have had a most unexpected and timely flowing from the "nether springs." For this unlooked-for temporal favor, ten thousand thanks to my covenant God. Praise Ebenezer! Praise! Jehovah-Jireh!

March 20th.—The Lord was graciously pleased to grant me a most blessed glimpse of Gethsemane this morning. The Spirit did, indeed, open the wonders of that sacred scene, and my Lord Jesus did manifest Himself through the lattice. "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Here I saw that the ground was cursed for man’s sake. But His redeeming blood fell to the ground, and took away the curse on behalf of His people; so, that though they must feel the briers and thorns (Judges 8:16), there is no curse in them. Yet Jesus will by them teach His children to profit, and, when they are smarting, His precious blood will heal every wound. In Gethsemane I saw the corn bruised to make food for bruised souls; the ripe grape was pressed into the family cup, that there might be "strong drink" for those who are "ready to perish," and wine for the heavy in heart. Oh! the agony of that bitter hour, when our precious Surety said, "Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me." My soul was melted in the contemplation. Blessed Savior, lead me on farther into these mighty depths of "love and blood," where self and sin are drowned.

March 26th.—Oh, the sweet wonders of a life of faith: deep conflicts and glorious deliverances, both causing us to praise Him.

March 27th, Friday Night.—We have had a Bethel season this evening. I am overcome by the goodness of the Lord—feeling in my soul that some dear absent ones were present in spirit. How sweet to my heart is communion with saints, and with the King of saints!

March 29th.—Adorable Immanuel, I give myself up to You afresh, that in endeared experimental union You may be all, and I joyfully nothing; just lost in You, which I find the best preparation for doing and suffering Your righteous will. "Abba, Father!" in Jesus I have sweet nearness and fellowship with You, for in Him You are always well pleased. Ever praised be the covenant God of Israel.

March 31st, Morning.—Yesterday afternoon I was severely tried in mind, unable to realize the presence of my Beloved. But He has "showed Himself again" to me, as it says in John 21:14. I saw how I, like Peter, in John 21:3, had gone after something of the creature; and consequently had "toiled all night, and caught nothing." But now Jesus was come, leading me from poverty in the creature to—plenty in Himself; "cast the net on the right side of the ship, and you shall find;" "the Lord is at my right hand."

April 10th, Good Friday.—I have been favored to sit under the shadow of my suffering Savior with great delight, and His fruit has been sweet to my taste. Much blessed in Psalms 22:1-31. I never before so fully realized how our precious Lord felt the anguish of unanswered prayer. He seems to have gone before us in every sorrowful step, and most precious is He to the sin-burdened or sorrowful soul, when revealed by the Spirit as bearing all for them. Love and blood. Ebenezer!

April 13th.—"The fire shall ever be burning on the altar; it shall never go out." Hence the unsatisfactory nature of the sacrifices under the law. However many, however costly, the fire was still waiting for more—showing that justice was yet demanding payment, and only taking these as shadows of good things to come. That ever-burning fire seems now to me like "Sacrifices and offerings, burnt offerings and sin offerings you did not desire, nor were you pleased with them (although the law required them to be made)." Then said I, "Look, I come to do Your will, O God." Behold the sins of my Church upon me; there let the consuming fire kindle. And there it did kindle, and expend itself as regards His Church. There justice was satisfied; and though the Father had no pleasure in those former sacrifices, it pleased Him to bruise His precious Son. In this He had pleasure, because every stripe brought satisfaction or payment; the sufferings were expiatory, the fire devoured until it had enough. Well might the fire on the Jewish altar then expire, and thence be kindled from heaven no more. May the flame of love and praise daily burn brighter in the hearts of the justified.

I have also been seeing a little of the wonder of our dear Lord during the "pains of hell," how it would be double and treble to Him, coming as He did from heaven—from the ineffable delights which He had in the bosom of the Father—to endure His frown, His forsaking, and His curse. This was love, indeed!

April 20th.—"In His hand are the deep places of the earth." Through some of these deep places have I been passing—but all in union to Him, and therefore safe, though this sensitive heart has smarted keenly. Mental suffering has abounded—but consolation by Christ has superabounded.

April 25th.—Much depressed. O Lord, command deliverances for Your worm Jacob, and fulfill that good word upon which You have caused me to hope, "Your enemies shall be found liars unto you, and you shall tread upon their high places" (Deuteronomy 33:29.)

April 26th, Sacrament-day.—I was not favored to feed by faith on Jesus, as at times I have been privileged to do. Oh, my Beloved, do use me for Your glory, not as a piece of scaffolding, to be cast away when done with—but as the purchase of Your own blood, in which You will dwell and delight forever, while I ever rejoice with You. I bring You my present hard cases. Oh, work all according to Your will. Oh, my Father, I humbly beg for further revelations of Christ in me. Do lead me on in those dear secrets which are hidden from the wisdom of the flesh, and revealed unto babes and simple ones. May 3rd, Sabbath.—For the last few days my soul has been most earnestly pressing after fuller revelation of a precious Jesus, and in holy sovereignty He has sent me help that way, in a letter from a friend. Oh, my blessed Lord, do bring me right out of self, to dwell in You as some of Your dear ones do. I must press after You for this. I do see there is such glory to You in it, and that thus self, sin, Satan, and the world are most truly overcome. Oh! bless the dear friend whom You have made a help to me. Amen.

Afternoon.—To the praise of my prayer-hearing Lord I must note, that, in answer to my poor—but wrestling cry, He has caused Christ to be preciously preached this morning, and distilled the Word in my soul. The text was Psalms 116:13, "I will take the cup of salvation and worship the Lord." May 13th.—Isaac went out at eventide to meditate. And whom did Isaac meet when he went out into the field? His bride, Rebekah, whom he took to himself and loved. So, when we go out of self into Christ, "the field which the Lord has blessed," we find Him as our Bridegroom, and our meditation of Him is sweet, and we are glad in the Lord. So am I this evening, to the praise of my

Beloved. This has been one of "the days of the Son of Man" to my soul. May 31st, Sacrament-day.—A feast for the poor and needy. There is nothing to pay, and they have nothing to pay with; so the feast and the guests go well together—in truth, they were prepared for each other. I long and pant for more revealing of the incarnate Word in the written Word. O blessed Spirit, testify of Him to my soul in the Scriptures. Abba Father, reveal Your precious Son more fully in me; and You, my Beloved, make Yourself known to me more than ever. How much I thirst for You, You know. You are most kind—but more unfoldings of Yourself I still desire.

June 3rd.—I seem to have been following my Beloved in "a land not sown" the last two days—but am more and more convinced that it is good to follow on to know Him, however low feeling may be; and also that it is one part of the "work of faith" so to do. Oh, what substantial blessings and strengthening food we have in Him whose "flesh is food indeed," and His "blood is drink indeed."

June 7th.—Though in much circumstantial straitness, my heart is greatly wondering at my temporal mercies, which seem too great and good for unworthy me. I am most earnestly longing for more knowledge of Him, and more revelation of Him in the blessed Scriptures, and humbly believe I shall have it, for His glory who inspires these desires. Oh, make me diligent in seeking, as well as earnest in desiring; for "the soul of the sluggard desires, and has nothing. But the soul of the diligent shall be made fat."

June 14th.—Psalms 103:1, "My soul, praise the Lord, and all that is within me, praise His holy name." I have been thinking of Esther, how she stood in the court for audience with the king. First, he accepted her person; she found favor in his sight. Then he granted her request. My glorious Lord, You have accepted me in love, in the royal apparel of Your own righteousness, and I wait Your answers to my petitions.

June 26th.—Much encouraged this morning in reading, that after Moses went up into the mount, he waited six days before the Lord spoke to him (Exodus 24:16). Therefore I must wait on, for that fuller revelation of Christ after which I pant. It will not be in vain, for He has said it, and He is faithful. It is said of Moses, that "on the seventh day the Lord spoke to him out of the midst of the cloud." Here is much encouragement to wait, even though a cloud hang over us, for there may be a voice of instruction out of that cloud by-and-by.

July 5th.—I have this morning heard a sermon from Isaiah 33:17, "Your eyes will see the King in His beauty and view a land that stretches afar." And, since my return, the text itself has been brought with much sweetness into my soul. Beautiful, indeed, is our King upon His holy kill, in His Person and work—beautiful is He in His authority and rule. Oh, His is a reign of love! Glorious King, my soul adores You, and it is in Your beauty You behold me, and Your desire is towards me. Tomorrow will be my birthday. Oh, show Yourself to me then in Your love and loveliness, and give me a birthday kiss—"let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth"—and a birthday blessing. You are the "blessing of the Lord, which makes rich," and adds no sorrow with the riches; while they who will be rich in this world’s things, pierce themselves through with many sorrows.

July 6th, my Birthday.—I have felt rather pensive today—but must praise my precious Lord, if it be in pensive strains, who has opened a spring in a desert place, to supply the need of His poorest worm. "Whoever is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." Warm praises to Your most excellent Majesty, oh, our Jehovah-Jireh.

You can always find a rock to smite for Your poor and needy ones. My precious Beloved, You have come in to me this evening, now I am all alone. Oh, abide with me all the night—

"And in the morning, when I wake,

Me, in Your arms, dear Jesus, take."

You concentrate my heart's love and desires on Your one dear glorious Person. Oh, satisfy me early with Your love, which is wonderful to me, surpassing all the love of women. Happy, happy me—when You are here. But when not sensibly enjoyed, still "You are my Elkanah and I Your Hannah." "You are fairer than the children of men. Grace is poured into Your lips," and You pour it out. Your "mouth is most sweet." Your lips drop as the honeycomb. Oh, what a heaven begun have I in the revelation of You. Pages and volumes could not tell it out. I do banquet with You, my King. "Your love is better than wine." Oh, I feared You would not come to manifest Yourself, and thereby to brighten my birthday. But You have come. I was born for You, and You for me. Oh, what joy now, and what glory afterwards, when in Your blissful presence I shall be absorbed in Your loves and beauties forever—with no more cloud or veil between. Oh, bring our loved ones to dwell in You by faith. Here they will learn how Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, do always love them, and delight in them, in Christ. You are the blissful "secret of the Lord," in whom dwelling, we are overshadowed by the Almighty, Psalms 91. Oh, draw me, precious Lord, into Yourself. "The enlarging of the house is still upward." Teach me how to tell it to the King's house within, that they also may share the precious spoil my hungry soul finds in You. Oh, why should kings' sons and daughters go lean from day to day? (2 Samuel 4:1-12). True, these heavenly viands do spoil one for earth-born cares—but then much less of earth's good things suffice, when we thus live in and upon a glorious Christ. Oh, come, you Spirit-born and heaven-bound ones, why do you so linger around earthly trifles? Why cling to the ash-heap? You are princes—this befits you not. There are such loves, and glories, and wonders in Jehovah-Jesus to be enjoyed even below, as yet we little think of. Oh, come, let us "Arise, and go to Jesus!"

Jesus, our divine Magnet, attract us to Your dear Self, no more to be "twain—but one flesh." One with You, as You are one with the Father, and one with Him in You.

"Earth has no dainties half so sweet

As my Redeemer brings." And these streams are all to end in the ocean of glory! Perhaps I shall soon be there. I often think so, when these full tides of love roll into my soul. But I am still confined in this cottage of clay, through the crevices of which the beams of glory burst, and make my poor heart very glad in the Lord. "Choose the way—but do lead on." Happy, happy banquet with the King!

July 20th.—My soul has just been melted in reading that the tabernacle was to have one of its coverings made of goats' hair. Herein the love and humiliation of my precious Lord beamed upon my soul anew, for the goats typify the lost—the cursed ones (Matthew 25:33; Matthew 25:41). The judgment of the sheep took place in the fullness of time, when the great Shepherd was made sin for them (Isaiah 53:6), and sentence was passed upon their sin while judgment was executed upon Him. He was dealt with as a goat, and, in that awful hour, placed at the left hand, under His Father's frown, and under the hidings of His love. Oh, what anguish was that to His holy and loving heart! Well may the goats' hair be introduced, to remind us at what a mighty cost to Himself He

became a covering and hiding-place for us. Precious Jesus! O lowly Lamb, I hail and adore You in the depths, when You were numbered with the transgressors, and dealt with as a goat, for my sake.

I also see that the goats' hair reminds us that we "were by nature children of wrath, even as others." But over the goats' hair was the covering of rams' skins, dyed red, showing the precious blood by which we were cleansed from our filthiness, as it is written, 1 Corinthians 6:11. Thus "the mountain of our guilt, falling into the sea of His blood, comes to nothing, for when sought for it shall not be found, and the rock is moved out of its place" (Job 14:18); for He takes away the heart of stone, and gives a heart of flesh, which feels His love, and the flowings of His blood.

July 22nd, Monday Evening.—I have had much mental suffering the last two days. This evening a beam of heavenly light illumines my tried soul, by which I seem to see that there has been a mighty struggle between it and the prince of darkness, who has harassed me severely. Dear Lord, make me like the deaf adder to his suggestions—but very watchful for Your word. Keep me close to it, in word and deed.

July 27th, Communion-day.—I have had a feast of love at the Lord's table.

"As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,

Such is the dying Christ to me."

I have been sweetly absorbed in Himself and His precious love, and longed to fly away to behold His unveiled glories. But still He says, "Return to your own house, and tell how great things the Lord has done for you, and has had compassion on you." So

"Would I tell to sinners round,

What a dear Savior I have found;

Would point to His redeeming blood—and say,

Behold the way to God!"

Blessed Lord, subdue my will, and make me live in Yours. The past month has been sharp in conflict—but very rich in blessing, through the love of a Triune Jehovah and the blood of my precious Surety. Oh, that blood! it does dissolve the heart—it is wonderful! Our glorious Immanuel is always as a Lamb newly slain: the efficacy and sweet savor of His sacrifice is ever new, when brought home by the eternal Spirit. Eternal praises be to my gracious, glorious, covenant God. Precious Savior! do quite hide me, and do You be seen and heard through me.

August 13th.—A day of awful storms—thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain; just like Numbers 24:7 : "He shall pour the water out of His buckets."

August 16th, Sabbath Morning.—This is Your rising day and my resting day. Oh, my precious Savior! You have ascended up on high in my nature, and for me "have led captivity captive." Blessed be my conquering, crowned Head, in whom I find Heaven begun below. Let my soul still abide in Him, through all the aboundings of joy and sorrow, both of which are alternately strong in my bosom. But, oh! the large happiness I find in my Beloved, words cannot fully express. I am

much puzzled by some dear ministers and saints, who seem jealous of enjoyed blessedness in Christ. They are always saying we must not have two heavens; and, if we are so happy below, we shall have no desire to depart. In very truth, I find it just the opposite; for the more happiness I enjoy in Christ, the more ardently I long to be with Him. How is it that I am so much alone in these things? How is it there is so little joy in the Lord? The ocean of love is full and free to all the house of David; and a tried path is not the hindrance, for I am seldom long without some source of pain and perplexity. Oh! dearest Lord, be more revealed in Your bride, and remove whatever hinders that joy which is our strength. The past week has been wonderful to me. You have gone with me to the poor, and You have spoken through such a stammering worm. You are my rest in weariness, my ease in pain, my strength in weakness. The week began in confusion and heaviness, and has ended in peace and praise. Bless Your ministering servants today who preach "Jesus only." You heavenly, precious Boaz! be pleased to be seen and heard in Your field, and bless all Your own reapers and gleaners with that "one rich blessing—Love." Praise! Ebenezer! Is anything too hard for the Lord? Is anything too small for the Lord? Is anything too great or heavy for the Lord? No!

September 2nd.—Filey.—Praise! Ebenezer! We were brought here yesterday in safety by our gracious Lord. Oh! make this a consecrated spot by Your presence. My spirit desires the glory of Your name, and profit to our souls and others by this journey. Micah 5:5.

September 11th.—This morning I was struck by these words, "Behold the Bridegroom comes—go out to meet Him." They came first to me literally—but afterwards I was melted by the thought that my heavenly Bridegroom might be coming to me in fresh revelation; and truly this evening He has marvelously done so, in a sermon by Mr. G—, from 2 Corinthians 3:18, which seemed to turn me inside out. I longed to hide myself, and wanted a place wherein to weep; while my Bridegroom’s beauty, and my own deformity, were revealed. The effect in my soul was humiliation before the Lord, crying to Him in brokenness of spirit. Psalms 139:23-24. Behold I am vile. "You are all lovely, my Beloved." Oh! I do feel it, and long to put off this tabernacle, that I may never see evil more. I cannot describe the joy and sorrow, love and grief, which work in my soul this night—this memorable night. I hope to sleep under the shadow of the cross.

October 4th, Sabbath.—Lord, blot all sin out of my conscience, with that precious blood which blotted it out of Your book.

October 7th, High Pavement.—We arrived safely at home last night, through the tender mercy of our God (Praise! Ebenezer!), who did graciously talk to me by the way, melting my heart with His goodness. It was as if He had said to me, "Linger not in any creature; arise, and depart to your rest in Jesus; and the peace of God, which passes all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus." My soul answered, "Blessed Lord, do continue Your instructions." Then followed, with Proverbs 8:10, Jeremiah 10:23. "Hide your diminished head in my bosom, and seek not to see any object but me." Will You be at home to receive me? I have been in new scenes, and have proved myself wayward. Then Isaiah 48:8. "But how have I forsaken You?" "I will draw You again unto, and into, myself." So be it, dear Lord, and shut me in experimentally forever. The second time He said, "Choose my instructions rather than silver, for the Lord shall be Your gold, and He shall be to you instead of silver." "O Naphtali, satisfied with favor, and full with the blessing of the Lord—possess the west and the south." "It is finished!" Here are green pastures, even pardon, peace, and rest. Everything you do is defiled: everything I do is perfect.

Thus did my dear Savior instruct and comfort me. This is a day of general humiliation and fasting, on account of the dreadful war in India. May the Lord hear His people’s prayers, and be favorable to our land. May the Lord draw me near to confess and to plead, for we are "a people laden with iniquity." Blessed Spirit, come and make intercession in us, while our ever-adorable Advocate makes intercession for us.

October 11th.—I desire to bless the Lord at all times, and that His praise should continually be in my heart and mouth. Blessed Lord, You have indeed been "wonderful in counsel," "mighty in working," and loving in blessing, since I have been a "sparrow alone." Although the enemy thrust sore at me, that I might fall, the Lord has helped me; and though my foolish heart died within me, in seeing others around blessed with a home for their affections, yet the Lord did lift me up again into His own dear bosom, and afresh I could feel, that in possessing Christ I lacked nothing. Oh, the wonders of His love, that can bear with such weakness and wanderings as mine! Eternal praises to You, my covenant God!

November 23rd.—This evening I have been favored with a peculiarly sacred season, in sitting alone before the Lord. My soul was drawn out towards my best Beloved, my Ishi, to choose Him, with the cross—rather than a smoother path with a distant Lord. I have had peculiar nearness of spirit to two Christian friends. Surely I found them in the embrace of Jesus, and felt comfort of soul in being knit together in His love, with the privilege of pleading for each of them. Oh, what will glory be, if these foretastes in the wilderness are so rich! I do believe it was a taste of that communion of spirit we shall enjoy above. I cannot express the love of Jesus to these loved ones, as it sweetly flows through my heart to them. This river of love makes glad the city of God above and below. Surely, dear ones, we have blessed you in the house of the Lord, even in "Christ Jesus," where you and I are blessed "with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places." How does all that is of earth recede before the overshadowings of His presence! Precious Lord, draw us each more and more into Your secret chamber, where worldling never came, where the flesh was never fed. You have a secret chamber below, which is the ante-room of glory.

November 25th.—The future is quite dark. I have been, and am, as on the top of Carmel, pleading and watching like Elijah and his servant. Oh! my precious Savior, how blessed is Your presence amidst the storms of this weary land; what will it be to behold Your unveiled glories, when faith shall be lost in sight? You give me blessed foretastes in the path of tribulation. You have bid me return from the near view of home above to my kindred in the wilderness, as, in Genesis 32:9, You bid Jacob return to Canaan. Indeed, I am unworthy of the least of Your mercies, and I feel it. But Your mercies are free. Have You not said You Would do me good? I do find You very gracious. I am not tried too much. Help me to trust, and not be afraid.

November 29th, Communion-day.—I felt cast down the greater part of yesterday—but had some reviving in the evening. Much blessed this morning. This afternoon I was favored with the felt communion at the Lord’s table, although my heart was less melted than at other times. Yet did I truly feed by faith upon the flesh and blood of my blessed Jesus—embracing Him afresh for justification, sanctification, and all I need for time and for eternity. I did cry to the Lord that it might be with me as it is written, John 7:38, "The one who believes in Me, as the Scripture has said, will have streams of living water flow from deep within him." So I saw at the King’s table that it is through the pierced veins and flowing blood of Immanuel that the Father’s love flows to us, His

younger rebel children. He smote the elder brother to open a way in which He might honorably bless us. May I then be hidden and He seen.

Let me be employed by You as You will; yes, let my whole self be filled with You and used by You for Your glory. Amen. You know my present strait. "My soul, wait only upon God," for from Him comes my expectation. This word comes often to my mind when looking at my present position. "Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shall you dwell in the land, and verily you shall be fed." You, Lord, are precious in the trial, although I am sometimes "a day and a night in the deep." You are there unseen—but You will not leave me. Oh! help me still to watch and pray on Carmel's Mount. While looking out for this temporal token, my soul is earnestly pressing after fuller revelation of Christ, the Father's Beloved.

December 30th.—

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,

And know no will but His." This is what the Lord has wrought in my soul this morning, and now I am caused to yield myself lovingly to my Beloved, saying to Him, Do with me as seems good in Your sight, only withhold not Yourself; do not be distant towards me; life is a misery without You. In other things Your will be done.

December 31st.—An eventful year now closes with praise, adoration, and thanksgiving for the past—and loving trust for the future. Though present things look dark, it shall be well. My beloved and my adorable Lord, I fall into Your arms for support, guidance, and blessing. Make Your way plain before me—and give me power to walk in it. Amen. Praise, Ebenezer.

01.31. 1858

1858

January 1st, New Year’s-day, Friday.—I seem to have "Looking unto Jesus" for my motto this year; may the Lord make it my daily experience. So early is this year brightened with mercy.

January 3rd, Sacrament-day.—I had a blessed communion today, and have given up my poor worthless self afresh to my dear Lord for the coming year, that it may be Christ’s year, and that to me, to live may be Christ. Blessed Lord, do lay us all in the dust at the foot of the cross, and may our precious Jesus in His crimson glory shine us into nothing, and ever keep us so. What will glory be, if this view of Him through "a glass darkly" is so blessed? Precious, glorious Lord, gather me up into Yourself more fully, that all my life and conversation may praise You. I roll my temporal trouble upon You—but am too happy with You to think much about it today. I am most unworthy of these favors—they are all of grace and love.

January 17th, Sabbath.—My soul was richly blessed this morning under a sermon from Psalms 26:2-3, it was Christ-exalting, and self-abasing. Mr. B— showed the difference between legal self-examination and Christ-examination, by which Jesus proves us, discover what self-leaning and self-looking we are the subjects of. He spoke of the Refiner sitting until He sees His own face reflected, and then I thought how, when we all meet in resurrection-glory, He will fully see His image in each. There will be millions of the redeemed made like unto their Lord, who is Himself "the brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of His person." They will all see Jesus and be like Him, and "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied!" This thought was sweet to me, and my heart was filled with the fatness of His house, even of His holy temple.

January 24th.—It is the Lord’s day—the day of rest—and this morning I desired to lay my burdens at the foot of the Cross and to leave them there; for it is written, "Bear no burden on the Sabbath-day." I enjoyed the exposition of Mark 2:1-28; at Mark 2:18 it was said, "If we are the disciples of any man we shall fast oft;" but if we are the disciples of Jesus only, and follow Him, our fast will be turned into a feast, as when He fed the five thousand with so small a store as a few barley loaves and small fishes.

February 7th, Sacrament-day.—I have been again blessed in the House of God. The Dew has fallen, and my soul been refreshed. What can I render? I wonder and adore. The thought was sweet to me that the Tree of Life is on this side the river and on that side; so that those in grace and those in glory feed on the same heavenly manna. We feed by faith, they in full fruition. "The Church above and Church below—but one communion make."

February 21st, Sabbath-night.—How I long "to be in glory! my cup runs over," my soul is filled with the blessing of the Lord. This evening the text was Deuteronomy 33:11. It was a banquet to my soul. I wanted not to move from the spot—but to sit and feast with the King, or else fly away to Heaven. In quoting Isaiah 43:25, it was said that one way in which the Orientals wrote was on wax tablets, and that when a debt was paid, they passed a hot iron over the tablet, which so melted the

wax that no trace of the debt could be seen. This thought was very precious to me, and I saw that there is nothing standing against me in the high court above. As I walked home I was pondering over it with joy, when those words occurred to me in Psalms 22:14, "My heart has turned to wax; it has melted away within me." They are the words of Jesus by His servant David, who wrote so fully of His agony in that Psalm. Then I blessedly learned that it was on His heart of love that the debts of His Church were inscribed, and that Divine justice was drawing the hot iron of Divine wrath over them, to expunge them, when, in anguish of spirit, the Royal Sufferer cried, "My heart has turned to wax; it has melted away within me." And not until every sin was atoned for, and cancelled, did the dying Victor say, "It is finished," giving up the spirit as pure and free from sin, as though it had never been imputed to Him. For ever praise Him, my pardoned soul. Wrapped up in His perfection, all is well for time and for eternity. Hallelujah! Hosannah to the Son of David!

March 2nd.—A winterly day. The ground is covered with snow. I have been to see the mortal remains of dear J. H. laid in the silent tomb. Oh! that I, too, could for one moment behold the glories "within the veil" which she is now enjoying. How is she learning the wonders of His sufferings—the triumphs of His death—the eternal life and power of His resurrection! How does she now give thanks for all the paths of her pilgrimage. How does she praise, and worship, and love, and never growing weary. Lord, let Your love fill my heart, and make me live more like a blood-redeemed soul, like one risen with Christ. Dear Sister, we may still meet and worship together in Him; for we, on earth, are come "to the spirits of just men made perfect" as well as to "the blood of sprinkling." Your songs are sweeter, and your notes more melodious—but our joy is one, and my lisping Hosannah will not jar at all with your full Hallelujah. We are one in singing, "Worthy is the Lamb."

March 4th.—This morning I went to see an aged friend, and found that the redeemed spirit had fled. How fast the dear saints seem departing. How blissful the exchange of earth for heaven!

Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep, and can only say of myself, unprofitable servant! but I have great joy in adding, "Worthy is the Lamb."

March 30th.—I have been walking under the deepest abasings of soul. The evil of my fallen nature painfully at work. Oh, what anguish have I felt. But this morning I have had a beam of heavenly light, which, in this dark place is most welcome, while I weep over my native depravity from my heart, saying, "Behold, I am vile." I would also seek with weeping my all-glorious Beloved, and cry, "Worthy is the Lamb."

April 2nd, Good Friday.—Blessed Lord Jesus, I hail You in the depths. I worship You in the shades of my sin and death, for there are You my eternal life. You obtained the keys of hell and death at a costly price; even by going into their very depths, and enduring all that justice, by them, would have inflicted on Your Church. And now the keys are Your right, not merely as Creator—but as Surety and Head; seeing You have paid the uttermost farthing, and can claim the release for the once debtor. As Head You were crowned with the curse in those emblematical thorns, and can now claim exemption for everyone of Your members. Praised forever be Your Name, worthy Lamb. I would forever be speaking and writing of You, from a feeling, sin-pardoned heart.

"Your presence makes my paradise,

And where You are, is heaven."

You make Good Friday every day. Good living and good dying, for You are my goodness, my fortress, and my deliverer, my God, and the Rock of my salvation. Forever blessed be the once crucified Redeemer. Oh, I would always live beneath Your shadow below, and then, with open face, behold Your glories above. Jehovah be praised for Gethsemane and Calvary scenes. Oh, do fire my soul, and make me a warm living witness of Your love "which passes knowledge." Do, Lord, perfume me with Your fragrance, that I may be a sweet savor of You to Your loved ones. Let us be "as one to make one living sound" in praising You both by lip and life. I love these sacred hours alone, to get into my sanctum and begin my heaven. My soul pants for more revelation of You.

April 3rd, Saturday.—These words were brought with power to my mind, John 12:35-36; John 9:4. From them I have learned that while we have the light and day of our Lord’s power and presence in our souls, we should walk and work whatever He then puts before us, without consulting fleshly interest or convenience. Dear Lord, seal this instruction on my heart. I would be one of those who "by night stand in the house of the Lord." I have had a great temporal trouble and trial today. Dearest Lord, still sustain Your feeble worm, during this night, in Providence. I believe You will appear for me, and I go on crediting Your promises.

April 4th, Sacrament-day.—I seemed to have my place with holy John—on the bosom of Jesus, and there to plead with my royal Beloved, rolling all my case and care upon Him for soul and body. It was a "time of love;" all praise to my gracious Lord! Oh, I saw what a royal feast it is—with a royal Founder, royal food and royal guests. It is a foretaste of the marriage supper of the Lamb. May 23rd, Sabbath.—Much blessed this morning in those words of Jeremiah 33:16, "In those days Judah will be saved, and Jerusalem will dwell securely, and this is what she will be named—The Lord Is Our Righteousness." I cannot express fully what has been conveyed to my mind by the Church being so called. I see and feel it to be so separating from everything in self. She, the whole Church, and every individual believer, shall be called by the name of her heavenly Husband, "the Lord our Righteousness" being made "the righteousness of God in Him." Here is union, and in that union a perfection of righteousness, which nothing of the creature can add to or take from.

"You are complete in Him," is a truth, and the effects will flow out in our life, walk, and conversation. We are called by His name to cut us off from looking for any other righteousness than Himself. All besides are but the fruits of righteousness, which do not make us righteous—but manifest us to be so in union to Him, "He that does righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous." Abiding in Him there will be much fruit, yet no rejoicing in it—but a continual rejoicing in Him, who says, "From me is your fruit found." May 30th, Sabbath.—I heard blessedly this morning—the text, 1 Peter 1:8, "You love Him, though you have not seen Him. And though not seeing Him now, you believe in Him and rejoice with inexpressible and glorious joy." And this evening these words were mentioned, "Give us this day our daily bread." Oh! I thought, those words would do to plead every day of my pilgrimage; and, if I should come to have no store in hand, that prayer would be a sweet stronghold for faith. I believe the daily bread will be given. Lord, increase my faith, and keep me from anxious care.

June 6th, Communion-day.—This evening, at the Lord’s table, it was specially blessed. I did not to leave the feast; it was a time of love and of freedom at court. While at the banquet, petitions and requests were presented. Oh! I cannot half praise the Lord for His goodness and wonderful works.

July 7th.—How sad and sorrowful was my heart yesterday, when the day, and the evening, and the night wore away without one sensible embrace from my precious Lord on my birthday. While I was mourning for lack of my birthday portion, my Beloved seemed to say, "I am your portion," and to give Himself to me afresh; and my heart echoing, "the Lord is my portion, says my soul." Then came—all the promises of God are in Him, yes, and Amen. So I saw I had them all in having Him, though I had not a special one given. Oh! this is glory in the bud, and the bud also bursting forth a little. I feel it so, and praise the Lord, for, in this sense, no birthday!

Oh! my precious Ishi, I am Your Hephzibah, made for You alone. Vile as I feel, You see it not—but view me in Your own beauty—all lovely, and without spot or fault. You withheld Yourself from me yesterday, to bless me superlatively today, and give me double in Yourself. In my natural birth I did only inherit sin and shame. But You, in love and majesty, would pass that birthday by, and for my shame give me a blessed double—even Your blood and righteousness, in which I may triumph forever, and "forget the shame of my youth, and not remember the reproach of my widowhood any more." Surely this night I praise You with joyful lips. Being new-born and heaven-bound, an inhabitant of the Rock of Ages—I must sing, and must shout Your praise from the top of the mountains. Oh! the joy that my first birthday is in one sense blotted out. I am only seen and known on high as a member of Christ—born of incorruptible seed, born in life eternal. No words of earth's providence can half express the blessedness which we have in Christ, and which, this evening, beams anew upon my unworthy soul. Oh, bless my loved ones, my precious Lord. I must plead for them while I banquet with the King. All praise to You, my dear heavenly Boaz, from Your own happy gleaner, who is thankful she had no birthday, and is forgetting her birth in the first Adam, through eternal and experimental union to You. You are my joy and crown, my holiness and happiness, my heaven and my all. I drink the spiced wine of Your love, and taste the river of Your pleasures, oh, glorious Three-in-One, and almost now seem to drink abundantly. We do sing unto You, O Lord, the new song. Hosannah to the Son of David. All praise to the Prince of Peace! and, through You, glory and honor, and eternal dominion, to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, my God in covenant forever.

August 1st, Sacrament-day.—Blessed be our God and Father for the bread of heaven, of which whoever eats shall live forever. It is blessed to feed upon Jesus, not on my feelings. But on His flesh and blood. My soul longs for fresh baptism into His death. Jesus alone is my death to sin, here only my true victory over corruption. Could I subdue it, I should be my own witness. But, since it is only by Jesus that sin is conquered, and only in His death that I die to sin, I must say, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

November 7th, Sacrament-day.—The past month has been rich in mercy, though the path has been straight in some things. I think I am like the Israelites at Jericho, they had had abounding mercies and many deliverances—but the one they now needed seemed to be shut out from them by impenetrable walls and massive gates; yet, around those walls they march each day in humble expectation that again the Lord will appear. Contrary, indeed, is this expectation to human appearances, and carnal reason. But still faith renews her daily circuit around the place, and, at the appointed season, those huge walls will fall down flat before the mighty God of Israel, as if to do Him homage; and now there is a plain way where before there was none at all. Just so with me in this present severe trial; there seems no way of relief. But I humbly believe my God will make

one, and desire to wait on Him only. Oh! precious Jesus, nourish my faith, that it fail not in this day of adversity. Love in my heart leans on the love in Yours. And have You not said, "Open your mouth, and I will fill it?" Lord, "do as You have said."

November 14th, Sabbath.—A day of blessing. My soul has found sweet rest in Jesus amidst the trials of the wilderness. I have been much instructed by this verse: "Do not even let the flocks or herds graze near the mountain." Exodus 34:3. No food at Sinai—but rich pasture on Calvary! My spiritual Joshua has led me there to feed and to lie down. "Now that faith has come, we are no longer under the supervision of the law." Galatians 3:25 "But now we have been released from the law, for we died with Christ, and we are no longer captive to its power. Now we can really serve God, not in the old way by obeying the letter of the law, but in the new way, by the Spirit." Romans 7:6

November 25th.—This morning I was out walking, when the sun suddenly burst upon my view, and, by reason of a mist, I could gaze upon it without being dazzled. It was beautiful, though not shining in its usual refulgence, and I, musing, thought, Why can I look so steadily upon the sun? Only because its brightness is partly obscured by the mist. So, upon Jehovah, its mighty Maker, I could not gaze. His uncreated brightness would confound me. But He has softened that brightness in Jesus. That sun behind the mist reminds me of "God manifest in the flesh." There I can look, and live. While I so thought, the sun gradually became of crimson hue, and then the solemn glories of Calvary came before me. There, again, I could look, and wonder, and adore. I thought, Has my Father revealed Himself so to me in His precious Son? Has He bruised that beloved Son for my sins, so that He was crimsoned with His own pure blood? Then will He not do this lesser thing also? And, as I was thus meditating, my heart melted, my tears flowed, and my soul inwardly sang the praises of my God, feeling glad to have seen the sun in a mist, and to have had my faith encouraged thereby.

November 28th.—"Lord, make me to know my end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am." This is the language of my heart this evening. I would see more and more the shallowness, slipperiness, and shortness of all things here, and would live hourly as on the edge of eternity.

December 11th.—I have this day been in the deep, and could not see either sun or stars. My poor heart has felt overwhelmed. My trial increases. My dear Lord does not appear. The enemy taunts and provokes me to act in the flesh, and the flesh frets and questions—How can these things be? why does no help come? is it no use praying? Dear Lord, rebuke these foes, and help me to endure. I am in the furnace—but I am not still enough. I must be kept until tribulation has worked patience through the power of the blessed Spirit. Lord, increase my faith. In Your time open Your way of deliverance, and keep me from mine.

December 13th.—Oh, Lord, I will praise You, for though I thought You were angry with me—You comfort me in Jesus; and, though not delivered outwardly, I am delivered inwardly, and happy in Him who has delivered, and I believe He will yet deliver. But, if He still should keep me in the place of straits, Himself will be my enlargement in the midst thereof. As Paul and Silas sang praises in the prison, so, in my trial, I must sing praises, too, to You, my God, who have sustained me.

December 19th.—Tomorrow comes a crisis from which I hoped You would save me. But if not, it must be well. Lord, this very trial shall be a source of praise. Your way of deliverance is often contrary to ours. For Daniel it was through the lions' den—not from it; for the three Hebrew children it was through the fire—not from the furnace.

01.32. 1859

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January 2nd, Sacrament-day.—I feel that this is my motto for the year, "The diligent soul shall be made fat." It is very reproving to my slothful soul—but reproofs of wisdom are in the way of life, and I would not shun them. The Lord inspire me with true diligence to know more of Jesus, and make the above word a stimulus to me.

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,

Which beneath the cross I spend."

March 6th, Sacrament-day.—The waters of tribulation have risen high; my bodily suffering and weakness have also been great. It did, indeed, seem as if they would break my frail bark to pieces. But, my Lord, You were very pitiful. "You have considered my trouble; You have known my soul in adversities." "You sit as King upon the floods. When the waves arise too high, You still them."

April 17th.—My disease has been more painful lately—but, perhaps, I have been a careless daughter, and have not sufficiently heard my Lord’s voice; therefore He has sent this fresh messenger. Blessed Lord, sanctify it to my soul’s profit and Your glory. Would You gain my ear more closely? Oh, take ear, and eye, and heart, and fill them with Yourself. How much discipline I need. You only know what trials I pass through, for I cannot burden dear friends, who all seem burdened enough.

April 22nd, Good Friday.—But only good as You, dear Lord, do make it so.

Half-past Two.—The hours of agony were nearly over: the sun was veiled, and all Nature bedimmed. How could creation look bright when creation’s Lord was put to shame? Ah, no! that was an hour too sad and solemn for creation to wear a smile. My precious Lord, I would this day be renewed in the power of Your death, and, by crucifixion with You, would, forever, have all of earth put into the shade. Then shall I live for You, seeking Your glory above all things, through union and dear communion. Then shall I cease to desire ease—but shall welcome all that will honor You. Do, Lord, renew me in daily dying, that I may daily live and walk in newness of life. Speak to me while I now commemorate Your agony and death. May 1st, Sacrament-day.—I now go to Your house and table. Oh, support my poor body. Let it not hinder soul-exercise. Oh, give me a place at the banquet of love, and let Your bleeding glories afresh ravish my soul, and kill me to all but You. Be known to us in the breaking of bread. May 22nd.—John 6:37, "Everyone the Father gives Me will come to Me, and the one who comes to Me I will never cast out." Oh! what sweetness flowed into my soul from those blessed words. Ah! indeed it will be all the way, "unto whom coming," "unto whom coming," and no casting out, no "NEVER!" I come, my Savior, for more power to come, to come always and ever, whether it be night or day in my feelings. It was very sweet to weep at the feet of Jesus in His earthly courts; they were tears of love and joy. Bless the Lord, O my soul!—

"Here I’d sit, forever viewing

Mercy’s streams in streams of blood,

Precious drops my soul bedewing,

Make and plead my peace with God."

June 12th.—The past week have had much bodily suffering—but I have been helped hitherto. All is well. There is no curse in my cup of trial. The bitters are love—as well as the sweets. It is not in vain to wait for Him, even while Satan and unbelief are crying, "You are idle." Oh, that You would, by a revelation of Christ, cause many fleshly leaves to fall off, and make way for spiritual fruit.

July 1st.—I have had considerable bodily suffering this week, and have been much shut up in mind. Oh, grant the teaching of the Spirit with every troublesome dispensation, and every change of feeling, that I may be instructed, corrected, and comforted. And oh, my precious Lord, sanctify my increasing affliction, that it may be a blessing to myself and others. Yes, let this pain of body be like the rod of Aaron—even bringing forth fruit to Your praise. Amen. I ask it in the name of my all-precious Jesus. In reading that Solomon was crowned king twice (1 Chronicles 29:22), my heart cries to the Lord, that Jesus, the heavenly Solomon, may be crowned afresh in my soul as Lord of all, and, under His blessed reign, I shall enjoy the peace of God, which passes all understanding; for, though David was a man of war, Solomon was peaceable. In both I see a type of our glorious Christ, and of our experience under His rule. Be exalted afresh, my Beloved, in Your own right, and reign and rule in me forever. Thanks and praise for this visitation in a time of trial.

August 11th, Thursday.—Dear Mr. T— put off mortality.

August 14th.—"The memory of the just is blessed." How embalmed, how fragrant the memory of the members of Christ, with whom we have had communion of soul. His love made them pleasant to us in life, and that same love continues its fragrance and its bond, so that in death we are not divided. Our spirits are one in Jesus, although one body, or both, may be slumbering in the grave. Very sweet communion I have had with him below in years gone by. He had his infirmities—but he has left them behind, and now shines without a spot in the glory of the Sun of Righteousness. Oh, that the Lord would raise up more of His servants to the blessed standing of completeness in Christ, that, heedless of human opinion, they might "speak comfortably to Jerusalem," and "cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, for she has received of the Lord’s hands double for all her sins." This soul-warming truth is most strengthening to faith, and starving to flesh. Here may I live, here may I die, resting on the Person and work—the sufferings and death—of a glorious Christ. There is no sinking there, except deeper and deeper into the "abyss of love," where our sins, when sought for, can never be found. I feel the blessedness while I write. So completely justified by God in the satisfaction given by Christ, that it is labor in vain for any to try to condemn. "There is therefore now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh—but after the Spirit," which is to walk in Christ, and in His good works; and, if evil fruits can flow from that, then may we pick "grapes from thornbushes, and figs from thistles."

August 25th.—I awoke this morning under a deep sense of my sinfulness—but was favored afterwards with a realization of the precious blood of the glorious Lamb of God. How pure, how rich, how efficacious! Every drop is worth more than all the world has in it—the blood of the everlasting covenant, which blotted my sin out of God’s book, and from my conscience also!

August 28th.—Still weak in body—but much blessed in soul. Surely I dwell in the land of Beulah, and wait but the messenger to bid me cross the river to reach the land where are pleasures for evermore. I may yet have much suffering of body—but my precious Lord will sustain me. Oh, may He be magnified in this frail body, by life and death.

September 4th, Sacrament-day.—Psalms 98:1, "Sing a new song to the Lord, for he has done wonderful deeds. He has won a mighty victory by his power and holiness." A month of special favor has passed away, and I hail the return of our holy feast-day. It does seem as if home were not far distant. But I have often thought so before, and been disappointed. However, the appointed time must come. The dear Lord is very good to me in this land of Beulah, and He, my glorious Ishi, stands between me and care, and between me and fear, excepting the fear of being burdensome to those I love, which fear my Beloved will sweep away. Oh! He is so gracious, so tender, so supporting. I often marvel with great amazement!

September 25th.—The Lord is very gracious to unworthy me. I am often very ill and exhausted—but the precious Rock is most solid, and I am enabled to feel firm footing—all to the praise and the glory of His grace who has made me accepted in the Beloved.

October 17th, Sabbath.—It was very wet this morning, so I could not go up to the house of the Lord—but I had a blessed time at home in the true Temple. The glory of the Lord so filled the house that there was no room for the priests to minister. The great High Priest is here, and His doctrine drops as the rain, His speech distills as the dew. Your mouth is most sweet, and the opening of Your lips are right things. His "advice is wholesome and good. There is nothing crooked or twisted in it." Precious Lord, hold my soul in sweet listening to the gracious words which proceed out of Your mouth, and keep me from the discordant and confusing sounds of the flesh.

Exodus 39:1-43 was most rich this morning. I saw great beauty in the priestly garments, as being full of a glorious Christ. The stones on the heart and on the shoulders of the priest, typically setting forth the Lord’s people as borne by the love and power of our heavenly Aaron. But can I be a precious stone to You? Oh, yes; it is Your own beauty in me. And as the stones were enclosed in gold, so Your bride is enclosed in You. Oh, what sweetness there is in that word, "I in them, and You in me, that they all may be made perfect in one." The whole chapter is full of Christ and His Church. Blessed Jesus! You are the living key by which every secret in the Word is opened, as the blessed Spirit uses and reveals You in them. You are marrow and fatness to my soul today.

Thirteen years, yesterday, since my dear mother was laid in the tomb. I have since walked through many dark and trying providences, and I am only ashamed of my distrust. I would fly to Your dear cross, and to You, the dear crucified One—my safe hiding-place from all my sins. There would I blush, and weep, and love, and find there "is no condemnation." Oh, what unbounded goodness and mercy have followed me hitherto. "Your paths drop fatness;" but You have set the day of prosperity and the day of adversity, the one over against the other, while here below. So let it be. You are the Joy of prosperity, and the Brother born for adversity. Much pain of body—but the dear

Tree of life sweetens Marah’s bitter stream.

October 20th.—I have been much blessed in these words, "Return unto your rest, O my soul, for the Lord has dealt bountifully with you." The blessed Spirit has brought me honey out of them, showing them to me as the words of Christ the Bridegroom. He viewed the Father as dealing bountifully with Him in giving Him the Church for His Bride; and His amazing love to her, made Him feel it to be a bountiful dealing also, when the Father laid on Him all her iniquities, and all her stripes and punishment, and then received from Him an obedience on her behalf. Thus He worked, obeyed, and suffered in love, and for the joy which was set before Him. Therefore He counted the Father to have dealt bountifully in delivering Him up to the stroke, that He might be to her a way of escape. So, after laboring for His Bride, He returned to His rest; and the rest of a laboring man is sweet. What is His rest? His Church; of whom He says, "this is my rest forever, here will I dwell, for I have desired it;" and He will rest in His love to her, saying, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, yes, I have a goodly heritage."

He, the Head, does moreover delight in the Father’s gift to His Hephzibah to be His own portion, and also in giving Him the fiery cup of bitters for her sake, and He says, "I will sing unto the Lord, for He has dealt bountifully with me." "In the midst of the Church will I sing praise unto You," even in the inner temple of the new heart of His Bride. There He rests, and there sings praise unto the Lord, and hence it is her language, too, in union with Himself: "Return unto your rest, O my soul, for the Lord has dealt bountifully with you." He has dealt bountifully, in not sparing His own Son—but delivering Him up for us all, in bruising Him and putting Him to grief for her sake, and in giving her the cup of blessing because He has drained the cup of curse; and, most of all, in giving her such a Bridegroom to be her rest, and joy, and crown, forever and ever. Return then unto Him, your rest, continually, for "His rest is glorious." There all is done, and we lie down in these green pastures, singing praises to the Lord. Though poor as poverty in self, yet "Rich to all the intents of bliss,

Jesus is mine, and I am His."

It is most blessed to see how mutual are the delights between Christ and His Church, and how many portions of Holy Writ, which we apply entirely to one or the other, belong to both in union oneness. We have little conception of our nothingness separate from Jesus: there is no body without the Head, and the Head is never without the body, in God’s account. May the blessed Spirit unlock to us these secrets with Christ the key.

November 3rd.—What avails it me to dwell at Jerusalem unless I see the King’s face? This has been my language today. I long to see You, my precious Jesus, and yet, while I see You not—but am feeling my poverty and helplessness, I must cleave to You. You are unchanged, though now it seems winter in my feelings. You are my spring, my life, and my liveliness. Be honored by all my changes, and it shall be well. Still do I long for a fresh and fuller revelation of Your beauty and Your love. Much bodily suffering.

November 7th, Sacrament-day.—Blessed Jesus, be present at Your table today, and let not our eyes or hearts be blinded—but be known to us in the breaking of bread. Oh, come, for You are the only feast, all is fast besides.

"I faint, unless I feed on Thee,

And drink Your blood as shed for me."

Lord, increase my faith. By faith I apprehend and pursue after You when You seem to fly from me; and by faith I believe Your love when I do not feel it, when You seem to frown, and answer me never a word; and by faith refuse all other rest and comfort when I find them not in You. Now, my glorious Beloved, that You will cause this faith to abound more and more, I humbly ask on this our solemn feast-day, and that, for Your glory, I may be contentedly nothing.

November 13th.—I am still weak and suffering—but blessedly upheld. I have for some time been thinking of having a very loose dress to slip on easily when in great pain and weakness. Yesterday afternoon a dear friend proposed to get me just such a thing; she did not know my thoughts—but our Beloved did, and oh, how it melted my heart to see Him thus stoop and give me a double benefit, a token from Himself and from this loved one too. It is sweet to watch His tender but stately movements.

December 4th, Sacrament-day.—Like Jeremiah, "I am shut up, and cannot go up to the house of the Lord;" but He can come to me, and be known in sweet communion—as He was at Emmaus to the disciples, in the breaking of bread. For You I wait, O precious Beloved! You are my feast anywhere. Oh, come, and expound to me in all the Scriptures the things concerning Your dear Person and work. You are the eternal wisdom, and Your lessons are with clearness and demonstration of the Spirit. "Your lips drop as the honeycomb," and "the law of Your mouth is dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver."

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January 1st, Sacrament-day, Morning.—I am very suffering in body—but I hope the Lord will strengthen me to go up to the feast this evening. Precious Melchizedek, meet us with bread and wine, give it to us Yourself, and give Yourself in it. Let the dew of Hermon fall copiously today, and may many a dry fleece be refreshingly wet. Oh, remember and visit our souls daily with Your mercy this new year. I may be nearly at home—You only know. But be more honored in and by me. My strong desire this morning is more entire devotedness to You and Your service. Oh, grant it by Divine anointing, and let the grape gleanings of my death be more than the vintage of my life, for the glory of Your precious name, and for the good of precious souls. "The joy of the Lord is your strength," this is sweet, in my suffering state. Let nothing ever come between me and You. O, my precious Beloved, be manifestly with me in life and in death, and then receive me to be with You forever. To these poor petitions, may You be the dear "Amen." Praise the Lord, O my soul.

January 2nd.—I went up to the house of the Lord, and had some sweet inlet into the sufferings of our precious Lord and Savior. Oh, that this may be a Naphtali year, "full with the blessings of the Lord."

January 7th.—I am still in much bodily suffering—but helped on. Dear Lord, renew my faith in looking unto Jesus, and considering Him, instead of pitying myself.

January 8th.—For the last five or six weeks I have had acute and trying sufferings, with increasing weakness—but the Lord has graciously upheld me. I have not borne these trials as I would like; at times feeling fretful, and often crying out with pain, while my dear Lord was silent, and opened not His mouth, under far deeper anguish. I have asked the Lord that I might endure more to His glory. At times the enemy has thrust sore at me, and, when hearing of one who spoke sweetly of Jesus with her dying breath, it has darted through my mind, like a spear, that I should not so honor my Lord in death. Today, however, I feel encouraged that He will arise for my help, and that, though deeper sufferings seem coming on, He will enable me sensibly to triumph in Himself, and be more than a conqueror through Him who loves me. Yes, though faint and feeble, I humbly now believe that, through my God, I shall "run through this troop," "and by my God shall leap over this wall." I believe You will bruise Satan under my feet. "Rejoice not then against me, O my enemy; for, though I fall, I shall rise again." Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

January 15th.—I will mention the mercies of the Lord, and the loving-kindness of the Lord, though in feeble strains. The Lord has fulfilled that good thing for which He caused me to hope. He has rebuked the enemy, and alleviated the severe suffering, giving a precious peace in Himself. I have felt increased weakness—but that is a favor in comparison of the fiery ordeal preceding it. Oh, do be glorified; do be honored; do let souls be edified, and sinners converted unto You; my life, my death, are Yours alone.

January 20th, Friday—A dark, winterly morning, "but the children of Israel had light in their dwellings." The light of life is here, and my soul is refreshed in Him. Precious Bible! how dear to this heart. How do those streams from the throne of God make me glad, when the blessed Spirit breathes and teaches. And how He does discover a glorious Christ in fresh places, thus dissolving my soul in "wonder, love, and praise." How full of Him are the types, Psalms, and Prophets. He is the joy of my heart, and my portion forever. Oh, my covenant God, You have given (not lent) me such a "pleasant place," such a "goodly heritage." Hallelujah!

January 29th.—I am still growing weaker in body. But I desire to look unto Jesus, and leave myself in His dear hands for life and death. Do help me to endure as seeing You. On Friday, a dear friend said to me that my heavenly Father would not lay upon me a stroke too much. I replied, "But I do not feel that He is beating me. I cannot feel so. He has put me into the furnace—but not as a punishment." Afterwards, it came sweetly into my mind, Did the Lord put the three children into the furnace because He was angry with them? No, no! It was for the trial of their faith. And for what else? For the manifestation of the Son of God. That the glorious "Fourth" might be seen by the king and his nobles, walking with His children, in heavenly calmness, amidst the fury of those flames. Oh, this did melt my heart, and make me long that my present furnace may be for the same blessed end. My dearest Lord, so let it be. Oh, come, Lord Jesus, and walk with me by day and by night. Down to the hour of dissolving nature be present, and manifested, and then be glorified in putting me to sleep in You. Not in death, as the wages of sin. No, no! You have abolished death for Your people, and only left the shadow of it as a covenant blessing. My flesh, therefore, shall rest in hope, for You are the resurrection and the life, and, through union to You, it shall be raised incorruptible. All hail! O risen Redeemer.

February 2nd.—I had a blessed season before I got up this morning, and enjoyed sweet realization of union to Jesus, as His bride. For a season I was so absorbed in the blessedness of this union, that all idea of distinct personality seemed swallowed up. The tiny spark seemed blissfully lost in the fire, and the drop in the ocean. The height of enjoyment did not continue long—but the glorious fact remains the same.

February 4th.—I have lately had some precious views of the richness and purity of the atoning blood of Jesus, by which I learn, that, though experiencing its efficacy, I know but as nothing of its intrinsic worth. The dignity of the pierced One—the holiness of His Person—and that flaming sword which awoke against Him, and smote His righteous soul in the garden, bringing through the pores of His sacred body drops of the richest blood which had ever flowed—all conspire to make it a wondrous scene to faith and love. I cannot express in words what surpassing value I saw in that blood, compared with which all the glory of creation seemed as nothing. My soul was dissolved in "wonder, love, and praise."

February 5th, Sacrament-day, Afternoon.—I had, this morning, a blessed view of the resurrection of our glorious Lord, remembering how that when the Philistines thought they had kept Samson safely enclosed in Gaza for destruction, he arose, and took away in triumph the gates of the city, with the posts and bars; and, in like manner, when the Jews and Romans thought they had got our glorious Head safe in the sepulcher, and had set their seal and their guard to retain Him there, He mightily arose, and opened the doors of the tomb, bearing away all the barriers which could have held Him or His people—not the puny seal and guard of poor mortals—but the arrest of Divine

justice—the curse of the law—the sting of death—the power of the devil—so that His seed shall come forth from the grave in His own likeness, to be His glorious Hephzibah forever. All hail! O risen Head. Even now, we are virtually risen with You, seated in the heavenly places. May it be so experimentally. Oh! for more enlargement into the power of Your resurrection, not only believing the fact—but enjoying the privilege in union.

February 12th.—"How sweet to my heart is the communion of saints." This evening I have had some sweet views of a precious Jesus in the Word, and so I am helped on in the rugged path of suffering, for none but my Lord knows what I pass through.

March 5th.—Yesterday was Sacrament-day—but I was too ill to go up to the house of the Lord. I felt it a trial, for "I have loved the habitation of Your house, and the place where Your honor dwells." While reading the three last chapters of John, Jesus came in (the doors being shut) and gave me a blessed time. He was truly to me the Master of the feast, and the Substance of it, and I lacked nothing. "You have an annointing from the Holy One, and need not that any man teach you." The waters of affliction have risen higher this month—but, safe in my living Ark, I remain unhurt. It is painful to flesh and blood—but to faith all is well. I am not always light and bright in my feelings. But oh, what blessed security do I find in my precious Rock. The Lord has shut me in, into this Ark, and into the Rock forever. Happy, happy, though I am unworthy. Angels might envy our mighty joy, for they never knew what it is to rejoice in tribulation and suffering, and to feel safety, and peace, and joy in the flood and in the flame. Oh, it is so real, so very real, because contrary to every grain of the flesh. Hallelujah.

Sabbath, March 11th.—The flesh feels keenly the sufferings appointed it. But I am blessedly supported, and comforted, too. My times are in the Lord’s hands, and therefore it shall be well. On Friday evening my dear friends came here for our usual prayer meeting. It did rejoice my heart to see them gathered round my bed to read the Word, and pray, and praise; it was a sacred season. Who am I, O Lord, and what is my Father’s house, that You should deal thus bountifully with me? I am still in much suffering—but my glorious Head and Husband will cherish His own flesh. "Praise is lovely for the upright."

April 6th, Good Friday.—This day did my precious Lord hang on the dreadful cross, where He was made a curse for sinful me, where He had my hell, that I in Him might find eternal heaven. Now, at this time, were the precious drops flowing which were the price of my redemption—what a price! Not earthly gold, or pearls, or diamonds. But purest, richest blood—the blood of Jehovah’s Fellow! Here was heaven’s gold paid down on earth to ransom sinful worms! Not for angels were heaven’s treasures thus poured out—but for worms. Oh! wonder of wonders! My soul marvels at such matchless love, and at the effects of it. I adore and worship You, my glorious Lord, and thank You for all Your sufferings, while I would afresh give myself to You for all Your will, and for more revelations of Yourself. My heart is full—but my body too suffering to go on. Worthy is the Lamb! May 24th.—Hot, indeed, has been the furnace since I last wrote—but not too hot—I know the gold will not be harmed, it is the dross that does not like it, the flesh loves ease. Our dear Refiner loves us too well to give us all that the flesh desires. I can, from my heart, say, "He has done all things well," although suffering and weariness have at times made me weep before Him and beg some relief, especially when not seeing or feeling the presence of my Beloved, which has been the case lately. This morning, that word in 1 Peter 1:6-7, has been sweet, and I believe this is so with me.

"You rejoice in this, though now for a short time you have had to be distressed by various trials so that the genuineness of your faith—more valuable than gold, which perishes though refined by fire—may result in praise, glory, and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ." This poor body seems to be fast sinking into the tomb. But I sink to rise—I die to live—I sleep to wake forever!

June 11th.—I have toiled all night—but caught nothing, yet this morning my adorable Lord was pleased to draw near and refresh my spirit; and oh, what sweetness I felt in that word, Beloved—my Beloved! He put it afresh into my heart and mouth. Ever praise Him, O my soul.

June 17th.—I am quickly going down into the valley of the shadow of death, that I may rest from pain and weariness. Bodily weakness increases—but the new man is not touched. Jesus is my health, my life, my peace. I am empty and good for nothing, and yet am His fullness, and He is mine. I have a goodly heritage for time and for eternity. I often groan in spirit, and am greatly troubled concerning many of the saints of God who are so eager after the things of time. Oh! it is so sad, they do rob their souls, and know little of rejoicing in the Lord. O Lord, visit Your vine.

June 21st, Evening.—This has been a day of suffering, most trying to flesh and blood—but no cloud on the mind, although I feel quite unable to think, etc. Rather easier now, and I have just had a sweet honey-drop poured into my soul. In speaking of my sufferings now, and of what I am going to, I said, "I am going to be crowned," and then directly I thought, "What have I said?" To be crowned! Why, I never can think of my being crowned. I can love to think of seeing Jesus crowned—but never could I, a poor worm, wear a crown; so I thought, as have often done before. But immediately the question arose, What is the crown? and the answer flowed into my soul: "The Lord Almighty shall be for a crown of glory and a diadem of beauty to His people." Oh! I thought, the crown will be the likeness of my Lord, which I shall have. His beauty and glory shall be seen in me to His praise. My heart did leap for joy, and I thought, "Here is the Crown, none other than my glorious Lord." This crown I can wear, I long to wear it. "Then shall I be satisfied when I awake with Your likeness;" and by Your own glory in me and on me and shining through me, I shall be Your crown also. How wonderful this secret of union! It is very sweet to my poor soul.

July 1st.—"The light of the King’s countenance is as a cloud of the latter rain." I have been asking for "the latter rain" according to that word in Zechariah 10:1. Mr. C— used to say that time was at death; so now I seek it, and this evening my dear Lord is as dew to my soul. Precious Jesus, You are the rain, and the sun, and all we need. And shall I see You face to face? Will this veil of mortality be drawn aside, and Your open glories burst upon my freed spirit? Glorious prospect! And will sin be done away with forever? Shall pain and sorrow flee away? Then, Hallelujah to my covenant God! Happy state, though a very suffering one, for the storms of the wilderness are drawing to a close, and before me is eternal rest, in the embrace of my Beloved. I look back, and marvel at the tender mercies of my God all my life long, and now He fails me not—but is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.

July 6th.—Ebenezer! My birthday. And can it be that I still linger in the shades of mortality to see another birthday? Marvelous are Your ways, O Lord God of truth; and it is marvelous also to consider what the human frame can bear, when You afflict and sustain. But I have not a pain, or a wave too much. Flesh and blood is worn and weary many times. But You renew the "inner man," to "lie passive in Your hand, and to know no will but Yours." Blessed be Your Divine Majesty, for ever and ever, for your wonders of love to such a feeble worm! Fifty-five years have I journeyed in

this great and terrible wilderness, and none could have borne with me but You! Neither could any have borne me up but You! I can never fully record Your goodness and mercy. "Eternity will not suffice to utter the half of Your praise." I wait until You shall fetch me to be with You--and behold Your glory forever! Oh! my adorable Lord, be manifestly with me in the last river. You have gone through death for me, and taken its sting away. Now let me feel You to be my eternal life. Ebenezer! Praise the Lord!

01A.00 Letters

The LETTERS of Ruth Bryan, 1805-1860

"Your eyes shall see the King in His beauty." Isaiah 33:17

"Throughout her letters, it will be seen that her grand aim was to set forth Christ in His fullness, and to turn the spiritual eye from self and every other object to Him, as the one way to pardon, peace, and holiness."

All spiritual blessings are in Christ Jesus, and to be dispensed to the poor and needy

Christ proved to be all-sufficient in near views of eternity, and recommended to seeking souls

The matchless love of Christ as the Bridegroom

The patience of the heavenly farmer Earthly things bedimmed by clear views of the glory of Christ Bearing one another’s burdens

Christ is all! The deceivableness of the form, without the power of godliness Signs of spiritual life Encouragement to a burdened soul The blessings of affliction These inward foes Counsels how to meet daily cares The world seen in the light of eternity Encouragements to venture on Christ Christ the Burden-bearer A word of warning against worldly conformity Victory over SELF by abiding in Christ The simplicity of faith A seeking soul encouraged to come to the Lord’s Table Christ the only Physician for a sin-sick soul A foretaste of glory A Christmas feast on Christmas-day To the Dove in the cleft of the Rock Spiritual Declension (part 1) Spiritual Declension (part 2) The blessedness of separation from the world The fullness of Christ The believer’s power Looking unto Jesus Sympathy in suffering The fullness of Christ revealed by the Spirit Faith’s view of Christ The triumph of faith over difficulties

Indwelling sin The suffering sympathy of Christ Christ, our substitute, the consolation in time of trial Written after seeing a microscope The suitability of Christ to the sinner The subjugation of self through the cross of Christ The preciousness of Christ, unfathomable and ever new A New Year’s greeting Christ our near Kinsman The presence of Christ in a time of affliction An important anniversary Christ in everything The riches of Christ for the poor in spirit Warnings to an unconverted friend Warnings to an unconverted friend Warnings to an unconverted friend Cast all your cares upon Him Heart-searching suitable to a birthday Encouragements to one afar off, to come unto Jesus Pleadings with a soul A counsel of love The power of the precious blood of Christ The tenderness of the Good Shepherd The wounds of sin and the healing power of the good Samaritan Christ able to save to the uttermost

Balm in Gilead A harassed soul pointed to the Blood Submission to the Lord’s will under bereavement The immutability of God’s purposes in grace Mercy for the chief of sinners Submission to the ways of God Faith the gift of God Faith overcomes impossibilities Strength equal to the hour of weakness Superabounding grace Entering into rest by believing The power of

temptation and the arm of deliverance Jesus the Brother born for adversity Jesus, Jehovah Rophi The Sin-bearer and the sinner The tried and convinced sinner encouraged The snare broken Tribulation works patience The plausibility of unbelief The bosom of Jesus The power of faith Counsels to a young man entering the ministry Counsels to a young man entering the ministry Counsels to a young man entering the ministry The exercise of faith Healing leaves for the sorrows of the way Comfortable words for a sorrowing spirit A foretaste of the glory which excels Christ the Author and Finisher of faith The precious trial of faith Glowing anticipations of the joy of heaven The fresh venture upon Christ of a doubting soul The faithfulness of our heavenly Boaz towards a heart He is alluring to Himself The efficacy of the precious blood of Jesus The Lord’s dealings of love and faithfulness The vicarious sufferings of Christ--the end of the law Fainting pilgrims encouraged Gospel wine to cheer the warrior The difficulty of total self-surrender The joy of union and communion with Christ Deep draughts drawn with joy from the wells of salvation The Spirit’s teaching Christ is everything The inward witness Counsels to hearken to the voice of the good Shepherd alone The unchangeableness of Christ in the midst of a changing world The Lord refreshing His people with the river of His pleasures Christ worthy of the soul’s highest love The blind led by a way they know not Deliverance granted IN, not FROM affliction The happiness of those who endure

Divine guidance The triumphant security of God’s people The Lord’s service perfect freedom Sweet fruit gathered from a bitter root Christ the portion of His people Faith’s grasp of things unseen Sweet lessons in the valley of humiliation Suffering no interruption to the believer’s joy Lessons in the furnace The magnetic stone Getting near the light Oh, this wondrous Savior! The trial of faith

All in Jesus We must learn our weakness Spiritual growth

It is well

Chapter 36

01A.01 All spiritual blessings are in Christ Jesus,

All spiritual blessings are in Christ Jesus, and to be dispensed to the poor and needy To E. M., Nottingham, November 1848. My Dear,

There is in my heart a strange and unaccountable drawing towards you and your dear sister, a full tide of feeling which will break through all opposing timidity, and find its way to you, in the shape of earnest longings after you "in the affections of Jesus Christ," that He may be formed in you "the hope of glory." I would not mention this, but in the hope that it may be from the Lord, and for His glory, which He can accomplish by the most weak and insignificant means. With this encouragement, then, I venture to write to you in that Name, through faith in which the lame do "leap as an deer," "and the tongue of the dumb" is made to "sing,"—that Name which is to the believing soul "as ointment poured forth"—the Name of Jesus, who was so called because He would "save His people from their sins." This well suits a sin-sick soul. His name is also Emmanuel, which is "God with us;" "God manifest in the flesh;" God taking our nature—becoming our brother, born for our adversity—to bear our griefs and carry our sorrows, to be tempted as we are tempted, that He might for us conquer the tempter, and deliver His tempted brethren. He can pity, for He has felt; (Hebrews 2:18) He can relieve, for He has broken the power; He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Satan tried every arrow in his quiver; but our glorious God-man repelled them all. Satan foiled the first Adam with one temptation, and all his seed in him; he came against the same nature in the second Adam, "the Lord from heaven," in whom again a seed was included to stand or fall with Him. And here our nature came off victorious in union with our glorious Head. Truly it makes my heart glow to see Jesus as our champion on the battle-field, vanquishing our foes—Satan, sin, the world, our old man, and death itself. They have all been so overcome by our spiritual David, that they shall never be the destruction of the least lamb in His flock. The lion and the bear may come out together against them, and seem just ready to devour; but He will arise, smite the beasts of prey, deliver His trembling one, and none shall pluck it out of His hand. This is precious consolation to such as feel they have no might at all, and feel, too, the world drawing, Satan tempting, sin striving, and the flesh lusting. Oh, what would we do at such times if we had not One to fight for us, and fight in us too! We would certainly be "swallowed up quick," but the Lord has laid help upon "One who is mighty;" and this mighty One that is for us is more than all that can be against us. What makes it so beautiful is, that Himself is our very strength and victory; so that our weakness and inability are no hindrance at all. Of this one of old was so well convinced, that he exclaimed, "When I am weak, then am I strong." What a paradox to carnal reason! and how long we are learning this lesson perfectly, by reason of the working of our carnality and self-love! Our Father has determined that Christ shall be all, and we nothing. To accomplish this experimentally, He undoes our work. When we have been washing with soap, He plunges us in the ditch; when we seem to be getting on a little better than usual, He turns us upside down. This is hard work, and while the process is going on, we think it must be for destruction, for we appear to grow worse and worse. But in truth it is for salvation—to show ourselves to ourselves, to bring us to forsake ourselves, (Luke 9:23) and to give us Christ, instead

of ourselves. (Galatians 2:20) Oh, what a blessed exchange! It is worth being spoiled in all the labor of our hands, and marred in our very best things--to possess such a treasure. There can be no drinking of the living waters while we have a price in our hand, be it much or little; no buying the gospel wine and milk while we have any money; no triumphing in "the Lord our righteousness," while we are hunting about for shreds of our own, and sewing them together. All this is Christ-rejecting and God-dishonoring. Therefore be not cast down at the Lord's ways towards you, for if we are anything, or have anything, Jesus cannot be everything; and if He is not everything, He is nothing. He must be all, for holiness and happiness, for justification and sanctification, (1 Corinthians 1:30) for acceptable appearing before God and suitable walking before men, for holy living and happy dying. Do we want good works? we are "created" unto them in Him. (Ephesians 2:10) Do we desire "the fruits of righteousness?" we are filled with them by union with Him. (Php 1:11) In short, our Father has "blessed us with all spiritual blessings" in Him; (Ephesians 1:3) and the reason we do not enjoy them more is because we seek them in ourselves. Oh to have the single eye which looks at Jesus only! Then would our whole body be "full of light." But thus to venture right away from self is a venture indeed, and can only be done by the power of the Holy Spirit. It is He effects that blessed closure of the soul in Christ, which is like the weary dove getting into the ark; and you know she was pulled in after vainly seeking rest elsewhere. May you have such a precious pull of Divine power, that you may enter into rest by believing; (Hebrews 4:3) which faith is "not of" ourselves, it is the gift of God. (Ephesians 2:8) When once admitted to the loving heart and loving arms of Jesus, you will find that which would superabundantly compensate for more than a thousand years waiting: such a complete and blessed salvation—such a precious and glorious Savior—such fullness in His work, blood, righteousness, love, and person--as to eternity will never be fully developed—and such blessed entrance thereinto by faith now, that, though I dare not trust myself to speak of it, I sincerely wish you its happy and speedy enjoyment. May the sweet love of Jesus constrain us more and more to speak well of His name, and may its savor perfume our souls, lips, and lives, that men may take knowledge of us, as being much with Him, and much like Him! May you have full experience of those words, "And in view of this, we always pray for you that our God will consider you worthy of His calling, and will, by His power, fulfill every desire for goodness and the work of faith, so that the name of our Lord Jesus will be glorified by you, and you by Him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ." (2 Thessalonians 1:11-12) Yours affectionately,

Ruth Bryan.

01A.02 Christ proved to be all-sufficient in near

Christ proved to be all-sufficient in near views of eternity, and recommended to seeking souls To E. M., April 1849. My Dear,

It was not my intention that your kind notes should be so long unanswered; but true, indeed, is Jeremiah 10:23, "I know, Lord, that a person’s life is not his own. No one is able to plan his own course." And my heavenly Father had prepared for me a journey I then knew not of--I mean down into the valley of affliction, having been much prostrated in health since I had the pleasure of hearing from you. The descent was gradual, and quite safe, for I was enabled to lean upon my Beloved, who kindly granted me, that as the outer man was weakened, the inner man was renewed by the Spirit day by day. From the beamings of celestial glory which sparkled through the crevices of a decaying body, I joyfully hoped soon to put off mortality and enter the presence-chamber of my Lord, to behold Him, not "through a glass, darkly," but "face to face;" to see that countenance, once "marred more than any man’s" for my sake, but now in resurrection glory, shining above the brightness of the sun in his meridian splendor. Such was my anticipation, but apparently not my Lord’s intention at this time, as He is now gradually strengthening this poor tabernacle, and sending me back a second time from the very gates of the Celestial City. May He condescend to be glorified in my return to the discipline of the wilderness, and pardon my unwillingness.

Perhaps He is saying to me as before, "The man from whom the demons had gone out begged to go with him, but Jesus sent him away, saying--Return home and tell how much God has done for you." (Luke 8:38-39) And my heart says, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard;" (Acts 4:20) and, "Come and hear, all you who fear God, and I will declare what he has done for my soul." (Psalms 66:16)

I must come to you again in the sweet name of Jesus; and if ever one poor sinner more than others had cause to extol that precious name, it is she who now addresses you; in whose SOUL it is "as ointment poured forth;" in whose EAR it is more melodious than music; and in whose HAND it is a staff either to pass over Jordan, or journey forward in the pilgrim road. Feeling that I am the most vile, worthless, and unlikely of all creatures to have sat down so blissfully at the banquet of Love--this poor heart must praise the Founder of the feast, who is also the substance of it; and who, by His own irresistible power, sweetly brought me in, and then said, "Eat, O friend, drink, yes, drink abundantly, O beloved!" "For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." Having thus partaken of life, I am constrained to testify in my feeble way that this is the bread of God, which nourishes the soul; this is the wine of the kingdom, which cheers the heart, and, with the oil of the Spirit, makes the face to shine.

Moreover, having just come from very near views of eternity, I must solemnly testify that Christ only is the Rock upon which the soul can be safe and triumphant, when the waves of death seem going over the body. At such a time the world stands afar off; friends can only look on, or look up; and all that is to come appears a vast forever--either in the fiery wrath, or the blissful presence of

the Lord God and the Lamb. Nothing can be solid but "Christ in you, the hope of glory." To realize this at such a moment is worth a thousand such worlds as this; and, indeed, whatever you may be called to give up, is not worth a name in comparison of a precious Christ. My heart glows with a desire to speak well of His dear name, His finished work, His glorious person, and, if it might be His will, to set other souls on fire with love or longing after Him. For what can I do while away from my glory-home, but to be a savor of Christ, telling poor dead sinners, that whatever be their profession, they are "feeding on ashes;" that "a deceived heart has turned them aside" from the only way of salvation?

I would also seek to encourage poor, trembling souls, who are already brought into judgment, and feel the sentence of death in themselves, to put their case, bad as it is, into the hands of the "Wonderful Counselor," (Isaiah 9:6) prevailing Intercessor, (Romans 8:34) and "Advocate with the Father," who is "Jesus Christ the righteous." (1 John 2:1) I think, beloved, He is just what you seemed to need when you wrote to me, for the sentence of death appeared to be working deeper, that you might not trust in yourselves; (2 Corinthians 1:9-10) And the goodliness of your flesh seemed to be fading, I hope, by the blowing of the Spirit Jehovah thereupon, (Isaiah 40:6-7) to make way for the beauty of Jesus. By your words, your loveliness seemed turning into corruption, (Daniel 10:8) and the Lord, with inward rebukes correcting you for iniquity, was making your beauty to consume away like a moth. (Psalms 39:11) Though to your feelings these dark discoveries make against you, they are in truth for you, for it is the light which makes manifest; and better that the leprosy should be exposed, than have it working death unheeded. When the things over which you lament were within, they troubled you not; and now they are disclosed, the great enemy would suggest that you are too filthy for the fountain, too cold for the fire, too much diseased to appear in the presence of the great Physician. He does this in a wily way, bringing to mind, when you would approach the mercy-seat, some shortcoming or misdoing, in order to turn your eye away from that sprinkled blood which is the sinner’s all-prevailing plea. May the Comforter reveal Christ, as He convinces of sin, and take of His precious things--and set them against your vile ones, giving you heavenly skill and understanding to plead--His precious blood against your sin--His perfect obedience against your constant disobedience--His power to heal against your desperate disease.

You know those before the throne overcame Satan "by the blood of the Lamb;" and our victories must come in the same way. Yet this way we are so slow to learn, because it is completely out of and against that SELF which it is so hard to leave. However, the Holy Spirit will not forsake His own work; the least beginning shall have a sure ending, for He will perfect that which concerns us. David tells us how he became such a skilful warrior: "It is God who girded me with strength." "He teaches my hands to war." "By you I have run through a troop; by my God have I leaped over a wall."

There is a very encouraging word in Hebrews 11:33-34, "who through faith . . . out of weakness were made strong"—strong through faith; which faith leaves the creature and ’creature-working’ behind--and fastens upon a precious Christ, determined to go through all, trusting in Him, and saying heartily, "May I never boast except in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which the world has been crucified to me, and I to the world." (Galatians 6:14) My soul earnestly desires that you may obtain "like precious faith" to venture wholly upon Jesus; and though that faith should seem small "like a grain of mustard seed," it will not prove a delusion; for "He knows those who put

their trust in Him," although sometimes they know not to whom they really belong. May it please our gracious Lord soon to reveal Himself, as you desire, and grant you that sealing of the Spirit (Ephesians 1:13) for which you long. May the Lord bless you indeed, enlarge you out of SELF into Christ, and keep you from evil, that it may not grieve you. So prays, yours affectionately,

R. Bryan.

1 Peter 5:10; Ephesians 3:14-19; 1 John 5:21; Jeremiah 29:11-13.

Chapter 38

01A.03 The matchless love of Christ as the Bridegroom

The matchless love of Christ as the Bridegroom To E. M. October 31, 1849.

(To be received, "if the Lord wills," on her wedding-day)

"I will make you my wife forever, showing you righteousness and justice, unfailing love and compassion. I will be faithful to you and make you mine, and you will finally know me as Lord." Hosea 2:19-20 And why does dear sister wish for a line from the humble, unworthy Gleaner, when so many tender sensations will be thrilling round her heart? Is it that she thereby desires to forsake all, (even when her net is drawn to shore right full of mercies, (Luke 5:6-11)) and follow Jesus only? Is it that she longs, on the very day she receives her earthly bridegroom, to give him back to the Lord, and, embracing her heavenly One, to become so absorbed in Him that He shall ever be between her soul and her heart's best earthly love? If thus it be with her, the Gleaner's heart warmly says, Amen! and may the Lord say so too.

Dear Miss —, as you have requested me to send you a line at this season, it would be unseemly in me to withhold it, but I humbly confess that it is not in me to write what you desire. Therefore, let us look up to the dear Testifier of Jesus, that under His Divine anointing our meditation of Him may be sweet.

It is as the heavenly Lover and Bridegroom of His people that we love to think of Him. Oh, what a contrast to the very best earthly husband! They love and choose because of something congenial and pleasing in their wives, and in hope of a faithful return of affection. But He, our wondrous Husband--loved, chose, and determined to betroth and espouse unto Himself, in the certain fore-view of debt, disgrace, and sin; ah! and of unchaste wanderings too, for He says, "Well do I know how treacherous you are; you were called a rebel from birth." Yet, through all He loved His people, and from all He has redeemed them with His own precious blood. When His spouse "has played the harlot with many lovers," His marvelous language is, "Return, for I am married unto you," thereby overcoming His faithless one with the very love which she has slighted—a love, indeed, beyond comparison! May its fires afresh be kindled in your soul, that you may now count all things but loss, yes even as rubbish, for the sake of such a Beloved. Did Jacob serve seven years for his Rachel--by day in the heat, and by night in the frost--and did they seem but as a day unto him--for the love he had to her? Our spiritual Jacob has far exceeded him! He left the throne of His glory for His poor Rachel, and took her humble flesh in the form of a servant; and for her sake served thirty-three years under the Law! He bore the heat of temptation, weariness, and thirst; as well as the cold of reproach and scorn, and the malice of sinners against Himself. This He thought not too much; for when He had finished the work on her behalf, for her He cheerfully entered upon the most bitter part of His sufferings, which made even His mighty heart to shudder with agony, while His dear lips prayed--"O my Father, if it is possible, (with the rescue of my Bride) let this cup of suffering be taken away from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as You will."

Behold the depth of His unflinching love! The ’cup of curse’ must be drunk, or the captive Bride must perish! And so He takes the bitter cup, and does not turn away until every dreg is consumed! And the same sacred lips which emptied it could say in triumph, "It is finished!" For the joy that was set before Him (of possessing His beloved bride) He endured the cross, despising the shame, and has now sat down at the right hand of God, until the blissful consummation before assembled worlds, when it will be joyfully proclaimed, "The marriage of the Lamb has come, and His wife has made herself ready!"

Then shall the spiritual Jacob and His Rachel meet and embrace, and part no more forever! She awaking up after His likeness, shall be satisfied! And He seeing her in glory, (the very travail of His soul,) shall be satisfied likewise! "May you experience the love of Christ, though it is so great you will never fully understand it!" Ephesians 3:17-19

"Haste, blissful dawn of endless day,

When sin shall cease, and death shall die,

And Christ His glory shall display,

And beam upon our longing eye!

"Then, wrapped in everlasting bliss,

’Midst heaven’s innumerable throng,

His love shall all our powers employ,

And be the theme of every song!"

Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! that this most glorious Immanuel, the Prince of Peace, whom angels worship, and before whom the seraphim bow--should from all eternity engage to come and seek His Bride from this poor world, and claim her for His own! Yet so it is! But she is filthy and polluted! (Ezekiel 16:6; Job 15:14-16; Isaiah 64:6) Then His own precious veins shall pour forth the rich crimson flood to cleanse her, (Revelation 1:5) and His Spirit shall open the fountain to her for her sin and uncleanness. (Zechariah 13:1) But she is naked and bare! (Ezekiel 16:22) Then He will cast His skirt over her, (Ezekiel 16:8) and will for her, weave in the loom of the Law (Romans 5:19) fine linen--clean and white--a robe in which she shall be fit to appear at His court. Moreover the Spirit shall bring near the righteousness of Jesus, (Isaiah 46:13) clothing her with "the garments of salvation," and covering her with the "robe of righteousness," "as a bridegroom decks himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorns herself with her jewels." But she is diseased! (Isaiah 1:5-6) She is a leper! (Psalms 51:5) Yet will He bring her health and cure, for He says, "I am the Lord who heals you;" and He is actually made to be sin for her, (2 Corinthians 5:21) that she might be made "the righteousness of God in Him." But she has no personal charms—she is ugly! Then He will put His loveliness upon her, and through it her beauty shall be perfect. But she is poor! So He bestows Himself and His fullness upon her--and thus endows her with unsearchable riches! But she is unwilling, and has no heart to the match, for she obeys a hostile prince! (Ephesians 2:2-3) Her delights, too, are in the world and the flesh. A new heart will He give her, and a right spirit will He put within her. The Holy Spirit shall make her willing in the day of His power. "I will cause you to forget your images of Baal; even their names will no

longer be spoken." (Hosea 2:17) So that, prostrate at His feet, she shall say, "Lord, our God, other lords than You have ruled over us, but we remember Your name alone!" And now that the Spirit has touched her heart, she feels she is diseased, and discovers her filthiness (Romans 7:8-9, Romans 7:18) and nakedness, knows she is ugly and poor, and cannot think the Bridegroom's heart is towards her, or that she can find favor in His eyes. And therefore she cries out, "I am black!" "Behold, I am vile!" My loveliness has turned into corruption! But He overwhelms her by responding, "You are all beautiful, my love, there is no spot in you!"

Then she exclaims, "Place me like a seal over your heart, like a seal on your arm; for love is as strong as death, its jealousy unyielding as the grave. It burns like blazing fire, like a mighty flame!" He replies, "Do not be afraid, for I have ransomed you. I have called you by name; you are Mine. When you go through deep waters and great trouble, I will be with you. When you go through rivers of difficulty, you will not drown! When you walk through the fire of oppression, you will not be burned up; the flames will not consume you. For I am the Lord, your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior!"

Now she ventures, with a captivated heart, to declare, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His! He is the chief among ten thousand! He is altogether lovely!"

Thus do the matters of this marvelous betrothment and union go on, "which things the angels desire to look into," and devils desire to defeat. The first desire shall be blessedly gratified; (Ephesians 3:10) but the other shall be disappointed, for none shall be able to pluck His beloved one out of His hands; and against her the gates of hell shall never prevail. Praise Him forever for such love as this!

Well may it be asked, Who is this wondrous Beloved, who would go to such depths for His spouse; and on whom the weak one is leaning as she comes up out of the wilderness?

Ah! He is the same who, from all eternity, was the great "I Am!" the mighty God, by whom all things were created, who is before all things, and who holds all things together! It is He who, in the fullness of time, scorned not the lowly Virgin's womb, but became a babe. It is the same glorious Person who was seen coming from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in His apparel, traveling in the greatness of His strength, who tread the winepress of Almighty wrath alone! It is He whose countenance is as the sun shining in his strength, yet whose "visage was marred more than any man's, and His form more than the sons of men." It is the same glorious Person who is a holy One of the holy ones; and yet "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief!" It is the same glorious Person who is "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners;" and yet "numbered with the transgressors."

Under the weight of sin and its punishment, Jesus agonized in the sacred garden of Gethsemane, and sweat great drops of blood falling down to the ground. Oh, those rich, rich drops from His precious veins! They are of more value than all the gold and gems His hands have made! This is the matchless Bridegroom of whom we speak--who, on Calvary, was stretched on the accursed tree, and there finished the love-scene of His mystic sufferings!

Come, sit with me a moment beneath the shadow of His cross! Look up, and remember it is your Husband who hangs bleeding there! It is the Bridegroom, in love for the Bride, enduring those unknown pangs! See how His holy flesh is bruised with scourging, and His precious hands and

feet pierced with rugged nails! How is His heavenly brow torn with piercing thorns, and His dear side with the cruel spear; each gaping wound proclaiming, "Man is guilty--God is love! But God is justice too!" Oh, see His precious blood trickling down. It flowed forth for sinners like me--like you! Look and wonder! Look and be comforted! Look and adore!

"Here look until love dissolves your heart,

And bid each slavish fear depart!"

Say, does not your very soul move towards this glorious Well-Beloved! and will it not join mine in saying—

"Bruised Bridegroom, take us wholly,

Take and make us what You will."

O glorious Lord, we worship You! You are fairer than the children of men! Grace is poured into Your lips—

"Your beauties we can never trace

Until we behold You face to face."

We love to meditate on Your sufferings, but rejoice that they are over. You have suffered, and you die no more! You have gone to our Father and to Your Father; and we are expecting you to "come again" and receive us unto Yourself, to be with You, and behold Your glory, when, in nobler and sweeter strains we'll sing Your never-dying love, and tell Your power to save; while with open face and ravished heart--we forever gaze upon Your matchless beauty!

Please, excuse my many words. It is to me a thrilling subject, full of blessedness; and the very writing it has been a lattice through which my precious Beloved has shown Himself. Oh, may He shine on you; and when you give your hand and heart to —, may the Holy Spirit rouse you in powerful enablings to give yourself more fully to Jesus than ever before. I come not to you with worldly compliments; they befit not our holy religion, and the peculiar people of God. But I come with an honest heart, desiring for you both every choice covenant blessing, with the sweetest mercies of the new state upon which you are entering, and that these may be to you but as the shadows of a substance, you, in and through them, coming by the Spirit's power to fuller enjoyment of union and communion with our all-lovely Immanuel, and with the Father in Him. May your union be of the Lord, in the Lord, and for the Lord. May His name be glorified, and Jesus doubly precious to your souls. The theme wants more than an angel's power to tell all its fullness.

Ever yours in Jesus,

Ruth.

01A.04 The patience of the heavenly Farmer

The patience of the heavenly Farmer To E. M., Nottingham, May 10, 1850. My Dear,

All health and peace to you in our glorious Covenant-Head. My soul desires that yours may prosper, and greets you affectionately in that dear name which, when breathed into the soul by the Holy Spirit, is truly precious. (1 Peter 2:7) Precious indeed He is, but not to the carnal mind; to such He has no loveliness, no beauty, that they should desire Him. There must be spiritual life, spiritual sight, and spiritual appetite, before a glorious Christ can be appreciated in His preciousness and suitability!

These gifts, my beloved friend, I believe you have received through rich sovereign grace; and it can be truly said, "You has He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." This one mercy of quickening, this first communication of grace, is a sure pledge of glory, according to Php 1:6. Eternal life is the same in kind, though not in development, in "the blade," "the ear," and "the full corn in the ear." The great Farmer is watching over all, giving sun and rain as well as storms and frosts in due season. We like the showers and sunshine, but would rather go on without the cold and stormy weather, which is likewise needful, and often very conducive to our spiritual growth. I have often said before the Lord, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." (Psalms 139:23-24) But when a cutting north wind has come, I have complained, little thinking that it was just an answer to my prayer. Perhaps you may pass through some such experience, and in these wintry seasons you may think that growth is stopped, and life will soon be gone; but no, it is "incorruptible seed" of which you are born, which lives and abides forever. (1 Peter 1:23) Amidst our many changes, how encouraging is this thought; and also the knowledge that the great Farmer has more interest in the seed, than it has in itself. "You are not your own," but His who bought you with His blood. You are His portion, His inheritance, in whom He will be glorified.

Truly the gospel of the blessed God, while it is most strengthening as showing all the work to be His; is most humbling, as showing all weakness and sin to be ours. Had it not been so, such mighty cost and pains would not have been needful for our redemption. I pray that the oil and wine of gospel grace may flow into your soul, for this makes us nothing, and Jesus all. I hope you are well, and that the Lord is making your holiday a holy day unto Himself by His own presence and power. The Lord be with your spirit, and strengthen your faith, and make all needed grace abound towards you. So desires, with much love, your very affectionate, but very unworthy,

Ruth.

Chapter 40

01A.05 Earthly things bedimmed by clear views

Earthly things bedimmed by clear views of the glory of Christ To E. M., Bethel Cottage, August 27, 1850. My very dear,

In the precious Name which is above every name, I come to inquire--Is it well with you? Does the vine flourish, and the tender grape appear? (Song of Solomon 6:11) and do you find the savor of the Beloved's ointments give a very good fragrance? Is Jesus increasingly precious, more than ever desirable? Is He, in your esteem, better than rubies, and all the things that may lawfully be desired not to be compared to Him? Is the Holy Spirit sharpening your appetite for this Bread of Life, so that with more ardent longings you are saying, "None but Jesus!" When He is in the right place, other things will be so; it is His rising in the soul that makes them sink to their proper level. And oh! He is so worthy, so suitable, so altogether lovely--we cannot prize Him too much, or hold Him too fast, or lean on Him too heavily. My highest praise of Him is far below His worth; but through rich grace, I, a vile sinner, have tasted and handled of this precious Word of life, and found such blessed benefit, such soul-invigoration, that I want to set others longing for these royal dainties!

Perhaps I might think that the Lord will do His own work, and I am only meddling in vain, if I did not read in His Holy Word about "exhorting one another," and "stirring up pure minds by way of remembrance." But, as these things are there, I venture; and if by many poor attempts I may be used to stir up but one warm loving remembrance of Him, I shall be thankful. Satan is ever striving to divert the mind from this blessed Object. He will allure or alarm, he will use what is pleasing or painful, anything to keep the soul from delighting in Jesus, from looking unto Jesus, and believing in Him for life and salvation. Nevertheless, all those who are ordained unto eternal life shall believe in spite of his efforts, and all those in eternal union with Christ shall close with Him by living faith. Cords of love shall entwine, and ropes of kindness shall draw--until the poor soul is brought into conscious union with the Beloved, and can say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me!"

Oh, the blessed provisions and securities of the everlasting covenant, which is ordered in all things, and sure! Not only are all things made ready, but the soul is made willing to receive them; the appetite given, and the required garment put on. (Isaiah 61:10) The precious Savior is a free gift, and the faith which receives Him is a free gift also; the blood which CLEANSES is Heaven's royal bounty, for freely did it flow from the veins of heaven's King, and the application of it is Heaven's sole prerogative. By mercy, not by merit, do all the blessings come. This salvation is for the poor, and the poor only--and they must be stripped even of their rags! It is not enough to confess that their rags are filthy and worthless--they must be parted with, and this necessity touches very closely the heart of the 'old Adam'. But all must go, that Christ may wear the crown—that he who glories may glory in the Lord our righteousness.

How is it with you, my beloved? Are you stripped of your own righteousness, emptied, and bankrupt? If so, I hail you blessed, for "the poor have the gospel preached to them;" and it is written, "When they had nothing to pay, he graciously forgave them both." Nothing to pay! how our

proud flesh does murmur and complain, and only wish that it had something to bring! But why? "He has magnified the law and made it honorable." He has endured every stripe that justice required, paying every farthing the creditor demanded, and that in Heaven's own coin, for "without shedding of blood is no remission of sin." His pure blood was freely shed that sin might be honorably remitted. "The soul that sins--it shall die." He dies, "the just for the unjust, to bring us to God;" and when at the close of His work He cried aloud, "It is finished," there was not a voice heard in heaven, earth, or hell to contradict him. Take courage, then, my beloved; we can afford to be poor with such "unsearchable riches in Christ!" All He is and has is ours, for "my Beloved is mine, and I am His." "All things are yours, for you are Christ's, and Christ is God's." He is "Head over all things to His body the Church."

"Ah! but," say you, "I want to know more clearly that He is mine. I want personal application and appropriation." Well, this is not unlawful coveting; go on longing, for this very same Jesus "satisfies the longing soul, and fills the hungry soul with goodness." You want to know your sonship? "We are children of God by faith in Christ Jesus;" faith is the manifestation of sonship, and by it we come to the enjoyment of family privileges. Living faith is the gift of God, and "faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." While Rebekah was listening to Abraham's servant, there was a moving of her heart towards his master's son, for when asked if she would so quickly leave all for him, she said, "I will go." So, perhaps, while you are hearing of the "things which are Jesus Christ's," the Holy Spirit will be kindling love and longing in your soul, bringing it to believe and venture. May the blessed Comforter speedily make you as willing as Rebekah, and work in you the same obedience of faith. She went forth, and her faith was not in vain--she found her husband. So shall you; for eternity will never unfold all the love, loveliness, and glories of our wonderful Emmanuel! Oh, I do want to know more of them here, and thus have all the things of earth bedimmed!

Sweet Testifier of Jesus! O Wind Divine! "awake," and "come," and blow away the dust of earth, and clouds of flesh and sense, which seem to come between us and our souls' Beloved, revealing Him in warmer love, more manifested union, and more endeared communion. Oh, make us walk in Him!

"Closer and closer may we cleave

To His beloved embrace,

Expect His fullness to receive,

And grace to answer grace."

If for Jesus you pine, come and beseech Him for more of His love. Come, O Beloved! into the garden of our souls; breathe upon the graces of Your own Spirit there, that the spices may flow forth for Your regaling. Eat, O Beloved! Your own pleasant fruits, and give us, Your unworthy ones, to find Your fruits sweet to our taste—the fruits of Your love, of Your doing, of Your suffering! Give us to feast on Your rich fruits—to eat, by faith, Your flesh and blood, and thus live by You. (John 6:57) Say to us, "Eat, O friends! drink, yes, drink abundantly, O beloved!" for Your "biddings are enablings." Amen. (Eph. 20, 21.)

Now if there should be one drop of living water for your refreshment in this little vessel, give God the praise. To Him I commend you in love. Your very affectionately, but in myself, very unworthy,

Ruth.

Chapter 41

01A.06 Bearing one another's burdens

Bearing one another’s burdens To E. M., September 25, 1850. My very dear,

Breathe, Holy Comforter, on our souls that they may be quickened. Breathe in providences, that we may be edified by them. Breathe in the written Word that we may be instructed. Breathe on the Rose of Sharon, the Incarnate Word, that by the fragrance thereof our souls may be revived and refreshed. Breathe upon these hearts, that we may commune sweetly in and of, the Beloved, for His glory, and our soul-strengthening. Amen, amen. "Awake, north wind, and come, south wind! Blow on my garden, that its fragrance may spread abroad. Let my lover come into His garden and taste its choice fruits." Song of Solomon 4:16.

Jesus is the never-tiring theme! It is He who is the precious stone, wherever He turns, he succeeds. (Proverbs 17:8) On the mount of high communion He is precious. In the valley of humiliation He is precious. Also, unto you who believe, He is precious. Faith is the "Christ-receiving grace." By faith we apprehend Him, by faith we know more and more of His preciousness; by faith we have the felt benefit of His blood and righteousness, (Romans 3:22, Romans 3:25) and by faith we cast anchor on this Rock, when to sense and feeling all is dark and stormy.

Ah! indeed there are seasons in experience when we can neither see nor hear nor feel Him whom our souls love and long for; and all within seems barren and powerless--then is the trial of faith, and the time for its exercise. If we are walking by sense, our confidence will be shaken, and we shall draw wrong conclusions (Isaiah 9:14) but if faith prevaisl, we shall not be greatly moved. The soul does not voluntarily choose to be "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed," neither, if under self-direction, would it prefer to travel "three days in the wilderness and find no water." We would rather linger always at Elim, beside the wells and the palm-trees. Thus sense would grow mightily, and faith become weak for lack of exercise. But He who ordains all our encampments, and who is to us "instead of eyes," knows best where to lead us; having determined that "faith, though the smallest, shall surely be tried."

Therefore, my beloved and longed-for, "think it not strange concerning the trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." Whether that trial be inward exercise from indwelling sin, or the fiery darts of the wicked one, or outward affliction, or something in prospect which makes the heart tremble; for all these, and every other, we have the promise, "My grace is sufficient for you, my strength is made perfect in weakness."

What can be weaker than a worm? Yet the Lord says, "Do not be afraid, O worm Jacob, O little Israel, for I myself will help you--declares the Lord, your Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. I am holding you by your right hand--I, the Lord your God. And I say to you--Do not be afraid. I am here to help you." "But now, O Israel, the Lord who created you says--Do not be afraid, for I have ransomed you. I have called you by name; you are mine. When you go through deep waters and great trouble, I will be with you. When you go through rivers of difficulty, you will not drown! When

you walk through the fire of oppression, you will not be burned up; the flames will not consume you. For I am the Lord, your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior!" (Isaiah 41:13-14; Isaiah 43:1-3)

These are sweet cordials for a time of weakness and trial. May the Lord fulfill them in your experience, and grant that your faith fail not. May you be kept instant in prayer, "watching thereunto with all perseverance" to learn the mind of the Lord respecting you. Times of trial are inquiring times.—See Genesis 25:22-23; 1 Samuel 23:2, 1 Samuel 23:4, 1 Samuel 23:11; 1 Samuel 30:8; 2 Chronicles 18:4; Job 10:2. There are those now living who can testify to the Lord's glory, that they have found a great blessing, in the close dealing with God to which they have been brought by afflictive dispensations under the Divine exercising (Hebrews 12:11) of the Holy Spirit. It is spoken of ancient Israel that "the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew." Often, indeed, is it thus with the spiritual seed of Abraham, being "chastened of the Lord" there is growth out of SELF--into Christ. Blessed is it when we turn our face to the wall; that is, away from every creature expectation, and pour out our hearts before Him. One who did so, in the bitterness of his soul, had afterwards thankfully to say, "O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these is the life of my spirit; so will You recover me, and make me to live." The Lord grant you like experience, that with me you may have to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." My heart earnestly desires for you that the present afflictive dispensation, and what may be approaching, may be very much sanctified, that the Lord's name may be glorified, and you come forth as gold, saying, "I know, O Lord, that your judgments are right, and that you in faithfulness have afflicted me;" (Psalms 119:75) and heartily choosing, as Moses did, "to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." (Hebrews 11:25) "For though our cup seems mixed with gall,

There's something secret sweetens all." Is it not so? Have you not found some drops of Divine love in this bitter cup? May the Beloved further show Himself through this lattice, and walk with you in this furnace, causing some fetters to be burned off, that you may freely walk in the way of His commandments. It is better to walk with Jesus in the fire, than to walk after the flesh in the slippery places of worldly indulgence and carnal security. I trust He has a special favor towards you, and means to have you walk very closely with Himself. Would that I could speak more worthily of our precious Well-Beloved, who may safely be trusted in the flood and in the flame. Praise Him, O our souls. Adieu, much-beloved. Your very affectionately,

Ruth.

1 Thessalonians 3:3.

You have many petitions to present to the King just now. Psalms 20:1-9.

01A.07 Christ is all!

Christ is all! To E. M. December, 1850. My very dear,

I cannot but again inquire--Is it still well with you? Has Israel's God proved faithful in your time of need? Have you had 'strength as your day' and can you now say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted?" The cloud of affliction or trial often looks very dark at first. "Men see not the bright light which is in the cloud, but the wind passes and CLEANSES them." (Job 37:21) The Holy Spirit by His Divine exercising, comes with the affliction, and then is discovered some light of instruction, and the dark cloud is found to be full of mercy, and "breaks with blessings on our head." Earnestly do I hope this is the case with yourself and your husband. I desire mercies of the God of heaven for you my beloved, that when you come to the tribulated waters they may either divide, that you may go over dryshod; or, if they overflow, that their depths may only prove to you the deeps of God's mercy, faithfulness, and love. May you feel the Rock firm beneath while the billows roll over your head; and may you be brought up again with a new song of praise, even "salvation is of the Lord." Our God is a refuge for us. Our Rock will stand the storm. Our Guide may be safely trusted, though we see neither sun nor stars for many days. He sees us when we can see nothing but gloom, and cannot see Him at all—when we have not one glimpse of the King in His beauty. He hears us when we cannot hear Him--when He seems to answer us never a word; but many an answer of peace is prepared, while the poor petitioner is long allowed to go on pleading in sackcloth and ashes. (Daniel 9:3, Daniel 9:23) Our God is wonderful in His way of working; and, for myself, I must confess that He generally deals very contrary to my expectations. Yet "He does all things well." It is "Sweet to lie passive in His hands,

And know no will but His."

I have proved my own strength to be complete weakness, my own wisdom consummate folly, and my own righteousness filthy rags. What a mercy, then, to be stripped of all, and have Christ for wisdom, Christ for righteousness, Christ for strength, Christ for purity, Christ for power, Christ for beauty, Christ for holiness, Christ for acceptance above, Christ for our daily walk, Christ for our daily work, Christ for rest, Christ for food, Christ for medicine; yes, to know nothing among men or before God--but Jesus crucified and glorified!

But, say you, I cannot be so free with Christ, I dare not claim Him for everything. Perhaps not, and we read that Ruth felt no claim upon the mighty man of wealth when she fell at his feet to thank him for a few handfuls of corn, (Ruth 2:10) and a morsel at meal-time. But there was the secret of relationship behind, and she afterwards found a claim and made it, nor did she do so in vain; for she obtained not only her hands full and her veil full, but also the Lord of the Harvest Himself! I trust before long you will be thus led on by the Spirit from gleaning ears of mercy and pardon, to say, "Spread your skirt over me--for you are my near kinsman." He will then acknowledge relationship, and give you that freedom of love which may now appear almost presumptuous, though indeed it is not so. Where Christ is thus revealed in the soul in His fullness, He is to be to us instead of ourselves--and all besides. As Rutherford says, "Not myself but Christ, not my ease

but Christ, not my honor but Christ." Oh! blessed are those who can deny themselves, and put Christ in the room of themselves. Ah, indeed! this is the true starvation of the flesh, and the true strengthening of that inner man--the life of which is Christ.

Well-beloved friend, if you have not yet full possession, I hope you are Christ-hungry and Christ-thirsty; then I am sure you will not die for lack--for such are blessed and shall be filled. Take encouragement. May the Lord give it, and make your soul as a watered garden, for He shall come down as the rain, as showers which water the earth.

All this is from one who has had an exchange of hearts with Jesus, and therefore he is the never-tiring theme! That He should be my constant subject needs no apology--but only that He is not more worthily spoken of. Ah, indeed! of all words and comparisons, we may say—

"All are too base to speak His worth,

To set Immanuel’s glories forth!" To His loving heart and powerful arm I again commend you for all your needs; and may you both receive of His fullness, and grace for grace.

Yours affectionately,

Ruth.

01A.08 The deceivableness of the form,

The deceivableness of the form, without the power of godliness

June 11, 1851. My Dear,

This is a day of much lip-profession without real heart work, and the "kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." "The kingdom of God is within you." This is what Satan seems in this day to be most fighting against. He does not oppose a general profession of religion, which is now deemed respectable. Nor does he mind great strictness in outward religious forms--as that is often a means of lulling the conscience into false peace. He will not even disturb a sound creed, and much zeal in contending for the truth of the Bible--so long as the truths rest only in the natural mind, whereby they induce vain confidence and terrible self-deceiving. The great enemy of souls will endeavor to keep all in peace who have ’a name to live, but are dead.’ And if one of his subjects passes over either from gross sins or from the more refined pleasures of this perishing world to an outward profession, he will not be alarmed. For he cares not whether souls perish under the title of ’worldling’ or of ’Christian’--so long as he gets them into his own fearful damnation. Nay, I believe if he sees one become restless under some sense of sin, and that he cannot urge that poor soul on further in the old sinful way--he will transform himself into an angel of light, and recommend reformation and external religious duties, such as reading and hearing the Word--taking care to substitute ’form’ for ’power’.

Oh! the dreadful danger of such souls, soothed into carnal security! They are only blinded to their danger--not delivered from it. Better were it to endure years of anguish in weeping, and seeking for mercy by Jesus Christ--than to be turned to such "a refuge of lies," and to walk in such "sparks of their own kindling." Better to walk in sorrow all one’s life--than to lie down in sorrow at death to end in eternal woe! May the Lord deliver souls thus deceived from this snare of the great fowler, so that they may thankfully say, "The snare is broken, and we are escaped" by Divine power into that kingdom of God which is not outward things, such food and drink--but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit.

Ah! my beloved friend, it is this stronghold which Satan fights against--and fallen flesh is in league with him! He may tolerate outward forms and external religious exercises--but inward power is represented as contemptible, unreasonable, and is called fanaticism and enthusiasm! Yet the eternal world of glory is full of this, swelling broader and deeper the anthem of praise to the holy Lord God and the Lamb. Without this divine life within, no soul of man can be saved, as the great day shall declare. It is, indeed, fearful to think what that dreadful day will reveal; and of all characters, I think those are in the most fearful condition--who have had Christ on the lip--but not in the heart, as in Matthew 7:21-23. My heart often says: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." (Psalms 139:23-24)

True it is, that our vigilant foe does not mind a new creed--but he hates a new heart! He does not object to outward reformation--but hates inward regeneration, and also those who are regenerated. He does not fear good words of prayer on the lip--but he well knows he shall suffer loss when it is said of a soul, "Behold, he prays!" for—

"Satan trembles when he sees

The weakest saint upon his knees."

O you trembling souls, let not the subtle serpent drive you from this stronghold! Your God will hear and help you. He has taught you to pray; He will answer your prayers. If He long delays--He is worth waiting for. If He shuts His door against you--it is only to make you knock the louder. It is better to wait on God for His salvation in sackcloth and ashes--than to wait on the world and the flesh clothed in scarlet; "for the end of these things is death!"

It matters not who may deride or scoff, or how your own evil heart may shrink from the contempt of the cross. "How long will you halt between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." You cannot serve them both! Oh, be wise.

If the world and Satan and the flesh seem too strong for you, as they surely are--go into your closet, and pour out your heart before the Lord; He will be a refuge for you. "He gives power to the faint; and to those who have no might He increases strength." The sighs and groans of a broken heart are heard in the high court above, and the tears of a contrite spirit are audible there! For before the throne is Jesus, the Brother of the broken-hearted, the atoning sacrifice for sin--the Advocate for sinners who loathe themselves for their iniquity. (1 Kings 8:38-39) That blessed Savior understands all the broken utterances; He knows what each of His children would say if he could, and "He ever lives to make intercession for them." (Hebrews 7:25) It may be the law condemns you, O trembling one--conscience condemns you--thoughts, words, actions, all condemn you. Be it so--may it be your mercy, and the beginning of your salvation, for this is like the power with which the Holy Spirit begins in the soul, thereby translating it out of the kingdom of darkness "into the kingdom of God’s dear Son." (Colossians 1:13) The religion of Jesus is a religion of power; (1 Corinthians 1:18, 1 Corinthians 1:23-24) and if, through the power of the Holy Spirit, there is a discovery of sin and condemnation--may Jesus say, "Your sins," (oh, the sweetness!) "your sins, which are many, are all forgiven you;" then the burden is lawfully lost, and the soul has solid peace. Thus shall it be with everyone quickened by the Spirit. Satan may strive to drown and stifle the conviction, but it will return with double misery, and the burden grow heavier and heavier, until the poor soul finds there is no way of escape but through the blood of the cross. May the Spirit enable you to come just as you are! I know you are seeking for Jesus, may He soon be found by you. From your affectionate but unworthy,

Ruth—a sinner saved.

Chapter 44

01A.09 Signs of spiritual life

Signs of spiritual life To E. M., September 15, 1851.

"Look unto Me, and be saved!"

Beloved,

I thought much of you last evening, while hearing a sermon from Php 1:6. "The day of Jesus Christ" was spoken of, as the day when He comes to receive the soul unto himself; and the glorious day when He will raise the body in His own likeness. It was said, how surely the Lord will carry on His work in the soul, through all the doubts, fears, temptations, sins, and corruptions which assail it, and are bitterly felt. Though they threaten to swallow up and destroy, the Lord is above them, and will secretly maintain the precious life He has given. Perhaps, however, the great point with some is, whether they truly have this life. They are thoroughly established in the comfortable doctrine we speak of—the final perseverance of the saints—but fear they are not one of them. How is it with you? Do you hunger and thirst for Christ? Do you plead, pant, groan, strive against sin, and for salvation? Then you are alive, and it is eternal life, which cannot die; incorruptible seed which cannot decay; and grace which was given to you in Christ before the foundation of the world; (2 Timothy 1:9) nor can anything which occurs in time take it away.

I well know the night is long and dreary to the quickened soul, while the Lord delays His coming. It is no longer "alive without the law," but the Spirit has brought the commandment home; it bears upon the conscience heavily; and in the pure light of that holy law is discovered evil, only evil, and that continually; fresh sin at every turn; new stumbling at every step. It is night with the soul, and "he who walks in the night stumbles." Though the law is light, (Proverbs 6:23) it is only to make manifest evil, (Ephesians 5:13) not to guide in the way of peace. The Holy Spirit must do that. The light of the law upon the black soul only makes its night more horrible before it has found the Law-fulfiller; the sun has not arisen, and corruptions creep forth to its great dismay. But He that shall come will come in the set time, and will not tarry. He knows those who love His appearing, and will not let them long for it in vain. As in His law they have seen their own darkness and deformity, so in this light they see light, even the light of life when He comes; and then they learn that all those sharp reproofs of instruction were the way of life, though, indeed, they felt like death and destruction.

I am not writing to you merely from the map, but marking down a few of my own steppings, that you may thereby trace whether you are in the footsteps of the flock; and though this cannot satisfy you, because the way is not the end, yet it may comfort and stimulate you afresh to press on towards the mark, looking for and hastening to the coming of the day of Christ in your own soul. There are times when the hands hang down and the knees are feeble, and the soul says, "Our hope is lost, we are cut off for our parts." (Ezekiel 37:11) Then a word from the Lord, through a fellow-traveler, does good, like a medicine; the Word of the Lord is precious in those days when there is no open vision. I mean when the soul has never been able to say, "I have found Him

whom my soul loves," and cannot make the personal appeal, "You know that I love You," but does long to know, it is loved by Him. Then it sometimes gets a sweet melting season in hearing that others have trodden the same in and out path; and a feeling of comfortable hope that "being in the way," the Lord will before long meet with it, and lead it into the House of the Master's brethren. (Genesis 24:27) Be it mine to welcome you there in the appointed season, and to try to encourage you while you occupy the waiting-place. It is at least a safe one: "Blessed are all those who wait for Him." But through unbelief we are too apt to think we shall wait in vain, and He never will come to us; although He has said, "They shall not be ashamed that wait for Me." This passage was very sweet to me in days gone by, when tasting the wormwood and gall; and it is so still. My soul has the bitterness still in remembrance, and is humbled in me, (Lamentations 3:19-20) for instead of tasting only, I deserve to be drinking to all eternity; but He has taken the cup of trembling out of my hand, and has given me the cup of salvation and blessing. He has brought my soul out of prison; and dealt bountifully with me, and now I like to point other poor prisoners to the way of escape.

I know the heart of a "captive exile," as well as of a stranger, and would not impose heavy burdens; but you know how happy I would be to hear from you. How blessed when the captive exile, described in Isaiah 51:14, experiences the deliverance spoken of in Zechariah 9:11-12. Affectionate remembrance to you all in the Beloved. May the blessing of the Lord flow freely in your family circle. 2 Thessalonians 3:16 and 2 Thessalonians 3:18.

Yours ever,

Ruth.

01A.10 Encouragement to a burdened soul

Encouragement to a burdened soul To E. M., November 14, 1851. My Very Dear,

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, by the anointing and teaching of the Holy Comforter. "For," said our Lord, "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatever I have said unto you." "He will guide you into all truth." "He will bring me glory by revealing to you whatever he receives from me." The Holy Spirit is the living guide to Jesus. It is He who says, with power, "Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world." It is He who convinces of sin, who wounds, and probes the wound, and lays open the evil of our nature, causing us to know that we are corrupt within and without. But He not only thus discovers the malady, He also applies the remedy. He abases the sinner; and exalts the Savior. He gives the deep sense of sin--that the great salvation may be more appreciated and enjoyed. We are as bad as we can be, and it is needful to know it; but the knowledge of our depravity will not save us. It is, "Look unto ME, and be saved, all the ends of the earth." Some seem to glory in their deep discoveries of depravity; but nay, rather "let him that glories, glory in the Lord." The end of a thing is better than the beginning: the beginning of the Lord’s teaching is to know ourselves; the end to know Him, whom to know is life eternal, and happy is it for those who tarry not in all the plain, but amidst all the sense of sin and the loathing of self, are kept pressing on, crying, "That I may know Him;" "that I may find Him;" "that I may be found in Him;" "I press towards the mark;" "I long for the prize."

We read, Luke 6:19, "The whole crowd was trying to touch Him, because power was coming out from Him and healing them all." Their miseries pressed them on to seek His mercies; and so the poor woman with the issue of blood; it seemed incurable; it made her unclean. How dare she approach the Holy Jesus? How dare she presume to touch His unspotted garment? Ah, but she believed that He had power, and that that power was to be received by faith; and thus she obtained the cure. "Somebody did touch Me, I know that power has gone out from Me." She had believed with the heart, and thus He drew her on to confess with the mouth, and then He openly gave her the full reward of her faith—"Daughter, be of good comfort: your faith had made you whole; go in peace." (Luke 8:43-48)

Ah, many are now thronging and pressing Jesus by noisy profession, but only a few are getting the healing virtue, and those are unclean diseased ones who think themselves most unlikely of all. But of Him they hear; and "faith comes by hearing." To Him they are brought, for "all that the Father gives me shall come to me." And they do not come in vain, for "he who comes to me I will never cast out." "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Yes, power to forgive sins also. Yes, my precious Savior, with hand and heart do I subscribe thus--You have power to save those whom none else could or would; for You have clothed such a vile sinner as I am with the garments of salvation. You have covered me with the robe of righteousness. Therefore my soul does greatly rejoice in the Lord, and is joyful in my God. Oh, those words, "My God!" when lawfully and feelingly uttered, have in them a world of blessedness!

Well, you see how it is with me. I am still delighting in the love of the altogether lovely Jesus; but not half enough. What do you think of Christ? Surely my heart's desire is, that He may be enthroned in your affections, for "He is worthy," and the more unworthy you feel, the better He will suit you! In your flesh "dwells no good thing." While you dwell in that tent you will find evil, only evil. Like the father of the faithful, you will have to go forth into the land (Deuteronomy 8:7-9) which the Lord will show you; but He must order all your journeying, as He says, "I will guide you with my eye, I will instruct you and teach you in the way which you shall go."

It seems, however, that at present you are under the ministry of condemnation, because you are resting in your own righteousness, which you will never establish, as it is contrary to the law of faith. (Romans 10:3) The contrast is, "There is therefore now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not alter the flesh, but after the Spirit." This is the ministry of righteousness which follows the other and exceeds in glory; for the work of righteousness is peace, "and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever." Here is that which establishes us. "You have set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." "Believe in the Lord your God, so shall you be established." (2 Chronicles 20:20) "In righteousness shall you be established." (Isaiah 54:14) "He that establishes us in Christ and has anointed us is God, (2 Corinthians 1:21) who also seals us with that Holy Spirit of promise, who is the pledge of our inheritance." (Ephesians 1:13-14)

All the operations of that Spirit in the soul are either to make known or make way for Christ; the latter seems at present His work in your heart. He is discovering your evil, and shaking your movable things. (Hebrews 12:27) Like John, He goes before the Lord to prepare His way. Be of good cheer, this Divine Messenger betokens that the Lord is at hand. He would not have showed you all these things if He meant to destroy you. "I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all those who are sanctified" "through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The Lord bless you, and grant you the instructions of wisdom for the training of your dear child, and all else you are called to. And now, farewell! May you be brought home at the appointed season in safety, and with dew resting upon your branch. As your husband is a lover of husbandry, he perhaps will not be offended with the Christian love and greeting of a gleaner, who can feelingly say, "The Lord bless you," (Ruth 2:4) and make you a blessing. (Micah 5:7) This is the true wish of my heart for you both. Your very affectionately,

Ruth.

Chapter 46

01A.11 The blessings of affliction

The blessings of affliction To E. M., September 22, 1852.

"Nevertheless, I will bring health and healing to it; I will heal my people and will let them enjoy abundant peace and security." Jeremiah 33:6

Much beloved and often-remembered friend,

The tidings received from you this morning made me sorry, and yet I must say, "It is well," for I do believe it, knowing that "He does all things well." May this trial be as a lattice, through which Jesus will show himself to your souls. Trial is one lattice, which He often looks through, with much tenderness, (Isaiah 63:9) upon His redeemed ones. He looked through the pillar of fire and cloud, to trouble His enemies, and hinder their flight; (Exodus 14:24) but He was in the fire and cloud to preserve and guide His people safely through the deep, so that not even a little one was left behind. It might be that "little faith" looked at the walls of water, and feared they would give way; but those fears did not make the promise of no effect, though they might rob the soul of comfort. Was it not wonderful that the same cloud, which was light to Israel, was darkness to the foe; and the same water, which was as walls of salvation to one, was death and destruction to the other? (Exodus 14:28-29) So it is with bodily afflictions and providential trials; to the worldling they are destroyers of his best enjoyments; to the child of God they are often the very high road to them. To the worldling they are only bitter; to the other it is a mingled portion, for "Though their cup seems mixed with gall,

There’s something secret sweetens all."

"I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto You, O Lord, will I sing." And it is as of old: "Our God turned the curse into a blessing."

Last evening, the love of God, (John 3:16) its gift, its effects, and its consummation, (Revelation 7:9) were simply and sweetly spoken of. Oh, indeed! the love of God is a precious theme with those who feel it and who can say, "We love Him because He first loved us." What an amazing love to bestow such a gift! My soul does muse and marvel. Bring it home to yourself. Think of giving one of your sweet babes to poverty, hardship, toil, disgrace, and a torturing death. You could not do it even for your loved husband; and they are not as lovely as that precious, spotless Lamb; and they are not as much beloved as He. Yet His Father gave Him, and bruised Him, and "put Him to grief" for the ungodly, (Romans 5:6) for enemies, (Colossians 1:20-21) for the unjust. (1 Peter 3:18) Truly, herein is unparalleled love. May the Holy Spirit apply it, shed it abroad in our hearts, and encourage us to come unto the Father by Him. The Lord has prepared of His goodness for the poor; so if you are learning your poverty, it is to prepare you for the feast prepared for you.

Yours affectionately,

Ruth

01A.12 These inward foes

These inward foes To E. M., March 7, 1853.

Dearly-beloved and longed-for in Christ Jesus,

"Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you by the revelation of Jesus Christ." "Blessed are all who wait for Him." "Therefore, prepare your minds for action; be self-controlled; set your hope fully on the grace to be given you when Jesus Christ is revealed." "Do do not conform to the evil desires you had when you lived in ignorance." "Do not conform any longer to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind." "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, says the Lord Almighty."

You mentioned being cast down by Psalms 41:11, "By this I know that you favor me, because my enemy does not triumph over me," because your inward enemies seem to triumph over you. Did you not forget that word, "Gad, a troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at the last," and I believe, indeed, that most of the Lord's soldiers experience this before they can say, "By you I have run through a troop;" and "By my God I have leaped over a wall." Our own strength must be exhausted--that out of weakness we may be made strong. And our own efforts in 'creature will and power' be proved of no avail--that we may feel and know that the battle is the Lord's, and cry to Him for help, while giving Him all the glory. I was much struck the other day in observing, that though Joshua bid the captains set their feet on the necks of the five kings, he himself slew them. So it is with our spiritual Joshua; He alone could finish transgression and make an end of sin. He has done it; and in the set time does, in the experience of each of His children, take away the dominion of their corruptions, though they are prolonged for a season like those beasts mentioned in Daniel 7:12.

If you, beloved, have not yet had that sensible overcoming given which you desire, be not cast down, but cry unto the Lord, and you shall before long find it, as in 1 Chronicles 5:20, 1 Chronicles 5:22. Many have realized this who have felt like the Psalmist, in Psalms 6:1-10, with regard to these inward foes. The Lord pardon what I have wrongly expressed. "If you will, you can make me clean;" and He said, "I will, be clean." Perhaps your heart will join me once more in saying, "Lord, increase our faith."

I sincerely wish you every blessing and covenant-favor. My love be with you all in Christ Jesus,

Yours, Ruth—less than the least.

Chapter 48

01A.13 Counsels how to meet daily cares

Counsels how to meet daily cares To E. M., Saturday Morning.

Much-beloved friend,

My heart has just been much drawn out towards you in Isaiah 28:26, "His God instructs him and teaches him the right way"--desiring that you may have the experience of it in those domestic and secular cares which must necessarily devolve upon you; that you may not set them as a "wall between" your soul and your God. May each concern and perplexity, which seems to have more of Martha than of Mary--be to you just an errand to Jesus, that you may commune with Him in them and by them, and thus walk with God while you walk in the duties of your family and station. How beautiful to read from Isaiah 28:23, and to see that the Lord so minutely instructs the laborer how to prepare the ground and sow the seed, as also how to prepare the corn for food. Also in Exodus 31:3-6, Exodus 35:25-26, and Exodus 36:2, how encouraging to read of the Lord putting wisdom into the hearts of men and women to guide their hands, though their work was for the Tabernacle, and ours for the circumstances in which He has placed us, saying, "Occupy until I come." He will as really instruct us as He did them.

How touching also to read of David going to inquire of the Lord about everything with such sweet simplicity, asking whether he should go against his enemies, (2 Samuel 5:19) and pursue those who had robbed him, (1 Samuel 30:8) even telling the Lord of a report he had heard about Saul, and asking if that were true. (1 Samuel 23:10-11) Satan and the carnal mind would say, "It is not right to approach the Lord in such inward confusion; wait until the mind is more calm and spiritual." But David came in the midst of all, bringing his doubts and uncertainties with him, and in all the Lord answered him, so that it was with him as with Jotham—"He became mighty because he prepared his ways before the Lord his God." (2 Chronicles 27:6)

I cannot tell you how precious these thoughts have been to me, or how often I have resorted to them to encourage my heart to trust in the Lord in secular things, and to expect His teaching in daily concerns--great and small. Though I have mentioned it before, I just stir up your mind by way of remembrance, because you seem to be laid upon my heart in this matter. I know the enemy will fight hard to keep you out of this privilege, trying to make it appear that in ’different circumstances’ you could walk more closely with the Lord. This is one of his "devices" to separate us from our God. Oh, for the Spirit’s light to discover his snares of darkness!

We are each in the best place to glorify the Lord; and present events, whether pleasing or painful, are those in which to be seeking Him. In this sense we may safely say, "Whoever is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." (Psalms 107:43) That the Lord may give you this heavenly wisdom in earthly things is the affectionate wish of,

Ruth Bryan.

Chapter 49

01A.14 The world seen in the light of eternity

The world seen in the light of eternity To E. M.

Beloved,

How frail are we! How often reminded that these tabernacles have their foundation in the dust! "Dust you are, and unto dust shall you return;" and thus end all the pride and pomp of vain mortals. A few short days they flutter in the sunbeams of pleasure and earthly prosperity--and then lie down in their lowly bed of dust, until aroused by the voice of the archangel, and the trumpet of God. But in what likeness shall they come forth? Ah! there will be no mistake in that great harvest-day. The seed of the serpent, and the seed of Christ--will doubtless each have their own likeness. According to the sowing will be the reaping, (Matthew 13:37-39) which the Day will declare.

O my dear friend, I do more and more like to see things in the light of eternity, the light of the Spirit, which shows things as they really are, and as the Word declares them. I desire this not for the sake of judging others, but that I may judge myself daily and hourly, (1 Corinthians 11:31) and not be beguiled by this deceitful and desperately wicked heart, which always pleads on the side of the old Adam, urging in time of temptation, "This is not very wrong, and that can be of no great consequence." But ah! away with it all! "There is death in the pot!"

What says the Scripture? "To be carnally minded is death." "If you live after the flesh you shall die." (Romans 8:6, Romans 8:13) "He who sows to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he who sows to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." (Galatians 6:8) I think that these verses do not refer only to the utter death of the unrenewed state, but also to such a deadness in the believer’s experience as "sowing to the flesh" must bring. The truth of this I have sorrowfully proved since quickened into spiritual life, yes, since I have felt Jesus to be precious. And I have had to take to myself the words of Jeremiah 2:17—"Have you not procured this unto yourself, in that you have forsaken the Lord your God, when he led you by the way?"—and know the experience described in a great part of that chapter and the following one. Oh! what a picture they give of this wandering heart! But the return spoken of in Jeremiah 3:12-14, Jeremiah 3:22, is wonderful! "Who is a God like unto You," pardoning "iniquity, transgression, and sin?" for He not only calls us to, but insures our return. (Hosea 14:7) They "shall return," and they "shall revive." This is one of the new-covenant blessings, and a pledge that iniquity shall never be our ruin. Can this lead to presumption or light thoughts of sin? Nay, verily: "How shall we who are dead to sin live any longer therein?" "Sin shall not have dominion over you;" and though the believer falls, "he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholds him with His right hand." He "knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation." He "will not alow you to be tempted above that you are able, but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape." These are sweet promises to a trembling soul that feels it cannot stand a moment alone, and yet longs to walk in the Lord’s way without stumbling; yes, to "run the way of His commandments" with an enlarged heart.

Such may be overtaken in a fault, but they will not trifle with sin. They feel it an evil and bitter thing; and if sure that they are delivered from its final consequences, they want deliverance also from its present power. This is the breathing and panting of a regenerated heart; the new creature, or new man, is "created in righteousness and true holiness," though it dwells in a leprous house. Still its aspirations are after its own element, that of holiness and love; and never will it be satisfied until it awakens with His likeness. No dead soul has these desires: they are signs of life; He has been there who says, "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Precious words to a soul that wants life "more abundantly!"

How thankful I am that you are more spoiled for the world, and that the Holy Spirit is making your conscience tender. I wish every act of conformity to the world may sting like an adder, and bite like a serpent! How cruel of me to think thus! but it is what I wish for myself. I would be as separate from the world in appearance and life, as in heart; and as separate in heart as I shall wish to be altogether when "He shall set the sheep on His right hand, and the goats on His left." Oh, we would not then have one goat’s hair upon us--and yet we often tolerate them now.

Truly, we owe hearty thanks to the convincing Spirit for all His sharp rebukes. He is that faithful friend who will not allow us to sin without a reproof. Smiting is welcome from this righteous One; for it is better to sit in sackcloth and ashes under His discipline, than be a careless one "at ease in Zion." It is true, as you say, we have contending nations within, great and mighty; but the Shulamite is a company of two armies, and the spiritual Joshua says, "As captain of the Lord’s army am I now come." With the Lord on our side, we shall put the foot of faith upon the necks of our enemies, and He will subdue them. Fear not! the battle is the Lord’s! And though you may often feel foiled, it is to teach you where your strength and victory lie; not in any conquests of your own, but in the achievements of your Captain upon Mount Calvary. There see Him bruise the head of Satan, the captain of the Canaanites; there see your sin pierce Him; there see His Father bruise Him, and put Him to grief for your iniquities, and in your stead. Would you know what sin is, what justice is, what pardon is, what love is, what victory is? You must learn all at Calvary and in Gethsemane. I know the Holy Spirit keeps the key of those sacred places; but it is well to wait prayerfully at the gate until it shall be said, in experience, "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." As to the time you have been waiting, it is nothing in comparison with the value of what you are waiting for. The first sight of your name upon the heart of the crucified One, the first beam from His precious eye, will overpay you for an age of painful waiting. To see others stepping in before you, may sometimes cast you down; and the enemy may suggest: "Jesus has no favor for you." Answer him not a word; cry to his Conqueror, "Let my sentence come forth from YOUR presence." Do not be ready to believe hard things of that Friend of sinners, whose heart is made of tenderness. His heart melts with love. When did He cast out a coming sinner? When did He leave a helpless lamb to the wolf? When did He refuse to deliver a distressed soul, crying, "Lord, help me!" My hope of you is steadfast, that as He has begun, so He will finish in you the good work, that together we may witness for the dear Redeemer, that He still "receives sinners, and eats with them." You long to love Him more, and well indeed you may, for He is worthy. But do not forget—"We love Him, because He first loved us." (1 John 4:19) When you can by faith know and believe the love God has to you, your love will flow back again to Him. But now you are doubting and questioning it, which shows your feelings are more under the influence of fear than love. Those whom you see so warm in their love to Him have known and

believed His love to them. In fact, the one is the effect of the other. "The love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit," and then it rises up again to its source. You long to look away from self; but you are like the poor woman who was bent double for eighteen years and was unable to stand up straight. But Jesus will come and break your bands, and make you go upright and look upward. Oh, cry for faith; and may the Lord open to you. I commend you, my precious one, to the infallible Teacher, whose word is with power. In Him I may take a warm adieu,

Ruth.

Chapter 50

01A.15 Encouragements to venture on Christ

Encouragements to venture on Christ To E. M., May 1854. My Very Dear,

I have wished to write a line of inquiry, but having been far from well, had not energy enough to do so. When the people of Israel came to Marah, the waters were bitter, so that they could not drink of them, but the Lord showed Moses a tree, which when he had cast into the waters they were made sweet. "So he cried out to the Lord, and the Lord showed him a tree. When he threw it into the water, the water became drinkable. He made a statute and ordinance for them at Marah and He tested them there." (Exodus 15:25) Thus have I found it many a time. Christ in the trial has taken away the bitterness, and it has been as an "ordinance" to my soul, which has fed upon Him and been strengthened to endure. He has also tested me by these things. Praise, O my soul, Your ever-loving Lord, who changes not. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

I desire to speak to you in love of our glorious Christ, who "has been mindful of us, and will bless us." He will be with us through life in six troubles, and in death, the seventh, He will not forsake us. He is full of pity and of tender mercy to everyone who knows and feels the plague of plagues—that of his own heart. "Go, show yourself to the priest," however bad it be, for "Him has God exalted to be a Prince and a Savior, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." He sweetly invites all who labor and are heavy laden to come to Him, and says, "I will give you rest." Are you weary of SELF, and heavy laden with your sins--and are you coming to Jesus? "Come just as you are," come to Jesus, who says, "Him that comes to me I will never cast out." Not for hardness, coldness, darkness, wandering, past sin, present sin, the guilt which presses at this very moment, nor for any other--will Jesus cast out a coming sinner. The Spirit convinces of sin, the Father draws the sinner, and the Son "receives sinners." So the holy Three in One are engaged in this great work of bringing souls to Jesus; and who or what shall prevent their coming? Shall the world or Satan without, or sin within? Nay, verily, "All that the Father gives me--shall come to me."

But, you say--am I given by the Father? Coming to Jesus is a proof of it; desiring after Jesus is a proof of it; hungering and thirsting for Jesus is a proof of it. Listen not to unbelief and Satan, who would keep you away from the only place of victory. Fall down at His dear feet and tell Him all the truth—the very worst of it; and it may be your heart will melt and your spirit soften into contrition in the doing of it; and it may be He will hold out the scepter and say, "Return unto me, O backsliding daughter; for I am married unto you." But if not so just now, it is better to wait at His threshold than wander; it is better to follow a ’frowning Jesus’ than to parley with a ’smiling world’! And however roughly He may answer, or however long keep silence, He will not cast you out. But why write I thus? It may be you are walking in the light of His countenance, and finding Him near, though in a far off country and a barren land. If so, my heart shall rejoice, and you will forgive any remark that seems out of place. I wish you to draw nearer and nearer to the dear Friend of sinners, and to drink still larger draughts of the river of the water of life, which makes glad the city of God. The Lord bless you, and be not silent to you, and keep you from idols. May your children be kept in their proper place, blessed of the Lord, held in the Lord, and consecrated to the Lord. You will not

wish to gain for them the admiration of the world, because you would shudder if they would hereafter be embraced by it, and embosomed in it. A mother in this vicinity lately lost a precious daughter of sixteen. As she stood over the coffin, she said, "There lies my beautiful girl. Oh, I have been proud of her!" And, turning to a minister who stood beside, "Do you think, sir, the Lord has taken her away on my account, because I was proud of her? I have been too proud of her." I do not know the minister's reply, but that which we are to learn from the mother's deep anguish is very plain—"Flee from idolatry!" The Lord make all grace abound towards you. Your ever affectionately, unworthy,

Ruth.

Isaiah 49:14, Isaiah 49:16. How striking is Isaiah 43:22-26

Chapter 51

01A.16 Christ the Burden-bearer

Christ the Burden-bearer "Cast your burden on the Lord, and He will sustain you." Psalms 55:22 To E. M.

Much-beloved friend,

The above words came to my mind when thinking of your weak health and present anxieties, in both of which I feel tender sympathy. Oh may the Spirit enable you to make use by faith of your heavenly Husband, who is ever present, who is afflicted in all your afflictions, who has delivered, who does deliver, who will yet deliver. May you not be carrying your burdens when you have such a precious Burden-bearer, so able, so willing, who says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble—I will deliver you, and you shall glorify me." Pour out your heart before Him. God is a Refuge for us.

Roll your burdens upon Him as fast as they come upon you. This is a very profitable exercise of faith in the time of tribulation; it is one which He much approves, and which often is the means of bringing the soul into an endearing familiarity with Him, unknown before. Of this, I am a living witness; for it was by means of many weights, and many trials, that I was pressed to try how much I might put upon Him, and brought to know the blessed ’life of faith’ in the every-day occurrences and many perplexities of the wilderness way. I can truly praise Him now for those heavy storms, and "sharp-pointed things," which made every creature help too little, and made me to live in the sympathy of such a heart, and the home of such a love as His. May you, dear friend, have like benefit, and now, even now, find rest in the midst of trouble by realizing that infinite love, power, and wisdom are working all things together for your good, and His glory. May the felt utterance of your heart be "Father, glorify Your name!" May the droppings of the sanctuary this day be refreshing to our souls. With tender and sympathizing love, your grateful and affectionate,

Ruth.

See Mark 4:37-40. If Jesus seems to be asleep in the storm, it is only for the trial of faith. He is watching all the time, and waiting to be gracious!

01A.17 A word of warning against worldly conformity

The Letters of Ruth Bryan, 1805-1860

(The following letter was received under peculiar circumstances. The friend to whom it was addressed had been asked to attend some Highland games, and complied, notwithstanding many doubts whether by so doing she should dishonor her Lord and bring a cloud upon her own soul. On her return home she found this letter lying on her table, written by Ruth without any knowledge of the circumstances, but which truly came as a seasonable word of reproof. It was like an arrow from the bow of the King, drawn at a venture, but directed by the Spirit himself.) A word of warning against worldly conformity "Adam, where are you?" Genesis 3:9 "What are you doing here, Elijah?" 1 Kings 19:9 To E. M., August 5, 1854. My Beloved Friend,

The above questions came to my mind for my beloved friend, I know not why. This evening I have heard a sermon from the last of these passages, and I must send you the substance of a few remarks, though not in the exact words. "What are you doing here, Elijah?" It may be said to some believers, "What are you doing here--inactive and indolent in your Lord’s cause? You were very lively in the service of Satan and the world. Why are you so lethargic in the service of Him who bought you with His blood, and knew what it was to be weary in working for you?"

Again, it may be said to some, "What are you doing here--in a place, or in society, where your Lord is not loved, honored, or known?" Your soul will suffer, your spirituality will be withered, for it is a very tender plant; and it is easily injured. If the believer will be in worldly society, uncalled by Providence, his spirituality is sure to suffer blight. Ah! What are you doing here, Elijah?

"What are you doing here?" it may be said again, when the believer is in the midst of mist and gloom, which hide the Savior from his view. What are you doing here?—you whom I have ransomed—you to whom I have manifested myself—you whom the Spirit has sealed—whom I have loved with an everlasting love—what are you doing here with darkened evidences? Is it not because you are looking into your own heart instead of looking unto Me, and coming unto Me, who am made unto you wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption? The Spirit may discover to us what is in our hearts to abase us and lay us low; but if we look into our hearts to find comfort or encouragement, then our evidences will be darkened, the clouds will gather quickly around us, and our dreariness will grow yet more dreary! What are you doing here, Elijah? We must look away from self, and learn that we are not to live upon past experience, however real, or upon past manifestations, however bright; but we must be seeking for fresh incomings of grace. It is a great lesson which we are very slow in learning, not to live upon grace received. . . . . .

Chapter 53

01A.18 Victory over SELF by abiding in Christ

Victory over SELF by abiding in Christ To E. M., August 14, 1854. My Dear Friend,

You have been rambling among the wonders of nature, but you find, as I have always done, that the works of our Lord’s hands, however lovely, will not do without the love of His heart. If that spring be not open to us, it is all as a dry and thirsty land; but when we have freedom there, then every place is cheerful, and "December is as pleasant as May."

I see, more and more, that we live very far below our privileges in Christ. Some say that they want to hear more of duty and precept; but truly I find duty and precept very dry--and all condemnation without privilege in Christ--that is oil to the wheels. And if we are living by faith in a fulfilled law, and in the Law-fulfiller--the fruits of righteousness will as surely flow out as effect follows cause--for those fruits are only by Christ Jesus. (Php 1:11) Precious things are put forth by the moon, (the Church,) as she receives by faith the precious things brought forth by the sun, (Christ,) and in no other way. Hence we often weary ourselves in vain, because we are looking more after the fruit than the abiding in Him from whom alone it can come. "From Me is your fruit found."

It has been well said, that "in a mere legal way, many believers have toiled all their time for power over some corruptions, who, like Peter and the rest, have caught little or nothing--because Jesus Christ was not in the company." That, you know, is self-effort; and if any fruit were to spring from thence, it would only be to self-pleasing and self-praise—all "wild gourds," which bring "death in the pot!" If we want good fruit--it must spring from the true vine. If we want plenty of fish--it must be by casting on the right side of the ship. If we desire close walking, holy living, much victory, communion, enjoyment--it must come by abiding in Jesus. Hear what Himself says, "Yes, I am the vine; you are the branches. Those who abide in me, and I in them, will produce much fruit. For apart from me you can do nothing." (John 15:5)

O precious Christ-exalting, self-abasing grace of faith--be it ours in lively exercise by the blessed Spirit’s operation, and may Christ be "all in all." It seems to me that we know nothing of His "unsearchable riches;" and yet how we often turn to toys and trifles of time. He is such a precious and full Christ. There is enough in Him to occupy and satisfy all our powers in time and eternity! Oh! send out Your light and Your truth into our hearts; let them lead us and guide us to this Your holy hill; and when our heart is overwhelmed, lead us to this Rock, which is higher than self!

Now, farewell! Every covenant blessing be with you and yours. "They shall be mine--says the Lord Almighty--in that day when I make up my jewels." We tread a thorny desert, but "Judah’s Lion guards the way,

And guides His pilgrims home!"

There we shall meet, from clog and fetter free, to behold our Beloved without a cloud between. Having sipped of the rivers of His pleasure below, we shall drink full draughts above--and in His love and glory be absorbed forever and ever!

Ever most affectionately yours,

Ruth

01A.19 The simplicity of faith

The simplicity of faith To E. M., Thursday, 1854. My very dear,

I trust you will not forget the "near way to the City" of which Mr. S— told us. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved." I have been thinking much lately how the apostles gave this direction to every inquiring soul; but are we not often like Ecclesiastes 10:15 : "The labor of the foolish wearies every one of them, because he knows not how to go to the city." Then how sweetly come in the words of our dear Lord, "Come unto me all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

If we toil for twenty years, we must come to this at last: "believe and be saved." May the Holy Spirit bring you there and keep you there, "that you may know that you have eternal life, and that you may believe on the name of the Son of God." May He take away the dominion of that giant sin, UNBELIEF, though its life is to be prolonged for a season. Goliath, the uncircumcised Philistine, came forth only to be cut down; may it be so in your soul with the unbelief which seems increasingly to trouble you. The Lord give you faith to put this foe into His hands. Your very affectionately,

Ruth

Chapter 55

01A.20 A seeking soul encouraged to come to the

A seeking soul encouraged to come to the Lord’s Table "Don’t be afraid, because I know you are looking for Jesus who was crucified." Matthew 28:5 To E. M.

Much-loved,

You are, indeed, on my heart as regards the coming solemnity of the Lord’s Supper. I feel that it is a matter between the Lord and the soul, and dare not press your attendance lest I bring you further into bonds. But I may venture to say that the Lord’s table is a feast for the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind; also for such as feel they are outside, wandering in the highways and hedges. It was for such the true Paschal Lamb was slain; surely then such are welcome to the emblems of His death and sufferings, of His body broken and His blood shed. If a sense of sin and unworthiness is not to keep us from Jesus the substance of the feast, should it prevail to hold us back from the shadow and type thereof? Would any self-improvement or self-delight be a suitable preparation for this ordinance? Are we not rather to come with the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves--and so to embrace the Rock for lack of a shelter? Are we not thus to come, feeling that we deserve death, and showing forth that we have no hope of escape but by the obedience, blood-shedding, and death of the worthy Lamb? The woman who was a sinner came to weep at the feet of Jesus before she had sense of forgiveness; and though she presumed to wash those holy feet with her polluted tears, He did not rebuke her, but sent pardon sweetly home to her heart, and she went away with all her sins forgiven. (Luke 7:48)

True, it is sweet to come to the table under a sense of pardoning love, but I believe it is safe to come hungering and thirsting for this assurance. "He fills the hungry with good things, and the rich He has sent empty away." It is sweet to come with the sacrifice of praise, singing, "Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood;" but it is safe to come with the sacrifice of a broken spirit, for such the Lord will not despise. (Psalms 51:17) Surely those who come with the blessing, and those who come for the blessing, are each bidden guests, for who could make a soul hungry and thirsty but the master of the feast? Christ is the only passover from sin to salvation, from condemnation to justification; therefore to be knocking at this door, in every appointed means, seems a suitable exercise for those who are feeling their sin and condemnation. To take the bread and wine clinging and crying to a crucified Savior, does not look like receiving unworthily, since He has said, "Do this in remembrance of me;" and what better response than "Dear Lord, remember me." May the Divine Spirit guide you in this matter; and if, like Esther, you are led to venture without a positive call from the King, I shall desire to pray as he of old, "May the Lord, who is good, pardon everyone who sets his heart on seeking God--the Lord, the God of his fathers--even if he is not clean according to the rules of the sanctuary," (has not free exercise of that faith which purifies the heart, or sweet application of that blood which cleanses from all sin.) "And the Lord hearkened to Hezekiah, and healed the people." (2 Chronicles 30:18-20) "What, do you think that He will not come to the feast?" Let us invite Him, and ask Him to make our new heart manifestly His guest-chamber, where the passover shall be truly eaten in His presence. Who can

tell but we may have to say that He was known of us in breaking of bread. But if not, be it ever with us as Habakkuk 2:1-3, and the Lord (the Spirit) "direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ." (2 Thessalonians 3:5) He is worth waiting for, and says, "those who wait for me shall not be ashamed." May that be your privilege, whether you come to the feast, or whether you be absent (Revelation 22:17; John 7:37) Excuse all this in true affection, from your unworthy,

Ruth

Chapter 56

01A.21 Christ the only Physician for a sin-sick soul

Christ the only Physician for a sin-sick soul To E. M., 1854.

"But now He has appeared one time, at the end of the ages, for the removal of sin by the sacrifice of Himself!" Hebrews 9:26

Dearly-beloved friend,

These rich words still follow me. That word "sin" feels weighty to a sensible sinner. But oh! that word "Himself!" seems a million times more weighty! "Himself!" the mighty God, the precious Man Christ Jesus! "Himself!" by whom all things were created, and for whom they exist! "Himself!" whose smile is heaven, whose frown is hell; whom all angels worship, and all devils obey! "Himself!" the sacrifice! Such another could not be found! Sins deep as hell and high as heaven cannot overmatch it, for it is infinite! Sins of scarlet and crimson dye cannot resist its power, for it makes them whiter than snow. See as as much as you can of the vileness of self, and the demerit of sin--yet "Himself," a bleeding sacrifice, exceeds it all! Here is the sweet-smelling savor, or savor of rest, both to the Lawgiver and the lawbreaker. The Lawgiver is honored, the lawbreaker is saved!

See how He stands most lovingly, as with open arms, saying to every laboring, weary, heavy-laden sinner, "Come!" "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." "I still receive sinners, to the uttermost I save them, and never am weary of healing their backslidings, forgiving all their iniquities, and multiplying pardons as they multiply transgressions against Me. I blot all out with My blood, and love them freely and forever." Sinner, will not this suffice? It will if the Spirit applies it--and opens in a little measure Himself and His sacrifice in contrast to yourself and your sins. It will take eternity to know it fully; but that your heart may find rest and refreshing in it now, is the affectionate prayer of His gleaner,

Ruth

Chapter 57

01A.22 A foretaste of glory

A foretaste of glory To E. M, August 15, 1855.

"Your eyes shall see the King in His beauty." Isaiah 33:17

Ever-dear friend,

Although we have met so seldom lately, I am glad to find our hearts still beat in unison. When I read of your pleasant 'Highland tour', and its grand scenery, it made my heart bound, for I love the beauties of Nature. But my spirit quickly turned to its own anticipations; for, you know, dearest friend, I expect before long fully to enjoy High-land scenery too. I am looking forward to my eternal change, and delivered from the chilling damps of flesh and blood; to the being raised above the vapors of these lowlands, blissfully to range the mountains of myrrh and hills of frankincense in unclouded day; and, more steadily than the eagle, to gaze all the while upon the Sun!

O my glorious Christ, what will it be to see You, face to face, in Your own light! to see "the King in His beauty," and be absorbed in Your love! This is the climax of love's anticipations; these are the mountains of myrrh and hills of frankincense; even His perfections, His glory, and His transporting charms! Oh! methinks how riveted I shall be; eternal ages will roll on, but still my eyes and heart will have room for no other object but for Him, who died for my sake, but is alive again—my Lord, my life, my all!

Those love-prints in His hands, and feet, and side; that precious body broken for you and for me; we shall behold, we shall gaze upon them; and from the scars of those once bleeding wounds, unutterable radiations of glory will beam forth forever. There we shall eternally see that He was crucified for us—the slain Lamb! Truly, I feel that mortality could not bear it; such "new wine" would burst the "old skin" but mortality shall be swallowed up of life, and then shall I be satisfied when I awake with Your likeness.

Modern believers rebuke my deep longings to be "away in the land of praises;" yet in the works of the dear old writers I find warm-hearted companions, who step on far beyond me in foretasting the glory which is to be revealed. I am not afraid of walking in such company, because it is God, the Eternal Spirit, who enlarges my heart with desire for this land of Beulah, and gives me a sip of the ocean of love, which none can have without longing for the full draught—yes, to launch out into the ocean itself, and be ever filled!

I am very fond of 1 Corinthians 2:10—"We know these things because God has revealed them to us by his Spirit;" and 1 Corinthians 2:12 : "we have received . . . the Spirit which is of God, so we can know the wonderful things God has freely given us,"—not only possess them, which every believer does, but know them—have them opened and set out before our spiritual mind; and then out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak of heavenly treasures. I shall desire to be looking up to the Lord for you, that you may banquet with the King at the coming communion; and forget self with its poverty and misery, while He says, "Fear not, I have redeemed you! You are

mine!"

Luke 24:29 has been very delightful to me; that word, "constrained," how wonderful! This ’constraining Jesus to abide’ is still done by faith in the Spirit’s operation. The King sweetly allows Himself to be held in the galleries of the new heart: "The kingdom of heaven has been forcefully advancing, and forceful men lay hold of it." But how unbelief weakens; it is like, "The Philistines are upon you, Samson;" and when his secret of faith is shorn away he is weak indeed.

Those words, "those who dwell under His shadow shall return," have also been very precious to me. That "shall return" is in some seasons worth more than words can express. Adieu! duty calls me away; but my heart would sit still at His dear feet, receiving the gracious words which fall from His lips!

Yours,

Ruth

Chapter 58

01A.23 A Christmas feast on Christmas-day

A Christmas feast on Christmas-day "My soul follows hard after You, Your right hand upholds me." To E. M., December 23, 1855.

Dearest Friend,

Is your heart with my heart this morning? If so, you will join me in following hard after Him who is our glory and joy, and who is the substance of every type. In finding Him, we do indeed inherit substance, whatever be the changes in our frames and feelings. My soul is longing after Him as my Christmas portion and my Christmas cheer; for the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food, and to be feeding upon Him by faith is a foretaste of heaven, where the Lamb Himself shall feed us and lead us to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes!

Now, therefore, in the wilderness let us be seeking HIM, not seeking merely pleasant sensations of His manifested love and presence—but Himself, for they who so seek shall not be ashamed. Have you thought of Acts 10:11-12, Acts 10:16, and Acts 11:5, Acts 11:10? All those ceremonially unclean creatures were let down from heaven and drawn up into heaven again, no doubt primarily referring to the Gentiles; but surely that sheet also typified the covenant in which the whole redeemed family were let down to earth, and all shall be drawn up again into heaven. It seems to be the same with the younger children as with the Elder Brother; He came from God and went to God.

Christmas-day—I now must finish this in His name which is above every name, and which is truly at this time as ointment poured forth in my soul. I seem to be drinking living water from the well of Bethlehem, and would pour it out again unto the Lord by sending it to some of my loved ones for whom I intensely long--that they may have a Christmas blessing, being filled with the Holy Spirit.

I am all alone in the house, and have had a royal feast in the blessed company of the King, who drew near so lovingly that my soul melted, my tears flowed, and with a glad heart, though unmusical voice, I heartily sang--"Crown Him Lord of all!" I think much of that celestial concert in which a multitude of the heavenly host sing His worthy praise.

I once scarcely thought to have been here another Christmas—but He who wills it is making it all up me, for surely this is the land of Beulah. He has brought me into His banqueting-house, and His banner over me is love. Love brought Him from the bosom of the Father. Love made Him take our nature into His own, and thus come under the law as our Husband, by circumcision acknowledging Himself a debtor to do it all, not for Himself but for us. We are dead to the law by the doings of Christ--as He fulfilled its every jot and tittle, and endured all its penalty. Since, therefore, we are now married to Him, whatever the law has to say about us must be said to Him. He has "redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." It was for this He took the prepared body; it was for the suffering of death He was made a little while lower than the angels. His "goings forth" towards this were from everlasting--and since time began, promise and prophecy, type and shadow, symbol and ceremony--have all been full of Him.

There is a veil over all these holy things which none but the Spirit can remove—but when He does so, the soul in which Jesus has been revealed, leaps for joy, as David did before the Ark. In His birth, too, there was a covering of lowliness, so that none but the Spirit-taught mind could discern the Savior-King or know the Lord of glory. But oh! the amazing privilege of those to whom this blessed Spirit has been as the star in the East--so that from the very ends of the earth they are brought, saying, "We have come to worship Him." That privilege is ours. We have felt the need of Him, have seen His suitability, and are brought to partake of the saving benefit. What can we render? We can only sink deeper in the debt of love by joyfully receiving more, as I, a most unworthy worm, do this happy Christmas-day. The mystery of iniquity is great—but the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh, is greater, and swallows the other up in the ocean of redeeming blood, so that when the iniquity of Jacob is sought for it shall not be found, and of Israel there shall be none. O precious Babe of Bethlehem, how wondrous was Your errand to this land of curse. Though so little and lowly, You traveled down to earth in the greatness of Your strength mighty to save. Sweetly has my heart been feeling of You, "This same shall comfort us." (Genesis 5:29) Fare-well! With much warm love, your ever affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 59

01A.24 To the Dove in the cleft of the Rock

To the Dove in the cleft of the Rock

"A man there is, a real man,

With wounds still gaping wide,

From which rich streams of blood once ran,

In hands, and feet, and side." To E. M., December 31, 1855. My Dearly Beloved,

In His fragrant name I must greet you at this time in remembrance of His mercy, whereby He visited you with His salvation, and took off your garments of heaviness, and covered you with the robes of righteousness and praise; when the "banner of love" was over you, the arms of love were embracing you, the object of love was filling your heart, and you only wanted the wings of love to flee away and rest forever in the dear delights of His unveiled presence, who was then revealed as your "Ishi"—your heavenly husband. (Hosea 2:18)

Oh, it was mercy to you, and to me also. We cannot forget it, and would sing His worthy praise, who from all eternity had thoughts of peace to you. (Psalms 103:1-22) Ah! dearest friend, you felt as I did when I found him—as in Luke 8:38. But He sent us back to learn the excellent life of faith, and do as Luke 8:39. Oh! forever fresh anointings with fresh oil to do it more and more feeling.

I do think this is a safe and sure way to be separated from the world and those who have a form of godliness only. Such strains of love and felt salvation are too warm for them. But having felt the cure, we must speak well of our Divine Healer. I wish you a fresh baptism into Him (Romans 6:3-6) by the power of the Spirit, that it may be your very element to tell "to sinners round, what a dear Savior you have found;" or to be silent for His sake where you cannot speak to His honor, saying of all worldly and flesh-feeding converse, "But because of my fear of God, I did not act that way"—the fear of love. And for all these things your Lord says, "My grace is sufficient for you." In all our journey through this fallen flesh-and-blood condition, our Divine Judah is with us! He has stood surety to our Father to bring us safely back, and set us before Him with joy; and on Him it devolves to guide, provide, and speak for us, when guilt is evidently charged home, as in Genesis 44:12-18. Judah was the advocate. (1 John 2:1) We do not hear that the accused Benjamin spoke a word. In like manner He, our Judah, will also speak through us when we long to honor Him—but feel unable to say a word in His name. He is our strength for everything, and we need not fear to use Him or trouble Him too much. We are too shy this way, through conferring with flesh and blood.

I have been enjoying Jesus through Ezekiel 22:30-31 --"I searched for someone to stand in the gap in the wall so I wouldn’t have to destroy the land, but I found no one. So now I will pour out my fury on them, consuming them in the fire of my anger. I will heap on them the full penalty for all their sins, says the Sovereign Lord." A man was sought for to stand in the gap; but none being found, the indignation and wrath came upon the guilty party. It must fall somewhere—God’s

judgment must be executed. But mark the contrast. For us a Man is found! He comes forth from the invisibility of Jehovah, and in the likeness of man undertakes our cause, which he had espoused with our persons in eternity, when the council of peace was between them both. He saw there was no man, therefore He said, "Here am I, send Me!" And in the fullness of time He came and stood in the gap, and filled up the breach in the law; and on His holy head fell our storm of wrath and punishment! Thus He became our covert and hiding-place! And because the Holy Jesus was taken and executed, the guilty Barabbas is set free; for there must needs be one released at that feast of the Passover, because it commemorated the release of Israel from Egypt, which typified the release of the spiritual Israel, by the blood of the true paschal Lamb. How has my soul melted in viewing Him thus—as my door of hope and way of escape. All our deliverances come by the blood of the everlasting covenant; and every new view of it brings forth a new song to His praise! May you have the renewings of the Holy Spirit in recounting the benefits of the past year, and may a precious Jesus be the Alpha and Omega of the one just approaching.

You are going to have walks through the Tabernacle. (This refers to some proposed lectures on the Typical Character of the Tabernacle.) May the blessed Spirit take off the coverings, that, from the door to the mercy-seat, every whit of it may set forth His glory!

Sweetly remembering what a summer Sun you had last winter, and wishing you frequent renewals of His healing beams, I rest in Him with much tender love. Your own affectionate, unworthy,

Ruth

Chapter 60

01A.25 Spiritual Declension (part 1)

Spiritual Declension (part 1) To E. M., February, 1856.

Much-beloved in Jesus,

In His ever-fragrant name I desire again to commune with you in Him and of Him; that in so doing He may be exalted, and our hearts caused anew to burn with His love, which is the source of ours—His love being the cause, our love the effect. It is self-evident that the more we have to do with the cause, the more freely effects will flow. Hence our dear Lord says, "Continue you in my love;" (John 15:9) not thereby implying that His love can be turned away from its objects—but exhorting us to a continued realization or apprehending of His love by the lively acting of a Spirit-wrought faith. Thus will our little spark be increasing into a flame by constant communication with the fire from whence it springs. Of this communication faith seems to be the medium; and if this precious grace is not kept in healthy exercise upon the person and work, the sufferings and death, the blood and righteousness of our dear Redeemer--the soul will be sure to become languid and drooping in its spiritual condition. Prayer, praise, love, joy, peace, and all other graces--will be at a low water-mark. And whatever external appearances or profession there may be, the heart will be conscious of distance and shyness with its Lord.

You know I am speaking of one who has been quickened by the Spirit, and is a living soul, for we may be alive but not lively. We may be active in our Lord’s cause—but not spiritual in our own souls. We may be earnest for the salvation of others—but not be living in the joys of salvation ourselves. We may be instrumentally distributing the bread and water of life—but not be enjoying daily refreshment in our own experience. I do sorrowfully think that this is too much the case in the present day; according to that Scripture, "They made me the keeper of the vineyards—but my own vineyard have I not kept." May we not say, as our Lord did upon another subject, "These things you should have done without neglecting the others." The reason why I thus judge, is from finding people so lively in conversing upon what they are doing for the Lord, yet so slow to speak of what He is doing for them. They seem delighted to tell of the great things which are going on all around—but immediately shrink back if any heart-subject is brought home to them. In fact, if one speaks of personal enjoyment of the love, blood, and salvation of Jesus, there is no response from some—but they put it down to the score of egotism. While others refer to years past, when they did feel Him to be precious—but they confess that they know little of it now. They are so occupied in what they call working for Him, that they hear little from Him, say little to Him, enjoy little of Him, and may truly say, "While I was busy here and there, He had left."

It is most lamentable for any living soul to be in constant religious engagements for the good of others, while following Jesus "afar off." Very many such I fear there are, as well as hundreds who only know Him in the judgment, and yet are continually reading, teaching, and conversing on His blessed name. This is a day of great profession—but yet real vital godliness is at a low ebb, and close walking with God in sweet communion is too little sought after. Solemn, indeed, are these facts; we may well say, with David, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my

thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me: and lead me in the way everlasting."

You will not much wonder that I have been led into this train of thought, because we have, more than once, touched upon the subject in conversation; and indeed, dearest friend, I feel more and more the deep importance of being kept in a freshness of experience by the anointings of the Spirit; so that whatever engagements we may have for the good of others, and however abundantly we may be laboring for their salvation, there should still be a constant communication kept up with our dear Lord, and our souls should never rest satisfied without freedom at Court. To be constantly employed in errands for the King, and never to see His face, hear His voice, or receive a token from Him; oh! how chilling to one who has enjoyed His love, has sat under His shadow with great delight, and has found His fruit sweet to the taste. How unsatisfying to one truly longing to taste that the Lord is gracious. The former may well say, "Restore unto me the joy of your salvation," and the latter, "Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that you bear unto your people! Oh visit me with your salvation!" When we are enjoying personal fellowship with the King, and by faith walking in Him and living on Him, then will His messages be most warmly delivered, being fresh from Himself. Then will there be evidently a sweet savor of Him, as well as a good word for Him.

I cannot tell you how sad it is to my heart when I find this savor lacking in some who have been long in the Lord’s ways, and active in serving Him too. They are cumbered with many things, and too little alone with Jesus, without which we shall become like salt which has lost its savor. It makes me mourn for them, and tremble for myself, thinking of some passages which have often brought me to great searchings of heart, and wrestlings with the Lord; Matthew 5:13; Hosea 10:2, "Their heart is divided, now shall they be found faulty;" and much of Jeremiah 2:1-37, and also Revelation 2:4, "I have something against you, because you have left your first love." It matters not what great works there be if the spice of love be lacking.

Oh may our gracious Lord bring us closer and closer to Himself, and cause us to dwell in love, and "to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passes knowledge." May He fill us with the Spirit, that by His power we may so testify of what we taste and hear and see, that other hearts may be kindled with desire to enjoy the same blessed fellowship, even as the beloved apostle said, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that you also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. These things write we unto you, that your joy may be full." He desired that they might have joy in the Lord; and the kingdom of God is not in word but in power; it is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. These are things with which the stranger to God intermeddles not, for such have only to do with the outworks—but "the kingdom of God is within you." "Therefore, since we are receiving a kingdom that cannot be shaken, let us be thankful, and so worship God acceptably with reverence and awe, forour God is a consuming fire."

Oh what an unspeakable mercy, that by the spirit of adoption we can say, "our God," and "our Father;" and though He be a consuming fire to those on whom sin is found, yet has He made for us a "way of escape" by the blood of our Elder Brother; having laid upon Him all our iniquities. These briars and thorns were set against Him in battle, and on His sacred person did the fire of divine justice burn them up altogether. Oh let us turn aside from creature things and see this great

sight, for it is heart-warming and Christ-endearing, to see the bush of humanity in that devouring fire, and yet unconsumed; to behold our precious Surety enduring all the bitter anguish until every sin of His chosen was expiated, and He could triumphantly say, "It is finished." That was indeed "the conqueror's song," and with joy it is re-echoed again and again from the believing heart by the power of the blessed Spirit. "It is finished, and finished for me." The personality of it is the sweetness; here is food for faith, here is a feast for love. In such believing views of a crucified Savior we get raised above the things of a dying world; and, in realizing by faith our union with Him, we can say, "I am crucified with Christ;" then He becomes our life, that we which live should henceforth live only for Him. (2 Corinthians 5:14-15) This is a heart-warming subject—but I must cease. May we have more and more experience of it in the heart, and never be left to rest in the mere "talk of the lips," which "tends only to poverty" of soul. There is a talking of Christ which is impoverishing, that is, when the lips outrun the heart; but when He is dwelling there by faith, and causing His Naphtali to give goodly words of Him, (Genesis 49:21) in such scattering there is increasing; He is honored, and the soul refreshed.

Oh may He pour out His Spirit upon His people to quicken the dead, and arouse the living who may be in a sleepy state of soul, who need their lamps trimming and their loins girding afresh. May there be great searchings of heart, causing the inquiry--Why, being a King's child, should there be leanness from day to day? Is there not a cause? Is there not bread enough in the Father's house? or, rather, has there not been a turning away from His spiritual provision to some beggarly elements of the creature or the world. May the Lord in mercy restore all such to their first love, and also lead them on to those more blessed revelations of Himself which are to be enjoyed even in the house of our pilgrimage. I will yet be inquired of by the house of Israel, says the Lord Almighty, to do it for them. The Lord ever bless you with sweet and close communion with Himself. A warm adieu, with tender love, from your ever affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 61

01A.26 Spiritual Declension (part 2)

Spiritual Declension (part 2) To E. M., March 1856.

Much-beloved in Jesus,

I must send you another thought or two on our last subject. You know it was Spiritual Declension, and consequent lack of savor and unction in living souls. We were especially considering the cases of those who have been kept accurate in all outward observances, active in works of charity, and even been zealous promoters of the salvation of others. Sad, indeed, is a case like this; but I am forcibly arrested with the possibility of such being convicted of the state—but not converted from it. An acknowledgment of wandering is not return; a consciousness of a dry, barren state is not restoration. Perhaps you can hardly conceive a living soul, convinced of being in the wrong and lingering there, without earnestly and diligently seeking after the right—but I can; for this bad, bad heart has experienced what drowsiness and listlessness sometimes follow sleep, when there is no heart to arise and call upon the Lord for deliverance. Seeing the case to be bad, we just shrink from knowing it fully, and fear rather to be thoroughly aroused to reap painfully what has been sown to the flesh, than desire at any cost to be brought back to close communion with our God.

Look at Jonah: he knew he was a wanderer—but there seemed no anxiety to return; he would rather forget it in sleep. The storm was the Lord’s messenger to oblige the man to awaken him, and the fish His servant to swallow him up; so that from his senseless sleep he must go down to "the belly of hell," to make him heartily call upon his God; and from that low place the sweet song was to be put into his mouth, "Salvation is of the Lord." Not only salvation from hell is of the Lord—but also the many experimental salvations which we need on our pilgrim journey. And oh! it is a blessed salvation to be brought near when there has been a following of "Jesus afar off;" and by His precious blood to be purged and cleansed from our own doings, works, and inventions, when they have come to be like a crowd between the soul and Him. It is blessed to have any secret thing taken away which makes the consolations of God small with us. But here is the trying point—whatever is between God and the soul must be taken away to restore nearness; and this is a sacrifice at which most of us tremble, finding it easier to condemn the wrong in others, and even to acknowledge it in ourselves, than to ask the Lord honestly and heartily to take it away. As I said before, there are many in this busy but cold-hearted day, many of the Lord’s people who are most active and energetic in His service—but the cream of their communion is gone, and the fire of love has languished. There are sounds of Jesus and salvation on the lips—but none of His sweet savor flowing from their hearts, nor any of His fresh tokens to tell to those who fear His name. (Psalms 66:16) Some are in a measure aroused to a sense of their state—but are not delivered from it; they know that it is not with them as in years gone past—but they are too busy to give close attention to personal facts, and to be really diligent to know the state of their own flocks and herds. (Proverbs 27:23) They desire a change in their experience—but have not time to seek it, and in this sense are like the slothful who "desires and has nothing." (Proverbs 13:4) All their energies go

out another way, and they are too closely occupied with their religious engagements to follow their Lord, who withdrew from the multitude into the wilderness and prayed, and who another time "went up into a mountain to pray," and on another occasion "continued all night in prayer to God." O my beloved, did the immaculate Lamb of God so much use retirement and prayer, as we find by many portions of Scripture He did? How much more do we need it who have sin dwelling in us, and often working under the most specious forms! The truth is, we cannot thrive without it. Where the experience has indeed become as a wilderness, what double need there is to withdraw from the cases of others, and cry mightily unto God to make that "wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Where there has been much talking about gospel day—but long, long night within, what cause is there to withdraw from all, and wrestle with Him, who "turns the shadow of death into morning." (Amos 5:8) In so doing the feeling of the wilderness state will probably deepen before the rejoicing returns, and the night will seem to grow darker before the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness rises again upon the soul. Still, the blessed Spirit can enable us to endure; and though He keeps the soul waiting for the Sun and watching for Him, "more than those who watch for the morning," yet such experience shall not be in vain, for "blessed are those who wait for Him," and "they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." However weak they have become, the Lord does renew His people’s youth like the eagles, and causes them to sing as in the day when He brought them up out of Egypt.

It may seem presumptuous in me thus to speak of the state of useful active Christians; but if some are watching while others are working, they should give the result of their observations for the general good; and especially if they discover danger, should give an alarm. Now this is just what I feel. I am fast nearing eternity, and am proving the deep importance of having matters clear between God and the soul. Moreover, He has been pleased to give me much close retirement with Himself, and a little power of observing what is going on in the Church. Finding, therefore, many active members of the royal family shy at court, and having very little personal fellowship with the King, my heart yearns towards them, and the love of Christ constrains me to say, "My brethren, these things ought not so to be;" "shall not God search this out? for He knows the secrets of the heart," and if the searching out should be on the deathbed, and the wood, hay, and stubble have to be burned up then, how bitter would it be. Oh, I would cry mightily unto God for myself, and the whole living family, that by His Spirit He would search our hearts as with a candle, and discover to us wherein they are in any measure departing from Himself; also that He would not let us shrink from the light when we feel some convictions of an evil—but cause us to desire and seek to know it fully, and to be brought to the light to have our deeds reproved, and our souls delivered as a bird from the snare of the fowler.

I earnestly desire to know the real state of my case, and to have my soul laid open to the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God;" for whom He loves He wounds, and whom He wounds He will heal. Faithful are the wounds of this Friend, though painful; and I would rather covet them than hear Him say--’Let her alone; she has loved idols, after idols let her go.’ Oh no, my precious Jesus; I could not bear that, even for a little while; I want to be continually with You in my own experience, to know much of Your mind, enjoy much of Your love, and daily to walk with You in endearing communion. I want this also for the whole living family, and would especially plead for those zealous workers who are promoting every means to bring others to You, yet themselves rarely see Your face or hear Your voice, and yet are not in mourning about it. Oh, grant them a revival, a

re-quickening, a return, and a daily partaking of those fruits they are commending to others. Put in Your pierced hand by the hole of the door of their heart, and cause their affections to be moved for You, (Song of Solomon 5:4) that with earnest longings they may say, "I will rise now," and go forth and "seek Him whom my soul loves." (Song of Solomon 3:2)

O precious Savior, we would seek You for them, and seek You with them, for our soul can never be satisfied with dwelling at Jerusalem without seeing the King's face. Shine on us, shine in us, shine through us; and in such light there will be living warmth. Bring us to sit at Your dear feet, and lean upon Your bosom, and through much communion with You to be fragrant with Your perfumes, and thus to be refreshing to each other. Thus shall the Three-one Jehovah have glory, to whom Your poor handmaid gives heartfelt, though feeble praise: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from everlasting to everlasting. Amen, and amen."

One word more, dearest friend. The thought arose in my mind, What is the best means to be used for one conscious of decay, and longing to be restored to freshness of experience? Of course a fresh view of Jesus by faith—"Look unto me, and be saved." "They looked unto Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed;" and the place to get this view is the Throne of grace—"Pour out your heart before Him." When the Lord was promising a gracious return to Israel He said—"With weeping and with supplication will I lead them." While thinking thus, I opened the blessed Book, and was forcibly arrested with these words about the transfiguration of our blessed Lord, "And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered." Oh, it did tell upon my heart, which went forth in earnest longings that such souls as have descended, in whom the fine gold has become dim, might, in an experimental sense, have it fulfilled in them; being by the Spirit brought into fervent prayer, and as they pray, the fashion of their spiritual countenance might be altered from dimness to brightness, by the glory of their Lord arising afresh upon them, as in Isaiah 60:1, and 2 Corinthians 3:18. May we also constantly experience the same, for I feel how much we need these Divine renewings. I do like to have some personal applications of what I write or say, without which we are apt to fall into a mere intellectual way of speaking or writing, which is not wholesome for the soul, and helps to bring about the dearth we have been lamenting. And now may He, to whom all power belongs, bless what is His, pardon what is mine, and give you that profit in reading which, to His praise I confess, He has granted me in writing—He knows how to speak a word in season. Oh, what joy will it be to get home and see our Savior face to face! In Him I remain, with much warm love, your ever affectionate,

Ruth—less than the least.

Chapter 62

01A.27 The blessedness of separation from the world

The blessedness of separation from the world To E. M., May 5, 1856.

"No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon."

"The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Whoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God."

Much-beloved friend,

How welcome was your letter; and how does my heart feel for you in the stand which you are called to make at this time for the Lord. May you be filled with the Spirit to testify plainly that such things come of the flesh, in which no good thing dwells, and that they lead to evil, even to walking after the flesh, which brings death into the experience, according to Romans 8:13. Mark how strong is the expression—"Mortify the deeds of the body." The carnal mind would like to mix with the world, and to compromise a little, desiring not to seem singular—but to let religion appear pleasant and agreeable to all, enjoying innocent amusements and recreations, serving God in this way as well as by other means, and letting both the old man and the new man have their part.

How very many are now deluding themselves with such a profession as this, which is a mere false light leading them on to the pit of perdition. But we "have not so learned Christ." We know experimentally, that if the old man feeds--the new man starves, and that they cannot both fatten and strengthen at the same time. Moreover, we solemnly fear that those who can willingly mix with the world, and find no painful effects from it, have not the true life which feels where death is, or the true light which discovers darkness and evil deeds. They may "chew the cud," (Leviticus 11:3-8) in a lower sense by talking of the things of God; but they do not "divide the hoof" by separating from the enemies of God; for "friendship with the world is enmity with God." What strong language! We are taught that none are clean in God’s account but such as spiritually "chew the cud" and "divide the hoof" also. His word is a separating word, His Spirit is a separating spirit, His command is to "Come out and be separate," and the love of Christ constrains those who are spiritually alive to live not "unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again." "The Lord has set apart him who is godly for Himself;" and in whatever measure or manner such "mingle themselves with the seed of men" (Daniel 2:43) they must suffer experimental hindrance and loss, for they will find it like being clogged with "miry clay"--and who then can be healthily "running the race," "fighting the good fight," or using the dove’s wings. (Psalms 68:13) This will never answer, my beloved friend; and whoever would persuade you to such things, less or more, it must be said, "This persuasion comes not of Him that calls you," for He persuades Japheth to "dwell in the tents of Shem," not with the children of Ham. Your love will bear with me in saying this, though you know these things, and are fully persuaded of this present truth—and likely it is that you will be called more and more to carry it out in a practical way as you go on. Perhaps the Lord may even require of you to separate more from those who oppose your separation from the

world, for He has said, "Bad company corrupts good character." And if these people profess not to be of the world--yet they do not "hate the garments spotted with the flesh," which He has told us to do. Do not be alarmed, my dear friend; it is most blessed to forsake all for Christ; and when He calls you to any new forsaking, He will command your strength for it; yes, the more He circumcises your heart to love Him, and your lips to witness of and for Him, the more will you find mere professors to forsake you. They do not like such warm-hearted company, and if they cannot win you over to their cold-water system, they will get tired of the effects of your spiced wine, which causes the lips of those who are asleep to speak of Him whom the soul loves. Nor should I think you an object of pity—but rather of congratulation, if, from the above cause, these compromising ones should go out, one by one, and leave you alone with Jesus and His despised remnant. The more we lose for him--the more we find in Him; and to get rid of anything that is between us and Him is a gainful loss. Fear not. "His reward is with Him," and a rich one it is, even the unfolding and enjoyment of Himself. Hear Him say, "Listen to me, O royal daughter; take to heart what I say. Forget your people and your homeland far away. For your royal husband delights in your beauty; honor him, for he is your lord." (Psalms 45:10-11) It seems as if cleaving to the first Adam family is like a cloud or veil over the beauty of the spouse—forsake them, so shall the king desire, yes greatly desire, your beauty, which they cannot see or appreciate. How encouraging are these things for you, though many may rise up against you.

How I have run on! Love oils the wheels and moves the pen—love to Jesus, and love to you, and earnest longing that you may never be drawn into the "doubtful territory," or listen to those who "only consult to cast you down from your excellency." You may remember that true saying, "Those who will needlessly mix with the world and worldly professors shall only enjoy a partial Christ." Oh, may you never rest without enjoying a whole Christ and the fullness of Christ, and ever fresh revealings of Him.

I am proving this a place of tribulation—but am joyful in Him, and desire to live by the moment within that small safe enclosure--"Your will be done." Self is, indeed, a loathsome object, and all its words and deeds have a very ill savor; but He is our place of refuge from it all. The fountain of His blood, the robe of His righteousness, the arm of His power, and the bosom of His love just suit us as we travel through this dreary, dusty desert, encumbered with "the body of this death." And so while one makes us groan, the other makes us sing, "Thanks be unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Farewell, my dear friend. Soon will the shadows of time flee away, and we shall see our Beloved face to face. With much warm love in Him, I remain, your ever affectionate but unworthy,

Ruth

I wish you the experience of Numbers 14:24. "But since My servant Caleb has a different spirit and has followed Me completely, I will bring him into the land where he has gone, and his descendants will inherit it."

01A.28 The fullness of Christ

The fullness of Christ

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

"I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto you, O Lord, will I sing." To E. M., May 1856.

My tenderly loved friend,

I cannot tell you with what mingled feelings I read your last note. It is a solace in this desert land, "when spirit can with spirit blend," in Him and His precious love; but I have reason to believe that Sovereignty shines even in this. May we not safely conclude that our gracious Lord keeps the "fellowship of hearts" under His own control, for His own glory as much as anything else? I am fond of that saying: "True friendship is one soul in two bodies." This explains being understood without effort, and in spiritual things is both helpful and delightful; for in trying to make others understand we sometimes get into confusion ourselves, and almost mystify to our own minds what before was simple and plain.

How sweet was that portion of Scripture which was applied to you—how precious that covenant word "yet," which bears down all creature unworthiness. Oh! what free love, free grace, free mercy flows to poor sinners through the bleeding heart of a crucified Savior--all without money and without price! It is wine and milk indeed. Whatever crooks and twists I find in self, creatures, or circumstances--Jesus is always my only remedy, and in Him I discover something just to fit my case. Yet how it seems hidden from us for a season, to keep us sensible that power belongs unto God; and when the revealing comes, how plain it is that all we need is treasured up in Jesus! "The unsearchable riches of Christ!"

We think we never can so lose sight of this again, when we have such riches in Him; but ah! we truly need hourly renewings of the Holy Spirit to keep us in "the simplicity which is in Christ." Oh! most blessed Spirit, keep us from grieving You, keep us from slighting Your still small voice in our souls, which yet is full of majesty. Oh! testify of Jesus, tell us of Him, and take of those things which are His, and so show them unto us that we may forget our own. Awake, O divine north wind, and come O south south wind--blow upon our souls continually to keep them from a dangerous calm. Oh! cause the spices of our Beloved to flow in, and then flow out--that He and we may be both regaled with His own, for we have no entertainment for so royal a guest. Precious Beloved, we would have our poor heart Your guest-chamber, daily and nightly too; we would constrain You to abide with us, and beg You to turn all out that is an offence. Nothing on earth can compensate Your absence, for You are to us the chief among ten thousand, and the only altogether lovely. You will not forsake us because it has pleased You to make us Your Bride, and you hate divorce. "I will make you My wife forever, showing you righteousness and justice, unfailing love and compassion. I will be faithful to you and make you Mine, and you will finally know Me as Lord." Hosea 2:19-20

How sweet is the free grace promise: "This people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise." We can say from our hearts, "He is worthy to be praised, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof." It is well to be looking at these riches of our Surety when our debts are in view, and we shall find there is no default of payment—but such abundance, such ample satisfaction, that "our souls can make their boast in the Lord," and say, "in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." Jesus is made unto us "wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption." Oh! may He be more and more revealed to us by the blessed Spirit.

I remain, with very tender love and sympathy, your ever affectionate,

Ruth

01A.29 The Believer's power

The Believer’s power To E. M., Tuesday Morning.

Much-beloved and longed-after in the affections of Jesus Christ,

I fear lest when with you I did not give you a clear idea of what I meant about the believer having spiritual power. I have no idea that we possess in the least an independent power. Apart from Christ, we have a power to do evil—but none to do good; yet after union with Him by the Spirit, and after He has been revealed in the soul through faith, it is our privilege to live by faith on His power, which works against our own evils, (Luke 10:19) and brings forth His good fruit in us. (John 15:5; Php 1:11) It is the privilege of faith to take hold of Him by the power of the Spirit for the continued exercise of faith and every other grace, that there may be strength and vigor in the soul. But then it is asked, "Have we power thus to live in His strength? and have we power thus to take hold of Him?" Yes, we have, through the Spirit, and by reason of our union with Him. He himself says, "Come unto me." He says, "Labor for that labor which endures unto everlasting life." He says further, "Abide in me;" and that in so doing there shall be "much fruit." He does not say these things to mock us. His servant says, "Lay hold on eternal life," "fight the good fight of faith," "put on the Lord Jesus Christ," "walk in Him," &c., &c. He does not say these things for nothing; or only to make us feel we have no power—but to stir us up to prove wherein our strength lies. I would much rather be hourly seeking to have these blessed exhortations fulfilled in me than be defining them to a hair’s-breadth, and turning back from these messages of the Lord, saying, I have no power. That is a wrong use of creature inability. It has robbed many a soul of the secret of strength, which is to live in another. In living upon Jesus, we do not become stronger in self—but more independent of self, and more happily dependent upon Him who never was a barren wilderness to those who trust in Him, and who says, "From me is your fruit found."

I do not know whether I have made clear to your mind what I wish, namely, that I have no conception of a creature power or self-acting power in the believer; but I believe in the privilege of faith, to go out upon Jesus and find in Him all we need, to rejoice in Him alone, and that even in times of most sensible poverty and barrenness, as Habakkuk 3:17-18. Hart’s hymn, 88, sets forth the activity of faith very sweetly, and hymn 79, verse 3, shows the very climax, where it is truly, "Not I—but Christ lives in me." So if I were questioned—Have you any spiritual power? the most conclusive answer would be, "Christ is my power," and by faith I have the privilege and benefit thereof. I am all powerlessness—but He is power in me and for me, therefore I rather "glory in my infirmity, that His power may rest upon me." "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." May the Lord bring us more into union-privilege and union-power, which is blessed indeed. From your own most loving but unworthy,

Ruth

Chapter 65

01A.30 "Looking unto Jesus" the way to

"Looking unto Jesus" the way to resist the devil and his temptations To E. M., April 1856.

Ever dear,

I am sorry that you are on the sinking sands of unbelief—but there is Rock at the bottom, and you will sensibly feel it again before long. "He is my Sun, although He refrains from shining."

"Though for a moment He depart,

I dwell forever on His heart;

Forever He on mine."

"Therefore cast not away your confidence, which has great recompense of reward," for "the just shall live by faith," but we die by unbelief. Oh! give Him the glory due unto His name, and "give not place to the devil," but "resist him and he will flee from you." Resist him by flying afresh for refuge to the Cross and Blood of Jesus; for even though all the past had been fleshly excitement and delusion, He is still "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." Therefore, "Unto whom coming," even as that Syro-Phoenician of old: and though, for a while, "He answered her never a word," yet did she follow after Him, crying, "Lord, help me," and at length came the wondrous answer, "O woman, great is your faith; be it unto you even as you will." May the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perishes, though it be tried with fire, be found unto praise, and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ, "even though now for a season, you are in heaviness through manifold temptations." With much warm love, your ever affectionate,

Ruth.

"For You have been a stronghold for the poor, a stronghold for the humble person in his distress, a refuge from the rain, a shade from the heat." Isaiah 25:4

"There is no one like the God of Israel. He rides across the heavens to help you, across the skies in majestic splendor. The eternal God is your refuge, and his everlasting arms are under you." Deuteronomy 33:26-27

01A.31 Sympathy in suffering

Sympathy in suffering "Who is this coming up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved?" Song of Solomon 8:5

"Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest is my lover among the young men. I delight to sit in his shade, and his fruit is sweet to my taste." Song of Solomon 2:3 "Like a lily among thorns is my darling among the maidens." Song of Solomon 2:2 To E. M., August, 1856.

My precious friend,

It has given me a new song to hear that you are really improving. I have been suffering much of late. I know that "He does all things well," but we may feel, since the immaculate Jesus wept at the grave of His friend. I felt constrained to pray for your precious life, yet also felt it cruel to hold you back from perfect bliss in the open vision of the Lamb. Most bitter to this heart would have been the pang of parting with you. Yet I think I could not have held you among thorns for my own sake; but those close dear ties in the flesh, for their sakes I did cry, "spare." How earnestly I long too that you may be a bright living witness for Jesus in the family and Church. Oh! that this purging may be to bring forth more fruit, and this chastening to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, "which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God."

I trust it is light in your tabernacle, and that the glory of the Lord is filling the house; or, if not, that you are coming up from the wilderness leaning upon your Beloved. He is the apple tree among the trees of the forest; while His Bride is the lily among thorns. With me it has been emptying from vessel to vessel, and finding plenty of dregs—but not sensibly finding Him whom my soul loves. I am willing to suffer anything, so that the wood, hay, and stubble may be consumed, and Christ be all. I commend you to the Brother born for adversity. May He draw you near to Himself, (Genesis 45:4-5) and open His stores of love. With much tender love, your ever affectionate,

Ruth.

Hebrews 2:14-18

Chapter 67

01A.32 The fullness of Christ revealed by the Spirit

The fullness of Christ revealed by the Spirit To E. M., April 30, 1857.

Much beloved friend,

My heart rejoices that the glorious Testifier has been again taking of the things of Jesus, and showing them unto you; for it is in His days that "the righteous flourish." As Jesus is exalted in the soul, self is abased. "He must increase, but I must decrease." (John 3:30)

I confess, some things you mention in your letter I had not before seen in that way. My soul longs more than ever for an increase of this spiritual knowledge of Him. Thorns within and thorns without I often keenly feel; but in Him is also found such rest and refreshing as to make one sing, even while feeling the smart. May we cleave unto Him with full purpose of heart, that it may be with us as with Paul, "I live, yet not I; but Christ lives in me." Thus, too, will it come to pass that we shall not seek our own things—but the things which are Jesus Christ's; and whether we live we shall live unto the Lord, or whether we die we shall die unto the Lord, and so living or dying, we are the Lord's.

Truly, my dear friend, we should be learning more and more how completely He has saved us in Himself, (Isaiah 45:17) and how constantly He delights in us with all His heart, so that we have no need to seek for anything in ourselves to make us more entirely accepted or more beloved—"He cannot love us more, nor will He love us less; for in loving her (His Church, His Bride,) He loves Himself." The experience of this union releases the soul from a host of cares and anxious thoughts. Living in His love, that same love flows back to His own dear Person, and being satisfied with Him and His goodness, the heart has "leisure from itself" to seek His glory. "And you are complete in Him." Colossians 2:10 The things which I taste and handle, I declare unto you, my beloved; and most ardently do I long to grow in willingness to be poor in self, that I may be learning experimentally more of His unsearchable riches, who will be all or nothing. When He is ALL, there is no complaining; much of our complaining shows a desire to be something which He will never gratify. But viewing us in Himself, He ever says, "You are absolutely beautiful, my darling, with no imperfection in you." (Song of Solomon 4:7) And the response of faith and love is, "He is altogether lovely!" (Song of Solomon 5:16)

You will see where I am--just delighting in the same dear object; yes, I think more absorbed in Him than ever, and more desiring to be so. When I hear anyone speak against so much preaching and talking of Christ, I can only think—Well, if this is to be vile, I must be yet more vile, and will be base in my own eyes--that He may be more and more exalted. I do not wish to conceal this, for it is the truth, and I would always be honest. Moreover, to His praise I must confess, that the more I am taken up with Him, the more blessedly do I realize His grace to be sufficient for me, and that amidst many trials and temptations, and through all the plague of indwelling sin. I find sin is more subdued by looking at Him, rather than looking at it, because our Father has laid all our help upon this mighty One. I humbly conceive, too, that much heartburning would be enjoyed, if pilgrims were

to meet to search for Him in all the Scriptures, (Luke 24:32) and to ask for the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him.

You will remember what a blessing I had in tracing His sorrowful footprints under the pain of unanswered prayer in Psalms 22:1-31. It is rather singular that my own steppings since have been in the same path, and thus He sometimes says, "Follow me." But He has given sweet encouraging words, and He is a precious sympathizing companion in tribulation. Yet little did I think, when telling you of my Good Friday feast, that I was going to follow the Lamb in the sharp exercise of unanswered petition, and that when thinking I had the promise of an answer. I believe all is for the further abasing of self, and for the lifting up of my precious Jesus on high. How true is that word, "I will lead the blind by a way which they know not."

I want also to tell you how I have been enjoying those words, "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out." You know I have often enjoyed them in an experimental sense—the fire of love burning on the altar of our heart, and kept alive by Him who kindled it. Now the ever-burning fire on the Jewish altar seemed to set forth the unsatisfactory nature of those sacrifices; for, though thousands of goats, of bullocks, of rams, and of lambs were consumed, still the fire burnt on, crying, as it were, "Give, give." And as that flame was kindled from heaven, how did it show that sin remained unatoned for, the law unfulfilled, justice unsatisfied; and that in all the multiplied offerings the Divine Lawgiver had found no pleasure. They were only like promises of payment; and the unextinguished fire seemed like that word, "In burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin you have had no pleasure. Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do your will, O God." And oh, what a glorious contrast: "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him;" because every stroke brought payment of the debt. He did find pleasure in that sacrifice, because it brought honor to His Divine attributes, and salvation to His people. Thenceforward the altar fire burns not again; the fire of justice has gone out as regards the Church, for the blood of the Lamb has quenched and extinguished it. And "this is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, says the Lord: I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Oh, what fathomless depths of grace and love are in those words! The sins were remembered against Him—but they shall not be remembered against them; for them waits no unquenchable fire. Their Surety said, "It is finished!" Justice said, "It is enough!" He quenched His Father’s flaming sword in His own vital blood!

I know not whether you will get any of the savor of His sacrifice through my weak words; but my endless, blissful theme is ever new, and it is a very transporting one—Jesus and salvation will never wear out. Oh, what will it be to see Him face to face--while foretastes are so blissful? "In whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

I remain your tenderly affectionate (in Him, though in self unworthy)

Ruth Isaiah 41:14-17.

Chapter 68

01A.33 Faith's view of Christ

Faith’s view of Christ

"May you experience the love of Christ, though it is so great you will never fully understand it!" (Ephesians 3:19) To E. M., August, 1857.

Much Beloved in Jesus,

I was delighted with your short line, and its sweet enclosure. Dear Miss C., I do rejoice with her, how the Lord does think upon the poor and needy, and visit them in their most needy times. She can say, "He has done all things well." May this be only as the pledge of greater things, leading her to press after yet fuller revelations of Jesus. I would never have any sit down satisfied—but still press on after what is beyond; for there are heights and depths in the love of Christ of which the most favored have no conception; and there are beauties and glories in His person which none have yet beheld! Oh! I would have none rest short of the revelation of His person. His benefits indeed are all precious; His atoning blood and sacrifice, His justifying righteousness, and the effects flowing therefrom, pardon, justification, peace in the conscience, etc., etc.; these are essential to salvation, and we seek them first—but it is a further and sweeter privilege to know and enjoy Himself. Salvation is sweet—but the Savior crowns all; and when He is revealed in us, we bless the Lord and do not forget His benefits.

Having once been brought to enjoy Him, may we be more and more jealous of felt distance or absence. Absent He never is—but He is at times silent, and we do not feel His presence. Oh to make immediate and diligent search, and not go even a day’s journey merely supposing He is in the company, for then will follow a sorrowing seeking for Him, as in Luke 2:44-48, of which I have thought much today in this experimental sense. It is poor, heartless work when we can be quieted by "supposing" He is near; and how vainly we may seek Him among kinsfolk and acquaintance! Very often we find Him not there—but in Jerusalem, the place of sacrifice. "You shall seek me and find me, when you shall search for me with all your heart."

I must now tell you how much I have been enjoying Leviticus 14:18. The oil, as a type of the blessed Spirit, to be poured upon the head; and only think of whom—of the poor leper just healed. Who could enjoy it so much as he who had been so afflicted; shut out from the house of God; separated from His people; being so polluted that he must dwell alone, outside the camp, and if any were coming near him, he must warn them by the sorrowful cry, "Unclean, unclean!" Now he is to have the oil poured upon his head. Oh! would not such a one most joyfully sing, "He anoints my head with oil, my cup runs over!" Yes, indeed he would! I know it, and you know it too, for you have felt the same. "Sing, O you heavens, for the Lord has done it; shout, you lower parts of the earth." He has said to the leper, "I will--be clean!" And as the true Priest, He has poured on that healed, pardoned one--the true anointing. And now no longer shut up and shut out, he comes up to the house of the Lord, to see the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in His temple. Precious, all precious Jesus! I feel the truth of what I write, and like the poor stranger of old, would fall at Your

dear feet, giving You thanks. (Luke 17:15-16) My soul does "give thanks to the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endures for ever." "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He has redeemed from the hand of the enemy." (Psalms 107:2-3) My heart is full, and cannot half express what I would in praise of my Beloved. The chief sinner, and the chief and only Savior--have met and embraced again and again. And she sweetly finds that by Him she is justified from all her own evil things, from which she could never be justified by the law of Moses. In believing, she apprehends and enjoys the justification, for by faith we have experimental access into this grace in which we always stand before God. In short, this chief sinner finds such fullness and freeness in the salvation--such love and loveliness in the Savior--that she can hardly leave off extolling and praising Him in whom she is justified, and in whom she may glory. Oh, come and "magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." May He fill us with His love, and use us for His glory. May He so reveal Himself to us and through us, that it may be like oil from vessel to vessel; for thus "sweet to my heart is communion with saints" through communion with the King of saints.

I must cease, though I seem to have said nothing of the endless, blissful theme, the love and loveliness of our dear Redeemer, the Redeemer of worms. May He favor you with His precious presence, and may many new Ebenezers be set up! A warm adieu, with best love, from your tenderly attached but unworthy,

Ruth

Chapter 69

01A.34 The triumph of faith over difficulties

The triumph of faith over difficulties To E. M.,

I had a nice time this wet evening in musing on the subject of living faith, and the Word of the Lord. It is a true Word—but also a tried Word. When a promise is given, it certainly will be fulfilled; but we are sure to come into circumstances to try it, and try our faith in it. The Lord promised a son to Abraham and Sarah—but what years elapsed for the trial of faith before his birth; and when the son was given; what a fiery trial to take him up to Mount Moriah for a burnt-offering. Could faith live upon its prospects through such a trial? And could the promise stand sure amidst such apparent contradictions? Yes, indeed! "He was faithful who promised;" and He enabled faith to rest in the promise, even when the shadows of death had fallen so heavily upon it: and we know that faith was not disappointed.

Again, He promised the land of Canaan to Abraham's seed; but see what came between, what bondage and hard service in Egypt, what ups and downs in the wilderness. But faith was kept alive in some hearts: see Joseph's command concerning his bones, (Genesis 50:25) and Joshua and Caleb's noble testimony in the face of all difficulties and opposition. (Numbers 14:8-9) What their faith expected came fully to pass: see Joshua 21:43-45.

Again, David was anointed king, and the kingdom was promised to him; but see how faith was tried when he was hunted by Saul like a partridge upon the mountains, when he was a stranger in Gath, and, when like a homeless wanderer, he was sheltered with his men in the cave of Adullam; yet he was still a king in the Divine purpose, and at the set time he possessed the kingdom. And thus throughout the Word and in our own experience, we find how faith and the promise have been sharply tried, providentially and spiritually. The Lord may seem to have given us a promise; faith and hope may have been drawn out to expect it; and the Word may quite warrant it; but it has to go into the fire before fulfillment, as it was with our fathers.

If the case be a spiritual one, the soul hopes for deliverance, watches for it, and has at times a sweet pledge thereof; but yet it comes not, and again seems to be as far off as ever. The soul looks for light—but beholds darkness; for peace—but beholds evil. This is a hard lesson—but it is the way of faith, and leads to the city which has foundations. See what apparent contradictions the worthies of old had to endure; how contrary to flesh and sense were the Lord's dealings with them. But as surely as the promised seed was born unto Abraham; and as surely as his children inherited the promised land; and as surely as David sat upon the throne of Israel--so surely shall the soul which the Holy Spirit is exercising with the hard things of its nature's evils, find the end better than the beginning. Having had the face of desire turned toward the land of Canaan, it shall, in due time, surely enter there, and prove the difference between bondage and liberty, though now all these things seem against it

01A.35 Indwelling Sin

The Believer "cast down" by the power of indwelling sin, "yet not destroyed"

"He will not always accuse us or be angry forever." Psalms 103:9 "Though he brings grief, he will show compassion, so great is his unfailing love." Lamentations 3:32 To E. M., 1857.

My very dear friend, and now companion in tribulation,

My heart yearns towards you, and will indulge itself a little, because we are both in the same low place—feeling our vileness, and mourning after our Beloved. Surely there never was such an one as I, so weak and wicked; so willful, not full of His will—but of my own. How I need the emptying from vessel to vessel. I need to have my purposes and enterprises broken that I may learn that His purposes shall stand fast, and that He will do all His pleasure. I can say, as the repenting thief did, I am "in the same condemnation," and "indeed justly," receiving but the due reward of my deeds. I have been walking after the sight of my eyes. "The legs of the lame are not equal;" so when we act from sight and sense, our walk is not consistent; it is only when walking by faith that it is so. Vile, ungrateful worm that I am, what has it cost me in bitter anguish; yet the sorrow is nothing to the sin. And, as I said to you, the ill savor will come up continually, until the blessed Comforter brings the savor of rest, even the fragrant sacrifice for sin which was once offered, and which is now pleaded by Him who is the sinner’s surety and the sinner’s friend. Well, I can only lie at His feet and continue confessing all. I dare not promise to do better; I am in self-despair; but to Him will I look for pardon of the sin, and power against it. And shall it be in vain? Is His mercy clean gone forever? No, dear friend, we will speak well of Him. He is faithful. He rests in His love, nor does it cool in the least in the midst of all our treacherous dealings. "Once again He will have compassion on us. He will trample our sins under your feet and throw them into the depths of the ocean!"--having cast all our sins into the deep red sea of His own blood! Where our sin has abounded, His grace shall much more abound. And again we shall sing of pardoning mercy and restoring love.

How vain is the help of man. We may listen to the song of some, and join in the mourning of others—but none can lift the burden off, but Jesus. He is the Physician of value who says, "I have seen his ways, and will heal him, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners." Indeed, I do expect it; faith is looking again towards His holy temple, and love is stretching out for the first sight or sound of the Beloved’s approach. "Look unto me, and be saved"—saved from the sin and from the punishment. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Nothing, nothing; we will hope in Him, for we shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.

Since writing the above this word has come to me with sweet encouragement, "Your enemies shall be found liars unto you; and you shall tread upon their high places." (Deuteronomy 33:29) The very things which Satan and the flesh cast up as hindrances, faith shall tread upon in the name of the Lord. Oh, this is the victory, even our faith. Sweet have I found that verse also, "For with God nothing shall be impossible;" therefore I would say to myself and my friend, "Cast not away your

confidence, which has great recompense of reward." His blood shall cleanse, and His power shall conquer: I feel a sweet assurance of it, though with an aching heart. Flesh shall not prevail against Him, for He has that mighty power "whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." What then is better for the poor Esthers than to be still going in unto the king with the venture of faith—"if I perish, I perish." "She fell down at his feet, and besought him with tears to put away the malice of Haman the Agagite." Yes, this is what we want, to have the devices of the flesh frustrated and brought to nothing, when, like Haman, they seem most powerful. Shall Esther thus press her plea against the enemy; and shall the earthly king yield to her suit, devising means to put away that which seemed to be irrevocable? and shall we have worse success with Him who waits to be gracious, and is exalted to show mercy? No, no! He will arise to deliver. (Psalms 12:5)

Therefore, though shame and confusion of face belong unto us, we will, by the Spirit’s help, keep crying to the King against sin and self; and if for a long time He answers us never a word, we deserve it, (Psalms 119:75) and must still follow Him with "Lord help me!" This sowing in tears will be followed by a harvest of joy, love, and praise. Yes, O gracious near Kinsman, Your treacherous one does heartily believe that love will bring You back, and that we shall sing together for Your goodness, for wheat, for wine and for oil, and for the young of the flock, for in Your feast are royal dainties. A little waft of Your fragrance comes now and then, which betokens You near; though the cloud has hid You out of our sight, and our sin is not yet blotted out of the conscience with precious blood--yet it is all blotted out of Your book. Nothing stands against us there; the debt is paid; and You can holily and honorably come and receive us afresh to Your embrace, and show us every black item put away by the sacrifice of Yourself. "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

Thus have I written to you, dear friend, in hope; and I scarcely know why; only as I have often sent you a song from the mount, I thought you should hear also the low note of the valley, from whence only at times the heart could pour itself out to the Lord.

Take courage. The precious blood of the Surety is more powerful for us--than sin, flesh, and all the foes against us! (Romans 8:37) Whether at your worst, or at your best, do not be looking more at yourself than at Jesus. He is the way of escape, and He is the strength to endure; and we shall be helped in all, though we sometimes faint.

Warm love from the weakest and worst of all, your very affectionate,

Ruth

"Because of the covenant I made with you, sealed with blood, I will free your prisoners from death in a waterless dungeon. Come back to the place of safety, all you prisoners, for there is yet hope! I promise this very day that I will repay you two mercies for each of your woes!" Zechariah 9:11-12

Chapter 71

01A.36 The suffering sympathy of Christ

The suffering sympathy of Christ

"Therefore, it was necessary for Jesus to be in every respect like us, his brothers and sisters, so that he could be our merciful and faithful High Priest before God. He then could offer a sacrifice that would take away the sins of the people." Hebrews 2:17 To E. M., Good Friday Morning, 1857.

My tenderly-beloved friend, This morning you are much on my mind in connection with our precious suffering Head, and I must send you a few lines. Jesus has showed Himself again to His poor worm. It was in Psalms 22:1-31, especially in the first part, where He is described as suffering the anguish of experimental forsaking, and also great conflict from unanswered prayer. This I never realized so fully before. Oh how He has left His precious footprints in every thorny path—"The footsteps of the flock" are thus so prepared, that "No thorns can harm, for Jesus went before to tread them down."

We feel that He, having suffered before us, is able both to sympathize and to support us. How touching to hear Him compare the deliverances of His people with His own unsuccoured condition—"Our ancestors trusted in you, and you rescued them. You heard their cries for help and saved them. They put their trust in you and were never disappointed." (Psalms 22:4-5) Then stooping to the lowest place of abasement, as if less than any of them, He says, "But I am a worm and not a man. I am scorned and despised by all!" It was as though in that degraded position which He had taken for His people, He must not expect to be dealt with so tenderly as they—

"O love of unexampled kind,

Which leaves all thought so far behind." My soul was also deeply humbled in the depths of Psalms 22:2, "O my God, I cry out by day, but you do not answer; by night, and am not silent!" It was a night season indeed, even darkness which might be felt. For what agony of soul did our Beloved not endure when He had no answer from God. It is astonishing to see how "He was in all points tempted like as we are;" not only tempted with evil by Satan—but tried by His friends, tried by His Father, and tried in all the sensibilities of the nature which He had taken; yet, in all He endured without sin. His sorrowful utterances were to show that He had the tenderest susceptibility of feeling in all His sufferings. But there was not one murmur or rebellious feeling, or one hard thought. He pitied His disciples—"the flesh is weak;" and though He knew they would all forsake Him through fear. He even made a way for that escape in His matchless love: "If you seek me, let these go their way." His Father He fully justified in all His dealings with Him as the Surety; for while crying with anguish, "You hear not," He directly adds, "But you are holy, O you who inhabits the praises of Israel."

He was indeed a Lamb without blemish. His Father, His enemies, and His Church, have to say, "I find no fault in Him." This precious, spotless One gave Himself for us to the sorrows of death and the pains of hell, which bitter cup of trembling He drained, even to the very dregs; so that He could triumphantly say, "It is finished!" Ah! but never will He say, either of the love or the glory, "It is

finished." Oh, no! while eternal ages roll on, love will be ever inflowing, and glory ever unfolding, and all coming to us through that rich medium—His sufferings and death. We read of "the sufferings of Christ, and the glory which should follow." The sufferings are past; He has entered into the glory; but the full revelation of it, in and to His Bride--is yet to come. O wonderful Bridegroom, reveal to us more of Your wonderful love, in Your humiliation and exaltation. Let us live in that undying flame, that in our joys and sorrows we may be a sweet savor of You to Your loved ones—"Bruised Bridegroom, take us wholly;

Take and make us what You will;" only continually draw us out of self into You; and cause us to grow up in You in all things, while many winds and storms and heart-achings cause us to root down in You also. Oh, shine more and more brightly in us, to the perfect day.

It is blessed, dearest friend, to spend Good-Friday under His shadow as the crucified One; there His fruits are sweet to our taste. It is precious to be led on by His Spirit to His joy as the glorified One, for then our joy is full. Those who "dwell in this secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." It is a secret place for the hidden ones, of which He says, "There is a place by me; and I will put you in a cleft of the rock." This hallowed place is kept secret for all His children--they lack not this blessed hiding-place. No carnal eye never saw it; no carnal heart ever enjoyed the rest. It is the secret chamber for the secret life, where He who is our life says, "There will I give you my love." (Song of Solomon 7:12) He gives all in Himself. At Calvary we see how He the Living Rock was cleft, that His dove might be spared; and how lovingly He says, "O My dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hiding places on the mountainside, show me your face, let me hear your voice; for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely." (Song of Solomon 2:14) My dear heavenly Boaz has made this a GOOD Friday to His unworthy gleaner. I had feared I should not find Him whom my soul loves, and have fellowship of love in His sufferings; but where my enemies dealt proudly He has been above them. Praise to the worthy Lamb. "Praise is lovely for the upright!" "I made you go upright." This is not like a letter; but if the Spirit will breathe of Jesus’ fragrance through it, you will rejoice with me in Him. With dear love, your own worthless—but in Him ever affectionate,

Ruth

01A.37 Christ, our substitute, the

Christ, our substitute, the consolation in time of trial

September 24, 1857.

Much-loved and tenderly-remembered friend,

I was delighted to receive your note. The Lord has been gracious, He has had mercy, and I do praise Him. May we say—"It has been good for me that I have been afflicted!" No doubt there is in this trial some special message to each. May our language be—"I will hear what God the Lord will speak!"

I have this morning much enjoyed those words, "I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto you, O Lord, will I sing." (Psalms 101:1) Judgment to JESUS, and mercy to vile worthless ME. Mercy flowing warmly through His pierced heart and precious veins. What a channel wherein to flow! Oh! what love of our Father to lay upon Him all our iniquities, to number Him with the transgressors, and then to give Him judgment without mercy, saving all the mercy for us rebellious younger children. Oh! what a loving Elder Brother, who for the joy of our release and blessing, was content to be judged, condemned, and executed; and what a blessed Comforter who takes of these wonders and reveals them to the soul, making it to sing for joy, like that word, "Awake and sing, you who dwell in dust." At times we do sadly cleave to the dust; but the power of His love revives us again, causing us to awake and sing. The Lord bless you, and pour out His Spirit upon you! Fresh oil prepares for all we are called to. And now adieu. Soon the shadows of time will be past, and we, through free grace, shall spend eternity together in the open vision of the Lamb! In Him, your own warmly-affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 73

01A.38 Written after seeing a microscope

Written after seeing a microscope To E. M., January, 1858.

Very dear friend,

I have been musing with delight upon the wonders developed by the microscope. What perfection is there in every part of the works of our God! All creation shows His handiwork, His wisdom, and His goodness. Dr. Carson beautifully says, "The works of God and the Word of God bear the same testimony of Him as far as they go together; but the Word goes far beyond His outward works. It testifies of salvation, on which subject His works of creation say nothing."

"The things which are impossible with men are possible with God." "All things are possible to those who believe." The Lord gives a promise, and faith receives it in sweet assurance; but anon, all things seem against it. The fogs of sense, flesh, and carnal reason arise, and so veil the promise, that it appears as unreal as that almost invisible. But when faith is again brought into lively exercise, every line and letter is sweetly discerned, with the Divine "yes and amen" upon it. Oh, to look more through the glass of faith, and less with the blinking, deceiving eye of sense and reason.

I have been thinking further (the thought may well make one blush) that even the beauties and loveliness of Jesus, which have so ravished our souls, do at times look only like that diminutive speck, which can scarcely he discerned. How we, then, look all ways to get the clear views of Him, who before so enraptured us. But no—our efforts are vain until the blessed Spirit again sets the glass of faith, and takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us. In other words, until our Beloved manifests Himself afresh in endearing communion, constraining us to exclaim, "You are fairer than the children of men; the chief among ten thousand, yes, altogether lovely." But if it be with us that "now we see Him not," yet having once beheld His beauty, no lower charms can satisfy, no other object fill the vacuum in our soul. Oh "Come quickly, my love! Move like a swift gazelle or a young deer on the mountains of spices!" (Song of Solomon 8:14) Oh come, and "cause the mountains of Bether" (division) to fall down at Your presence. Blessed Author and Finisher of faith, call into lively exercise that grace, that it may truly be "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." (Hebrews 11:1) Wishing you the renewings of the Holy Spirit, (1 Corinthians 2:9-10) I remain, with best love, your unworthy but affectionate,

Ruth

01A.39 The suitability of Christ to the sinner

The subjugation of self through the cross of Christ To E. M., August 1, 1858.

Very dear,

The notes you sent me of the sermon about Jacob were very nice. The expression "unselfing" was striking. Do you not think that the revealing of Christ to the soul, is the quickest of all means to effect this? John says, "When I saw him I fell at his feet as dead"—typical of the bringing down of self. I do humbly believe that the more we know Him in union, love, and power--the more zealous we shall be against "self" in all its varied forms. Unbelief sets up self—what I do, what I do not do, what I ought to have done, and so on, until there is only a corner in the thoughts for the dear Substitute, who has done all, and done it well too. But the more we receive of Him and His—or, in other words, the more Christ alone is exalted, the high towers of self are laid in the dust. When unbelief and self are predominant it is sad work. May the Lord tread these abominations under His feet, even as straw is trodden down for the ash-heap. Oh! my beloved friend, we long for the days of the Son of man in our souls, for in His days the righteous flourish.

I have been enjoying those words—"I will love them freely: for My anger is turned away from them." (Hosea 14:4) It seems to me to be the language of the Father, who, having laid upon Jesus the iniquities of us all, then and there visited our transgressions with the rod, and our iniquities with stripes, until not one was left unatoned for! Then His anger was turned away from the Surety, and the Father could love the poor debtors freely--because He was well pleased for Jesus' sake. He had magnified the law, and made it honorable; and He, the Father, blessed them there. In Him, "the Lord our righteousness," we may glory and rejoice; and in Him find power to do so, for He is the power of God to everyone who believes. In believing we take hold of that power, and can say with David, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad."

Indeed, my dear friend, we only want to know more of our Law-fulfiller, and of the unsearchable riches which He has for our use. Then the love of Christ would constrain us to glory in Him, and praise Him. Oh! let us cry mightily for the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him. Oh! to know Him more. Oh! that He always would eclipse everything else! I desire that all things, even the most lawful, should not stand between me and the blessed Sun of Righteousness. I have seen enough in Him to ravish my heart, and make the brightest things below look dim! But I want to see Him again, for I know that there are in Him infinite glories of which I have had yet no conception! "After these things Jesus showed himself again to his disciples." Amen, so let it be. The Lord bless you and yours; and may Jesus shine warmly in your heart, and you be constrained to speak warmly in His praise. With dear love, ever your affectionate but unworthy,

Ruth John 1:14; 2 Corinthians 4:6

01A.40 Preciousness of Christ unfathomable and

The preciousness of Christ unfathomable and ever new To E. M., September 23, 1858.

Much-beloved in Jesus,

I rejoice to hear you have been guided to such a good pasture, and favored with such a good spiritual appetite. Though we have had so many feasts upon a precious Jesus, we find each time as much freshness as though we had never partaken before! This has been very striking to me. Things of earth often repeated grow stale—but the same view of a precious Jesus a thousand times over is ever new! How often has the Divine Spirit testified in our souls "of the sufferings of Christ--and the glory that would follow." How often have we by faith beheld His bloody sweat in the garden, and spent sweet solemn moments at the foot of the Cross. Yet, when Jesus shows Himself again to us in either of those sacred positions--is He not as a lamb newly slain? And is not His sacrifice a sweet smelling aroma--as fragrant as though but just offered, without spot unto God? Oh yes, He is ever the same--without sameness--and will be to all eternity! The glories, beauties, and excellencies of His person are infinite! And from these boundless sources our finite minds will be feasted forever and ever! "You feed them from the abundance of Your own house, letting them drink from Your rivers of delight!" Psalms 36:8 Oh that my poor contracted heart were more enlarged into this our fathomless ocean of love and loveliness! Oh to abide in Him forever!

"I have asked one thing from the Lord; it is what I desire: to dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, gazing on the beauty of the Lord and seeking Him in His temple." (Psalms 27:4) Christ is our true temple. In Him we may inquire of the Lord concerning all our hard cases--and have an answer of peace. In Him we see the beauty of the Lord, even all his Divine attributes harmonizing and glorified in saving poor sinners! This is seeing the King in His beauty! And beauty indeed it is, in the eye of a sin-sick soul--to see the holy Jehovah "a just God, and a Savior" too. He was most just in punishing our sin in Jesus! He is most just also in letting us go free! Yes, accepting us in the Beloved.

"For if the ministry of condemnation had glory, the ministry of righteousness overflows with even more glory!" (2 Corinthians 3:9) The ministry of condemnation was glorious, when it pleased the Lord to bruise Him. But the ministry of righteousness exceeds in glory--when the blessed Spirit brings near His righteousness, yes, puts it on the soul, saying, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him!" It is also exceedingly glorious when the righteous Father welcomes the prodigal with the kiss of everlasting love, being well pleased for His righteousness’ sake; and when "the Lord our righteousness sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied," saying, "You are all beautiful, my love! There is no spot in you!" Then also is the poor soul richly satisfied, saying, "In the Lord I have righteousness and strength!" "I will make mention of your righteousness, even of yours alone." This is, indeed, a glorious ministry of righteousness, and is part of the abundance of Your house, my King and my God. Here is food for hungry souls who have long been starving on the husks of self; and here is clothing for the naked soul, who has been into the "stripping-room," and had the filthy rags, and all the adornments of self stripped off!

O my precious friend, it is a mercy to be made and kept poor enough for Jesus to be all.

You know how fond I am of Isaiah 29:19, "The humble will be filled with fresh joy from the Lord. Those who are poor will rejoice in the Holy One of Israel." and "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Lord, make us inwardly poor, and keep us so--that Christ and nothing else but Christ may reign for evermore. O Lord, increase our faith; and increase its lively goings forth on the precious person, work, and love of Jesus! So shall we inherit substance, in the midst of our own felt poverty, and be content to have nothing in self, yet possess all things in Christ, which is one of the dear secrets of love, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

I have been much enjoying Hosea 12:9, "I am the Lord your God, who brought you out of Egypt. I will yet make you to dwell in tabernacles, as in the days of the solemn feast." We know that in the days of our spiritual feasts we feel the tabernacle nature of all below, and feel ready to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better. Coming out of self, we dwell in that true tabernacle which the Lord pitched--and not man. May He fulfill His promise, and bring us so to dwell.

"May He be like rain that falls on the cut grass, like spring showers that water the earth." (Psalms 72:6) This verse also has been very sweet to me--and I trust it has been fulfilled in my dry soul. How welcome the showers on the dry land, or on the mown grass! The waters from our smitten rock run in His dry places like a river. The Lord grant us daily the renewings of the Holy Spirit, and cause His Word to do us good like a medicine, that we may be kept from a dry, barren spirit, though feeling that in ourselves we are very dry. May the blessed Spirit exalt Jesus more and more in your experience, that all your casting down, may be for His lifting up! With much tender love, your warmly-affectionate but unworthy,

Ruth

Chapter 76

01A.41 An important anniversary

An important anniversary

Samuel then took a large stone and placed it between the towns of Mizpah and Jeshanah. He named it Ebenezer—"the stone of help"—for he said, "Up to this point the Lord has helped us!" 1 Samuel 7:12 To E. M., October 31, 1859.

Dearly beloved friend,

In the dear Name, "which is above every name," I once more greet you on this memorable day. May the blessed Spirit so shed abroad the fragrance of that name in both your souls, that you may regard the day in the Lord and to the Lord, while you review the goodness and mercy which He has caused to pass before you.

You, dearest friend, commemorate a birthday and a wedding-day together; and oh! the mercy that you are born of the Spirit, and you have had a second marriage. "Your Maker is your husband, the Lord Almighty is his name, and your Redeemer the Holy One of Israel--the God of the whole earth shall he be called." These are personal favors of the first order—but innumerable other benefits are this day brought to mind, especially that the Lord provided one of the precious sons of Zion for your companion through life. One with whom you dwell as a fellow-heir of the grace of life, assured that though death will sever the natural union, it can never touch your oneness in Jesus; but that, having eaten together of the Paschal Lamb below with bitter herbs, you shall surely sit down together at His marriage supper above, where bitter herbs shall be tasted no more. Oh! praise Him who has dealt wonderfully with you, and said, "My people shall never be ashamed." May He grant you much sweet communion in Himself, and abundantly bless you and your dear children, so that not a hoof shall be left behind.

You will recount many mercies today—but must end by saying, "How great is the sum of them," for the total amount of the sum you can never find out. "Praise the Lord!" (1 Thessalonians 5:18; Romans 11:36) May our precious Jesus shine on you, and in you--that your souls may be as a watered garden, and as a well of water whose waters fail not. And may your beloved offspring be by the Spirit gathered, one by one, into the inner circle below, and every one of them appear in Zion above, with us also to sing the new song, "Unto Him that loved us." So prays, with tender love, your warmly affectionate but unworthy,

Ruth.

1 Thessalonians 5:23-24; 1 Chronicles 17:27; Ephesians 3:20-21.

01A.42 Christ in everything

Christ in everything "I have trodden the winepress alone." Isaiah 63:3 To E. M., 1859.

Dearest,

Thank you most affectionately for the grapes kindly left for me. How does Jesus load me with benefits--and gives me Himself too, which is best of all. He is Heaven’s rich grape! He has been in the winepress of divine wrath for us, and hence it is we drink "the pure blood of the grape." I wish you much of it; for truly it cheers the heart of God and man. (This is according to Judges 9:9, Judges 9:13.) What a wonder of love, and what a cordial we find it--when weary and faint in the wilderness. We drink, and forget our own poverty--in the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Ruth.

Chapter 78

01A.43 The riches of Christ for the poor in spirit

The riches of Christ for the poor in spirit To E. M., 1859.

. . . . Oh for more faith, living faith--to draw largely upon our royal Banker, who has issued such large promissory-notes for time and for eternity as exceed our utmost conceptions. For time—"All things are yours" in Him. For eternity—"He has blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." In contrast to present "light afflictions," He has placed "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!" And that we might now enjoy strong consolation, He has given us "exceeding great and precious promises." Far larger notes are these than the richest banker ever issued, and much more certain to be honored; and, what is better than all, they are for the poor—the very poor—those who are born in poverty and have nothing--even for beggars found upon a ash-heap. Oh, wondrous grace, free love, royal bounty! It melts my heart this very moment, for it has come even unto me in the richest of Divine liberality. Oh for Spirit-enlargement into our possessions and His promises. We are not limited in Him—but in our own affections. Truly our Father has prepared of His goodness for the poor. With warmest love, your ever affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 79

01A.44 Warnings to an unconverted friend

Warnings to an unconverted friend

"Then Elijah stood in front of them and said, "How long are you going to waver between two opinions? If the Lord is God, follow him! But if Baal is God, then follow him!" 1 Kings 18:21 To Mr. J. A., December 1855.

Dear sir,

What will you say to me for taking the liberty of writing to you? Perhaps you will feel indignant and offended; but I hope that will soon pass away, for Jesus says, "Blessed is he who shall not be offended in me." It is in His name, and for His sake I write to you, and for your soul's sake also. I feel constrained to write to you to remind you that He is "the friend of sinners." He still "receives sinners, and eats with them." He says, "If any man thirsts--let him come unto me and drink!" "Come unto me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Now I am sure you have not found rest; you are not happy. You have too much light on spiritual subjects to be easy in a course of vanity and worldliness. You may drink the poisoned sweet—but it leaves a sting and void behind. You may think that if you had a home, and someone to love in it--the void would be filled up. But no--it would still be left.

"And let you try Whate'er you will;

Believe me, while you live,

A something will be lacking still,

This world can never give." That something is Jesus. He only can give true happiness. He is the one thing which is needful to put all else into the right place. If you did but know His preciousness, you would think it worth forsaking all--to find Him. He gives just what you need, a heart to love Him, His ways, and His people. He says, "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." He also gives true repentance and free pardon; for He is exalted "to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." He gives deliverance from the power and love of sin, saying, "I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." He washes crimson sins white as snow in His own precious blood, for hear Him say, "Come now, and let us reason together, says the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." He puts the best robe on prodigals who have been vainly trying to find satisfaction in the husks of this world's pleasures. By His Spirit He brings them to their right mind, cleanses them in His blood, and clothes them in His righteousness.

Perhaps you will say, "And what is all this to me?" Why, it is this to you, beloved—without these things you must perish forever! Should you ask, "What have you to do with it?" I answer, "I have a great concern for your soul's salvation." But you may object, "The things you have spoken of are for God's chosen people, and I do not know that I am one." You do not know that you are not one, and should rather say, "Why not, my soul? Why not for You?" And though they are a free gift not to

be obtained by any creature power, yet ask God to give them to you. Ask Him to give you the Holy Spirit to make you feel your need of them. Oh may that Holy Spirit,

"Convince you of your sin,

Then lead to Jesus' blood;

And to your wondering soul reveal

The secret love of God." That you may have an experimental knowledge and enjoyment of these things, is the earnest and affectionate desire of yours very sincerely,

R. Bryan

Jeremiah 6:16—but I hope not the last clause. "This is what the Lord says: Stand by the roadways and look. Ask about the ancient paths: Which is the way to what is good? Then take it and find rest for yourselves. But they protested: We won't

01A.45 Warnings to an unconverted friend

Warnings to an unconverted friend "But one thing is needful." To Mr. J. A., January 19, 1856.

Dear sir,

I must thank you for your very kind reply to my note. When I wrote, I had not the slightest thought you would answer it; and your letter, therefore, was doubly welcome. The candor and honesty of its contents much delight me; while at the same time I truly mourn over your present state of soul. Yet I do not sorrow without hope; for I humbly trust the Lord has a purpose of saving mercy towards you, and that before long He will make you "see" and "feel" those things which, at present, you say you only hear of. I beg to say that what you hear is "true report;" and it is solemn to remember that the things of eternity are stern realities--and will be proved to be so whether you now realize it or not. The "broad road" will "lead to destruction," however carelessly people may walk therein. The threatenings of God’s Word against sin will be executed, however indifferently people may hear or read of them. It will not stand as an excuse before Him to say, "I did not feel the force of the threatenings, or did not see any evil in my pursuits." What God has declared to be evil is so; and those who do such things will be judged by Him as evil-doers, just as His Word declares, "He will render to every man according to his deeds." Now the pleasures of the world are not only empty and unsatisfactory—but they destroy the soul and displease God, as the Scriptures declare; and all who persist in them are His enemies, as we read, "The friendship of the world is enmity with God; whoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." They are called "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." What a true description!

You say that before anyone can give up the fascinations of the world he must have a dread of the consequences, and that to this point you are not yet come. But I would now bring before you the certainty of those consequences, even if they are not believed or dreaded. They do not hinge upon the perception or feeling of the creature—but upon the truth of Him who has said, "The end of those things is death." This is a real matter of fact; and, however unfelt, the truth of it will follow you into every party of pleasure, yes, into every one of those streams which are truly called, "The pleasures of sin;" for "whatever a man sows that shall he also reap."

You will perhaps think me harsh—but "faithful are the wounds of a friend." These things are so; I see them, and see your danger, and cannot but say—"Stop and think--before you further go!" And would ask with the prophet, "Lord, I pray you, open (the young man’s) eyes that he may see." But perhaps you will say, "I have no other sources of pleasure; would you have me quite miserable?" O beloved, there is not a blood-redeemed sinner before the throne but was miserable once; and I well remember a time in my early days when I was miserable too. I could not enjoy the world as some I knew seemed to do; there was something lacking. I could not enjoy religion and the things of God as believers did. I felt unlike everybody else, and as if I never would find happiness either in the world or in the church. But though I knew it not, the Lord’s hand was in it; and He drew me by a strange way, until at last He brought me to the foot of the cross, to find true peace and happiness in the love of a bleeding Savior. I should not, therefore, be sorry for you to lose your present poor

pleasures, and feel "an aching void;" for in my Savior’s heart there is yet room, and He can fill it all. I find His love so precious that I long for others to enjoy it, and cannot help saying, "Oh taste and see that the Lord is good!"

I am delighted that you do seek, if it is only sometimes, and ever so feebly. May the Holy Spirit enable you to pray more earnestly and seek more diligently; it will not be in vain. You little know what are the joys of His salvation. It is well worth being miserable half one’s life to attain such substantial enjoyments which are forever!

I have been sorry to hear that you are out of health; and yet a hope sprang up in my heart that the Lord might thereby speak to your soul with power, saying, "Seek my face." He called Samuel many times before he knew whose voice it was; and He will make you "willing in the day of His power."

I fear you will think I am taking too much advantage of your kindness by writing again; but I could not let your note remain without a reply, because I am affectionately watching for your soul. The Lord bless you. With much interest, I am yours very sincerely,

Ruth Bryan

01A.46 Warnings to an unconverted friend

Warnings to an unconverted friend "What is your life? It is even a vapor, that appears for a little time, and then vanishes away." To Mr. J. A., August 1, 1856.

Dear sir,

I was truly surprised that you should take the trouble to answer my note, and since you have thus encouraged me, I must again venture a few lines upon the same all-important subject, namely, the salvation of your never-dying soul. It is all-important; and now is the time to consider it; for though you are young, your life is not insured; and you have already had a serious warning in that affliction, which might have opened the gate into an eternal world. Oh! had it been so--where would you now have been? and what would have been your eternal portion? Would you have been "present with the Lord," beholding the beauties of Jesus, and singing in the ever-new song the praises of the Lamb which was slain? Or would you have been banished from His presence, cast into outer darkness, to receive the wages of sin--that eternal death which never, never dies?

These questions may be unpleasing; but it certainly is worth while to ask them, and to answer them, because one of these two fixed states must before long be yours as well as mine. There is no medium state; with every soul of man it must be joy inconceivable--or woe unutterable. And whichever of these be our portion, it will be forever, and ever, and ever. There will be no fear of the happiness ending. There will be no hope of the suffering terminating or even abating; for in that darksome prison, never, never will be heard those precious words, "It is finished!" Sin will never be made an end of, and therefore the consequences of sin can never cease; but while eternal ages roll--it will be "wrath to come!" "Wrath to come!"

Perhaps you will think me more gloomy than ever—but this I cannot help. I have eternity in near prospect, and solemnly feel it will profit a man nothing if he should gain the whole world and lose his soul. My heart says with Moses, "Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." The fact is, it will come whether it is considered or not. For the Scriptures say, "It is appointed unto men once to die: but after this the judgment!" And Jesus has declared of those that die in their sins, "Where I go you cannot come." "Cast you the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth!" But perhaps you will say this is too severe, and only belongs to great sinners, such as have been profane and immoral in their conduct. Nay, beloved, mark—this last Scripture does not speak of any openly wicked sinners—but only of an unprofitable servant. Now, have not you been to God an "unprofitable servant," even though you may have been outwardly moral and correct? Again, it is written, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all those who forget God." (Psalm 9:17) You see how the sentence runs; not only to the wicked—but to all who forget God. This reaches the very thoughts of the heart, and shows that God’s holy law passes judgment on the thoughts of the heart, as well as on words and actions. Yes, indeed, its first great commandment searches the heart, for it is this, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength." (Mark 12:30)

Now, under this law we were all born, and by it must be judged. Nor can we say it is unreasonable that we should be required to love the holy God who is our Creator and Preserver. But have we loved Him supremely? Have we remembered Him in His ways? No, not one of us has done it by nature; but, as He says, "My people have forgotten me days without number!" "God is not in all his thoughts!" "Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only evil continually!" "Shall not God search this out; for he knows the secrets of the heart." Surely your kind and very candid note confesses the truth of these things when you say, "It is my thoughts that lead me astray." So, then, we need go no further than the thoughts of the heart to prove that we have all gone astray from God; that we are guilty under His law; and its condemning sentence is against us, for it says, "The soul that sins it shall die;" (Ezekiel 18:4) and "the thought of foolishness is sin." (Proverbs 24:9) These are God's own words, not mine; you can turn to the Bible and read them. But if it is true that we are by nature in such a fearful state, how is it that we can be so indifferent about it? And how is it that while under the sentence of death, and with the wrath of God already on us, we can be merry and sportive, and have no concern for any of these things? It is because we are not only "shaped in iniquity and conceived in sin," but "we are dead in trespasses and sins!" That is--spiritually dead, so that we cannot know God, or love Him, or feel our real state before Him, any more than those who are literally dead can see, or hear, or feel the things that are going on around them. And because of this state of spiritual death we may tell people over and over again about their lost and dangerous condition—but they do not feel it. And they never will until they experience what the Lord spoke of to Nicodemus in John 3:1-36, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Marvel not that I said unto you, you must be born again." This new birth is entirely of God; it is the being quickened by the Holy Spirit, and made to feel that we are sinners and enemies to God by wicked works. When this new birth takes place we feel many things to be evil, which before we thought nothing of. The Spirit convinces us of sin, makes us know what sin is, and that we are full of it; as it is written, "When the Spirit has come, he will convince the world of sin." When this takes place we no longer try to excuse ourselves--that we are not so bad as others—have wronged no one—and have done the best we can. We cannot rest here—but feel that we have sinned enough to banish us forever from the presence of God; and the great concern now is how we may get salvation.

I fear I shall weary you—but yet I should very much like to tell you the account of a little heathen girl which has much interested me, and will show you what I mean by being born again of the Spirit, and how He can quicken without outward means. A little Hindu girl was stolen from her parents, taken to Calcutta, and sold for a slave. She was a sweet girl, and the lady who bought her, having no children, took a fancy to her, and thought she would not make her a slave—but bring her up to be a companion, and she grew very fond of her. The lady was a Mohammedan, and taught the little girl to be the same. This went on until she was about sixteen years old, when all at once it came into her mind, she knew not how or why, that she was a sinner, and needed salvation. She was in great distress of mind, and went to the lady for comfort; but she could not give her any, she could not tell her of a Savior—but tried to amuse her, and make her forget her trouble. So she hired rope-dancers and jugglers, and tried all the sports they are fond of in India, to give her pleasure. But all were of no use; she remained as miserable as ever. The lady then sent for a Mohammedan priest; but he could not understand her distress. However, he took her under his care, and taught her many prayers in Arabic, which she did not understand; told her to repeat them five times a day, and always turn towards Mecca when she said them. She tried in vain to get

comfort from these things. She felt there was no forgiveness, no salvation there. After three long years, the thought struck her, that perhaps all her sorrow of mind was a punishment for having left the faith of her fathers. So she searched out a Hindu priest, and entreated him to receive her back to his church—but he cursed her in the name of his god. She told him all her distress—but he would not listen until she offered him money, and then he undertook her case. He directed her to take an offering of fruit and flowers to a certain goddess, and once a-week to offer a young goat for a bloody sacrifice. For a long time she did all he told her—but got no relief; she found that the blood of goats could not take away sin, and often cried in deep distress, "Oh I shall die! and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" At last she became ill through distress, and the lady watched her with deep sorrow, fearing she would sink into an early grave.

One day as she sat alone in a room, thinking and longing and weeping, a beggar came to the door; her heart was so full that she talked of what she needed to all she met, and in speaking to the beggar used a word which means salvation. He said, "I think I have heard that word before;" she eagerly asked, "Where? tell me where I can find that which I want, and for which I am dying. I shall soon die, and oh, what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" The man told her of a place where the poor natives had rice given them, and "there," he said, "I have heard it; and they tell of one Jesus Christ, who can give salvation." "Oh, where is He? take me to Him," she said. The beggar thought she was mad, and was going away—but she would not let him go without telling her more. She dreaded missing the prize which now seemed almost within her reach. "Well," he said, "I can tell you of a man who will lead you to Jesus," and directed her to a part of the town where Marraput Christian lived, who was once a rich Brahmin—but had given up all for the sake of Jesus. She set out that very evening in search of him, and went from house to house inquiring of those she met where lived Marraput Christian, the man who would lead her to Jesus—but none could tell her. It grew late, and her heart was nearly broken, for she thought she must return as she came, and die without obtaining salvation. She was just turning to go home when she saw a man walking along the road and thought she would try once more, so she asked him where Marraput Christian lived, the man who would lead her to Jesus. To her great joy he showed her the house, and she met Marraput coming out of the door.

She asked, with tears and anguish, "Are you the man who can lead me to Jesus? Oh, take me to Him. I shall die, and what shall I do without obtaining salvation?" He took her in, and said, "My dear young friend, sit down and tell me all." She told her history, and then rose and said, "Now, sir, take me to Jesus; you know where He is, oh, take me to Him!" For she thought Jesus was on earth, and that she might go to Him at once. Marraput knew that though He was not here, He was just as able to pity and welcome her at the mercy-seat; so he only said, "Let us pray." As he prayed, the poor Hindu felt that she found that which she so long wanted—salvation, pardon, and peace. This simple narrative touched my heart. It does so show the work of the Spirit in one who had never seen a Bible, nor heard of the gospel, or of Jesus the sinner’s friend. There she was in the midst of heathen--mourning for sin and seeking for salvation. The good Shepherd was seeking this lamb before she sought Him, and He appointed the means to bring her to His fold and His feet. Oh, that it might be thus with you! May you by the Spirit be wounded under a sense of sin, then will you, with like earnestness, seek to be led to Jesus, the Savior; for you must die, and, oh, what will you do if you die without finding salvation?

I must cease. Excuse the length of this; my heart is in it. I long for your salvation, and still mention you to the King to whom power belongs.

Believe me, with much affectionate interest, your sincere friend,

Ruth Bryan

Chapter 82

01A.47 Cast all your cares upon Him

Cast all your cares upon Him My valued friend,

May the Lord preserve your going out and coming in, and, if it be His holy will, revive your sick daughter--your drooping, fragile flower; but, above all, bring her into His garden enclosed below, and then gather her as His lily to wear in His own bosom above. Oh! the happiness of being enfolded in His love forever, where clouds and storms can never come.

We are on the sure way—the King’s highway. We are journeying therein amidst the many cares and storms of wilderness life, and I amidst the pains and weakness of decaying mortality. To each the promise stands good—"As your days, so shall your strength be." In passing through life the interests of time have their claims—but we often give them sadly too much importance. How secondary do they look in the light of eternity, for in one moment our breath may fail, and we are done with them forever. The Lord bless you with sweet communion with Himself, enabling you to cast all your cares upon Him, for He cares for you. He clothes His lilies, He feeds His doves, He makes a way through the sea for His ransomed to pass over. With warm love, your own unworthy,

Ruth

Chapter 83

01A.48 Heart-searching suitable to a birthday

Heart-searching suitable to a birthday So remember your Creator in the days of your youth--before the days of adversity come, and the years approach when you will say, "I have no delight in them." Ecclesiastes 12:1

"May the Lord bless you and protect you. May the Lord smile on you and be gracious to you. May the Lord show you his favor and give you his peace." Numbers 6:24-26 To Miss F., March 31, 1859.

My beloved,

I have been told that you this day attain your twenty-first year. Will you accept an affectionate greeting from a pilgrim friend? and will you allow me to express the feelings of my heart, though they be not so lively or so congratulatory as may seem to comport with a birthday.

You have reached another milestone on the pathway of life, and where does it find you? In a medium path between the world and Christ? Ah! there is no middle path. Consider it, and then "consider your ways;" for either you are serving the Lord or serving His enemies—the world, the flesh, and the devil. I do think you sometimes long to be on the Lord’s side, and that your heart says of His people—

"Numbered with them may I be,

Here and in eternity." My heart says— Amen; and may it be soon, that I may have joy over you in the Lord, and that He may have the cream of your life, the flower of your days--for He is worthy. He who bled and died for sinners such as you and I, is worthy of all our powers, and of a thousand hearts if we had them. May the blessed Spirit make you feel deeply your need of Him, and this very day, if it be His holy will, may your language be—

"Here’s my heart, Lord, take and seal it,

Seal it in Your courts above."

Most heartily I desire for you a spiritual birthday in the fulfillment of that precious promise—"A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Then will you say, "My Father, you are the guide of my youth;" and only then will you find true happiness, for

"Fading is the worldling’s treasure,

All his boasted pomp and show;

Solid joys and lasting pleasure,

None but Zion’s pilgrims know!"

Though not with you, I am bearing you on my heart before the Lord. May He guide you every step in life, and grant you the blessings of the upper and the nether-springs. Forgive the intrusion of these poor lines from one who watches for your never-dying soul; and, with tender love, remains your affectionate friend,

Ruth Bryan "Teach us to number our days aright, that we may gain a heart of wisdom." Psalms 90:12

Chapter 84

01A.49 Encouragements to one afar off, to come unto

Encouragements to one afar off, to come unto Jesus To Miss F., May 12, 1860.

My beloved,

You do not know how much I have thought of you since you have been ill, and how I have hoped this cough might be as the rough messenger, by which the Lord would effectually touch your heart, making you feel yourself a lost, helpless sinner--and bringing you to plea for mercy at the foot of the Cross, where no needy sinner ever perished yet. No, my beloved young friend, there is no perishing at the footstool of mercy. You cannot be too sinful, too hard, too cold, too powerless--for Jesus to save.

If you feel your need of Him--it is His gift. Oh that it may be so! My heart yearns after your soul, travails in birth until Christ is formed "in you the hope of glory," and I grudge every year and month that you and your dear brother and sister continue far off from God, and strangers to "the peace that is made by His blood."

"Oh that the time of love may come!

When you shall surely see,

Not only that He shed His blood,

But each shall say--for me!" For you, dear one, I have been thinking of this word, "I have refined you—but not with silver, I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction." And if it be so, you will say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," for "before I was afflicted I went astray." I sometimes long for a peep into your heart, for I cannot think your thoughts and desires are all after the empty things of this world. I think there is under all a longing to be "found" by the Good Shepherd, and marked for His own.

Perhaps you sometimes think, "If I am not chosen, it is of no use desiring and praying." So I thought once, and it lay like a stone on my heart, choking and chilling each little sigh for mercy, when the cry would have risen, "Lord, save me!" But I have found it was one of Satan’s devices to keep me from prayer—and so it is with you, if such are your feelings. Even as it was with the young man whom Satan attacked when they were bringing him to Jesus. But he could not hinder the blessing, and that is comfort. "As the boy came forward, the demon knocked him to the ground and threw him into a violent convulsion. But Jesus rebuked the evil spirit and healed the boy." (Luke 9:42) The question with you should be, not whether you are chosen—but what are the characters whom Jesus came to save, and invites to come to Him? "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "I am not come to call the righteous—but sinners to repentance." "This man receives sinners and eats with them." "Come unto me all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Jesus is a great Savior, and you are a great sinner, therefore you are the very case for Him.

It is true, with all your endeavors you cannot repent—but "Him has God exalted to give repentance and remission of sins." Neither can you pray—but He gives the spirit of grace and supplication. You cannot mourn for sin—but He makes the "heart soft." "They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them." You cannot believe but He is the Author and Finisher of faith. So all these are things not to keep you away—but just to bring you to Him, even though you do not know assuredly that He has chosen you. He says, "Him that comes to me I will never cast out." The Spirit says, "Come!" The Bride says, "Come!" And "whoever will, let him take the water of life freely!" May you, dear friend, come, and come again, you will not be cast out. But perhaps in this very furnace the Lord will say to you, "Yes, I have loved you with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn you. I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people. And they shall say, The Lord is my God." Amen, so let it be with you, my dearest friend.

I have been writing mentally all the week—but was too ill to pen my thoughts. I am rather better today, and so have done it freely. Perhaps my thoughts may not have touched yours; all depends upon the Spirit of power. Oh breathe, celestial Dove, in that dear heart the breath of life divine. Move upon the dark waters of that soul, and say, "Let there be light," and the light of life shall burst forth. Be in that loved one the spirit of supplication, that she may pray and not faint. The Lord preserve you in journeying, restore your health, and bless your soul, that you may heartily say—

"Gladly the world’s poor toys I leave

For those who know not Thee."

I know you will excuse the many imperfections of these poor lines, written from the bed of pain and weakness. With much love, I remain your affectionate friend,

Ruth Bryan

Chapter 85

01A.50 Pleadings with a soul

Pleadings with a soul

"The unfailing love of the Lord never ends! By his mercies we have been kept from complete destruction." Lamentations 3:22 To Miss F., my dear friend,

It grieves me to hear you are so ill. How gladly would I see you and try to soothe and comfort you; but though I cannot come to see you, as I am very weak, and fast going down to the last valley, yet I am with you in spirit, and can speak to the King for you as the blessed Spirit enables me. For what would you make request? Is it for life and health? He can give them, for "He brings down to the grave, and brings up again." So do not be too much cast down. But do you cling more to life than you would wish? Ah! it is only salvation applied, and Christ enjoyed, that can loosen our hold of things seen, and of those earthly attractions which have long entwined themselves around the heart, for then we have found something infinitely better. But is it your chief desire to find that salvation, and hear that blessed Savior say, "Fear not, I have redeemed you, you are mine"? Oh, then, my heart will rejoice, for such desires will surely be granted. "Your heart shall live that seek the Lord."

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,

’Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek."

I do hope and trust the Lord has a purpose of love to you, and that He has put these rough cords of affliction around you, to draw you to Himself. Oh, blessed Spirit, convince that dear soul of sin, and then say to her, "Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world." Break her heart, and then bind it up with the love and blood of Jesus. O Jesus, manifest Yourself to her as her own precious Savior. O my covenant God, save her for Your mercy’s sake, and if it be Your holy will, spare her to show forth Your praise. Amen, amen. The Lord bless you, and turn the water of affliction into the wine of consolation.

With tenderest love and ardent longings, your warmly affectionate,

Ruth Bryan

Chapter 86

01A.51 A counsel of love

A counsel of love To Miss F.,

I hope a little line of love will not fatigue or excite you. A line from the blessed book to encourage you in looking for manifested pardon and love, "Come now, and let us reason together, says the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son CLEANSES us from all sin." "He will turn again: He will have compassion upon us. He will subdue our iniquities, and will cast all our sins into the depths of the sea." The sea of Immanuel’s blood! Oh! what love to poor sinners, to pour out His precious blood for their cleansing. He is a precious Savior, a loving Savior, a free Savior. He saves without money or price, without merit on our part or even one good thought to plead, and He waits to be gracious; nor will He let one poor sinner perish who is crying to Him from the heart for mercy and pardon. No, not you, my loved one. "He will be very gracious to you at the voice of your cry." With tender love, your affectionate,

Ruth Bryan

Chapter 87

01A.52 The power of the precious blood of Christ

The power of the precious blood of Christ To Mrs. B., 1849.

My dear sister in our precious Lord Jesus,

Many, many times have I thought of you since you so tenderly leaned over my sinking frame, almost thinking to see me no more in the flesh, unless it were to pay the last kind attention to my sleeping dust. But, beloved, we parted with a bright prospect beyond, and a sweet assurance that we should meet again to never, never part! Since then I have gone near, indeed, to the gates of the grave, and the shadows of death seemed closing thickly around me; but there was no harm, dear sister. Jesus has been through death and through the grave, and He has left them stingless, to those for whom He died. "O death, where is your sting? O grave, where is your victory?" Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. May He bless you, and give you many heart-burnings while He talks to you by the way, and opens to you in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself, which will make you for a season forget the things concerning yourself; and while you are lost and Jesus found--you nothing and Jesus all--you will step on lightly, even with a heavy load in the flesh.

I hope Mr. B— is anxiously seeking the Pearl of great price. Perhaps his sun is near setting--and then comes a never-ending eternity! Oh, that he may not enter it without the blood of Jesus; that is the only way by which a poor sinner can enter into heaven itself. Coming with that precious blood, the vilest shall not be shut out, for it "CLEANSES from all sin." Secret sin, open sin, old sin, long-continued sin, sins against light and knowledge, sins against judgment and mercy, known sin, unknown sin—every kind and manner of sin which a poor trembling, Spirit-convinced sinner feels--does this powerful blood take away. To this, many now before the Throne, and many also on earth, can bear honest witness, and I for one would lift up my feeble voice to encourage every sin-burdened soul to put their whole confidence in that blood of which I have felt the benefit. My sins were as scarlet, my guilt of crimson dye—but blood of a richer hue which flowed out from the veins of my precious Savior has made me white as snow, and I long for poor fellow-sinners thus to be brought near to God, for "now in Christ Jesus (we) who sometime were far off are made near by the blood of Christ."

I know not how Mr. B— is feeling, or where he is looking for salvation—but I have much concern for his soul, and a desire that he may "behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world." One sight of Him by faith would be as powerful to his soul as looking at the brazen serpent was to the body of the bitten Israelites; for as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so has the Son of Man been lifted up, that "whoever believes in him should not perish—but have everlasting life." So Jesus says Himself, "Come unto me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "All that the Father gives me shall come to me, and him that comes to me I will never cast out." Oh that this precious "shall come" may draw your earthly husband to your heavenly One; for they shall come who are ready to perish, who have no eye to pity, no hand to save or help them; who feel hopeless and helpless--they shall come. Oh that the Lord may find

him, then will my soul rejoice to know that he is one of those lost sheep, whom the Good Shepherd came on purpose to seek and find.

Now, my dear sister in Jesus--may the God of love and peace be with you; bruise Satan under your feet shortly; cause you to triumph in Christ; and make you exceeding joyful in all your tribulations, through the love of God shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Spirit, whom is given unto you.

Accept affectionate love in Jesus, from yours very sincerely,

R. Bryan

Chapter 88

01A.53 The tenderness of the Good Shepherd

The tenderness of the Good Shepherd To Miss M., January 19, 1850. A stranger takes the liberty of sending greeting in that dear Name of Jesus, that Name so precious to the believing soul, precious to the seeking soul, precious to the wounded spirit and to the broken heart, precious to the lame and the lost, to the bound and the bruised, to the leprous and the filthy! Yes, to every spirit-touched soul does this beloved Name sound sweetly, either as that which is known to be precious by enjoyment, or that which is estimated precious as being just what is needed. His name was called Jesus because He saves His people from their sins; and those seeking, trembling souls, who dare not yet say they are of His people--do feel painfully that they need saving from their sins, that such a Savior would suit them well, and to be able, under Divine anointing honestly and lovingly to add the little word "my," would be more to them than possessing mines of gold and crowns of earthly glory. The very thought of saying and feeling "my Savior," sets their hearts longing; and the glow of a little hope that it will come, almost makes their lame feet leap and their dumb tongue to sing.

There is a blessed, holy attraction in this altogether lovely Jesus which acts powerfully upon all quickened souls, drawing them out in desire, and drawing them on in pursuit, until the set time comes to favor them more manifestly. Then the meeting between a sin-sick soul and a sin-bearing Savior has in it such secrets of love and sweetness, that it seems as if a thousand years of the most painful waiting, would be richly repaid by one moment of such bliss. But oh, it is not for a moment and then away; the Savior and the saved shall never really part. He "hates divorce," and though darkness obscures, and clouds seem to intervene after the first meeting--yet union remains, communion shall return, and a glorious eternity consummate the bliss. Of every sheep and every lamb, the Good Shepherd will take care, and fold them all safely above. They shall surely pass under the hand of Him who counts them, and not one be missing. However faint, or feeble, or fearing, or unworthy any one may be, they are all bought and paid for, and the flock must be as complete as the price was satisfactory. The wolf may howl, the dog may bark, the way may be dreary, and the poor heart may often tremble—but the Good Shepherd will not be out of hearing, even if He seem to be out of sight. He will rescue even out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear.

Perhaps Miss M—’s heart is saying, "I know all this—but fear I am not one of His flock." Is sin hated, self loathed, the world forsaken, Jesus longed for, His people loved, His ordinances and Word prized and sought unto--to find Him in them, and the good old way inquired after with a desire to walk therein? If so, these surely seem like the breathings and bleatings of the sheep; and let Miss M— be encouraged into the assurance that the Good Shepherd’s heart is so loving and tender, it is as easily touched by the half-uttered "baa" of the weakling lamb as by the full-toned "Abba" of the sheep that knows its fold and its owner.

It may be, He is now saying to this fearing one, "I have refined you—but not with silver, I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction." It may be, He is trying, and will before long bring forth as

gold; and if He has fixed upon the furnace as a meeting-place between you and Himself, it will be worth enduring a seven times heated flame. It may be, at present you have not seen Him—but He sees you, and is regulating all the fiery process. It may be, that as yet you have but fallen down bound into the midst of the fire. Well, so did some before you, who afterwards, in glorious company with the Son of God, walked loose and unharmed in the flames. Think it not strange concerning this fiery trial, which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you—but consider that as a father chastens his son, so your God chastens you; and though at present it seems not joyous but grievous, yet afterwards may it yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, through the divine "exercising" of the Holy Spirit thereby. Your case is too hard for yourself—but bring it to Jesus, and He will hear it. Surely mine was harder, yes, the hardest of all--so helpless, so hopeless, so sinful, so unbelieving, so hard, so cold, so ignorant, yes, so everything I should not be—but Jesus undertook, and to the uttermost He saved. I was a five hundred pence debtor—but every farthing He paid, and now by Him made free, I live to praise Him, and to encourage all poor, convicted sinners to trust Him with the worst of their bad case. He will not send such empty away. He will in no wise cast them out. None need despair, since He has saved such a worthless, hell-deserving one as myself. May the Holy Spirit enable you to make the venture of faith, and it shall not be in vain. (Esther 4:16, and Esther 4:2) The Lord bless you, sanctify your affliction, grant you manifest forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among all those who are sanctified through faith that is in Jesus. You are seeking Him, perhaps sometimes sorrowing—but "those who sow in tears shall reap in joy." My heart desires He may soon be found of you, and though entirely strangers in the flesh, yet for His dear sake, I venture to subscribe myself yours very sincerely,

Ruth Bryan

1 Peter 5:10

01A.54 The wounds of sin and the healing

The wounds of sin and the healing power of the good Samaritan "This man receives sinners and eats with them." To Miss M., February 27, 1850.

Dear Miss M.,

Do not be alarmed at again seeing the handwriting of an unworthy stranger, thinking you will be constantly subject to these intrusions. Indeed, I do not intend it; and you need not have one anxious feeling in the thought that you must reply. I shall not think it the least breach of politeness, or the least lack of Christian courtesy, for you to be entirely silent. I well know what weakness and nervousness is, and it would much grieve me to add to that burden; therefore please to read these lines in perfect ease and freedom from all such feelings. On reading your note my spirit was strongly impelled to commune with you again, and the contents of it touched my heart to tears, for in your dark picture I find the very counterpart of myself. Yes, indeed! though now enjoying the sweets of union, (Song of Solomon 6:3) and the love of my beloved. (Song of Solomon 2:3-4) Yet for years I walked where you now walk, and felt as you now feel. Though preserved in outward morality and propriety, yet I was often horrified at my own inward vileness, and loathed my corrupt self more than words can express. I also sinned against light, and knowledge, and privilege. Thoroughly do I know what you mean by secret sin, and depths of iniquity--such as, if known to your dearest friends, would make them abhor you forever. I have felt it, and under the awful power of hateful temptation, have been sure that if the workings of my vile heart could be seen, the dear saints who then noticed me would spurn me, and cast me out of their society. Yet I did not wish to deceive them; I could tell no one what I felt—but always declared myself the vilest of the vile; and when they tried to encourage me by saying that my spots were the spots of God’s children, I just thought it was only because I could not make them know how really black and bad I was.

You describe me to the life, when you speak of short periods of reviving, then relapsing into apathy, and only being aroused by some fierce temptation. I had gleams of light and tastes of sweetness, and then I could hope. But these soon passed away, and general carelessness and indifference gradually followed, with conscience-reprovings and heart-smitings. I had no power, or even hearty will against this state, until some new form of abomination startled me, or some old easily besetting sin made headway. This roused me to bitter groans and cries for mercy, with deepest shame and remorse, and I thought surely the Lord would be at length provoked to cast me off for such seeming mockery, in thus crying out against sin, and yet being so much the subject of its awful activity. Ah, indeed! I felt there never was such a wretch, such a living mass of putrefying sores and corruption. Others might be worse outside—but I felt the sin was not less my own, or less polluting, because it worked chiefly within; and I thought if the Lord ever saved me, I would be the greatest wonder in heaven, and that there never could be such another trophy of redeeming love. I think so still, and am in nowise disposed to yield that point even to you, bad as you think yourself, for my guilt has many aggravations which I cannot enumerate. I used to say that nothing less than sovereign power and irresistible grace would ever be sufficient for such a

hell-deserving one as myself. That has been granted—power which broke down my will, and grace which melted my heart; and I, even unworthiest I, can sing of "Sovereign grace over sin abounding."

I would again draw near to you, beloved, in that wilderness of fear and sin where you are traveling heavily, and which I trod with sorrowful steps before you. I would encourage your heart in God, "who regards the cry of the destitute, and will not despise their prayer." You are not expecting too much in desiring to lose the spirit of bondage, and to have the spirit of adoption, crying, Abba, Father; to go on from the convincing of the Spirit to the comforting of the Spirit—from His leading through the chambers of imagery and increasing abominations, to His testimony of the altogether lovely Jesus as your Savior.

I used to say, I want individuality put into all that Jesus did and suffered--to have it just made my own; and I believe no Spirit-touched soul can be satisfied without it. The Spirit-convicted must be Spirit-comforted; the Spirit-wounded must be Spirit-healed--and that will always be with precious blood. "I wound, and I heal; I kill, and I make alive." "Not by might, nor by power—but by my Spirit, says the Lord Almighty." Like you, I sighed for this sure testimony, and all the voices of all the saints, I knew, could not persuade me that I was a child of God, until the Spirit revealed relationship, and then, though some thought me presumptuous, they could not stop the cry, "Abba, Father, my Lord and my God, my Beloved and my Friend."

Thus it was with me. It seemed too good to be true, that I, who deserved the lowest hell, and had felt so long as though I were hanging over it--should be delivered forever from it. "Deliver her from going down to the pit--I have found a ransom!" May the Lord cheer you, dear Miss M—, or I am sure my poor words will not; but as the first features of our case are so truly similar, I doubt not that before long we shall come to a fuller recognition of family likeness. I doubt not that you also having sown in tears shall reap in joy, though you do not now to your own apprehension seem to be bearing precious seed. Well, I do firmly believe that the same good Samaritan who found me after I had fallen among thieves—sin, Satan, the world, and cursed unbelief—found me stripped, wounded, and half dead—I believe this same compassionate One will before long purposely pass by where you are, and do as He did for me—bind up your wounds, pour into them oil and wine to cleanse and heal.

Perhaps you say, "Lord, I would believe, help mine unbelief." So be it. I know from woeful experience what a subtle, mischief-working foe unbelief is; and that we are prone to listen to it, and parley with it too. None can have been more unbelieving than I. But He whose love was stronger than death would not be turned aside. May your heart be encouraged, and your eye turned from yourself to Him, then, like the serpent-bitten Israelites, you would be healed and live. May the Spirit of the Lord give the look of faith, the touch of faith, that your sighs may be turned to songs.

I long after your soul in the affections of Jesus Christ. To Him I commend you. Having myself obtained mercy, I can assure you, for your encouragement, that your case cannot be too hard or too bad, and I have no doubt He has already undertaken it. "If any man sins, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." And He pleads according to law, for He Himself is the propitiation for our sins. Adieu, dear Miss M—. May the Lord, whom you seek, come speedily to His temple, even your heart.

Accept affectionate regards for Jesus’ sake, from yours very sincerely,

Ruth Bryan "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." Romans 5:20

Chapter 90

01A.55 Christ able to save to the uttermost

Christ able to save to the uttermost "Peace be unto you. Fear not--you shall not die." To Miss M., April 1850.

My dear miss M.,

Grace and peace be with you, and may the God of consolation shortly fill you with joy and peace in believing. May He turn your eyes away from the mystery of iniquity within--to the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh, stretched upon the cross for you, redeeming you from the deserved curse of the law by being made a curse for you, bearing your very sins (which seem to you greater than any other) in His own body on the tree. This is the only sight which can heal your wounded heart and bring rest to your weary, laboring spirit. You are bowed down with the burden of sin, even as the poor woman was with the infirmity wherewith Satan had bound her for eighteen years, and, like her, you are unable to lift up yourself. It must be a power outside of yourself that shall loose you from your heavy burden and bitter bondage.

Poor heart! you are hopeless and helpless unless "the Deliverer" appears on your behalf; and He will do it, for He never said to the seed of Jacob, "Seek me in vain." You are seeking Him and His favor, and you think you shall never find it; but "His thoughts are not as your thoughts," for "as the heavens are higher than the earth," so are His thoughts and ways above yours. You look at your own deservings, and judge by things seen and felt. He judges righteous judgment, and has found a wondrous way in which He can honorably deal with you according to the deservings of another.

O my beloved friend, how will your heart leap and your tongue sing when this secret is opened to you in power! How will your burden fall off when you get a faith view of the cross and of the precious Sufferer there! These words, perhaps, seem now to you like idle tales as regards your personal experience, and you believe them not with any comforting application. "Power belongs unto God," but truly I can believe on your behalf, and have no doubt you will be as a brand plucked from the burning, a trophy of redeeming love, a jewel in my Savior’s crown, and that as chief sinners we shall before long sing together, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound!"

You may perhaps say, "You cannot know how bad I am, or you would not feel so sure." And you do not know how bad I am, or you would not think yourself worse. The arm that reached me (low indeed in the pit of corruption) can reach you! The blood that cleansed me can cleanse you! The love that sealed my pardon can seal yours. Notwithstanding all you can say concerning your bad case, I fully expect that in the Lord’s time you will send me an Ebenezer stone inscribed with pardon free and full. Thereon we will sit down together, and, taking the harp from the willow, sing, "It is the Lord’s doing, and marvelous in our eyes." "Grace, grace unto it."

What! do you think you have out sinned the blood, the love, the power, or the will of Him who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him; and who said, "Him who comes to me I will never cast out?" Nay, do not so wrong your own soul and the sinner-receiving Savior. His invitation, His promise is to you, "Come unto me, all you who labor and are heavy laden--and I will

give you rest."

I was thankful to hear you had some alleviation of bodily affliction, and sincerely hope it will prove permanent, if that will be for your good. It must be distressing to suffer acutely in body and soul too. You kindly mention my health. Through mercy it is considerably established, so that I can engage again in the activities of life. Perhaps you know that this was very contrary to my wish. I was very tired of my wilderness-school, and longed for my glory-home, having such bright views thereof as bedimmed earth and all in it. Yes! I, who once lay trembling at the mouth of the bottomless pit, and felt that by my own corruptions I was preparing for those everlasting burnings, have, by sovereign grace, been taken thence into Beulah's happy land. I have been in the very suburbs of celestial bliss, have felt joys unutterable, and desired to drop this fettering clay, and to be forever with my Lord. But He denied my pressing suit, and sent me back to tell His wondrous love to sister sinners. Oh, would that it might reach your heart, and that mercy-drops of precious blood might take your guilt and grief away!

It seems your affliction came upon you contrary to human probability, and when you were on a pinnacle of worldly ease and honor, and perhaps of fleshly pride. So did Nebuchadnezzar's. He was suddenly brought down from his greatness, lost his mental powers, so that he might well say, "I was as a beast before You." Yet I verily believe the Lord had a favor towards him, to do him good in his latter end; for at the end of the days "he lifted up his eyes to heaven," and spoke like one chastened—but not killed; as one judged in himself that he should not be condemned of the world. Read his humble praise and confession in Daniel 4:34—and pick up a crumb of encouragement, if the great Master will let it fall thus from His table for you. You know it is not a new or strange thing He is doing with you; for He has said, "The loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day."

It is one thing to read this in words—but quite another to come under the discipline of it, to find all our ornaments taken away, and truly discover, instead of our imagined beauty--the loathsomeness of our corruption; instead of a belt keeping all in order--a rip; instead of well-set hair to please ourselves and others--baldness; and burning in the conscience--instead of beauty. (Isaiah 3:17, etc.; compare Revelation 3:17-18) Ah, to go through all this is fearful indeed! I have known it, you now know it, and the poor heart fears that such an abased, polluted creature must only be "a vessel of wrath fitted to destruction." But this is only the spirit of judgment and the spirit of burning, praying the daughters of Zion that the branch of the Lord may be beautiful and glorious, and the fruit of the earth excellent and lovely; and these very poor creatures shall be called holy, and found written among the living in Jerusalem.

You speak of the rising of your heart in independence against the Lord's dealings to make you dependent. This is exactly His way. Just where we would not have the cross, it shall be laid on; and where nature is the most sensitive, it shall least be spared. The reason is plain—the deeply-rooted evil needs the knife. Your independence might have passed with you for a virtue, had not close dealing with it by a skillful hand brought out its hidden hideousness, and now you stand aghast at the discovery. But remember, you do not now begin to be so vile, you always were so in God's sight—but the calm surface hid it from your own eyes! He has broken up the fountain of this great deep, and is discovering your iniquity to turn away your captivity, in which you have

willingly been held by the very evil you now deplore. "Lo, all these things works God oftentimes with man" to "withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." He will give you a humble, thankful spirit, affectionately willing to be dependent, if it will glorify Him.

You speak of being thought obstinate in rejecting comfort. The very same thing was said to me, while truly my heart groaned for it—but I had no power either to believe or receive. However, when the day of His power came, I was made willing enough. This day is what you are waiting for, and you shall not wait in vain, as the mouth of the Lord has spoken it—Isaiah 30:18; Lamentations 3:25-26. You speak of some sweet words and promises coming to your mind with comfort, and that afterwards you think it was presumption to take them as yours. This is the enemy trying to snatch the morsel from your hungry soul. He would have you reject everything because you do not get a full deliverance—but I pray you receive without fear those little hints of the Lord’s kindness to you, lest you grieve His Holy Spirit, who thus helps you with a little help. And now I commit you to Him who is able to do for you exceeding abundantly above all I can ask or think; who will perfect that which concerns you, and it shall be to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He has made us accepted in the Beloved. May the Holy Spirit witness it in your soul. With deep interest, believe me, though very unworthy, affectionately yours,

Ruth Bryan

01A.56 Balm in Gilead

Balm in Gilead

"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is there no healing for the wound of my people?" Jeremiah 8:22

"I myself said, 'How gladly would I treat you like sons and give you a desirable land, the most beautiful inheritance of any nation.' I thought you would call me 'Father' and not turn away from following me." Jeremiah 3:19 To Miss M., June 3, 1850. My beloved sister in Jesus,

These "shalls" and "shall nots" reach even your hard case, for, wayward though you may be, you have not power to get away from them.

Spiritual life in the first quickening by the Holy Spirit is as real and as sure of consummation, as it is in the ripest growth thereof--though it is not always as easily discernible. Surely my spirit feels union with yours in the bonds of the Covenant; yes, I feel one with you in the indissoluble ties of love Divine, most truly believing you to be part of the travail of my precious Redeemer's soul. For you, with worthless me, He agonized in sweat of blood and pangs to us unknown, and He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied. All your sins shall not be sufficient to prevent it; and, unworthy though I be, I do look in your case to be partaker of His joy, and bid you welcome into the land flowing with milk and honey. For as surely as you are by the quickening Spirit passing under the rod in conviction, felt bondage, and heavy groanings which cannot be uttered, so surely shall you "pass again under the hand of Him who counts them," into the sweet bond of the Covenant, which is everlasting love—a bond which cannot be broken by all the combined powers of earth and hell. Take courage, then; "faithful is He who calls you, who also will do it." Ah indeed, or it would never be done at all; for one step you cannot take, one thought you cannot think, one word you cannot speak to forward your own salvation. Poor hopeless, helpless one, you just lie entirely at the disposal of holy sovereignty; and if He saves you not by His own power for His own holy name's sake, perish you must and will. But He has given commandment to save you, and before long He will pluck your feet out of the net which now entangles your steps, will bring your soul out of prison, and you shall praise His name who has indeed dealt wondrously with you.

You think my case was not half so desperate as yours, and yet again and again you depict to the life the vile workings of my abominably deceitful heart. These workings I would never mention to glory in my shame—but only "for the lifting of Jesus on high," and for the encouragement of those poor souls who are groaning in the pit of corruption, and who feel that by every effort they only sink deeper into the mire. Too well do I know what you describe when you speak of yielding to temptation, feelingly crying out against iniquity, and yet at the same time conscious of, in some sort, regarding it in my heart. Besetting sins I had, and did really loathe them, yet I fell into them again and again, partly in consequence of indulging them. Yet the outward surface was fair, although I thought none on earth could conceive what a monster of iniquity I was. The testimony of sin was at times deeply stamped upon everything I did, said, thought, or looked, so that I was a

burden and terror to myself, and would most gladly have exchanged with any of the brute creation to get rid of my polluted but never-dying soul, which trembled at the remembrance of the holiness of Him before whom I must appear. I detested hypocrisy—but feared it, because of being always kept outwardly moral and nurtured among Christian friends and privileges. I trembled at a name to live, while I was dead, and felt that I could make none really believe what a sink of iniquity was working within. This made the feelings and expressions of my more favored moments seem to me like hypocrisy; for if they were really spiritual, how could I return to my filthiness, like the "sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire?" True, I did hate the evil I was the subject of, and yet I felt it had power over me, and also that there was something in me which had a secret liking for it. These things greatly cast me down, and made me think my spots could not be the spots of God's children. But how often since my deliverance have I seen cause to bless the Lord that I learned war in my spiritual youth—that He brought me into His temple by the north gate—that I felt so keenly the cutting blasts of a long dreary winter, before basking in the beams of the blessed Sun of righteousness—that the fountains of the great deep of iniquity in my heart were broken up, and the flood of evil burst upon me, before I was brought so blissfully into the banqueting-house, and reclined under the banner of love. All the Lord's ways are right ways; but I do now esteem it a favor to have been thus dealt with, because I observe those who have made more slight discoveries of their own corruption before their pardon is sealed, do appear often so astounded to find the enemy still in the land, and are ready to die with fear when the trumpet sounds them from the banquet to the battle. But, O thoroughly vile creatures, such as I have felt myself to be, do know that the moment the sun goes down the beasts of the forest will again creep forth, that the richest feast is only just to strengthen for more conflict or tribulation, and that there can be no long cessation of arms while we carry about this body of death. It may be, my beloved, you cannot yet take any comfort from these thoughts, because you are so severely feeling the painfulness of the discipline—but the end of a thing is better than the beginning. Those "who sow in tears shall reap in joy." Those who feel the heaviest load will prize deliverance most; those who are most beaten off from confidence in themselves will be the least moved as they discover their own weakness; and those who have the sentence of death most deeply inscribed in their hearts will be most constrained to live outside of themselves, and trust wholly in another. May the Lord cheer your heart, for in the midst of all your casting down He is drawing near you, and giving you cause to sing of mercy as well as judgment. What are all those little bedewings upon your spirit, and beamings of light through the gloom—but drops of mercy betokening a shower of blessings to come. Oh, seek to give the Lord the glory due unto His name! give not place to the devil, who would have you "lie against your right," and say your wound is incurable. There is balm in Gilead which can heal it. There is a Physician there who can reach it; He can cure your body, He can bless your soul; and though the lion has roared so frightfully, yet out of this eater He can bring meat, and out of this strong one He can bring sweetness. You are just fitting for a marvelous display of invincible power and omnipotent grace. Shall Satan have you? No! you are none of his, though so long disguised in black livery. The prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered, not for price or reward on your part. You shall come forth free by a royal grant, without any demand made upon you; but mind it is because another has paid the full cost of your release. And on whom then will your admiring eyes be fastened? Oh, on Him who not merely said He would give—but really has given His own life for your ransom! Eternal praises to this dear Deliverer who was anointed "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and

the opening of the prison to those who are bound;" yes, bound in affliction and irons, like you and me, the iron bonds of our nature's corruption and evil, and the iron grasp of the law revealing iniquity, and saying, "Pay me that you owe!" Oh, this does bring down the heart, indeed, with labor and sorrow! we fall down, and there seems none to help; then we cry unto the Lord in our trouble, and He brings us out of our distresses. (Read Psalms 107:1-43, which has been precious to me.) He has brought me out, though encompassed with every improbability. I am free to praise Him and to encourage you, and I would have you know that His prisoners are as safe as His freed ones. He is judging and chastening you now, that you should not be condemned with the world. As for writing to me "to give you up as a hypocrite," I should just have answered, "How shall I give you up, Ephraim?" "My affections are troubled for you)" and if I should speak or think against you, I should "earnestly remember you still." I can only say of our correspondence, "God moves in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform." Your letters touch a most sensitive chord in my heart, and I weep tears of sympathy with you, and wondering thankfulness, that the Lord should in the least refresh you by my unworthy means. It is condescension indeed! I know not that any one ever so fully described my former self and feelings. You say you write selfishly; so you must and will while the case of your soul is, to your apprehension, pending in uncertainty: it is the sphere where self is all-important and all-absorbing; and it will often tend to produce an unkind fretfulness towards all around, which you deplore, while feeling and manifesting it. But you do not say enough about self. Do tell me about your health. I long to know of any improvement, and how far you are an invalid. The Lord blend your will into His! Your letters are very precious to me—but never write to increase your suffering in mind or body. It is more pleasure and privilege to me to write to you than I can describe, and the freedom of spirit therein is wonderful as a stranger in the flesh—but not strangers now. I feel to know and love you, though I often think you would never love me if you knew me in person; it is all for Jesus' sake, and that is most sweet.

I am quite ashamed to write again so quickly to you—but the Lord our God seemed to bring the portion, and though I have had many misgivings, I felt such a flow of soul, that I feared to grieve or quench the Spirit if I withheld it. And now, my dear Miss M—, I commend you to that tender Shepherd, who knows all your case and will meet it; and, with much love and sympathy, I am your truly affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 92

01A.56 Submission to the Lord's will under bereav

Submission to the Lord’s will under bereavement "But Aaron remained silent." Leviticus 10:3 To Miss M., December 31, 1850.

My beloved friend,

It is with much hesitation and considerable delicacy of feeling that I now address you, fearing to add to the grief of an already wounded heart. But yet I know not how to be silent towards you, now that your troubled spirit is the subject of new sorrow from the loss of one much beloved. I know that sometimes anguish is too deep to bear the touch of human sympathy, and that there are cases which only He can reach who gave to the heart its sensibilities, and who can quell its most violent throbbings, or speak peace to its most agitated and distracted emotions. This I once very sensibly experienced under a most painful bereavement. It was the death of a half-brother whom I loved, and that death occasioned or accelerated, it was feared, by his own imprudence. My feelings were harrowed because of the state of my poor brother’s soul, and my heart was agonized with self-accusation for not being sufficiently faithful to him, though I had used my poor powers in the way of warning. But now he was gone without hope, I felt all was distraction; and nothing that was said could remove or soothe my anguish, until, with power never to be forgotten, these words were sounded in my soul, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" With them came a great calm and a solemn submission to the Divine sovereignty. It was something like Aaron’s silence, when his two sons had been cut off by immediate judgment from the Lord. There seemed no alleviation to his natural feelings—but everything to aggravate grief; yet grace prevailed above nature, and, absorbed in the Divine will, his soul seemed to anchor on the Rock while wave and billow went over him. The Lord’s wonders are seen in the deep, and He can do as great miracles by supporting under, as by preserving from, peculiar trials.

Excuse me for speaking thus. These things may be very inapplicable to your sorrow; but of whatever nature are the circumstances of our trial, nothing is so truly quieting as being enabled to bow to our Father’s will, and take the cup immediately from His hand. No events take Him by surprise. "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord has not done it?" When useful, amiable, and valued lives are unexpectedly cut off we marvel; but though deep the mysteries of Jehovah’s permissive will--far too deep for us to fathom--yet these things do not happen by chance. We see this in the case of Job, whose children were all cut off by Satan’s agency—but not without Divine permission. He, recognizing as in a Father’s hand the sword which had slain his earthly comforts, said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." While most puzzled by the Lord’s providential movements, and writhing under the smart of bereavement, it is most soothing and blessed to be enabled by the Spirit to feel, "Father, Your will be done." "Father, glorify Your name." Oh that our precious Jesus may draw near and bind up your bleeding heart, yes, all your hearts; and may He administer His strong consolations and cordials, as He is accustomed to do in times of special need! To yourself, my beloved friend, may He be very gracious, giving you even this "valley of Achor for a door of hope." May He keep Satan from

gaining advantage, and you from giving place to him. He will provoke to fretfulness—but may the Lord rebuke him, and give you to feel and say, "I know, O Lord, that your judgments are right, and that you in faithfulness have afflicted me." (Psalms 119:75) Very sweet is Hebrews 12:5-9. Finally, may the Lord sanctify this stroke, and "honey" yet "be found in the end of the rod;" and though the grape seems very, very sour, yet may there be "a blessing in it."

I would commit you to Him who can make all grace to abound towards you in support, comfort, and deliverance.

Kindly excuse this, and believe me, with tenderest sympathy, yours very affectionately,

R. Bry

Chapter 93

01A.57 A harassed soul pointed to the Blood

A harassed soul pointed to the Blood To Miss M., December 2, 1850.

Very dear Miss M—,

I do rejoice that He who comforts those who are cast down has comforted you by the coming of His dear servant. The savor of his visit, I trust, still remains upon your spirit. Jesus "must needs go through Samaria" to meet with a great sinner, and astonish her by the discovery that "He knew all things that she ever did." How would she listen and wonder as He turned the black heart inside out, and set her secret and her open sins in "the light of His countenance;" but this was the prelude to His giving her the "living water." Many a "needs be" has there been since then, that He should go through certain places to meet with certain sinners, either to wound or heal. Methinks Mr. D— must needs go through your town to meet with my poor sorrowful friend, and refresh her weary soul by the way, by giving her a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord. It seems at that time that all the water was spent in your vessel, and you felt ready to die with thirst in the place where you were. May you not then, with one of old, call the name of Him who thus spoke unto you, "You God see me!" If these helps do not bring you out of bondage, they revive you in it, and strengthen you still to wait and to hope, however appearances may seem against you. From the tenor of your two notes last received, I fear you have some return of your illness; will you tell me more particulars when you write again? My heart sympathizes with you affectionately; but at the same time, if this painful dispensation be a net the Lord has cast upon you, to draw you out of the world into His living family circle, can I wish it otherwise? Can you? If now you might have restored health, associations, and all worldly ease and delight, without Jesus, would you accept them on such terms? If with an interest in Jesus you must have bodily suffering, outward disappointment, frustrated hopes, and broken purposes, would you forego Him to get rid of them? I think not! Satan provokes you sorely to make you fret. He gets you to look at this undesired affliction, instead of waiting for the end of the Lord in it, and then you find it "hard to kick against the goads." You smart under sin and under trial, and all these things seem against you; but the Lord is overruling all to give you an expected end of peace, and not of evil. He is by these means bringing down your proud heart with labor and sorrow—but He will deliver you from your destructions. "O Israel, you have destroyed yourself—but in me is your help." May the Lord give you true resignation of spirit, and a submissive will, which would greatly lessen the weight of your burden; and may He be please to rebuke Satan, who strengthens the unbelief of your heart, resists you at the throne of grace, and accuses you of presumption for every movement of faith towards the promise or the pardon. This I learn from some remarks in your note; for, after some little taking hold and encouragement, you directly start back affrighted as if you had laid your hand upon a portion that did not belong to you, and the Lord would certainly come forth against you for it. This is the false insinuation of unbelief and Satan to keep your soul from peace. Beware you do not nourish it, because in so doing you dishonor Him who is the Author and Finisher of faith. He gives the "heirs of promise" faith to lay hold of the promise, and He is never more honored than when they plead it against apparent rebukes, against the threats and taunts of the enemy, and against their felt

discouragement and unworthiness. This is confidence in royal clemency, through royal blood; and thus the Majesty of heaven is honored by vile sinners on earth, for this is the work of His own Spirit in them.

Therefore, my beloved, "grieve not the Spirit," "resist the devil, and he will flee from you." It is he who tries to choke prayer, hinder faith, and feed unbelief. Your only successful resistance is by the "blood of the Lamb;" against that, Satan cannot stand, for it cleanses from all sin. He can bring plenty of accusations against us, and just ones; but when faith can venture them on blood divine, each fiery dart is quenched by that blood; and the self-condemned, hell-deserving sinner is "more than conqueror through Him who loved us." No wonder, then, that subtle foe strives so hard against the first buddings of faith, and will, if possible, nip the least putting forth thereof, to affright the poor soul from the only Stronghold when he cannot reach it. He shall not prevail ultimately; he shall not rob Emmanuel of one blood-bought jewel, not even of my dear hunted, harassed, desponding friend, for whom, I believe, He has paid the full price of ransom. He has said to law and justice long ago, "If she has wronged you, or owes you anything, put that on mine account; I have written it with mine own hand, I will repay it." (Philemon 1:18-19) Having bought you, and paid for you, He will not lose you. And yet, though Satan shall not rob God of His right to you, he may rob your soul of present comfort; and by giving place to him, you will suffer loss experimentally.

Therefore write I thus, that by the Divine blessing your weak hands which hang down may be lifted up, your feeble knees strengthened, and you, though so lame, may not be turned out of the way of faith; but rather have the sore of unbelief healed, and be enabled to say, "Though He slays me, yet will I trust in Him." "What time I am afraid, I will trust in You." May you be encouraged to look towards Jesus, if you cannot look at Him—to hope in His salvation, if at present you cannot enjoy it, or triumph in it; and though your sins rise mountains high, presenting a new mountain every day; seek faith, more faith, in that precious blood, which, as a mighty ocean, will overtop them all. I humbly pray my precious Emmanuel to show Himself to you through the lattice, to let you see that you are graven on the palms of His hands; yes, that as the great High Priest He bears you on His heart, and on His shoulders, in the holiest place, not made with hands. And now I commend you unto Him who will "perfect that which concerns you," for He will have a desire unto the work of His own hands. I cease not to pray for you, and am looking out for the loosing of the prisoner. Adieu, my dear Miss M—. With affectionate love, believe me, yours very sincerely,

Ruth

Chapter 94

01A.57 The immutability of God's purposes in grace

The immutability of God’s purposes in grace To Miss M., February 21, 1851.

My dear afflicted friend,

I am sorry to hear that you are too ill to write. The Lord has indeed spread His net over you, and laid affliction upon you. He has added grief to your sorrow, and broken you with breach upon breach, until you feel but as a wreck, and as one "ready to perish." But "they shall come, who were ready to perish." However lame, however lost, they "shall come;" however vile and base, however far off by wicked works, and further still by unbelief, they "shall come." Nothing shall hinder the accomplishment of the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God; for "whom He did foreknow, those He also did predestinate;" and "whom He did predestinate, those He also called; and whom He called, those He also justified; and whom He justified, those He also glorified." It is all done in God’s account, and nothing in earth or hell can undo it. What has been done above on the sinner’s account, shall be done below in the sinner’s experience. Effectual calling, irresistible power, omnipotent grace, combine to accomplish the "shall come." They "shall come" to Mount Sinai, and amidst the thunders of the righteous law learn their own unrighteousness, by nature and practice. They "shall come" to judgment here, be made to plead guilty, feel condemned in heart and conscience; and wait with fear and trembling, expecting execution, until the great trumpet is blown. The jubilee sound tells of release; it chiefly affects those in debt, distress, and difficulties. Then, to their own astonishment, those prisoners which were ready to perish "shall come" out of a strait place--into a large place; from just condemnation--to free pardon for all offences, past, present, and to come. They "shall come" to be washed in the fountain of blood; they "shall come" from wearing sackcloth and ashes, to be covered with the robe of righteousness, and clothed with the garments of salvation; they "shall come" from the spirit of heaviness to have the garment of praise, the ring of love, the crown of loving-kindness and tender mercy; they "shall come" from the mount of terrors to the mount of peace, and to all the blessings and blessed company there, of which you may read in Hebrews 12:22-24. They "shall come" there by faith, while dwellers in mortality. And, moreover, when their wilderness days are ended, they "shall come" to Mount Zion above; and the Shepherd will rejoice over the sheep which was lost; and the sheep will tell, to the Shepherd’s praise, how it wandered as far as it could, how it destroyed itself, how it was "ready to perish," how it was so lost and so helpless, that when it desired to return it could not; and then how the Shepherd found it, and through floods of guilt, mountains of fears, and hosts of foes, had brought it safe home to glory. Oh, then will not they all again sing Hallelujah! worthy is the Lamb which was slain! And the much sinning and much forgiven one, will strive to be loudest in the song.

"Ah," say you, "what has this to do with me? I am more fit for the depths of hell than the heights of heaven!" Why, it has to do with you, my beloved; it is strong consolation that your vile sin, stubborn will, proud spirit, desperate unbelief, and cruel, powerful foe shall not prevail against God. His "shall come" will be stronger than all these; and I do solidly believe this "shall come" includes you, and that you "shall come," and are coming, as it is written, "They shall come with weeping, and

with supplications will I lead them." Are you not weeping over your sins? Are you not supplicating pardon for them, and power against them? And do you not often feel as if none were like you, none could know how bad you are, and none help you but the crucified Savior? And do you not mourn for a sight of Him crucified for you? It is said, "They shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and shall mourn for Him." Surely this "shall come" will bring you to that sacred place, even the cross, where, gazing by faith upon the wondrous Sufferer, your burden will fall off into His sepulcher, never to appear before God again, for "their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Who is a pardoning God like unto You? "A just God, and a Savior." Your hard case, my beloved friend, does not go beyond His "uttermost," to which He is able to save. What you are, cannot help your salvation; what you are, shall not hinder it. All is of free grace from first to last! Help is laid upon One that is mighty, whose own arm brought salvation, who trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there were none with Him. He finished the transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. He is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone who believes.

Wander no longer, then, upon the dark mountains of your own doings—but lift up your eyes unto the hills of salvation, from whence comes your help. Your help comes from the Lord, who made heaven and earth--and who says, "Come now, and let us reason together: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "I will pardon them whom I reserve." Surely you are a reserved one, and a preserved one too, that you may be a pardoned one. The indwelling of sin will be felt, and the plague of sin mourned—but the curse and condemnation are forever removed from them whom He reserves; for "the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found." For "who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect? It is God who justifies; who is he that condemns? It is Christ who died, yes rather, who is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also makes intercession for us." So that "if any man sins, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins."

Oh that it would please the Holy Spirit to pour this spiced wine, this strong consolation into your trembling soul; that out of weakness you may be made strong, may wax valiant in the fight, and by faith turn to flight those armies of the aliens, which so proudly threaten you with destruction! "Now I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all those who are sanctified." He "is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." To Him be glory, both now and ever, Amen.

I trust you have been restored to some degree of calmness concerning your heavy loss. The Lord’s "judgments are a great deep;" we must not attempt to fathom them. "His ways are past finding out;" we must not expect to trace them. Quiet submission befits sinful worms. The Lord give it you, and all your trials will be much lightened. "The cup which my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?" The Lord "guide you by His counsel, and afterwards receive you to glory." So desires, with kindest love and sympathy, your affectionate friend,

Ruth

Chapter 95

01A.58 Mercy for the chief of sinners

Mercy for the chief of sinners To Miss M., April 23, 1854.

My dear Miss M—,

Grace be with you, my beloved, and mercy and peace from God our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ. I write again to you as a companion in wilderness-tribulation, to inquire how you are getting on in your travels from the City of Destruction towards the Mount Zion above. Are you still compassing the mount which burns with blackness and darkness; from whence issues a fiery law which makes the convinced sinner tremble, and cry out, "I am vile!" For "by the law is the knowledge of sin." Have you still the burden on your back? and are your eyes still blinded, so that you cannot see Jesus; but only see mountains of guilt rising darkly before you? Are your transgressions still increasing and accumulating? and the arrows of the Almighty still sticking fast in you? and does "hope deferred" often make the poor heart sick? Ah then, surely, you are the tossed with tempest, and not comforted; whose stones shall be laid with fair colors, and your foundations with sapphires; (Isaiah 54:11) for blessed are they whom the Lord chastens, and teaches them out of His law. He will in due time have mercy upon these His desolate, and will comfort His afflicted. He will not always chide, neither will He keep His anger forever; but will receive graciously, love freely, and heal through the stripes of His dear Son. (1 Peter 2:24)

"He who has begun the good work in you," by the north wind of conviction, will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ, when the south wind of His love shall blow softly, and you be filled with joy and peace in believing. Surely He will bring you on from the terrible Mount of Condemnation--to the place of the cross; and when looking up, by faith, you see "One hanging crucified for you," then will your soul dissolve in love; and you will feelingly understand how the holy Jehovah can be just and yet justify ungodly you; having had full satisfaction for all your sins in the person of His Son.

Why, my dear friend, the Prince of Life, the Lord of glory did not come from heaven to save little sinners—but chief sinners, lost sinners, helpless sinners, the vilest of sinners--such sinners as poor Ruth and her trembling friend. He did not come to cleanse from only moderate guilt—but sins as red as scarlet and crimson; yes, sins as black as hell does His blood take away. Oh, dishonor Him not by saying you are too bad, or your case too hard! There are now before the throne, and on the way to it, those as bad, as hard, as unlikely as ever you can be. What can resist Omnipotence? He who died for sinners has an omnipotent arm to pluck them from the burning, and bring them up from the pit, however low they may be sunk in the mire! This I have proved many a time. May the Holy Spirit testify of Jesus in your soul, and may that faith spring up which is the gift of God, so that with another unbelieving one you may cry out, "My Lord and my God!" Is anything too hard for the Lord? No, verily, He is able from Gentile sinners, as hard as stones--to raise up children to Abraham. The more unlikely the material, the greater glory to His name in forming thereof a vessel fit for His use. Oh that your heart may be encouraged, and that you may see what honor He will have in forgiving and saving you and I--who owe Him, not fifty, or five hundred pence—but ten thousand talents! Oh, think what joy is in heaven over such sinners as we are, when our

repentings are kindled by Him who is exalted to give repentance unto His Israel, and remission of sins; and think, when we reach the heavenly shores, how those bright angels who never sinned, will adore Him, while we recount to them the mighty sum He cancelled for us. Surely, with new ardor, they will cry, "Worthy is the Lamb!" And we respond, "For He has redeemed us unto God by His blood!"

Come, my friend, take courage; hate sin and loathe it as much as you will—but never magnify it above the efficacy and merits of the death and blood of Jesus. Forget not how great will be his glory in our salvation, in bringing those who were so very far off "near by the blood" of His cross. It may be your outward path is rough, and you are still the subject of thorny trials. Well, be not cast down on this account, for we know that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. This world is not the pilgrim’s rest; it is the place of his passage through which he must journey to a better country; but Divine love will make all things work together for good. The loftiness of man must be bowed down, and the haughtiness of man made low, that the Lord alone may be exalted. Seek a resigned, submissive will; it is the Lord’s own gift, and a great lightening of the outward cross. Murmuring thoughts ill become worms who deserve the lowest hell; everything on this side hell is more than we deserve. The Lord grant that mercies may melt us as well as meet us. Oh, for a grateful spirit! I long to dissolve in thankfulness for the Lord’s great benefits to such an unworthy creature; and I wish you, my dear friend, the same blessing. Your afflictions are heavy—but you must sing of mercy as well as judgment, and may your experience be as Psalms 119:50, Psalms 119:67.

Fare you well. To Israel’s Shepherd I do not fail to commend you; though He needs not my poor reminding, for Himself loves you. Delays are not denials. With sympathetic love, affectionately I remain your unworthy friend,

Ruth

Chapter 96

01A.59 Submission to the ways of God

Submission to the ways of God To Miss M., June 12, 1851.

My beloved afflicted one,

There will be no true peace in your bosom until you are reconciled in the submission of faith to the Lord’s righteous and providential dealings. (1 Samuel 3:18; Job 2:10) "It is hard for you to kick against the goads," as your wounded soul and bleeding heart evince. Oh, judge not Him who is infinite in wisdom, all His ways are judgment, a God of truth and without iniquity; just and right is He. It is presumption in vain man so to do. Seek reconciliation to His will and His way; and though He blights your choicest flower and withers your most cherished gourd, say, say, my beloved--do you well to be angry? Does it alter anything? Does it alleviate anything? Nay, verily—but it brings death in your feelings and darkness in your soul; and if there were a beam of hope arising it is thus beclouded again. The enemy knows this, and therefore he provokes you to murmur against the God of your mercies. "The Lord rebuke you, O Satan--is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

Oh, my dear friend, "give no place to the devil!" "Whom resist steadfast in the faith." "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." "Taking the shield of faith, with which you shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one". He works upon your weak frame, enfeebled mind, and painful circumstances; and from or by these leads you to draw wrong conclusions and unjust inferences, and thus tighten the cords of your bondage. But oh, fly for refuge to the hope set before you in the gospel; fly to the shadow of the Cross, the shelter of the Rock! There is pardon for the guiltiest, cleansing for the filthiest, safety for the weakest, and conquest for the most faint-hearted. "Not by might, nor by power—but by my Spirit, says the Lord of hosts." "For when I am weak, then am I strong," said a captain in Emmanuel’s army, who, like you, wanted the thorn to be taken out of the flesh; but his King knew better, the proud flesh needed the piercing thorn, and the buffeted soldier was brought to say, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." See what the grace of God can do, and presume not to think your case is beyond its power, while the same witness declares, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." It abounds "to pardon crimson sins," to break the rebellious will, to stop the murmuring tongue, and take the guilt away; and He who has all fullness of grace received gifts for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them. My heart sympathizes with you in your afflictive bereavement. There is a veil of mystery thrown over some of the Lord’s proceedings, and over the destinies of some we love. If we attempt to lift the veil, we add grief to our sorrow, and get sharp rebukes; for "secret things belong unto the Lord our God," and "He gives no account of any of His matters." Seek for absorption in His will. He sees not as man sees—but always judges righteous judgment. When the enemy comes into your soul like a flood, with temptations and insinuations, may the Spirit of God lift up a standard against him. And I must again repeat that striking word, "Give no place to the devil." Parley not, listen not; for, O my beloved, he is insulting your best Friend, your pardoning, long-suffering God, who has borne with your rebellion in the wilderness, and who still forbears; to whom still belong forgiveness, though you have so rebelled

against Him. True, He has, in the exercise of His royal prerogative of sovereignty, permitted that which confounds your reason and pierces your heart—but presume not to think Him "cruel." Wait the light of eternity, when you will see clearly that He has dealt unjustly with none. And surely, my dear one, He has not been cruel to you, for you are in the land of hope, and your trembling lips can yet cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Oh, may mercy dissolve that wounded heart into thankfulness and love! Truly, my soul is grieved for you, well knowing the dark, cold region you are cheerlessly traversing. Oh that the good Shepherd would take you to "the sunny side of the hill," that in His light you might look more at your mercies and less at your miseries!

How should I rejoice to know that you were feeling it—

"Tis sweet to lie passive in His arms,

And know no will but His." Your natural hopes and prospects are a wreck; but how short would have been your enjoyment, if they had had the brightest accomplishment! Our life is but a vapor, and all that concerns us is shadowy and fleeting. The brightness might have beguiled you, the shadow deceived you; and your heart have centered its delights in creature good, instead of being set "on things above." Then cease regrets, my beloved, for that which is not. Remember Lot’s wife; she looked back, and went forward no more. Oh, may a gracious God, by the power of His Spirit, say to your distracting reminiscences and forebodings, "Peace, be still," that there may be a great calm, and your soul be "quieted as a weaned child." You have long been as a weaning one—fractious and fretful. Forgive me; I do not speak unkindly, my heart is pained for you; but I see where you suffer loss, and your cruel foe is gaining great advantage, and love makes me speak. I myself am of a thoughtful, anxious mind, and the Lord has rebuked me sharply, and made me feel what a puny being I am. I cannot make one hair white or black, or by one corroding care avert what I most dread, or insure what I most desire. Why then waste time and energies in these fruitless and weakening anxieties which alter nothing? Moreover, my Divine Teacher shows me the blessedness of committing all to Him, (Psalms 37:5) and being still; and then He often does wondrously, while we look wondering on. I am very slow to learn, and slower to practice—but I see the privilege of the lesson, and have felt a little of it in sharp trial, and I want you also to have the benefit of the instruction; and may the Lord bless you, and give you understanding in all things.

I have been staying at Great Malvern, in Worcestershire. I wonder if you know it? It is a beautiful place, very romantic; the air peculiarly pure and renovating; the water possessing excellent qualities, and flowing from many springs; the hills very majestic, and the valleys as lovely--all fresh and fertile, in the beauties of spring; and the sweet love of Jesus enlivening the whole. Oh for deep-felt gratitude for preservation in traveling, the privilege of beholding the beautiful creation, and many other mercies!

"I bless His name for lower things,

But they are not my God." And now, farewell. May the Holy Spirit work in your heart the work of faith with power! To know which, would much rejoice your very affectionate,

Ruth

01A.60 Faith the gift of God

Faith the gift of God To Miss M., January 12, 1852.

My beloved friend,

Permit me to greet you affectionately this new year in the name of our glorious Emmanuel, of whom it was truly said, "This man receives sinners, and eats with them." I know you feel yourself the chief of sinners; be encouraged then, for He is Jesus, "the same yesterday, today, and forever." Sinners He still receives graciously, loves freely, pardons fully, and justifies from all things past, present, or to come. Oh! that this might be the year of meeting between your soul and your Surety; then would you find the glad release from all those heavy debts which you feel to be hourly increasing. "The great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come who were ready to perish." You know when the jubilee blast was sounded every Israelite was free. They might not only have wasted their inheritance—but have sold even themselves, yet it mattered not, in either case they became free in the glorious year of release. Mortgaged lands, burdensome debts, and toilsome servitude, all came to an end on that happy morn. The spiritual Israel have their jubilee too—the general one, when the Archangel's trumpet shall awake their sleeping dust, and the purchased possession shall return in glory to Him who redeemed it with blood; and the inward personal one, when each soul hears for itself, "Fear not, for I have redeemed you! I have called you by your name, you are mine!" Ah! then the mountains of guilt are cast into the depths of the sea—that red sea of blood, whose waves overtop them all. Then the mighty debt is known to be cancelled, so that the poor debtor can sing of "sovereign grace over sin abounding," for "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." Who knows but this very year may be the one of jubilee in your experience, my beloved? There is a set time to favor Zion individually as well as Zion collectively, and when the time of the promise arrives, nothing shall prevent its accomplishment. Sin, Satan, unbelief, shall all give way; those gates of brass shall open, the fetters fall off, and the imprisoned soul come forth to the light of day, scarcely believing for joy and wondering. The Lord lift up your head, and may your manifested redemption draw near, which all your sense of poverty and misery will make doubly welcome. My poor namesake had lost all, and was in great destitution; but she found a near kinsman who owned the relationship, and was willing to redeem, though first she had somewhat boldly to make her suit for his kindness. "Spread your skirt over your handmaid, for you are a near kinsman." This looks like the plea of faith and necessity; when the poor soul feels its poverty and nakedness, and entreats the heavenly Boaz to cover it with His skirt—that justifying righteousness which alone can hide its shame. He is never offended with such apparent presuming; and never rejects such a forsaken and desolate one. As surely as Boaz did redeem and marry the Moabitish damsel, so surely Jesus has redeemed and will acknowledge every coming sinner. (John 6:37) "Ah!" say you, "this matter of faith is one thing which troubles me; the blessings of salvation are enjoyed by faith—but I cannot get at it. I seem shut up in unbelief, and I cannot come forth."

"Oh! could I but believe,

Then all would easy be!

I would—but cannot; Lord, you know

My help must come from Thee."

Well, my loved friend, I feel most incompetent to speak to you upon the important but dear subject of precious faith; and when I read your question upon Ephesians 1:13, a sense of inability to answer almost deterred me from writing at all. But, however, I can speak from experience, that I once felt exactly as I have described; seeing the importance of faith, and that without it I could not be saved, and yet finding it impossible to believe to the saving of my soul, so that I said with deep feeling, "I thought that I could as soon make a world as believe." But, say you, "Is it thus still?" Nay, truly. I was then shut up—but not unto despair; it was unto the faith which has since been revealed. Christ as the object of faith was yet to be revealed in His glorious person, finished work, and amazing love; and power put into the soul to receive, take hold of, and enjoy Him and His benefits as its personal portion. Living faith is, indeed, as you say, something more than a "declaration of belief," or mere "assent to the truth of the written Word," or belief in the divinity of the Savior. All this I had many times when painfully feeling I had not the faith which enters into rest, (Hebrews 4:10-11) and is accompanied with joy and peace, (Romans 15:13) or I had it not so in exercise as to be followed by those blessed effects: for I humbly conceive all the graces of the Spirit (of which faith is one) are communicated in regeneration; but, like the powers of an infant, they must have growth and development before they come to strong exercise. Moreover, when living faith is implanted it must have an object; and the effects in the soul will be correspondent to that object.

Oftentimes, at the first, faith has to do with the law, justice, and holiness of Jehovah, and His threatenings against sin. These it may fully believe with personal application; and as the soul falls down condemned before Him, not only in the judgment—but also in feeling, believing its own vileness, and that He will be righteous in casting it out of His sight, faith justifies the Lord, and ascribes righteousness to its Maker, while the soul is filled with compunction, and abhors itself in dust and ashes. Here is repentance towards God, and here is faith—but not that faith in Jesus which has the sealing of the Spirit. No living soul is, however, left here. Faith is caused to grow, in hearing (Romans 10:17)—in hearing that there is a way of escape, that God can still be just, and yet justify the ungodly who believe in Jesus. Faith, receiving this report of the great salvation through a great Savior, and of the exact suitability thereof to the soul’s case, there is a growing confidence that if He will He can pardon the sin, heal the leper, loose the prisoner, and forgive the arrested debtor who has "nothing to pay."

Now the soul begins to feel a love and tenderness towards this Friend of sinners, and says, "Oh, that He were my friend! Oh, that He would save and speak comfortably to me! Oh, that I could know He loves me! This would be heaven below! There is now full faith in His ability and His suitability; but there is not the spirit of adoption, or the sealing of the Spirit. There is not the venture of faith, casting the whole weight of soul and sins upon Him or believing in Him for the personal benefit of His blood and righteousness, His life, death, and resurrection, or, as Hart so expressively calls it in his 79th hymn, "Believing into Him." This is the "work of faith with power;" and they who thus believe are manifestly saved (1 John 4:13)—do know that they have eternal life, and by the renewings of the Holy Spirit are kept believing, for they live by the faith of the Son of

God. The justified shall live by faith, and they are sealed by the Spirit of promise unto the day of redemption; which redemption plainly refers to the resurrection of the body, see also Romans 8:23. By this sealing they have manifestly to their own consciences God’s mark upon them as His property, and thereby they are assured of a glorious resurrection to life eternal. Though now they carry this body as a body of sin and death, and often groan under its burden, and though soon it shall be laid in the grave as a body of corruption, yet it is a "purchased possession." They are sealed unto the day of redemption. God has wrought them for the self-same thing. (2 Corinthians 5:4-5) The Spirit witnesses to it with or in their spirits, and they joyfully look for their Redeemer, who is mighty, and "who shall change their vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." Truly, this sealed state is an immense privilege, and a free one—the gift of Heaven—the work of God—a royal grant of grace and love, as all will most joyfully acknowledge who do truly possess it. True, the Spirit seals the soul (Ephesians 1:13) after believing, (Galatians 3:14) but not for it. By the appointment of Heaven the seal is annexed to the faith—but in nowise conditionally, for both are a free gift—both the work of God. Faith honors God by its seal, and God honors faith by His. John 3:33; 2 Corinthians 1:22.

Let this make the poor heart cry more importunately, "Lord, increase my faith," for He who is its Author is its Finisher, and He will have respect to the work of His own hands. It is also true that the Spirit (1 John 5:10; Romans 8:16) witnesses to the soul’s adoption in believing, and thus we are manifestly children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. (Galatians 3:26) This is not because faith is a creature work, and the witnessing of the Spirit a rewarding the creature for that work; but is because it is the pleasure of our heavenly Father that His children, while in the body, shall walk in the way of faith, not by sight and sense. He is much honored in every believing soul who is brought by His Spirit, not only to felt need—but felt nothingness, and enabled to glory in His Son as the "Lord our righteousness;" and therefore He has in the written Word very abundantly set forth the spiritual blessings which are experimentally enjoyed (Galatians 3:9) in this way of faith, (Romans 1:16-17) and in no other way, that His people may be the more encouraged to seek for this good old path, and inquire for it.

Also, He has given abundance of "wills" and "shalls" to insure their finding it, and all are most needful, for it is a way most contrary to our fallen nature and legal minds. Everything that is in us by nature opposes it; and, when quickened by the Spirit, how do unbelief, self, and Satan, strive to hold us back. We might say, in the words of Job, "There is a path which no fowl knows, and which the vulture’s eye has not seen: the lion’s whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it." Ah! indeed, in the pathway of faith all nature’s keenness, swiftness, and strength are in vain; but those ransomed of the Lord, who feel themselves as "fools," shall find it, and shall not err therein. (Isaiah 35:8, Isaiah 35:10) The promise is sure to all the seed—"He that believes shall be saved;" "for by grace you are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

Therefore, be not discouraged, dearest, because you cannot work faith out of your own barren heart; it was never intended you should. Jesus gives it freely, and He will increase it. You cannot say you have not the buddings of it as first described: you have faith in a holy sin-avenging God; and you have faith in a holy sin-atoning Savior, as able to save you, and just the Savior you need. Do you want to believe in Him more fully and firmly, venturing the weight of all upon His obedience and sacrifice? What can you do better than ask Him to reveal Himself more clearly in your soul,

like him of old, who said, "Who is the Lord, that I might believe on Him?" Hearken to the gracious answer: "You have both seen Him, and it is He who talks with you;" and he said, "Lord, I believe; and he worshiped Him." Now I think this is just your case. Jesus has been talking to you, and you know Him not, just as He talked to the woman of Samaria, and told her all things that ever she did. May He open your eyes and your heart that you may receive Him, believe on His name, (John 1:12) and have privilege to know that you are a child of God. Faith is the very outgoing of heart and soul upon the person and work, blood and righteousness of Jehovah Jesus, and that under a deep sense of unworthiness, guiltiness, and hell-deserving. Unbelief would put these things as obstacles and barriers in the way—but faith will not have it so, seeing such richness and efficacy in the blood and obedience of Him who is mighty to save, that it says, "Therefore He is able to save to the uttermost--all who come unto God by Him. And now farewell; I trust the Lord will bruise Satan under your feet shortly. With much affection, I remain your unworthy friend,

Ruth

"And in view of this, we always pray for you that our God will consider you worthy of His calling, and will, by His power, fulfill every desire for goodness and the work of faith, so that the name of our Lord Jesus will be glorified by you, and you by Him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ." 2 Thessalonians 1:11

01A.61 Faith overcomes impossibilities

Faith overcomes impossibilities "Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world!" To Miss. M., March 21, 1852.

My beloved friend,

I am often thinking about you, and wondering how you are traveling. But wherever you are, the Lord is saying, "O Israel, you shall not be forgotten by me." You are safe in His keeping, whether the "door of faith has been opened unto you," or you are yet crying, "Bring my soul out of prison!" Jesus knows all about you. He will not allow you to pass the bounds He has appointed—but in the favored moment will say, "Loose her and let her go!" He is anointed to preach liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those who are bound; not for price nor reward. He wants nothing at your hands. You are to receive all from Him, not bring anything to Him. He bestows His gifts freely upon the empty, the needy, the destitute, and freely forgives those His debtors who have "nothing to pay." Those who have spent all their living, "wasted their substance," and are "discontented" also; these shall come to the spiritual David, in the cave of Adullam, and He will receive them; neither their debt nor discontent shall hinder. (1 Samuel 22:1-2) "All who the Father gives me shall come to me, and him who comes to me I will never cast out." "He is exalted to give repentance unto Israel, and the remission of sins."

These are precious gifts to such as know their own sore, and the plague of their own hard heart. They do even feel it a privilege to sit and weep at Jesus's feet, under a sense of "much forgiven," having proved, too, that without power from on high they "could not repent, though they endeavored oft," nor exercise that faith by which the soul has experimental access into a justified state. (Romans 5:1-2) "For by Him all who believe are justified from all things from which you could not be justified by the law of Moses." "He that believes is not condemned."

O you tossed with tempest, and not comforted! He will keep you; He will enable you to cast your soul and your sins upon the sin-bearing Surety, who will, with His own blood, blot out all guilt from your conscience, and with His own righteousness robe your naked soul. Believing in Him you shall not be made ashamed—but shall by faith "inherit substance," even "durable riches and righteousness." What a possession for a poor, feelingly unrighteous, law-condemned bankrupt—inherit righteousness! This is good news, indeed, to one whose best righteousness is as filthy rags. Oh that faith might come in the hearing of it, and she who has dwelt in the dust awake by the Spirit's power to her privilege, and put on her beautiful garments! Ah! indeed, "faith is a precious gift," which seems to apprehend and take hold of all that God has to bestow upon us in the wilderness. Unbelief puts the blessing away for lack of creature worthiness—but faith pleads on in the face of unworthiness. "True, Lord! yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." Do not our hearts say, "Lord, increase my faith?"

But, perhaps, my beloved is traveling heavily, and though I talk of these good things, can hardly listen to me "for anguish of spirit and cruel bondage." Well, I once was there, and in my Bible,

Exodus 6:9, is marked—and it was done feelingly, in bitter moments—"But though we believe not, he abides faithful, he cannot deny himself." The children of Israel were brought out of bondage according to promise, although their spirit was too heavy to receive the glad tidings; and I, though so unworthy, have also been brought from under the galling yoke; though at the time named I could not lay hold of, or hearken to, the hope set before me in the gospel. And deliverance will come to dear Miss M—, even if she also be as weak in faith, and as grieved in spirit. But oh! would that she might be able to receive the consolation, and not dishonor the Lord by unbelief, as I did; but in the face of all improbabilities, and human impossibilities, just say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to your word." May you, my dear one, look expectingly to Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think--and not look into yourself for encouragement. "David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." May the Holy Spirit so testify to your soul of the glorious person and finished work of Emmanuel, that you may be encouraged there too. "He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him."

We had an encouraging sermon last week from Psalms 106:7-8, "Our fathers in Egypt did not grasp the significance of Your wonderful works or remember Your many acts of faithful love; instead, they rebelled by the sea—the Red Sea. Nevertheless He saved them because of His name, to make His power known." Mr. H— said, "We could not understand the sweetness of that word ’nevertheless,’ unless we painfully knew the experience of the seventh verse." You will know the truth of this, and with all your crooked ways and crooked things, within and without, there is a precious nevertheless attached to you; such an one as verse forty-four, and the end will be, nevertheless He saved her for His mercy’s sake, His name’s sake, His love’s sake, and we will unite to sing, "Grace, grace, unto it."

I fear you are much afflicted, as I have not heard from you. The Lord support and comfort you, and bring you to be passive and quieted as a weaned child; there is "a needs be," though unseen by us. May it be truly with you as Hebrews 12:6-11. And now farewell; peace be with you.

Accept affectionate love from your attached but unworthy,

Ruth

01A.62 Strength equal to the hour of weakness

Strength equal to the hour of weakness "Look unto Me and be saved, all the ends of the earth. For I am God, and there is no other." Isaiah 45:22

"Those who look to Him for help will be radiant with joy; no shadow of shame will darken their faces." Psalms 34:5 To Miss M., May 8, 1852.

My much-endeared friend,

Grace and peace be with you from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ; and may the God of patience and consolation make all grace abound towards you amidst your varied trials, and the cruel efforts of your unwearied foe, who, finding that the Shepherd of Israel is taking you out of his mouth, a poor maimed thing, like Amos 3:12, does rage against you, and roar upon you, to frighten you from Christ the stronghold, your only place of help. He points to your filthy garments, and resists the outgoings of your faith upon Him who alone can cleanse you; he tries to strengthen unbelief and carnal reason, that your eye may be turned inward instead of upward; he tries to magnify unduly creature comforts in your esteem, that they may steal your heart from Christ, and rob your soul of peace. But "the Lord rebuke you, O Satan; is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" May the Holy Spirit, my beloved, strengthen your faith and hope in God.

"If all created streams were dried,

His love remains the same;

May we with this be satisfied,

And glory in His name.

"There naught is in the creature found,

But may be found in Thee;

I must have all things, and abound,

While Christ is all to me."

I myself have found in Jesus and His precious love more than I ever lost in the creature. May we through grace be enabled to enjoy thankfully what He lends, and resign it lovingly and submissively, though not unfeelingly, when He recalls. You have been, and are, tried on the most tender points. Your nearest and dearest on earth seem to droop and wither; but the dearer than all will never fade away from your embrace. It has been well said, "He lends all lesser things—but He gives Himself." May your sorrowful heart be comforted in this "unspeakable gift," and while you are trembling at the future, may the Lord graciously encourage you, as He did me. I had long been dreading the death of my precious mother, when our minister one day read Romans 8:1-39, and spoke upon Romans 8:38, especially upon those words, "Nor things to come." Oh, what a cordial

this was to my soul, that the "things to come," which I so much feared, should not separate from the love of God, which would support me through all! Those things have taken place, the thing which I feared has come upon me; but has the Lord proved unfaithful, or have His arm or His promise failed? Ah no! I live His humble, unworthy witness of the truth of Isaiah 43:2. "You are my witnesses, says the Lord, that I am God." (Isaiah 43:12)

I was thankful to find, in your last letter, an earnest desire to be resigned to all the will of God. You know those sweet lines—

"Subdue my will from day to day,

Blend it with Yours, and take away

All that now makes it hard to say—

Your will be done." The Lord fulfill these in your experience; it is in this sense "hard for you to kick against the goads;" piercing and smarting must be the result. You have painfully felt it: you have known the fretfulness of a weaning child, may you be brought to the quietness of a "weaned one." Whatever your heavenly Father calls you to, He will support you under; but He will not give the manna for tomorrow, or strengthen you for the next trial, while you have it only in anticipation. "Give us this day our daily bread." "As your days, so shall your strength be." "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." And herein I read my own foolishness; often wearing out present strength with fears and forebodings of future trials; thus far disregarding present mercies, and rebelling against the Lord’s will, because unlawfully anticipating it. A minister once said, "The Lord gives each of His children a bundle of rods to carry, one for every day, with strength apportioned; but they will strive to lift all at once, and thus are overburdened, because they have only strength given for the present one." Being naturally of an anxious mind, I must say that thus foolish and ignorant have I often been, and surprised when brought to discover how much I was dragging into the present hour, what did not belong to it. Have you ever been caught in this snare?

I am truly rejoiced that you discover your proneness to look within for encouragement, instead of encouraging yourself in the Lord your God. This is one great bane of your peace, and springs much from unbelief and carnal reason, which rise no higher than feelings; making all their calculations from thence. True faith, on the contrary, looks only at Christ, expecting all the soul needs in Him, and for His sake. If worthiness is the question, "Worthy is the Lamb;" and to make His worthiness our plea, is well-pleasing to the Father who gave Him, to the Spirit who testifies of Him, and to Him who gave Himself an all-sufficient ransom. The Holy Three are honored when faith holds up Christ, His merits, and His blood; but dishonored, greatly dishonored, when the soul seeks or wishes for anything besides, when we look within for any improved feelings or experience to ground our hope upon, or to increase our confidence before Him. We want to be something—but our Father has determined to make and keep us nothing—so that Christ may be experimentally our all. And every plea, every expectation, every hope center in Him—His glorious person, His law-magnifying obedience, His justice-satisfying atonement. This is the God-glorifying way of faith.

Ah, my dear friend, how welcome, under a sense of guilt and condemnation to find—"His blood a full atonement made, and cries aloud, Forgive!" How safe to—Venture on Him, venture wholly, let no other trust intrude!" But say you sin is so active and unsubdued that this seems like

presumption? True; but if sin were conquered and subdued, then there would not be a venturing on Him. Jesus is honored by such presuming of misery upon mercy, of a real sinner upon a real Savior. But, say you again, faith is not in the power of the creature? Certainly not. But this is no discouragement, because it is the free gift of Him who, while He says, "Look unto me, and be saved," causes the blind to see; and while he says, "Believe, and you shall be saved," causes faith to come by hearing, and so enables the soul to venture itself and its sins upon Him. "Stretch forth your hand," He said, not because there was innate power in the withered hand, for it was dead—but power was with His word: the hand was stretched out in the obedience of faith, and made whole as the other. So, dearest friend, though your soul be impotent as that withered hand, your poor friend must set before you the way of faith, and the object of faith, even Jesus, the sin-bearing, sin-removing, sin-pardoning Savior, whose name was so called, because He will save His people from their sins. (1 Peter 2:24; Zechariah 3:9; Matthew 9:6) And she does this, not because there is power in her, or power in you—but because there is power in Him, and because "there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." To Him I affectionately commend you, that by the power of the Holy Spirit it may be unto you as John 11:25—"I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in Me, even if he dies, will live."

Accept warm love and best wishes from one who longs much after you in the affections of Jesus Christ, and remains most affectionately yours,

R. Bryan

Chapter 100

01A.63 Superabounding grace

Superabounding grace To Miss M., August 24, 1852.

My beloved friend,

I most sincerely wish you a blessed evidence of your own election of God. To others this evidence is already open, in many marks and tokens of the work of grace, although to you it is at present sealed. (Jeremiah 32:11) Nor can you get at this comfortable assurance until the Divine Witness (Romans 8:16) of the evidence opens and reads it to the joy of your heart. May He be pleased soon to come forth in your soul as the Comforter, the Spirit of adoption, and the Testifier of Jesus. His witnessing all your unbelief shall not be able to gainsay or resist; for it is with demonstration and power; and though feeling vile, and utterly black in yourself, that will not invalidate His testimony at all, nor in the least way alter that adoption, which does not originate in the merit of the creature—but in the sovereign will of the Creator. "Of His own will He begat us," (James 1:18) irrespective of anything in ourselves. Though all our blackness is fully known to Him, yet it has no influence upon His determination to put us among the children. Yes, He will cause even this our vileness to turn to His own glory. We may feel the very worst of all, and say, "I am not worthy to be called your child;" but the relationship remains unaltered, and our Father will not make us as one of His hired servants. The Prodigal must be brought in, and prove the affections of a Father’s tenderness, (Jeremiah 31:20) though there be a time in experience when the child differs nothing from a servant, "but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the Father." During this time he is instructed and chastened (Psalms 94:12) out of the law, which "is our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ." Its deep spirituality discovers, by the light of the Spirit, our nature’s deformity; for by the law is the knowledge of sin. It judges also our thoughts, words, and actions, and pronounces condemnation upon them all. Meanwhile, the conscience is enlightened to see things as they really are; it fully joins with what the law says, and in the discovery of so much evil the poor soul judges itself unworthy of eternal life. Instead of finding proof that it belongs to the royal family of heaven, it feels much more like the servant of sin, like one who is led captive by Satan at his will; and yet all this time it is a child of God, though not as yet realizing this by faith in Christ Jesus. But when faith takes hold of Christ by the Spirit’s power, there will be the witness within (1 John 5:10) of adoption, of sonship, and then it will be, "Knowing, beloved, your election of God;" and then you will stand astonished, both in time and eternity, at the riches of that grace which put you in the number of the Savior’s family. On recurring to your letter, I am reminded of North Wales, which you mention. I must not say much about it, lest I revive in you a pining for what you have not; but I may just say, I did exceedingly enjoy that lovely locality so new to me, combining mountain and marine scenery, both which were constantly before our windows—but not always visible, for the majestic mountains were obscured days together, being enveloped in a dense fog, something like that darkening unbelief which hides from the soul those hills whence alone our help comes. But as with renewed delight we hailed a returning view of the Welsh mountains, so does the poor soul welcome a glimpse of those "lasting hills," which contain the "precious things" just suited to its case. But we not only enjoyed nature’s loveliness and grandeur;

we also found some gems of grace, such as the Lord will own when He makes up His jewels: dear Welsh sisters, with whom we could take sweet counsel; sweetly proving that whatever be the country, or natural language--the new heart beats the same in all. Though I do almost extravagantly enjoy the wonders of creation, yet the wonders of Redemption are to me the cream of all; and to find one dear saint, though poor and mean, and despised of men, is treasure to this heart. Such was our privilege in North Wales, and amidst its many fascinations, this is the endearment of the remembrance.

Forgive me, dearest friend, for hinting above about your pining for what you have not; you will retrace from your own note whence the thought originated, in your extreme disquiet for want of country air. I do indeed think this is one point where your foe is gaining advantage, and adding much to your torture, in setting your eyes and heart upon something pleasing and in prospect, that you may fret for it; or upon something displeasing and present, that you may fret against it; and thus between the two you are kept too much kicking against the goads, and severe smarting is the consequence. I know your case is deeply trying, and I do affectionately feel for you, and long that it may be with you as Psalms 131:2, believing such a state of passive resignation would much reduce the bitterness of your suffering. I speak only in love, and hope you will not be pained. Tell me if you are. I like to know how you feel, and would not therefrom sharpen words to wound you; but I am thoroughly convinced it is as you say in another part of your letter, that "we often magnify our trials by fretting, and striving to resist them;" and anxiously do I desire that you may be brought to bow your shoulder to bear, and yield your flesh a servant to that tribute which the Lord sees fit to lay upon it.

I have lately been thinking that there is a great difference in experience between being compelled to bear the daily cross, as Simon was the literal one, (Matthew 27:32) and taking it up as our Lord exhorts. (Luke 9:23) Oh, let us importunately seek grace from Him, that we may come to this daily self-denial. He only exhorts us to hard things in order to bring us to Himself for strength to do them, for "He gives more grace," and, when brought to entire resignation, the thing which did most distress us becomes much more endurable. Naturally, I have a very strong will, and therefore, as you may suppose, it has been much crossed. Too well I know the misery of fretting, and a little the mercy of being brought down, and saying feelingly, with the thorn at my bosom, "Your will be done." "Though He slays me, yet will I trust in Him." Now do not say this is out of your reach: it is not, because "power belongs unto God," and all who are brought to sweet submission under trials are brought to it by Him. Seek it at His hands, that you may glorify Him in the fires. The thing I am now seeking in my daily walk is a subdued will. Will you not join me? I do painfully feel that I have a stubborn will; but the acknowledgment of it will not do. I want it conquered, and for this, look to Him who has all power in heaven and earth. You speak of thinking yourself so much worse than I am. Oh, my dear friend, there is not under the canopy of heaven—there is not in the pit of despair—a viler sinner than I. This is a true confession. I may have been kept under more restraints than yourself; but if not open to such temptations, what merit in not falling into them? Besides, there needs not the outward act to constitute me guilty of any sin. When tried by heart-evil, I am indeed unclean, unclean, and this not only as knowing the seeds of all evil to be there—but as having felt the abominations—having sunk in the pit of corruption, and become "a burden to myself." You cannot go lower than I in guiltiness; but I have lately felt that if I had a thousand such guilty souls I could trust them all with my precious Savior, so great is the efficacy of

His blood, so rich the merit of His justifying righteousness; and He loves to get glory by such desperate cases. Indeed, I believe He allows His redeemed to know so much of their nature's evil to magnify the riches of His exceeding grace in their esteem. I deeply loathe my evil—but do not regret that I have so deeply felt it; and I often thank the Lord for it, because those who have felt the heaviest load, "do prize forgiveness most." "I looked for hell"—I knew I deserved it, and felt almost there—but "He gave me heaven." Oh! should I not praise Him? And should not you be encouraged to hope? And now, farewell. The God of peace give you peace by the blood of the Cross. Excuse my defects. With affectionate love, your much attached,

R. B.

"May the Lord, Maker of heaven and earth, bless you from Zion." Psalms 134:3 "The Lord delights in those who fear Him, who put their hope in His unfailing love." Psalms 147:11

Chapter 101

01A.64 Entering into rest by believing

Entering into rest by believing "Mighty to save." To Miss M., December 27, 1852.

My beloved friend,

It is said of Anna that after she had seen the Lord’s Christ, she spoke of Him to all them who were looking for redemption in Jerusalem. You, in experience, are looking for redemption, personal and powerful. What can I do better than speak to you of Him with whom there is mercy and plenteous redemption; who is made of God unto poor bankrupt sinners "wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption;" who is the Redeemer of such, and will thoroughly plead their cause; who is exalted "a Prince and a Savior, to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins." And since, without shedding of blood there could be no remission, He Himself became a fountain from whence poured forth the crimson tide—the cleansing flood:

"When justice called for sinners’ blood,

The Savior gave His own." And since, too, the way of salvation is not by works but by faith, He gives that also, for He is the Author and Finisher of it, and thus He gives rest to those who labor—to those who are heavy laden with their sins, and weary with toiling in vain. When He sees their power is gone, and there is none shut up or left, He puts forth His power and enables them to believe. Believing, they enter into rest, and entering into rest, they cease from their own works, bad and good, and Christ alone is their all. Does not this suit you? All a free gift. "You, Lord, have wrought all our works in us," and "this is the work of God, that you believe on Him whom He has sent," which work He has wrought in whoever it is found. All such will freely acknowledge it, being saved by grace through faith, and this not of themselves, for it is the gift of God, that no flesh should glory in His presence.

I can tell you that this precious repentance-giving, pardon-giving, faith-giving, rest-giving Savior just suited me, when I said most feelingly, "I want not only a Savior full of grace, and truth, and love to those who believe in Him—but also a Savior full of power to those who long to believe and cannot." Such a Savior have I found, and this because He first found me. His name is Jesus, and He is so called because He saves His people from their sins. He has received gifts for men, yes, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among us. Faith is one of His precious gifts: He puts it into the heart, and sweetly manifests Himself as the object of it; so that the helpless soul which is fearing it may perish for lack of faith finds itself made a believer, and wonderingly cries, "My Lord and my God!" Its mountain of guilt is thus removed out of the way, being cast into the red sea of a Savior’s blood. It is no longer of doubtful mind—but, by the faith of the Son of God, can say--He loved me, and gave Himself for me. These are some of the wondrous works of Him who is "mighty to save;" and I trust, my dear friend, that, with unworthy me, you will be made a witness of what He can do in hard cases, whenever the heart is brought down with labor—when they fall down and there is none to help.

You say you have no power to believe. If you had, you would not be a fit subject for this glorious One of whom I am telling you, for it is to the faint He gives power, and it is to those who have no might He increases strength. He once saw a poor creature who had an infirmity, and had long lain in sight of a cure but could not get at it; "but when he knew he had been a long time in that case," He did not upbraid him for lack of effort—but brought him the blessing he could not fetch, and that in an unexpected and hopeless moment, as we learn from his own plaintive account of his state, John 5:7. Now you have not been thirty and eight years groaning with your malady, and learning your lack of power; therefore, I pray you, do not despair: you know not how near the moment is when He shall put strength into you and say, "Arise and walk"—I mean in a spiritual sense. "Then shall the lame take the prey," and "leap as a deer! Yes, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

Remember, the time you have waited and the misery you have suffered is all as nothing in comparison with the greatness of the blessing you are waiting for. One moment's enjoyment of salvation will make amends for all. Oh, then, "though the vision tarries, wait for it;" "they shall not be ashamed who wait for Him." He will regard the cry of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

I will answer your question about Hart's Hymns. I have an old edition I much prize, containing his experience. How striking it is, and how he was favored with fellowship in the Savior's sufferings. "Erskine's Sonnets" I much enjoy, and have also an old edition of them. You know my dear parents loved savory meat, and I reap the benefit; though I am now brought to read little beside the "standard book," as my loved father used to call it. While I was in bondage I was much harassed with temptation while reading it, and could often get more from authors; but when Christ was revealed in my soul, the Bible became a new book and my blessed companion, of course not always enjoyed alike. I quite think as you do about "Nothing to Pay." I, too, have read it with a melted heart. Adieu, with kind love. Your ever affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 102

01A.65 The power of temptation and the arm of

The power of temptation and the arm of deliverance "Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the refiner." Proverbs 25:4

"I will put this third through the fire; I will refine them as silver is refined and test them as gold is tested. They will call on My name, and I will answer them. I will say: They are My people, and they will say: The Lord is our God." Zechariah 13:9

"Behold I have refined you—but not with silver; I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction." Isaiah 48:10 To Miss M., May 23, 1853.

My very dear friend,

How much I regret that my silence should have given you uneasiness, and that the enemy should have prevailed to afflict you thereby. As usual, his suggestions are entirely false. It has not been my heart—but merely my hand, that has been closed towards you, and the Lord has not shut me up from praying for you; therefore take encouragement to resist Satan, unbelief, and carnal reason, and do not so easily yield to their disquieting suggestions. You are often in great fear where no cause of fear is, and I believe God has despised those enemies which have encamped against you, and they shall be put to shame. (Psalms 53:5) You are ready to say, I cannot resist, I am so weak, I have no power or might against this great company that comes against me, and often know not what to do. Well, my beloved, you cannot do better than tell the Lord all that, and instead of holding parley with the foe, cry to Him to fight for you. Read in the wars of the Lord, 2 Chron. 19:12, 24, &c.; 2 Chronicles 18:31; 2 Chronicles 14:11-13; 1 Chronicles 5:20-22, with many other places, and see what He has done for those who were too weak for their enemies, all which literal things are typical of the spiritual; and the Lord has, over and over again, done the same in the soul’s experience at the cry of faith, yes, even of "little faith." It matters not at all how weak you are—the weaker the better; that shall in no way hinder your possessing the "good land," for "they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them." And so it is still; but the difficulty is, you, like the rest of us, are so proud, you cannot submit to be "nothing at all," but will be making calculations and drawing conclusions from what you are, what you do, what you leave undone, and what you deserve. Why, my dear friend, there is nothing of the gospel in all this; it is all muddy water from your own corrupt fountain, and your heavenly Father never intends you to get refreshment there—but only from the living water which flows from the throne of God, through the pierced heart of your crucified Surety. Oh! may that precious Surety say to you with power, "Come unto Me and drink;" thus will self be blessedly put out of the question, and you will experimentally prove that this strength, His doing, His dying, His deserving, are sufficient without any puny productions of yours.

I have been interested in observing that when I walk with my face toward the sun, my own black shadow is cast behind me; but when my back is toward the sun, this black resemblance of myself marches on before me--in full view. This "I considered, and received instruction." So that I was

made to cry, "Turn me again, O Lord God Almighty; cause your face to shine, and I shall be saved." Ah! we do indeed need turning by Divine power towards the Sun of righteousness, that self may be out of view. For no precious fruits of humility, love, joy, peace, meekness, long-suffering, faith, will flow by looking at our own black self—but the hardness will grow harder, and the darkness more horrible, and pride will fret and grumble, because self can get nothing to glory in. All must be found in Jesus: "In Him shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory."

How many years was I unwittingly going about to establish my own righteousness. (Romans 10:1-21) I was truly loathing myself, and ever seeing "greater abominations," but mourning and fretting daily because I could get no better. I wanted to be spiritual, and holy, and humble, to be melted into contrition and repentance—but was looking to the wrong place for it, and never thought that the cursed leaven of pride was working in it all, and that I was dishonoring my precious Savior by not being willing to come to Him, empty, needy, naked, and filthy too! But how plainly I see it now, and therefore do I write freely in love to you, thinking you are tainted with the same malady. The Lord hasten the day of power in your soul, when you shall look unto Him and be lightened, and your face no longer be ashamed. (Psalms 34:5)

"In that day you will say--I will praise you, O Lord. Although you were angry with me, your anger has turned away and you have comforted me. Surely God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid. The Lord, the Lord, is my strength and my song; he has become my salvation. With joy you will draw water from the wells of salvation." (Isaiah 12:1-3)

I did quite understand your feeling of distress when Mr. D— spoke so confidently of your state, well remembering how a friend frequently grieved me in the same way, because I feared I had deceived her, though I tried much to make her know what a vile, black creature I was. However, I have lived to know that she judged rightly, and that I am indeed a vessel of mercy, though then I thought it so unlikely. "Grace, grace, unto Him."

I was thankful to hear from your last that you are a little better. The Lord perfect that which concerns you. The spirit of prayer granted you after the severe buffeting of the enemy rejoiced my heart, and is surely a pledge of greater things to come. What a word is that, "Blessed is the man who endures temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord has promised to those who love him." And then, again, "Though now for a season, if need be, you are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold which perishes, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." The Word is full of encouragement to tempted souls, and God is faithful. I believe He will arise for your help, and set you in safety from him that puffs at you. "No temptation has overtaken you except what is common to humanity. God is faithful and He will not allow you to be tempted beyond what you are able, but with the temptation He will also provide a way of escape, so that you are able to bear it." (1 Corinthians 10:13)

I myself have had some sharp spiritual exercise, and have been often on the battlefield, and had to cry for help to One who is mighty; for my enemies were too strong for me—but the Lord was my stay, or indeed they had swallowed me up. "He delivered me from my powerful enemies, from those who hated me and were too strong for me. They attacked me at a moment when I was weakest, but the Lord upheld me. (Psalms 18:17-18) "He has not given me for a prey to their teeth—but has at times sweetly brought me into the banqueting-house to strengthen me for further

conflict. I have indeed afresh proved what I am in my fallen nature. "Tekel" (that is--you have been weighed in the balance and found deficient. Daniel 5:27) is written upon it all; but "in the Lord have I righteousness and strength;" and it is a rich mercy to be driven from confidence in the flesh, though by roughest measures. And now, may the Lord be very gracious unto you at the voice of your cry: when He hears may He answer it.

Accept love and best wishes from your unworthy but affectionate friend,

Ruth

Chapter 103

01A.66 Jesus the Brother born for adversity

Jesus the Brother born for adversity To Miss M., December 7, 1853.

My beloved friend,

I was pleased to receive a few lines from you, though you do not say much about yourself, and I fear from some remarks that your health is not materially improving. From the views you sent me, I should think the place of your residence very lovely—but well know that no beauties of creation can satisfy a soul breathing after Jesus, who is the peerless Pearl, the matchless perfection of beauty and love. Every lovely feature in creation is but to shadow Him forth, and every sweet endearment in relationship just the same; all that is lovely and loving He comprises in Himself as He stands related to His Church. It is for her He is Emmanuel, and to her, as such, the chief among ten thousand, yes, the altogether lovely One! He stoops so low that she can lean upon Him in these lowlands of sorrow and sin, and He is so exalted that He can bear her up in spirit even above all heavens where Himself is ascended. He is so condescending that He communes with her in her pilgrimage dress, though all dusty and disordered with the weary way. He is so princely in His love that He has provided for her a court-dress, with all the accompaniments suited to His own dignity. Moreover, the beauty she now faintly sees, and will one day fully see, in Him--the same beauty He will yet see in her, for when He shall appear we shall be like Him. And if now she feels too full of sorrow, and grief, and sin, to look so high--she may behold Him "in another form," even in "the likeness of sinful flesh," "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," in temptation, in poverty, in reproach. She may behold Him even not having a place where to lay His precious head. She may see Him weep, hear Him sigh, and hear Him groan, if she would know whether He can sympathize with her.

Yes, further, in the days of felt evil, when the iniquity of her life does compass her about, she may hear how He was touched with the very feeling of her infirmity in those memorable words, "Innumerable evils have compassed me about: my iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of my head: therefore my heart fails me." But, you will say, He was holy and did no sin, neither was deceit found in His mouth. Ah, true; but it was her sin that took hold upon Him—that very iniquity which is now pressing her down, it pressed Him until His precious blood was forced through His pores with agony intense. Here then is a companion in tribulation! On this Beloved the feeblest, faintest, vilest may venture to lean and to come up from the wilderness. His arm is power, His heart is love and tenderness. It has been a bruised, broken heart; it has felt the shafts of hell, the flames of wrath, and the bitter anguish of desertion amidst it all.

Look, O tempted, sin-burdened one! Look and love, adore and wonder, for there has been sorrow like unto your sorrow, and heavier too, and from the very same cause. Your Lord is so one with you that He calls your iniquities His own, and He was dealt with as if He were the transgressor. He was not a sinner—but He was made to be sin that you might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Though a sinner in yourself or in the first Adam nature, He took all your guilt with Him to the

Cross. Go there and learn that God will by no means clear the guilty. Your Surety was accounted guilty for your sake, and therefore you are viewed as guiltless; and that same God who showed Him no mercy; is to you merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth. All praise to a sin-bearing Savior—a sin-pardoning God, who can honorably blot out atoned iniquity with atoning blood. May the Spirit give application, and then your heart will rejoice, even yours. Then what a keeping of Christmas it would be in company with the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, born for you, obeying for you, bruised for you, bleeding for you, dying, rising, ascending--all for you; and pleading all on your behalf. It is thus to us a child is born, to us a son is given, and we find it glad tidings of great joy, which brings peace to our souls and reveals to us the goodwill of Him who dwelt in the burning bush. The Lord hasten in your experience the fullness of time when to you personally He will send forth His Son, and thus visit you with His salvation, that your liberated soul may say, Now, Lord, let You your handmaid depart in peace, for my eyes have seen and my heart has felt Your salvation! Once get a sight of the King in His beauty, and I know you would long to be with Him. You are now waiting for that sight, and He says, "They shall not be ashamed, who wait for me." Your letter contains pleasing instances of the Lord’s dealings. "I will work, and who shall hinder it?" Like you, I long to have His sensible presence when called to cross over the Jordan of death. Many an invitation have I sent up to my dear Lord to meet me on the banks of that river and "let me breathe my life out in the arms of His Divine embrace." You speak of your lovely retreat as being spiritually barren—but I trust you have some with whom you can take sweet counsel as you journey on; it is a privilege—"How dear to my heart is communion with saints." I shall be happy to hear from you soon, and wish you every blessing, and power to look up and see Jesus appearing in the presence of God for you. Adieu, my dear friend. With kindest love in that precious Jesus who is our bond of union, I remain your very affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 104

01A.67 Jesus, Jehovah Rophi

Jesus, Jehovah Rophi To Miss M., November 17, 1854.

My beloved friend,

I must first thank you for your last kind note, which was very sweet and refreshing. It is a privilege to hear of the triumph of faith, when flesh and sense would say, "All these things are against me." I do not know the lady you mention—but rejoice to hear of her testimony for the Lord, and am also thankful that it proved encouraging to you.

All the ways of the Lord are right ways, and we lose much sweetness for lack of resignation to His will in all things. While we fret against the Cross, it is felt the heavier. I believe, too, that we are losers by not receiving all events as from Him. By looking at second causes we come into great perplexity; and whatever creatures may intend against us, our Heavenly Father has some high purpose of grace in all that He allows to befall us. He could prevent every apparent wrong, and He would, were not each bitter in our cup essential for His own glory and our real profit. The assurance of this has been very healing to my spirit many times under blights and losses, and also under mental wounds from those dear to me. I feel there is some personal lesson in all these things; and often, when I would have felt ready to censure the instrument, I have discovered some pride or other lurking evil in myself, which the Lord aimed at by the troubling circumstance, intending by His Spirit to bring it to light and rebuke it. Thus has my mouth been stopped, and brought to kiss the hand which held the rod, however inexcusable in itself that rod might be.

Also, when the heart is thus humbled, the wrong of others against us seems but secondary to our own, albeit ours may be against the Lord only. Oh, let us seek to be so instructed of the Lord that the rod and reproof may give wisdom. Let us aim at confiding love in Him, for He is infinite wisdom, and needs none of our interference.

If, too, the Lord severely tries our faith, it is only to manifest Himself afresh as Jehovah Jireh (Jehovah will provide), or Jehovah Rophi (Jehovah our healer), or Jehovah Tsidkenu (Jehovah our righteousness), or under some other blessed covenant name, which is to be seen more brightly in the dark place. Moreover, if He takes away our Isaacs, it is only to make more room for Himself; and if He lessens our earthly store, it is only that we may live more immediately upon Himself. I want grace and faith to walk with Him when He walks against my flesh, not for destruction—but for salvation. "Whoever is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." I am very fond of the word "understand" in that verse, because I am very sure we often misconceive the Lord’s loving-kindness; and, judging by sense and carnal reason, think it is unkindness, when in truth He is in love drawing us nearer to Himself. And oh! is it not worth everything to be near Him, and to hear Him say, "You are ever with me, and all that I have is yours!" His heart of love, His life of obedience, His death and sufferings, His triumphant resurrection and ascension, His intercession, His glory--all are ours! And, what is best of all, He Himself is ours! For the glory of His person outmatches all that He has done, and to know for

myself that "my beloved is mine" is a taste of the fullness of bliss!

Well, my beloved friend, the dark steps we were noticing above are just the way by which the Lord often leads His children on to this blessedness. They do not generally reach it all at once, though some receive the white stone much sooner than others—but many have to travel the barren land of deserts and of pits, to wander in a solitary way, to have their hearts made desolate and their earthly substance blighted, before Christ is revealed in them as their all—as the hope and the foretaste of glory. Well, it matters not how, if we do but come to know Him as ours in power and preciousness; and to this I doubt not you shall be brought, though often the way may seem long and your steps be weary. The cost and consequences of the journey rest not with you. All the weight of it is upon Him who has said to His Father, "I will be surety for them, of my hand shall you require them: if I bring them not unto You, and set them before You, then let me bear the blame forever." Ever precious Jesus, so able, so willing to bear all the burden of all who come unto Him! If you have nothing in yourself to encourage you, which I am sure you have not, there is plenty in Him, for with Him is mercy and plenteous redemption. May the Spirit enable you to be coming, coming, ever coming unto Him; so will your faith grow, and your great enemy, unbelief, be trodden down. (See Micah 7:19) Fear not, the Lord will help you, He will strengthen you, He will deliver you. "God shall help her, and that right early." (Psalms 46:5)

I had not thought of writing so much without mentioning dear Mr. D—but have been unexpectedly led on. I gave your remembrance to him, and his kind heart was grieved at your disappointment. He said how much he wished to see you—but could not; and he often trembled when made useful to anyone, lest they should look to him, and then he knew something would come to disappoint and pain them. This is much what you express. The Lord seal the instruction, and teach us how to look through, and not to, the dearest instruments, that they may never come between our souls and Him! I much enjoy what I have read of the ancient philosopher who declined the riches and honors offered to him by the emperor, saying, he "desired nothing so much of him as that he would stand out of the sunshine." And so would I say to every creature and everything, "Pray stand from between me and the sun; eclipse not the glory of my Beloved, hide Him not in the least from my view, and let Him give or withhold what He pleases, so I may but enjoy Himself." This is the language of the new heart. The old heart is a very treacherous dealer, and when conferred with, brings on the doleful cry, "My leanness, my leanness;" but "the elder shall serve the younger," this is the cheering promise.

We have had Mr. H— here also. His testimony was clear, faithful, and savory. I think you would have enjoyed much the Sabbath morning from "I am the Lord that heals you." Mr. H— spoke of the leprosy and its cure, as a striking type of our soul malady; also of diseases we are subject to after a sense of pardon and healing. Faith is subject to paralysis; it gets weak and shaky, the soul looking more at self than Jesus—but of this disease "I am the Lord that heals you;" our love sometimes takes cold, no warmth or fervor felt; a sense of His love is the healing of ours, "who heals all your diseases." But I must close this long note. Like you, I feel more anxious for health of soul than of body, that the life I live in the flesh may be by the faith of the Son of God, and that I may not live upon evidences and feelings—but upon Him alone by faith. Thus will evidences and feelings be kept fresh and lively; whereas while we seek to rest in them they must be withheld, that so we may trust in Jesus only. In Him and His precious love I am ever yours affectionately,

Ruth

Chapter 105

01A.68 The Sin-bearer and the sinner

The Sin-bearer and the sinner To Miss M., February 9, 1855. My beloved friend,

I hope you are a little more looking unto Jesus—a little more leaning upon Him amid your many weaknesses. He can bear all your weight, for He has borne all your sins, which are the worst part of your burden. Oh, that by the Spirit you may get a faith’s view of a crucified Redeemer!

"With your name upon His bosom,

In the garden bleeding, stooping,

To the ground with horror pressed."

"Heaviness in the heart makes it stoop," and that precious Sin-bearer had heaviness indeed when he said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." The sins of His people, the curse of the law, the hidings of His father’s face, all pressed His righteous soul as a cart is pressed under sheaves. His own self bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and bore them away from us forever; and when we get the seal of it by the blessed Spirit in our conscience then we can say, "There is therefore now no condemnation to me!" "Who is he that condemns? It is Christ who died." Here, in Christ’s obedience unto death, is satisfaction for law, justice, and conscience. Here is that which has satisfied Jehovah himself. Here then rest your weary soul, my beloved, and you shall not be ashamed nor confounded, world without end. "They looked unto him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed." Never was a sin-convinced, sin-wearied sinner cast off or cast out. This refuge is open for all such, and why, my friend, why not for you? Who says you may not come? Only your own fears, and unbelief, and Satan; but these are evil counselors, and, like Ahithophel, they shall be frustrated. Our God will bring their counsel to naught. He will make the many devices of these crafty ones of none effect, for He has counseled to save you. He has devised means whereby you, His banished one, shall not be always expelled from His presence. "By the blood of the covenant" shall you be brought near, and by the Spirit’s power. There is a cleft in the rock for you, and as in purpose you have been there from all eternity, so in your own experience shall you also be there in the appointed season. O that I might rejoice with you and know that the Lord had taken off your sackcloth, and clothed you with gladness, giving you "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Dearly beloved, you need not turn into yourself and say, "How unlikely." You are not in worse condition than the spendthrift prodigal. He was starving, helpless, and destitute when the gracious word was given—"Quick! Bring out the best robe and put it on him; put a ring on his finger and sandals on his feet. Then bring the fattened calf and slaughter it, and let’s celebrate with a feast, because this son of mine was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found! So they began to celebrate! (Luke 15:22-24) His own wilfulness and wickedness brought the misery upon himself, and yet that hindered not the flow of mercy and love, which comes all free to poor bankrupt prodigals. "O Israel, you have destroyed yourself—but in me is your help." Our Father has "laid help upon one that is mighty," even upon Him who was red in His apparel, who traveled in the

greatness of His strength for the salvation of His people, and who speaks of Himself as "mighty to save." May the blessed Spirit testify of your interest in these things, and so be to you the Comforter. With affectionate love, I remain your unworthy friend,

Ruth

Chapter 106

01A.69 The tried and convinced sinner encouraged

The tried and convinced sinner encouraged To Miss M., June 25, 1855.

My beloved friend,

I am sorry to hear you have been so much out of health and spirits; the latter is far the worst, for "the spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" Satan seems to have gained sad advantage over you in causing you almost to give up communion and correspondence with the living in Jerusalem. Ah! how hard he strives to get us for himself, and to hinder us from anything which would tend to weaken his devices; and how we too often give place to him, and forsake our own mercies. But the Lord will not leave us in his hands. He may, when permitted, sift us as wheat—but our dear Redeemer says, "I have prayed for you, that your faith fail not." Faith indeed often seems to fail us as to the exercise of it—but the precious grace itself shall never fail from the living soul until sight and full possession, make it no longer needful. Oh, that the Lord may be pleased to increase your faith, that you may resist the devil. He who has delivered you out of his kingdom of darkness can deliver you from the power of his cruel and cunning suggestions. He can teach your hands to war and your fingers to fight, and make you strong in faith giving glory to God. Oh, may He bruise him under your feet shortly, enabling you to overcome him by the blood of the Lamb.

You speak as though you had been under heavy trials. I can feel for you, having many crooks in my lot, and a sadly too susceptible and anxious heart which feels everything so much. But yet I can say with David, "I know, O Lord, that your judgments are right, and that you in faithfulness have afflicted me." I do not find bodily affliction the most painful part of tribulation; many other things distress me much more; but the Lord knows best what to send; and a great mercy it is when He enables us quietly to take up the cross as it occurs, for everything is doubly bitter when our heart frets against the Lord, or even against our fellow-worms. They could not afflict us without His permission, and though that does not lessen their wrong, it may stop our murmuring, and humble us before Him, like David, who looked away from Shimei and said, "Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord has bidden him;" and again, "So let him curse, because the Lord has said unto him, Curse David. Who shall then say, Therefore have you done so?" Oh, my beloved friend, whatever be the nature of your trials, whether they arise from self, Satan, or any other creature; there is but one refuge, one place of safe retreat, and that is Jesus—He who is a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, and from this cruel foe that has been striving hard to overcome you.

But, my dear friend, happy you who are brought now to judgment, that you should not be condemned with the world. Happy they who are now brought in guilty before God, and their mouths stopped. Their Redeemer is mighty; He will thoroughly plead their cause. By the scars in His own precious body He will show that their sins have been punished in Him, and that therefore they cannot be condemned; the sentence having been executed upon Him in their stead. Therefore it is written, "Cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned:

for she has received of the Lord’s hand double for all her sins." But am I, says my friend, among those thus described? Well, have you not been made feelingly to plead guilty? And if you have not yet sensibly received the full release by the "double," are you not waiting at that door, even the door of mercy? And is not your only hope in the death of the Redeemer, the King’s Son? And are you not desiring that before long you may by faith find that you are really engraved on the palms of His pierced hands? Well then, if that be your position, I can answer for Him that you shall not wait in vain.

I do know enough of Him for that, and fear not to aver that in the pit of darkness, there is not one who perished hoping in His mercy, through His own blood, and waiting for His salvation. He is faithful, and what He says He means, and will perform, though earth and hell rise up against it. "Come unto me, all you who labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." "All that the Father gives me shall come to me; and him that comes to me I will never cast out." "Seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened." "Blessed are those who mourn: for they shall be comforted." "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." The precious lips that spoke those words "were never known to lie;" but "your enemies shall be found liars unto you;" and "as the shepherd takes out of the mouth of the lion two legs, or a piece of an ear," (Amos 3:12) (a poor mutilated thing;) so shall you be delivered, and stand upon the mount Zion above, with the harp of God in your hand. Do not be alarmed, beloved, at my confidence: it is not grounded on you—but on Him who came into this dreary wilderness on purpose to seek and to save those who are lost. I wonderfully like those words of David, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek your servant; for I do not forget your commandments." He felt that he had got into a labyrinth, and cried to his Good Shepherd to come and seek him, for he felt quite lost, and the answer is as above, "The Son of man has come to seek and to save that which was lost." So you see, if you are so sadly off that you cannot come to Him, He will come to you, and find you, and bring you home on His strong shoulder with rejoicing.

You speak of fearing that what you have felt is a delusion, and your convictions only the workings of your human nature. If it is so, something from nature will quiet them and satisfy you—but if they are from Jehovah the Spirit, nothing but reconciliation to Jehovah the Father by Jehovah the Son will bring peace—nothing but Christ will satisfy your soul. Judge now, I pray you, and do not give place to the devil—but give the Lord the glory due unto His name, and praise Him for opening your blind eyes, even if you think you only see men as trees walking, for He will most surely perfect that which concerns you.

He says, "Whoever offers praise glorifies me. Jeremiah 33:14, has just been brought home with sweetness to me. May the day of performing the promise draw near in your experience. I trust your health is again improving, and your mind more calm. In the winter there was every reason to think that I was about to go "home," but in Divine sovereignty the Lord has rebuked the disease for the present, and I may have long to sojourn in Mesech. Moreover, since "home" has looked more in the distance, many other storms have arisen, and trials crossed the path, that patience may have her perfect work, and faith plenty to do at the "court of requests." But though we are at times like Hannah, who was a woman of a sorrowful spirit, yet the end is to see more wonders from Him who has given that sweet bill of promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver you, and you shall glorify me." O that I could honor Him more in the sunshine and in the storm, for He is worthy; but shame and confusion of face do indeed belong unto unworthiest me at all times. The Lord

bless you, comfort you, set your feet upon the rock, and establish your goings there. With kindest love, believe me, your ever affectionate,

Ruth

01A.90 The snare broken

The snare broken "Stop trusting in man, who has but a breath in his nostrils. Of what account is he?" Isaiah 2:22 To Miss M., January 19, 1856.

My beloved friend,

I am ashamed of my long silence. I think of you and grieve that your mind is still tried and perplexed by the inconsistencies of others, as I learned from your last pensive note. But, perhaps, before now that cloud has been dispersed. I earnestly hope that it is so, for, indeed, my beloved friend, there is so much crookedness, even in the living family, that we need to remember constantly the words of the Lord which head this page, and which were made powerful to my own soul a few days since. But how slow we are to obey this divine injunction. Even in this sense we may well say, "My soul cleaves to the dust," while we should pray for grace to cease from creatures, neither confiding in them too much for comfort, nor too much expecting to find all consistency within. Frail and imperfect are the best, and this is nothing new, for one of old says, "The most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge," and another, "I have seen an end of all perfection."

Oh! that your tried, tempest-tossed heart may be led to find refuge in the perfect One--the Friend who loves at all times, and sticks closer than a brother, for this precious "neighbor who is near, is better than a brother who is afar off." A brother may look on our wound and pass by on the other side—but this good Samaritan attends to our case from whatever cause be our sorrow, and whatever the hand that may have wounded. His oil and wine heal, and His sweet words soothe the troubled heart, for He has got the tongue of the learned, and knows how to speak a word in season to him that is weary. He is merciful, and He can have compassion on the ignorant. The Spirit of the Lord is upon Him, so that He is anointed to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, and bring deliverance to the captives, and to open the prison to those who are bound, to set at liberty them that are bruised. Did I tell you how much I had been profited sometime since by Mark 1:18? The Spirit showed me how many things are as "nets" to entangle us, and to keep us back from following Jesus, and also in how many ways we may be using "nets" to catch some desire of our carnal hearts; but then how blessed when brought to that, "straightway they forsook their nets and followed him." You know, dear friend, that too much poring over the inconsistencies of others may become as a "net" to catch our own feet, and hinder us from looking to Jesus. A friend of mine was once grievously annoyed by what was God-dishonoring in another person. It fretted him much, though he had no power to prevent it; but at length he heard the Shepherd’s voice, saying, "What is that to you? follow me," which broke the snare. It is vain to dwell upon that which hinders our own souls and helps no one.

How is your health now, and how is the health of your soul? Have you been brought to the venture of faith, even as one dear to me lately said in the view of the all-sufficient Savior, "I felt that I could venture the whole weight of my soul upon Him, though vilest of the vile I felt I was." This was my maid, who has been with us eleven years, and the Lord has just sweetly sealed her for His own,

which has made me rejoice with exceeding great joy, for I have long been watching for her soul. Oh, my dear friend, may the blessed Spirit bring you to this.

All your weight of sins, sorrows, and cares the Burden-Bearer can sustain. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you." And it is no honor to Him to be carrying it yourself; it must sink you into gloom and dejection. A minister once said, "The Lord tells us to carry our cross and cast our care—but we try to cast our cross and carry our care." I felt much self-conviction from the remark—but must say with the Psalmist, "Nevertheless, he being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not." So that, notwithstanding my willfulness and sin in many ways, I am still "the living, the living" to praise Him, as I desire to do this day, and to encourage you to put your trust under the shadow of His wings, for there is healing there. (Mal. 4:2) Do excuse this sad scrawl, I hope you will write soon, if able; and, warmly wishing you every covenant favor, I remain, with much love in our precious Jesus, your affectionate friend,

Ruth.

"The Lord upholds all those who fall and lifts up all who are bowed down." Psalms 145:14

Chapter 108

01A.91 Tribulation works patience

Tribulation works patience "He has said, I will never leave you nor forsake you."

"The Lord upholds all those who fall and lifts up all who are bowed down." Psalms 145:14 To Miss M., April 21, 1856.

My beloved friend,

I have been much longing to respond to your last welcome and cheering note. I do indeed rejoice that you had such a comfortable visit from the Lord's dear servant, Mr. D—, and trust it was a lasting lift from the Lord Himself, and that you may not again sink so low as you did before, nor give place to unbelief and Satan--for these giant foes will raise questionings about the brightest manifestations and sweetest enjoyments. May the Lord rebuke them, and enable you to go forward trusting in Him, who will show you greater things than these.

I admire the Lord's work in the sweet effects you mention of being afraid to act to free yourself from trial, while you are kept waiting upon the Lord to see Him work and go before you in all things. This is very blessed and safe. One has well said, "When we follow the Lord and keep His company, He always bears our expenses; if we run before Him or go alone, He may leave us to bear our own." The Lord may lead us round—but he will lead us right. Oh! may you, my dear friend, be kept in a waiting frame of spirit; it is most blessed, though very contrary to our flesh. You know our time here is so short that if things of an outward kind be ever so disagreeable, it will soon, very soon, be over; and all that now annoys our flesh will, in the light of eternity, appear a very nothing. This thought reminds me of a dear young friend, who has only been married three or four years—but in that time has had a sea of tribulation to wade through. This has arisen from the sin of her husband, who should have been her comfort, instead of which his attentions have been bestowed elsewhere, and she has had to bear neglect, contempt, personal unkindness; and now for more than a year she, with her two children, has been deserted. But the Lord has sanctified the sorrow and drawn her to Himself; and most moving it is to see her humbled, softened spirit—I mean spiritually softened, for she is naturally kind and amiable—and to hear her say she feels every step has been permitted by God, for if her path had been smooth, she might have rested in outward comforts—but now the world looks nothing to her, and things she once enjoyed have no charm. In speaking of probable future trial she said, "Oh, we have such a short time to stay here, it seems comparatively of little importance in what outward circumstances we are--just as long as the soul is right." This is a true testimony from a young disciple in deep trial. Oh! may we live in the spirit of it, and our daily cry be, "Lord, lift up the light of your countenance upon me." In company with Jesus, the heaviest trials are borne as among covenant blessings, even the sure mercies of David.

We call ourselves "pilgrims and strangers," but surely if we were quite satisfied with being so, we would not be so disconcerted by the annoyances of the road and of the inn—for what is any place here but an inn—just a lodging-place for a little season until our Father sends for us home. If our

fellow-travelers are unkind, unreasonable, or anything beside, yet we shall soon part. And perhaps after all we may find how much self-love has been prevailing in us, and how often we are murmuring about the mote in their eye and neglecting the beam in our own. Oh! my beloved one, may the Lord give us a meek, quiet, and patient spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price--though very contrary to our flesh. That has been a striking word to me, "We count them happy who endure." That word "endure" is worthy to be written in letters of gold. May the blessed Spirit set it in our hearts, and set our hearts steadfastly unto it in all the real or imaginary ills of life. To endure for Christ’s sake breaks much of their force.

"He will be like a refiner and purifier of silver; He will purify the sons of Levi and refine them like gold and silver. Then they will present offerings to the Lord in righteousness." (Malachi 3:3) Well, dear friend, we are both in the furnace! Much, very much vile dross has in my case risen up--but my blessed and patient Refiner sits watching the process. Nor does all this dross, hateful as it is, make Him forsake the work of His hands. He will have me know a little of what is in my heart, that I may know more of what is in His heart--even love, most invincible, unalterable, unquenchable love! Love that endures to the end, amidst all my wickedness, and wandering, and ingratitude. It is indeed marvelous! Into the blessed depths of this love I desire to be daily sinking, in all the fresh discoveries of my utter worthlessness and vileness--that thus I may praise Him more who has redeemed me from it all! The Lord does not show us how bad we are to cause despair--but to show forth the riches of His grace in saving us, and to call forth new songs of praise to Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood!

Oh, my dear friend, Jesus is worthy to be praised in the depths as well as in the heights. He is near, and dear, and precious in the hour of affliction, and in the path of tribulation, where He gives some of His choicest fruits and wines to revive those who are faint and weary in the wilderness. I am most thankful He gave you such a seasonable refreshment; and, like Manoah, you will be saying, "O my Lord, let the man of God whom you did send come again to us." But I mean especially the Lord Himself, for it was His visitation that refreshed your spirit, and He sent His servant where He himself meant to come. Where He has been once He is quite sure to come again. "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice!" Meanwhile it will be your mercy to be seeking for that excellent life of faith which is so strengthening to the soul, so glorifying to the Lord. Oh! may you be helped, yes enabled, "to trust in the Lord at all times;" not when you feel His love and have the shine of His countenance—but also in the dark and wintry day when clouds veil your sky, and sorrow invades your soul. "When I am afraid, I will trust in You." With kindest love and best wishes, I remain yours in Jesus most affectionately,

Ruth

01A.92 The plausibility of unbelief

The plausibility of unbelief "The Lord shall guide you continually, and satisfy your soul in drought." Isaiah 58:11 To Miss M., June 10, 1856.

My beloved friend,

It has been a pleasure to hear from you and of the Lord’s dealings with you, for I cannot but hope that the gloom around you is not quite so dense as in days gone by. The rainbow of safety and peace seems to be more discernible in your cloud. Surely we will praise the Lord for any tokens for good, knowing He is so faithful, that where He gives the least item of covenant favor, it may be safely taken as a pledge of the whole. It is well when faith is watching for any kind word from Him, and does immediately take hold of it and echo it back again, as did the messengers of the king of Syria to Ahab. (1 Kings 20:30-33) But ah! is it not true that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light?" They quickly take advantage for their own benefit in earthly things—but we are slow of heart in spiritual things—slow to believe what the Lord has done for us—slow to trust Him who has given us such exceeding great and precious promises; and ever ready to listen to Satan, unbelief, and carnal reason, instead of receiving His word with all readiness. What reason have we to cry, "Lord, increase our faith;" for really unbelief works at times so insidiously, it puts on the garb of humility and strives to make us consider it more humble and suitable for such great sinners as we are, to be doubting and holding back from the free promises of the gospel, instead of looking to Him, and expecting to receive of Christ’s fullness. Oh! hateful dishonor to that able, willing Savior who "receives sinners, and eats with them."

Many in this day who in their judgment reject all idea of creature merit are yet really stooping under this infirmity wherewith Satan binds them, and which is, in truth, looking at self instead of Jesus—looking for something in the creature, instead of all in Him. I was held so long in this specious snare, and do now see it to be so derogatory to my precious Lord, that my soul burns with indignation against this most hateful sin. I rejoice to hear Bunyan call it "the white devil," and say, "Oftentimes in its mischievous doings in the soul it shows as if it were an angel of light; yes, it acts like a counselor of heaven, for it is that sin which of all others has some show of reason in its attempts, keeping the soul from Jesus Christ by pretending its present unfitness and unpreparedness, pleading a lack of more sense of sin, more humility, more repentance, and more of a broken heart.

It is the sin which most suits with the conscience. The conscience of the coming sinner tells him that he has nothing good, that he stands indictable for a thousand talents, that he is very blind, ignorant, and hard hearted; and will you, says unbelief, in such a case as you now are, presume to come to Jesus Christ?

It is the sin which most suits with our sense of feeling: the coming sinner feels the workings of sin and wretchedness in his flesh, and the wrath and judgment of God due to sin, and often staggers under it. Now, says unbelief, you may see you have no grace, for that which works in you is

corruption; you may also perceive that God does not love you, because the sense of His wrath abides upon you; therefore, how can you have the face to come to Jesus Christ?

It is that sin above all others that most suits the wisdom of the flesh. The wisdom of the flesh thinks it prudent to question awhile, to hearken to both sides awhile, to stand back awhile, and not to be too rash or unadvised in a too bold presuming upon Jesus Christ.

It is that sin above all others that weakens our prayers, our faith, our love, our hope, our diligence, and our expectations; it even takes away the heart from God in duty. This sin, as I have said before, appears in the soul with so many sweet pretenses to safety and security, that it is as it were counsel sent from heaven, bidding the soul to be wise, wary, and considerate, and to take heed of too rash a venture upon believing. Be sure first that God loves you; be not sure of your salvation—but doubt it still, though the testimony of the Lord has been confirmed in you; live not by faith but by sense, and when you can neither see nor feel, then fear and mistrust, then doubt and question all. This is the counsel of unbelief, which is so covered over with specious pretenses that the wisest Christian can hardly shake off these reasonings." So says Bunyan; and these sayings have been very profitable to my soul. May the Holy Spirit make them so to yours, my dear friend. I do greatly long that the sly workings of this vile sin of unbelief should be discovered, and that we should do with it as Esther did with Haman—bring it into the presence of the King to plead against it, and get its schemes against us broken by His power. I was rejoiced to hear that the Lord has guided you to the house of your Master’s brethren, and that you are located in a pilgrim lodge. May the Lord grant you sweet communion, and bless the change to the benefit of your health. You mention our meeting face to face; it does not look likely—but we know not what is before us. I feel sure and certain you would be disappointed; you think much too highly of me. I am reserved, have not conversational powers, and am altogether a very poor creature—but just fit for Jesus to save; and by the grace of God I am what I am. The Lord bless you, and enlarge you abundantly in Christ. With affectionate love, ever yours warmly in Him,

Ruth.

Excuse the many defects

Chapter 110

01A.93 The bosom of Jesus

The bosom of Jesus To Miss M., March 10, 1857.

My beloved friend,

I hope you are finding comfort in being with your dear sister, though there is no nest below without a thorn; this you well know, and therefore will not expect it. But there is a bosom without a thorn, even where John leaned, and where, by faith, unworthy I often lean, and find sweet rest and refreshing. And in that dear bosom and in that dear heart "yet there is room," room even for you, O weary one! There you shall find no rebuke, no spurning, no upbraiding. The invitation to the laboring and the weary is, "Come unto me," "and I will give you rest." Nor did those precious lips ever utter one unmeaning word. He means it all, and His ear and heart are open to all the sorrowful agitations of those poor and needy ones whom He invites to His rest. How many a long sad tale has He privileged me to breathe out to Him; oh! such as none else would have had patience to listen to, or cared to remedy.

Others would have called it imaginary trouble; but He bore with it all, and either delivered out of it, or delivered in it—either made a way of escape, or gave strength to endure, through finding in Him enough to fill and satisfy under it all. Then at other times He has discovered the illusion of the enemy, kindly shown me that I really was fretting under imaginary evil, and, without upbraiding, has set me on high from him that was puffing at me. (Psalms 12:5) When under deep and sore trials, His heart, and arm, and counsel have been for my all-sufficient support. Oh! what a friend is Christ to me! And not less to you, my beloved. Oh! come then and magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together. Do not let us be murmuring in these tents of flesh, (Psalms 106:25) but by faith going forth to Jesus. Our Father has not appointed us any portion in self—but He has given Christ, the true Manna, to be our portion for time and eternity; and the more we are brought to feed upon Him by faith, the less we shall need or desire anything besides. Oh! may the blessed Spirit bring us to this dear privilege, that so we may grow up into Him our living Head in all things.

Mr. W— preached two Sabbaths. The last was one of great power and blessedness to my soul. I do love to hear of those eternal verities upon which he so constantly dwells, even love in its fountain and source, far back before the worlds were made—the love of the Father, the love of the Son, and the love of the Spirit fixed upon the Church, well knowing all that would come to her in the Adam fall—but determining to bring her safe up to glory through and notwithstanding all. Oh! it is good old wine of the kingdom, which strengthens my faith far more than endlessly dwelling on the changes in self and feeling. Those changes we must have while below, for the decree has gone forth that while earth lasts, day and night, summer and winter, shall not cease; but the way to be strengthened under them is to consider Him who changes not—but rests in His love, and ever beholds His people all fair in His own loveliness. May you be brought to rest in Him, my dear friend, for it is blessed indeed so to do.

I much enjoyed converse with the dear Margate friends. Jesus was our theme, and we were of one heart in desiring that He should be all and in all, and we have had an abiding blessing from it. . . . I hear Mr. D— is coming to England. I hope he may visit you, and that you may have as sweet a blessing as you did last time. The Lord sends His disciples where He Himself will come, and it is most sweet to converse of Him and with Him, and how the heart does burn while He opens in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself. That is it, beloved friend, which is food to the soul, even the living Bread who came down from heaven; and as we feed on Him we forget our poverty in the first Adam, because we have found such superlative riches in the second. Oh! yes indeed, He is full of fullness just suited to our needs, and He says, "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it." The more we receive, the more we are yet enlarged to receive; and the more we know and enjoy of Him the more we see yet to be known and enjoyed. What our Father has bestowed upon us in giving Christ is indeed astonishing, and will be unfolding to all eternity. May we be learning more and more of His unsearchable riches now; thus shall we be less affrighted at our own poverty, which we must also learn—but only to bring us to know more of the depths of His matchless love, and that we may rejoice and glory in Him alone. Ever praise Him, O my soul, who has remembered and visited you in your low estate, for His mercy endures forever!

Oh, my dear friend, this lovely Savior makes me so happy in Himself and with Himself that I sometimes think I must be going home, though perhaps it is rather a preparative for some trial; but all, however, shall be well; through the fire and through the water He will bring us safely to the wealthy place. I have had a precious baptism of love the last three weeks—a sweet foretaste of the fullness of joy, and of those pleasures which are at His right hand for evermore. I am most unworthy; but worthy, ever worthy, is the precious Lamb; and our Father has blessed us in Him; therefore our own unworthiness is no barrier to the flowing of these heavenly streams; it has nothing to do with it. These streams rise in God, flow in Christ, and bear down before them all that is of the creature; yes in the ocean of His love and blood both self and sins get lost. For "of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory forever. Amen." Do you know anything of the Orphan House at Bristol? I am deeply interested in it; it is so encouraging to faith. I am going to send you a report, hoping you may find it profitable, as I and many have done. Your affectionate friend,

Ruth

01A.94 The power of faith

The power of faith To Miss M., June 3, 1858.

My beloved friend,

It is a mercy when we are enabled to deal openly with the Lord, and in child-like simplicity, to carry to Him every fresh perplexity, whether great or small. Nothing is too minute for His notice and counsel, nothing too mighty for Him to overrule and bring deliverance. Sometimes He brings deliverance in the trouble by blessed support and communion; sometimes deliverance out of the trouble by making a way of escape. But in whatever way He is pleased to work, He will answer those who call upon Him, for He has said, "Call unto me, and I will answer you, and show you great and mighty things which you know not." "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver you, and you shall glorify me." May the grace of wrestling prayer be given, that you may put Him to the test of His own words, and may you look to His promises and not to your own feelings for encouragement to plead. Our ever prevailing plea is, the blood and righteousness of Jesus, in whom all the promises of God are yes and amen; and sometimes warm feelings are withheld that we may trust alone in Him and not to them. Faith can venture before the throne with "Jesus only," but sense wants the honey of sweet feelings to offer (Leviticus 2:11) with the Lamb, and thus to have more hope of acceptance; but we are accepted only in the Beloved, and our confidence before the Lord is to be by His blood alone through faith. (Hebrews 10:19; Ephesians 3:12)

Oh, my dear friend, may you meditate on these things, for I feel sure that the living Church is, in the present day, much held in bondage by seeking to live more by feeling than by faith. The life of faith is not an unfeeling life, a cold life, a half-hearted life, a life of worldly conformity; it is faith that follows Christ fully, and forsakes all for Him, as Joshua and Caleb did when all the people talked of stoning them. They well knew their own weakness and the strength of the enemy—but rested all their trust in the love and faithfulness of the Lord, while those who walked by sight and sense looked only at the giant foes, and at their own weakness. Thus it is with us spiritually; when poring only upon what we are, we grow more and more discouraged; and seeking water from the creature cistern, our tongue fails for thirst, for there is none there! But it is in the fountain of living waters, even our precious Jesus, in whom all fullness dwells for poor and needy souls; and when we are brought to this extremity, He kindly says, "I the Lord will hear them: I the God of Israel will not forsake them."

How feelingly can my heart renew the cry, "Lord, increase my faith," for, alas! I often stagger through unbelief, not upon the subject of personal interest in Christ—but upon many others of less importance, yes and upon that also should I stagger if the Lord left me to the carnal reasonings of the flesh, "so foolish am I and ignorant." Well, may it please Him to bring us to say with the apostle, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." Faith humbly presses on through the tribulation path, looking unto Jesus, and fully understands that excellent saying of Hewitson, "The soul will be staggered even by loose stones in the way--if we look manward; if we look Godward--faith will not be staggered even by inaccessible mountains

stretching and obstructing apparently our outward progress." Perhaps I shall weary you; but this subject of faith is dear to my heart, and I do long for your furtherance and joy of faith. Let not that which is lame be turned out of the way—but let it rather be healed. "Strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to those who are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you!" Yes, the feeble and the fearing He will save. Oh! may the feet and ankle bones of faith receive strength to enter into Christ the true temple, leaping and walking and praising God. I wish you every blessing, and all needful grace, for He is able to make all grace abound towards you. With kind love, ever yours affectionately,

Ruth

Chapter 112

01A.96 Counsels to a young man entering the ministry

Counsels to a young man entering the ministry To one who is as a "sparrow alone upon the housetop." (Psalms 102:7) "Fear not, for I am with you." To Mr. Macdonald, July 22, 1855.

My dear friend,

I will tell you what I have just been thinking. You know our gracious Lord said to His disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I do not go away, the Comforter will not come unto you." It seems to me, that friend after friend, comfort after comfort, might also say to our foolish, clinging, sensitive hearts, "It is expedient for you that we go away; for if we do not go away, the Comforter will not come unto you!" In other words, "If we remain, you will build on us part of your comfort, and then you will be a loser, not learning the height, depth, length, and breadth of the love, sweetness, and fullness which are in Christ Jesus. A pang may be felt as one by one is taken away; yet how blessed to be in the position of the poor sinner who was left alone with Jesus, when His gracious lips did drop as the honeycomb into her heart, saying, "Neither do I condemn you: go, and sin no more." Oh, it is worth being stripped of all that is our own to hear this secret of divine love, and to enjoy Jesus as our "all in all."

Now, I know you will assent to this in your judgment; but I want you to have the full benefit and blessing in being brought nearer to Jesus; for I well know what creatures we are, for self-hewn cisterns; and how when one is broken we seek for another, instead of turning to the Fountain. Look at your own heart, and see whether it is not so; whether you are not often wanting a friend, a letter, or anything to break the desolate feeling. Am I speaking too closely? It is because I am so much of your own temperament that I thus judge you, and long to draw you to the full bliss of forsaking all for Christ. Then shall you most abundantly find all in Him, and praise Him for every stripping and emptying which prevented your resting in a lower source of enjoyment, or enjoying even Himself through the medium of others. Oh! it is most precious to commune directly with Himself, and receive lessons of wisdom from His own blessed mouth—

"With You conversing, I forget

All time and toil and care;

Labor is rest, seclusion sweet,

When You my God are there." This is the application of the subject. You are now in the very position to be learning the sweetness of being alone with Jesus; and if you feel a lack in outward ordinances, and a lack of Christian communion--it is to bring you in quiet retirement to open your heart more fully to the Prince of Peace, that you may not have to go abroad for your choice things—but find Him at home in the inner temple of the new heart; and thus shall your present wilderness blossom abundantly, and you shall rejoice even with joy and singing. Our dear Lord always gives us just what is needful for our present circumstances. Inasmuch as we are repining against them, we are "the rebellious, and shall dwell in a dry land;'' but when we accept them at

His hands, seeking therein for Jesus, we shall find that there is a blessing in them, however painful they may be to the flesh. Your present trials are covenant discipline in covenant love, to teach you to live above self and creatures, to be less dependent upon ’streams’, and to be drawing from the Fountain. You see how freely I write, just like an elder sister who has trodden the path before you. I myself have been deprived of blessings dear as the right hand and the right eye--that I might come to "Peniel," which I need not tell you means the "face of God." Just see how Jacob sent all over the brook, in Genesis 32:22-23, Genesis 32:30. Even the nearest and dearest must go away, and he must be left alone to see the "face of God;" then it is recorded "He blessed him there." Oh, that this might be written of you.

I think much of the high calling which you are contemplating, and also of what is said to the tribe of Levi in the Old Testament, "You shall have no inheritance in their land." Moses, in blessing that tribe, said, "Neither did he acknowledge his brethren, nor knew his own children," all betokening a peculiar separation to the Lord, and showing that they should esteem everything secondary to His glory, and that He being their inheritance, their confidence and chief delight should be in Him. Blessed state of high privilege! May it be fully yours in the spiritual sense, and may all the changes and tossings to which you are subjected, be a means used by the Lord to bring you to it. Press after it, for "the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." "Open your mouth wide and I will fill it." May the guiding cloud ever go before you to mark where you should encamp in the wilderness. Remember it will be a wilderness everywhere, and you in some sort or other must feel it to be so; but many a stream will gush out of the Rock, and many a refreshment be prepared when you are faint and weary; not to tempt you to sit down in peace—but to strengthen you to go onward.

I am glad you are at times happy in "The Hiding-place," although you do come back to the painful consciousness of self. Even while you are learning what you are, you are safe in what He is, and you shall at last be more than conqueror; yes, even experimentally so now while "looking unto Jesus." "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." "Walk in the Spirit, and you shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh." Constantly come to the light of the Spirit, that your fleshly thoughts, words, and deeds may be reproved; and as He discloses to you the evil, beg Him also to subdue it. It is not enough to learn our sin and cry out against it; the blessing is promised "to him who overcomes." It is not merely in self-loathing—but in self-forsaking, that our victory comes. "Be," in this sense, "faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life."

It is very probable that we shall meet no more on earth; but I trust that when the earthly house of our tabernacle shall be dissolved, we may have "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." When we have arrived there, it will be of no importance how roughly or how smoothly we have fared by the way. And now farewell; seek close walking with God, yield yourself fully and continually to the Lord. "As you have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk you in him," rejoicing that "you are not your own." The Lord bless you and keep you from evil, that it may not grieve you, and continually set before you an open door in providence, saying, "This is the way, walk in it." He is our Rock, following us all through the wilderness, where our bread is given us and our water is sure. In our adorable Emmanuel, ever yours affectionately,

R. B.

Chapter 113

01A.97 Counsels to a young man entering the ministry

Counsels to a young man entering the ministry "Is it well with you?" 2 Kings 4:26 To Mr. Macdonald, September 1855. My dear friend,

What will you have thought of me for being so long in answering your most welcome letter? Perhaps you will consider it a fresh proof of human fickleness, and imagine that I am forgetting you. Well, I am sure, it is peculiarly needful for you ever to remember the Divine injunction, "Cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?" I am sure a heart so sensitive as yours has often smarted, often bled, from wounds given by those you love; but it is all permitted in order to bring you to rest on His dear bosom, on which the favored disciple leaned--for Him you can never love too much. I know, too, that my poor friendship would not be worth one regret; but I am far from forgetting you, and desire ever to plead for you before our Father who is in heaven. He knows your temperament, you situation, your conflicts, and all about you. His eye is upon you; His heart is toward you in all your wanderings; and because you are not walking closely enough with Him, He will sometimes send disappointing and trying providences to bring you nearer to Him.

I long after you in the Lord, that you may know experimentally the full privilege and blessedness of union to Jesus, that you may dwell in divine love and drink deeply of the waters of salvation, for so you will be best qualified to commend them to others. For this you have need to be much in the closet, pleading much with the Lord to fill you with the Spirit, who shall teach you all things, and lead you into all truth.

Some people hold up one part of truth; but all the truth of God is precious. May you reject none—but prize all, and be led by the Spirit to receive it and search into it, and never be warped by any part of it or by creature opinion, that your faith may "not stand in the wisdom of men—but in the power of God." "Sanctify the Lord Almighty Himself, and let Him be your fear, and let Him be your dread." Oh, may He make you a clear witness for His truth, and may that truth make you free from every error and false way. May the blessed Spirit correct all error in each of us, and grant that in His light we may see light.

I gather plainly from the Scriptures that all the wicked are to be warned, the thirsty to be invited to the waters, the hungry to the feast, those who have no money to the wine and milk, and, then, the large, broad, sweet word in Revelation is "Whoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Beyond this I think you could not go, because all would not be willing. "It is God who works in you to will and to do of his good pleasure." You cannot enlarge your invitations too much to those who are willing, and you cannot err on the other side by keeping within the limit of Scripture warrant. Do not press this or any other point slightly; many, by so doing, have "daubed the wall with untempered mortar." Do not go for counsel to human authority, even the highest—but seek on your knees, to have these things made plain to you. It is a solemn thing to stand as a watchman between the living and the dead. As you have written freely, I do so too. We have no thought of contention—but write affectionately in search of the truth; I, in prospect of eternity, you (if spared,)

with the prospect of telling to dying fellow-sinners the way of salvation. Surely each of us has peculiar need to be sober and watch unto prayer; and, perhaps, you sometimes feel "who is sufficient for these things?" But your sufficiency is of God, by whom alone the stripling David delivered the lamb out of the paw of the lion and the bear. May that same God send you to proclaim deliverance to many a lamb of the Savior's flock whom the roaring lion is seeking to devour.

Ah, my brother, the Canaanite will to the end be still in the land, and we shall often groan, being burdened; but we must seek that these Canaanites may be more and more put under tribute (Joshua 17:13) by the power of the cross, and the blood of Jesus received by faith. You know the original inhabitants of Canaan are taken for a type of the evils of our nature, and the great sin of Israel was being too friendly with them. Does not this tell home upon our experience? Is there not at times a parleying with besetting sins and inward evils, which have often cast us down wounded? The indwelling of sin will remain while we are in the body; but if our souls are lively and healthy, we shall be seeking for its power to be more and more subdued; not by our own efforts—but by faith in Jesus.

If we feed this serpent, it will bite us in return; if we give liberty to these Canaanites, they shall be pricks and thorns to us. Numbers 33:55, Joshua 23:12-13, with some other like passages, have been in this sense very instructive to me. Oh! I am an evil creature, I have been overcome by inward evil again and again, and have often been too friendly with the natives of my old heart. This makes me now fear anything that ministers to them; this makes me shun even "the doubtful territory," because I am sure that there they may get encouragement to lift up their head. In fact, my dear brother, I am so weak, so sinful, that I am never safe away from the cross of Christ. There we not only learn the crucifixion of the world—but the crucifixion of self! And as the evil that is in us stirs and strives, we can only have victory by His cross and by His blood, which CLEANSES from all sin. I think none can have been more tried with inward evil than I have; but, even after a defeat, the Captain of the Lord's host has shown me that all my victory is in Him and by Him; so that, while abased in my own eyes, and loathing myself in the dust; I have understood, to His praise, that in the highest sense "her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned, for she has received of the Lord's hands double for all her sins." Cheer up, therefore, press on towards the prize, tarry not in all the plain; your Lord has promised that "sin shall not have dominion over you," but He has also said, "he who sows to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption," and "the backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." Of both these I know the bitterness, and their best remedy is living by faith on Jesus, who has put away all our sin by the sacrifice of Himself. The Lord strengthen you in the conflict. The beloved apostle says, "I have written to you, young men, because you are strong, and the word of God abides in you, and you have overcome the wicked one." And Paul says, "Young men exhort to be sober-minded." . . . This is a land of clouds and of storms—but they send us afresh to the hiding-place.

"Hide me, O my Savior, hide,

'Til the storms of life are past;

Safe into the haven guide,

Oh receive my soul at last."

Sweet to the weary one will be that message, "The Master has come, and calls for you." And, now, farewell; "the conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." May we do so too; there is a spring in the rock which flows sweetly for all the inhabitants. May you drink thereof and afresh lift up your head with joy. The Lord enrich you with covenant favor, and grant you such revelations of a precious Jesus as shall eclipse all beside.

Believe me yours,

R. B.

01A.98 The exercise of faith

The exercise of faith To Mrs. Turner, November 27, 1855.

My beloved friend in Jesus,

"Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you," but be comforted in knowing that the Lord's gold is always tried with fire, and that the trial often comes in a time and way least expected; like him of old who said, "When I looked for good, then evil came unto me; and when I waited for light, then came darkness. I went mourning without the sun: I stood up, and I cried in the congregation." And thus it seems to have been with you in the change of your minister, which must have been very trying; but "God is His own interpreter,

And He will make it plain."

Still wait on Him in wrestling prayer, and before long the dark cloud will burst in blessings on your head. The Lord often puts a death upon means and ministers, because we are so prone to "look to them, instead of through them." "Power belongs unto God;" and the most suitable and efficient ministry is only a blessing as He makes it so. In order that we may learn this experimentally, and be taught to live in simple dependence upon Himself, He will sometimes cause the Brook of Ordinances to dry up for a season, by which I mean we shall feel no power in them, and the minister whom we have found most profitable shall bring no message from the Lord to our souls. I have been in this case, my dear friend, and have had to bless the Lord for it afterwards; for although very painful, yet the blessed Spirit does thereby teach us to profit, and bring us to say with David, "My soul, wait only upon God, for my expectation is from him."

I am grieved to hear that you are suffering serious bodily affliction; but if in it you find Jesus, it will indeed be to you a cup of blessing, as I have fully proved; for as the bitter waters of Marah were made sweet by the healing tree which Moses cast into them, even so the most bitter affliction is healed of its bitterness when by faith we apprehend a precious Jesus as the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. I think I told you how much I have enjoyed these words, "who heals all your diseases," as regards myself; not that my body is healed of the disease, or is ever likely to be—but the disease itself is healed of all that would savor of wrath, curse, or bitterness; it is all sent in love, though disagreeable to the flesh; and the spirit seeing so much, so very much mercy in it, can feelingly and joyfully say, "It is well."

This, however, is only "by the working of his mighty power," for when I was first fully confirmed as to the nature of the malady, gloom overhung my mind, and I could not for some time feel as I desired. I have sometimes thought it was like the first day—evening and morning—not the brightness first—but the shade. My soul did groan unto the Lord for a blessing in it—but I could not for some time spread out my case before Him, or "fill my mouth with arguments." Yet He hears "the voice of our weeping," and our groaning is not hidden from Him; yes, it "enters into his ears." He knows what it means, and that we would say and feel if we could, "Your will, not mine, be

done."

We may groan and sigh, and think we cannot pray—but that groan and that sigh are prayer in His account, and He often answers them, as this unworthy heart can testify; for though in one part of this affliction my mind was enveloped in cloud, yet before long the blessed Sun of Righteousness did arise with healing in His wings. Then was sorrow turned into joy before Him, and gloom and darkness fled away at His presence. O beloved, He can take off the keen edge from everything to which our frame is subject, and turn the curse into a blessing, yes, turn the water of affliction into the wine of consolation. I have been led quite unintentionally to speak thus of myself; but perhaps those things flow most freely which we have ourselves tasted and handled; and as you are now a "companion in tribulation," may the blessed Spirit breathe into your soul some word of comfort or encouragement, that by His power you may be strengthened with might in the inner man unto all patience and long-suffering, with joyfulness. May I be allowed to say that whatever be the nature of your affliction you will find it weakening to look at it; but, looking unto Jesus, you will have, moment by moment, incomings of strength and support—not a stock in hand—but just as you need it. When Peter looked at the waves, he soon began to fear and to sink—but while he looked at his Master, though they were still boisterous, yet all was well. So I find it, and so will you. When looking at this or that painful thing it is quite too much for us—but when looking unto Jesus, and leaving all to Him, we are borne through the trial, and the very mountains become a plain; yes, and the floods which we thought would overwhelm us are made to divide that we may pass safely through. May the Lord increase our faith, and cause us to live in the fullest privilege of those deep words, "You are not your own;" and may He be pleased so to nourish your faith by His word and Spirit that you shall find how sweet it is, "To lie passive in His hands,

And know no will but His."

Then you will say, "This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." Whatever your present state may be, my heart would say to you, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Nothing! He can support and deliver; He can make you joyful in the affliction, and then bring you with joy out of it. If it be His holy will, may He soon command deliverance for you, saying, "I am the Lord who heals you."

I trust your soul is more at rest in Jesus. Oh! may He bring you fully into that liberty wherewith He makes His people free, which is such a liberty as the debtor has when his surety has paid all he owed; such a liberty as the prisoner has when he is told that the law has now nothing against him. "Who can bring an accusation against God’s elect? God is the One who justifies. Who is the one who condemns? Christ Jesus is the One who died, but even more, has been raised; He also is at the right hand of God and intercedes for us." (Romans 8:33-34)

But, say you, am I the character here spoken of? Read Romans 7:1-25. There the character is described to whom belongs the "no condemnation" of Romans 8:1-39, and I do think yours is there described; but as long as we look to our evidences for comfort we shall be full of disquiet, for we discover such weakness in our faith, such wavering in our hope, such coldness in our love, yes, such shortcoming in everything, that we cannot find here any rest for the sole of our foot as regards spiritual confidence. It must be all in Christ! "He is the rock, and his work is perfect," while our works are all broken and faulty. Oh! may the blessed Spirit set your feet upon this Rock, and establish your goings there. May He enable you to make the venture of faith, just as you are, with

wants and woes, sins and fears.

"Venture on Him, venture wholly!

Let no other trust intrude." And it is not only one venture—but many. The life of faith is continued venturing afresh, finding no more in self to encourage us at the last than at the first, remembering in the midst of all discouragements how "David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." And that is just what faith does. By reason of the flood of corruptions within and tribulation without, the poor soul can find no place of rest—but, by faith, she flies to the Ark, and the Lord pulls her in. I commend you to that precious Jesus who still "receives sinners, and eats with them."

And, wishing you every covenant blessing, remain in His warm love your unworthy but affectionate friend,

Ruth Bryan,

Chapter 115

01A.99 Healing leaves for the sorrows of the way

Healing leaves for the sorrows of the way

They said to her, "Woman, why are you crying?" "Because they've taken away my Lord," she told them, "and I don't know where they've put Him." John 20:13 To Mrs. Turner, May 5, 1856.

My beloved friend,

The above was the sorrowful lament of one who had known the presence of Jesus, and now felt His absence; who had enjoyed His company, and now mourned the loss of it. All the world was nothing to her without the Lord; she came to indulge her love and grief by adding "sweet spices" to the myrrh and aloes which were already wrapped with His precious body--but even that body was gone, this last solace was denied her. And, oh! what a sinking, saddened heart she had, when, weeping and wondering, she looked again into the sepulcher. Methinks it was a hopeless look; she had already seen that the holy body was not there—but she would look once more at the very spot where it was laid. And what was her joy when she was greeted by His living voice calling her by name! She expected not to hear that voice again, she had no thought of beholding a risen Redeemer; but He had said, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice," and His words were now sweetly fulfilled in this seeking soul, who, having much forgiven, loved Him much. But perhaps you will wonder what all this has to do with you. Why, my beloved, I have heard from our dear Mrs. N— that you are depressed, and so I have been thinking that, perhaps, like poor Mary, you are feeling as if you had lost your Lord. Then, when He stands afar off--all looks gloomy, afflictions are more painful, trials more perplexing, and even mercies look less cheering. The poet has truly said—

"I can do all things, and can bear

All sufferings, if my Lord be there;

Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,

While His left hand my head sustains.

"But if my Lord be once withdrawn,

And I attempt to work alone;

When new temptations spring and rise,

I prove how great my weakness is."

We are so prone to commit these two great evils—departing from the Fountain of living waters, and hewing out to ourselves broken cisterns that can hold no water. And our wise and gracious Lord will let us, for a season, reap the fruit of our doings, in order to make our folly hateful to us. But He will not always chide nor cast off forever. He will return unto us with mercies, and with

healing in His wings. He is the good Samaritan, and if we have spiritually fallen among thieves, who have stripped us of our garments of praise, and robbed us of the joys of His salvation, and wounded us until we feel half dead; though He may first let us prove that all "self-helps" and creature helps are vain, yet at length He will be sure "to come that way," and minister to our needy case, saying, "I am the Lord who heals you." But if this be not your case, and that rather in sovereignty He has been pleased to withdraw His blessed presence, saying, "It is expedient for you that I go away," and you, like Mary, are sorrowing; yet, dear friend, you do not sorrow without hope. He has not only said, "I go away," but also, "I come again unto you;" and by the absence of sensible enjoyments for a season, He means you to learn more of that life of faith which is honoring to Him and strengthening to the soul. He says by the prophet, "Who is among you that fears the Lord, that obeys the voice of His servant, that walks in darkness, and has no light, (or bright shining)? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." So whatever be your case, there is a remedy in Jesus, which the blessed Spirit will bring home and apply, causing you to sing that dear wilderness song, "He restores my soul!" Have you wandered? The good Shepherd will seek you out, and bring you back. (Ezekiel 34:11-12) Have you sought help from creatures? He will disappoint you there, and give you all in Himself. (Hosea 2:7, Hosea 2:14-15) Have you sinned? Your advocate pleads for you, and His precious blood cleanses you from all sin. (1 John 1:7, 1 John 2:1) Has your Beloved withdrawn Himself? Arise, and seek Him in the Word, in the ordinances of His house, and in your closet; then before long He will be found of you, and you shall joyfully say, "I found Him whom my soul loves." It is not in vain to seek Him, to wait on Him, and to wait for Him; all of which the blessed Spirit will enable you to do. But should you be tried with an increase of bodily affliction, your blessed Lord is the Physician of value who can reach and touch that case also, therefore do not pore over it—but take it to Him with whom all things are possible; yes, He can even bring you a step higher than all that has been said, enabling you to rejoice in His will, when most contrary to the flesh, and to live daily in the spirit of that profound sentence, "Your will be done." Oh, that is a blessed state! then is the mind kept in perfect peace, being stayed on Him. May the Lord bring us to it, by His own power, and for His own glory!

I have been very weak and ill—but am just reviving again for a season. "My times are in Your hands," and whether it be health or sickness, if Jesus be but glorified, it shall be well. We are His dear-bought purchase. Oh, what a price has He paid for us! And will He allow sin, or Satan, or any circumstances of body or mind, to separate us from Him, and rob Him of His right? No, never, never! He loves us too well; in all things we shall eventually be more than conquerors through Him who loves us. Cheer up, beloved friend; He may allow us to wade deep in our own corruptions; He may bring us through fire and through water of temptation and tribulation—but He will bring us out into the wealthy place, and we shall see His face with joy. "Faithful is He who calls you, who also will do it." We have you often in remembrance; and I shall be happy if, before this reaches you, the gloom you have felt be past, and you are filled with praise and thanksgiving to Him who alone is worthy. Seek for close walking and much communion; and may you daily "count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." May every covenant blessing be with you.

Kind love from your poor unworthy friend and fellow-pilgrim,

Ruth Bryan

Chapter 116

01A.a01 Comfortable words for a sorrowing spirit

Comfortable words for a sorrowing spirit "Woman," Jesus said to her, "why are you crying? Who is it you are looking for?" John 20:15 To Mrs. Turner, August 13, 1856.

My dear Mrs. Turner,

Once again I take up my pen to greet you in the dear name of Him who was anointed to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty those who are bruised, and to comfort those who mourn--that those who mourn may be exalted to safety. I understand that at this time your harp is on the willows, that you are a woman of a sorrowful spirit, and one of those who mourn. I know not what is the cause of your being at present cast down—but your heavenly Father knows, and He has promised that He will not allow you to be tempted above what you are able to bear, and that, with every temptation, He will make a way to escape. "Faithful is He who calls you, who also will do it."

You know David said, "When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then You knew my path," implying that He did not know it Himself. And Job said, "But He knows the way which I take: when He has tried me, I shall come forth as gold." And when was this? Why, it was just when he went forward and backward, to the right hand and to the left, in search of Him—but he could not find Him; yet he believed that the Lord knew all, and would bring him out of that hot furnace even as gold. Ah, say you, "but I am not gold." Well, beloved, that may be so to your view, because the dross is rising up, and you can see and feel nothing else. But the great Refiner sees differently, and I quite believe that it will be proved that "better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof."

Many of the Lord’s people have come into very dark and intricate paths of experience—but never were they left or forsaken, although many have often feared it, saying, as David, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul." But did he perish? No! Neither shall you; the Lord would not have showed you such things if He had meant to destroy you. It is to humble you and prove you, that He may do you good in your latter end; and when He has shown you a little of what is in your heart, He will show you something of what is in His heart--even "thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." He will then reveal the everlasting love which has been fixed upon you from all eternity, and is now drawing you to Himself. Yes, you shall see such love flowing from your Father’s heart in the precious gift of His beloved Son, whom He delivered up to the sword of justice and to the curse of the law for your sake--that though you find nothing within but abomination, and nothing without but sin and shortcoming, though you feel yourself full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores--yet shall you experience that with His stripes you are healed, in His blood you are cleansed, and in His righteousness you are justified.

Hear what He says, "O Israel, you have destroyed yourself; but in me is your help." You may be now learning something of the depths of your malady—but it will only enhance the blessing of the cure. "The deep of your misery calls unto the deep of His mercy," and it shall not call in vain.

Satan, the devouring lion, may be roaring against you, he may open his mouth at you—but the Lord will not leave you in his power; the good Shepherd will deliver you even though you feel broken and wounded. (Amos 3:12) Whatever the enemy touches, he shall not touch your life, for that is "hidden with Christ in God." O my dear friend, I know his fearful power! there was a time when I felt as if I was in his mouth—but he was not permitted to close it upon me; the Lord graciously delivered me, and I live to encourage others to hope in His mercy.

I have also known what it is to travel through the wretched wilderness of my own heart, and learn something of its corruptions—feeling hard, cold, barren, prayerless--and everything else that is hateful. It was like that dreary land mentioned in Jeremiah 2:6, and it felt as solitary as if none else could be there—"they wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way." But One eye was watching, though unseen; One arm was supporting, though unfelt; and at length the Sun of righteousness arose upon my sorrowful soul, and, "turned the shadow of death into the morning." Then I wanted to fly away from these lowlands of sorrow, and be at rest in His bosom forever—but He said, "Go back and tell your friends and neighbors how great things the Lord has done for you, and has had compassion upon you." Many years have passed since then—but I have not yet spoken half enough of His wondrous love; and so I now say to you, He has delivered, He does deliver, and in Him we trust that He will yet deliver.

You cannot be more gloomy, helpless, hopeless, and unbelieving than I was, and "He who has delivered me from so great a death" will deliver you also. "His hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear!" And if your iniquities have separated between you and your God, the precious blood of Jesus cleanses them all away, who Himself says, "Look unto me, and be saved." The bitten Israelites were not healed by looking at their wounds—but at the brazen serpent, which was a type of Christ; and so while you are poring over your sins and yourself you will only sink lower. "Looking unto Jesus" is the way of deliverance. "They looked unto Him, and were lightened; and their faces were not ashamed." Perhaps you say, "But I cannot, He is hidden from my view." Well, my beloved, if you cannot look at Jesus yet, seek to be looking towards Him, as Jonah 2:4, and it shall not be in vain.

Whatever be your case, this is the way of relief, and from this way Satan will mightily struggle to keep you, knowing that thereby he will be overcome. The cross and blood of Jesus are more than a match for him; and when the vilest or weakest sinner shelters there, his fiery darts are quenched, and the prey is delivered. May the blessed Spirit enable you to look forth with the eye of faith to the Lamb slain, and to come away from self and all besides--to Jesus. "Unto whom coming as unto a living stone." Oh, come away, come, come to Jesus! "He will never cast you out." "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," and by the Father’s drawings you shall have power so to do; for "He gives power to the faint, and to those who have no might He increases strength."

Oh that I could so speak of the worthy Lamb as to set your heart on fire with love to Him and longing after Him, that you might keep following Him like those blind men, who, when told to be quiet, cried out the more a great deal, "Jesus, you son of David, have mercy on us!" He granted their request, and He will grant yours! His delays are not denials. It has been well said, "If Christ seems to keep His door closed against you, it is not to shut you out—but only to make you knock the louder." Oh, we do our precious Jesus great wrong in our hard thoughts of Him, because He does not answer immediately! "Lord, increase our faith." Adieu, dear friend. The Lord bless you,

and in His own time strengthen, establish, and settle you. With kind love in our adorable Emmanuel, I remain, though most unworthy, yours affectionately,

Ruth Bryan.

"I have seen violence done to the helpless, and I have heard the groans of the poor. Now I will rise up to rescue them, as they have longed for me to do." Psalms 12:5

01A.a02 A foretaste of the glory which excels

A foretaste of the glory which excels To Miss C., May 24, 1838.

My dearest Anne,

Join me, I beseech you, in praising and adoring that precious Jesus, who has done so much for such an unworthy worm as I am. The language of my heart is, "What shall I render to God?" for again have I been favored with draughts of heavenly joy and unutterable bliss. Again has the high and lofty One who inhabits eternity revealed Himself to me in the person of Jesus, by the power of the Spirit. Oh yes, the bright beams of uncreated glory have again shone upon my soul in the face of my Beloved, in whose life-giving countenance their radiant effulgence is so softened that mortals may in spirit behold, admire, and love. O my dear friend, I cannot tell you the holy joy with which I have again tasted, nay, drunk of the cup of salvation, being washed in blood, robed in righteousness, and crowned with love; so that I have basked in the sunshine of my Redeemer’s presence, and bathed in the ocean of unutterable bliss, finding all human language inadequate to sound forth His praise. I have exultingly called upon the glorified spirits (in whose society I felt myself) to aid my feeble strains, and teach me nobler sounds; and with triumph I have solicited the angelic hosts to strike their immortal lyres, and louder sound His praise whose name is love, for mercy revealed to vile ungrateful me!

Oh for more gratitude to my precious Savior, my Lord, my life, my all, through whose streaming veins these blessings come to me! I am lost in astonishment at His amazing condescension; and view with adoring wonder the heights, lengths, breadths, and depths of His love--which passes knowledge. When I ask why I should be thus loved and blessed, I am confounded. The cause is beyond my reach—but the effects blessedly flow into my soul. I know you will--you do rejoice with me. Oh to remember that we have an eternity to spend together in the full-orbed presence of God, our own God, where sin will never interrupt—but we shall unceasingly serve and love Him as we ought, and sing, "Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood!" To the Lord God and the Lamb--be glory forever and ever. Amen. Hallelujah! May the Lord vouchsafe to each of us more and more foretastes of the glory which is to be revealed, until we hear the soul-thrilling words, "Arise, my love, my beautiful one--and come away." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

I meant this to have been a note of thanks for your kindness—but that must be another time, for Jesus’s fragrant name, full of sweetness, has absorbed my soul--and now none, none but Jesus! O adorable Prince of Life, draw us closer and closer to Yourself, fill us more and more with Your undeserved and overwhelming love, until it shall please You to grant us in one long everlasting embrace--to lose our sorrow and our sins.

I write with a trembling hand—but an overflowing heart. I know you understand my language, and therefore I speak freely, though unable to utter a thousandth part of my Redeemer’s grace and my happiness! Adieu, my much-loved friend.

Accept the sincere love of your unworthy,

Ruth

01A.a03 Christ the Author and Finisher of faith

Christ the Author and Finisher of faith To Miss C., May 1845.

My dear Anne,

I am truly grieved to see you so cast down, and wonder why it is; but your heavenly Father knows all. May He glorify Himself, and comfort you. He has delivered, He does deliver, and we trust in Him that He will yet deliver. May He increase your faith, and keep it in constant exercise; for "this is the victory which overcomes the world--even our faith," (1 John 5:4) Taking the shield of faith, all the fiery darts of the wicked one are quenched. Through faith, the ancient worthies did wonders, and even weak women have been gloriously triumphant. Faith says, "Has He said it--and shall He not do it?" (Numbers 23:19) Though all be dark and contrary, I will trust and not be afraid. May this be your feeling; and whether it be a bear or a lion, or an uncircumcised Philistine--which has come out against you, meeting them in the name of the Lord Almighty, they must be overcome, and you will have to sing of Jesus. He has slain His tens of thousands!

Perhaps you will think I am too much indulged just now to be able to write suitably to one bound in affliction and iron. I freely confess my inability, and just write to sympathize. The path of life is ever above to the wise, to save from the snares of hell beneath--and therefore I point upward. Christ is the way of life, light, and liberty. Power still belongs unto God; but when in a low place myself, I did even then love to hear of the way of faith, though I could not get at it; and, now that the Lord has given me faith as a grain of mustard seed, I am doubly fond of that way, and if I had a thousand souls as black as hell I would trust them all to the love, blood, and righteousness of Emmanuel, yes, trust them to His honor too, for He says, "Everyone the Father gives Me will come to Me, and the one who comes to Me I will never cast out." (John 6:37) If but the most weak or wicked that ever came were to be rejected, what would He do unto His great name, "faithful and true?" Oh, it shall never have such a stain upon it, let unbelief say what it may! "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer," (Psalms 102:17) though He may not seem to reply when they expect it. "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart: wait, I say, on the Lord." (Psalms 27:14)

Dear Anne, I know not your present malady—but I know Christ is the remedy for it! O all-healing, all-loving, all-absorbing Christ--be revealed in manifested power, or give faith to trust You in apparent absence and distance, for You are worthy to be trusted through the very worst. I wish you a speedy and blessed deliverance, and power from the Lord to rejoice, not in it—but in the Deliverer, to whom be endless praises evermore. Amen.

I did not mean to write so much—but I have gone to that cruse and barrel which never empties, so no ink or paper can suffice. There is more in Christ for empty souls, than pen or tongue of men or angels can count! May you have free access, and eat and drink, and forget your poverty, being taken up with His riches, fullness, and glory, in whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. The Lord comfort you, and establish your heart with grace. Adieu.

Yours affectionately, in our Beloved One,

His gleaner, Ruth

Chapter 119

01A.a04 The precious trial of faith

The precious trial of faith To Miss C., January 1, 1848.

Beloved friend,

I wish you joy in the Lord, peace in believing, and, as we commonly say--a happy new year. I was sorry, my dear Anne, to hear you had been so poorly, and your sister also. You will be glad to nurse her, and she will do the same for you, so the benefit will be mutual. I trust you will both soon recover. Through mercy we are much as usual—but sickness abounds on all sides, and many saints have fallen asleep. We seem to be in a great hospital, so many loved ones are sick; but Jesus walks the wards where His own loved ones lie, and whether He wills that they die or live, He says unto the righteous--it shall be well with you.

Though there are times when we have no sensible feeling of enjoyment, yet, if really hanging upon Christ, there must be safety. The more simple faith is, the less will it be shaken by the removal of comfortable feelings or apparent absence of effects and fruits; and I humbly believe the Lord is pleased at times to let us feel the lack of these things--to discover to us that we were taking somewhat of our satisfaction from the fruits of faith, instead of wholly from the object of faith. Well may it be said to us--herein you have done foolishly. For since all the fruits of righteousness are by Christ Jesus, the more we would abound in them the more we must have to do with Him by faith, and be the more cleared from everything else. This clearing process, as effected by the Lord, is very painful to us. But it is good to be emptied, and thereby prove whether Christ is all our salvation and all our desire.

Though this trial should convince us that our eye is not single, we need not fear—but, however humbling, be thankful for the discovery, and make use of it as a plea to the Lord to go forward, even though further abasement should follow. We must abide the fire, and be more anxious for purification, than for relief from pain. For what is the perfection of refining? Not only to have the gold pure—but for the refiner to see himself in it; and you know, for one face to be fully seen in another, more than brightness is needed to reflect it, there must be a direct position of feature to feature, and the least turning aside to another object will prevent the full development of the countenance. So you see, when the fire has produced the intended effect, the subject of it is not to be taken up with the purity produced—but rather to be absorbed with Him who managed the process, and, beholding Him with open face, be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. May we come experimentally to know these mysteries, and have faith to trust our best Beloved, not through our frames and feelings—but with them seeking more and more that He may be glorified. Oh, this is a conquering point! for when His honor is our object, our selfish aims are scattered, and we glory only in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, willing to die with Him that He may be our only life. Therefore, though there may seem to be a death on our prospects and joys and feelings, as well as on our fruits, the word is, "Fear not, only believe. I am the resurrection and the life." Being one with Him, we may safely follow Him wherever He leads; and, looking unto Him alone, we shall do so triumphantly.

Yours ever,

His gleaner, Ruth

Chapter 120

01A.a05 Glowing anticipations of the joy of heaven

Glowing anticipations of the joy of heaven To Miss C., August 21, 1849.

Dear friend,

I am at school. Yet I am very dull, but happy scholar, with such love upon love and line upon line from such a blessed Teacher, who says, "I am the Lord your God who teaches you to profit, who leads you by the way that you should go." Oh, this is a sacred place! I am receiving many private lessons bearing immediately upon my own experience, conflicts, and mistakes--in which the Lord my God faints not, neither is weary. I listen for Him, I listen to Him, and marvel greatly, concluding most certainly that there never was such an unworthy creature, who was so favored. I think one result of every new lesson is, "Behold, I am vile!" "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes!" I see much wrong in all the past, and desiring afresh to forsake all and follow Jesus only. My earnest cry now is for guidance--to have any home where the Lord will bless me, and I may not be corroded with worldly care. The most humble place, with a quiet mind and the Lord’s presence, seems just what I want—to serve Him in lowliness on earth until the welcome hour when He shall say, "Enter into the joy of your Lord!" Indeed it must be without a "Well done, good and faithful servant." It is with me--all mercy and no merit. May the Lord give us still to commune freely in that love which passes knowledge, and changes not. Oh, the blissful heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths which are ever here to be enjoyed. Love is the dear element in which I delight to live. I long to be unloosed from mortality, and get absorbingly into its pleasurable abyss and fullness of joy—but until then must seek above all things to live in love—I mean in that sense in which it is said, "God is love; and he who dwells in love dwells in God, and God in him." (1 John 4:16) All that would interrupt or interfere with this must I cast away, counting all things but dross that I may win Christ and wear Christ, and be found in Him, and find Him in me. He is the manifestation that God is love; He is the love of God in living power and revelation. Oh that saints would leave the many things which are behind, and press on towards simplicity and love.

"Tis love that makes our cheerful feet

In swift obedience move."

"Love is the grace that lives and sings

When faith and hope shall cease;

’Tis this shall strike our joyful strings

In the sweet realms of bliss."

Oh to breathe only and ever in the pure, sweet element of holiness and love! That will be congenial with the inner man, which will then no longer be the hidden man; for we shall be all outside. I mean there will be nothing in us or about us obscure or concealed. Body and spirit will be pure transparent light, as you know I once saw in a glorious dream such as mortal words can

never fully describe. That glory is brighter than the noonday sun, fairer than the moon--and quite too dazzling for mortal sight. Oh that we could disperse these mists of flesh and sense, and our freed spirits range those fields of light of which the Lord God and the Lamb are the brightness and glory. Oh to see as we are seen, to know as we are known, to understand each other fully, without needing the dull imperfect medium of words. That would indeed be living all on fire, and glowing as we would wish.

What you say of loving the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles reminded me of 1 John 3:14 : "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Truly, love will flow to all the members of the living family if we are begotten of God in a new life; and methinks the most so to those who have most of love, because there will be most of Him. Oh, indeed, a glorious throng of glorified ones await the consummation, and are saying, "Your kingdom come." How they welcome each dear pilgrim who puts off the traveling dress, and comes to rest with them, until that morning without clouds--when all the redeemed shall at once put on the full court robes! What high company awaits us! It is almost past belief for poor unlovely me. I need enlarging to take in the wonder more thoroughly.

Ah, my beloved friend, all will end well at last, though the conflict is now often severe. After a toilsome night, and nothing caught, the morning often brings deliverance—a net full of fish, and a meal prepared. (John 21:6, John 21:17) Oh, turn in, Beloved, and tarry with us, for the evening shadows draw on. Come, risen Lord, and sup with us, and we with You. Stay until the night of this world’s woe be past, then take us up where suns never rise and set—but You are endless day. Quite spoilt for earth, we must have much of You, until we shall come where You are all in all. I would have dear saints on fire with His love, vying who can love Him most whom none can love enough. To Him I affectionately commend you for keeping and teaching, and am in Him yours warmly,

Ruth.

"And I pray that Christ will be more and more at home in your hearts as you trust in him. May your roots go down deep into the soil of God’s marvelous love. And may you have the power to understand, as all God’s people should, how wide, how long, how high, and how deep his love really is. May you experience the love of Christ, though it is so great you will never fully understand it. Then you will be filled with the fullness of life and power that comes from God." Ephesians 3:17-19

01A.a06 The fresh venture upon Christ of a doubting

The fresh venture upon Christ of a doubting soul To Miss C.

My dearest Anne,

My heart yearns over you, and much do I long that you may be comforted. Jesus can and will relieve your aching heart. What is it, my beloved friend, which distresses you? Is it the absence of Jesus? Ah! that is a sorrowful condition; but He loves you just as much as when you leaned on His bosom, and He will come again and embrace you, making you ashamed of the jealousies you now feel; for surely it is not knowing a friend to trust him only so far as we can see him. Oh, then, may the Spirit enable you even in the dark to trust in the Lord and stay upon our God. Is it sin which breaks your heart? The blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin (I am a living witness of it); from heart and life sin, indulged and repeated—sins of ingratitude and carelessness, sins against light and knowledge, and a thousand others. Do not, therefore, be cast down. Since I have found mercy--none need despair. Venture with all your guilt upon Christ; you know He has borne the curse due to it, and He will restore peace to your conscience.

But, perhaps, you have been looking over your evidences, and by reason of the mist which now envelops you they appear so dim that you question whether they are genuine. I have found it sometimes well to give Satan a little ground here: throw evidences away, and suppose what he says is true, that we have been deceived. And then fly to Christ just as we are, without one plea, hanging simply upon His blood and righteousness as a helpless sinner, determined, that if we perish, it shall be in venturing upon Him. Thus shall we prove whether it is true that He can and will save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. You cannot think what relief I have had in this way.

But, whatever be your case, the remedy is in Christ. May it soon be feelingly applied. I feel ashamed to give you these lispings, for you were in the way of believing long before I was—but we both remember the child who said to its mother, when she wept for her husband, "Is Jesus Christ dead?" Whereby her inordinate grief was reproved. So may my simple strains, by the Spirit’s power, touch the discordant note in your soul, and if not, you must pardon and accept the attempt in proof of the love and sympathy of your unworthy but attached,

Ruth

Chapter 122

01A.a07 The faithfulness of our heavenly Boaz

The faithfulness of our heavenly Boaz towards a heart He is alluring to Himself To Miss C.

My dear Anne,

We read this morning Ruth 1:1-21 and Ruth 2:1-23, and the thought forcibly struck me that you are like my namesake when she was but a gleaner in the field of Boaz. He was then her near kinsman, and had the right to redeem—but the time was not come. He said nothing about relationship—but just encouraged her to glean in his field, abide by his maidens, and sit beside his reapers, partaking of their fare. Thus it is with you; you have picked up ears and gleaned handfuls in the field; you have fed with the maidens and servants, and have been surprised that such bounty should be given unto you; and though now you are longing for higher privilege and closer communion, yet forget not to be thankful for such things as you have, for He has said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." He says also, as Boaz did, Ruth 2:8, and your humble friend would say, as Naomi did, Ruth 2:22 --keep on in the field until he says to you, Come up higher; for in truth "the man" (1 Timothy 2:5) will not be in rest until he has finished the thing in open consummation of union, ancient as eternity.

He may try your faith and patience, and He has a right to do so, for whether they be little or much He is the author of them; but be not discouraged; His time is best, though yours seems always ready. He feeds and upholds you, and keeps your soul alive in famine--and these are but a part of His ways. When He brings you openly to His home and His heart, and feasts you at a plentiful meal of wine well refined, and fat things full of marrow--His love for you will not be greater than it is now.

Oh, believe well of Him, however ill things may seem to sense and reason. These are evil counselors, and they, with Satan, do often bring us to dishonor our best Friend, and judge Him by feeble sense. If one soul perishes hanging on Him and pleading His blood and righteousness, the Rock of Ages would have become shifting sand; and what would He do with His great name? It would be tarnished indeed—which will not, cannot be. Rest, beloved, upon the blood and righteousness of Jesus, and the faithfulness of Jehovah, when you have neither feeling nor fruit in yourself to encourage you.

Adieu. With love and longing for your soul’s health, I am your fellow-gleaner,

Ruth

Chapter 123

01A.a08 The efficacy of the precious blood of Jesus

The efficacy of the precious blood of Jesus To Miss C., September 25, 1857.

Dearest Anne,

I must greet you once more in the name of Jesus. I hope you are recovering, and are having all afflictions sweetened by the love of the "Man of sorrows," who was so well acquainted with grief. I have felt some sweetness in praying for your brother. May the Lord manifest Himself to his soul. If he is a blood-bought jewel, he shall not be missing in the day of account. The great salvation is not of merit but of mercy; so none need despair because of crimson sins--the rich blood of my precious Savior makes them white as snow. This I can well witness, for none could be worse.

What a glorious company will there be on the Mount Zion above, of blood-washed sinners--once so black, then so white; once so far off, then so near; once so full of fear and trembling, then so safe forever and ever. How shall we praise the worthy Lamb who brought us there at the cost of His own heart's blood! Oh, that poor doubting souls had more conception of the virtue and efficacy of that blood which has cleansed and will cleanse millions and millions of black sinners, and make them fit company for God and the Lamb. How it would encourage them to come to that fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, which is free to every longing soul who is crying, "Wash me, Savior, or I die!" Would that I had more conceptions of the freeness and fullness of the finished salvation, and that this contracted heart were enlarged to apprehend more of the love of the Savior to poor needy sinners. What an amazing object our Father has given us to behold by faith, even His crucified Son, who was the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person. Yet for poor sinners was His visage marred more than any man's. His food and drink was to do the will and work of His Father; yet "it pleased the Lord to bruise Him," and thus marred, and bruised, and crucified, He says to bruised reeds, "Look unto Me, and be saved!"—unto Me, bleeding, agonizing, made a curse for your sin. Look unto Me on the Cross, to be healed of your diseases, and forgiven your iniquity; none ever looked in vain.

Oh that our eyes and hearts may be fixed here; then shall we be constrained to sing and give thanks. "Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious." (1 Peter 2:7) Not which have believed—but in the present tense. Oh, to live believing by the power of the blessed Spirit, who takes of the things of Christ and shows them to the soul, drawing it out towards this adorable Man, who is more precious than the gold of Ophir. Soon will clouds and veils be done away, and we shall see Him as He is with open face!

Believe me, yours very affectionately,

Ruth

"When I had lost all hope, I turned my thoughts once more to the Lord. And my earnest prayer went out to you in your holy Temple." Jonah 2:7

Chapter 124

01A.a09 The Lord's dealings of love and faithfulness

The Lord’s dealings of love and faithfulness To Miss C., March 30, 1849.

Dearest Anne,

You know how sweet to my heart is the fellowship of believers; but the Lord does not forget His "sparrow alone." Again and again He comes, laying me lower in the dust, and while I behold His glory I wonder not at the inspired pen so multiplying words—"A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Mark, it is now in measure apprehended, while we look not at the things which are seen—but at the things which are not seen, and which are eternal.

How wonderful that the Lord should withdraw me from things seen, to bring near, very near, that weight of glory which you know had begun to beam upon me with such brightness and power that I verily thought I could not and would not live. I truly feel that if I do, it will be as real a coming back as Hezekiah’s was, so many things seemed to portend going home. The mercies of my blessed affliction it is impossible to recount. Oh, that as the Lord is sowing bountifully, He may not reap sparingly—but Himself be the increase. You know how I have trembled at 2 Chronicles 32:25 : "But Hezekiah did not respond appropriately to the kindness shown him, and he became proud. So the Lord’s anger came against him." We have such a Christ that we little think how far His glories and His matchless love surpass what we have ever yet conceived. We do not make half enough of Him--heaven’s brightest gem, and richest treasure. Oh, that the precious Comforter may reveal Him more and more, that we may count all things else but filth and dross. When I read your note I thought I saw one cause of your ailment in your mental conflict, which I sensitively feel but cannot relieve. I must still keep telling you of our dear, dear Lord; for though it may seem to be in vain, I do not know through which lattice He may please to show Himself. He works variously and wondrously. Do not think, because of the howling storm and tempest, that He is not with you; the stormy wind fulfills His word, and the endangering waves obey His bidding. The keen winds of winter accomplish His will, and the apparent barrenness of that season has its use. So there may be a time too, when our souls seem to lie barren; but the Lord is doing something with the ground; and when it is prepared, He will in the right season cause greenness and growth to enliven it again. Be encouraged then, trust Him through the process. It is not needful you should understand it. Keep venturing your soul, with all its wants and woes, upon the blood and righteousness of Jehovah-Jesus. You may safely risk all here; and if the Spirit so enables you, you cannot be lost, feel what you may. Excuse all this in love from a slow learner. Adieu. With affectionate love in Jesus, yours ever,

Ruth

"Now the God of all grace, who called you to His eternal glory in Christ Jesus, will personally restore, establish, strengthen, and support you after you have suffered a little." 1 Peter 5:10

Chapter 125

01A.a10 The vicarious sufferings of Christ--the end

The vicarious sufferings of Christ--the end of the law To Miss C., May 22, 1849.

My dearest Anne,

Do you believe on the Son of God? Do you live believing? Is the very life and death, person and work of Jesus--the daily feast of your soul? Are you eating His flesh, and drinking His blood? For thus we shall dwell in Him, and He in us. Oh, it is healthy, lively living--to be eating and drinking Life. Christ is our life, and the blood is the life, and this is the food which our Father has wonderfully given us. Let us see to it, beloved one, that we are seeking spiritual health and strength in no other way than by the continual, daily feeding on Christ. It is a present act—"eats" and "drinks."

Truly, I am seeking for constant renewals in a life of simple faith by the power of the Holy Spirit. When thus anointed, there is to us an ever fresh, ever full, sweetness in heaven’s precious Lamb; an everlasting bloom of beauty on this rich, ripe grape! And though often pressed into our cup, yet the juice remains undiminished. "Eat, O friends; drink, yes, drink abundantly, O beloved," is His invitation who says, "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." To accomplish this, He had death abundantly indeed; for all of the sting, the curse, and the wrath, which death and hell would have presented to His chosen--did He drink up. Oh! what a cup was this to be received in love from a Father’s hand. Thus came our life.

Hearken, beloved, to these words: "Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame!" (Luke 16:24) That thirst, that heat, that torment I must have endured forever, had not Jesus Himself borne it, when for me under its heat He said, "I thirst!" Oh, what scorching did that precious Lamb suffer, when water was denied Him and vinegar given. This was unutterable love! Muse and marvel, O my soul!

I like in meditation to go over the very things which our Beloved went through, not viewing them only as a whole—but seeking to the Holy Comforter to unfold and show out every act separately, what it was to Him, what it would have been to me—the very reality of it. Truly, I could not have been plucked as a brand out of the fire, unless some other had stood the burning for me; and then clearly follows the sure escape. For if my accepted Surety, with my sin upon Him, (Isaiah 53:6) stood the burning until all my sin was consumed, (which He did, for He made an end of sins,) upon what, then, in me are the fires of justice and wrath now to kindle? Their fuel is gone in the soul which believes in Jesus, for if He was made sin for me, who can or will make that sin over to me again? Jehovah will not! Others cannot!

Oh, this precious truth! it is gospel wine to my poor soul. I hope you, dear Anne, will drink it with me, and feel refreshed. I do love a thorough salvation, and my conscience has been so law-stricken that it never dare be satisfied with one who could not look at that law with open face. Here comes the experimental benefit of having much to do with Jesus; for look at Him where or how we will, He fits the law exactly. Yes, He outshines it, holy as it is, and, viewed in His

transparent heart and life, it seems to gain new brilliancy and glory. What then? Why, when this Christ is ours, and we are "found in Him," then law and justice wear a continual smile, and we must smile too, when, looking right on to the end of the law, we find Jesus there--its full satisfaction and our righteousness.

Thus, too, we stop not short of perfection—but meet a holy law with a holy Jesus, rendering unto God the things that are God’s. I sincerely hope, my dear friend, you will be happily constrained to smile away all your tears, finding yourself with most unworthy me in the blessed fold of this so great salvation, and in the blessed embrace of everlasting love. Are you tired of my same subject, dearest? I think I have hardly begun to learn it yet, for the Comforter still preaches in my soul. I greet you in the fresh fragrance of our Beloved, and His good ointments. To Him I commend you: may He bless and comfort you in Himself.

I am, your warmly-affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 126

01A.a11 Fainting pilgrims encouraged by

Fainting pilgrims encouraged by a testimony concerning Jesus To Miss C, August 2, 1849.

Dearest Anne,

It does melt my heart, while I write, to feel that, receiving all in Him, we can say under all, "It is well." O precious Savior, what do we not possess in having You? All things are ours, for our use and benefit. Ministers, the world, life, death, things present, things to come--all are ours in You, for Your glory and our need. But You Yourself are our portion, our glory and joy. All praise to our Father, who has entailed such blessings upon us in time and eternity: neither earth nor hell can cut them off from us, or keep us out of them. We do at times get beclouded, so that all seems obscure, and we do not apprehend or enjoy our privileges; but when the fog is cleared away, we find our immovable blessedness secure as ever in our unchanging Head.

I wish you, then, beloved, abiding faith, enduring faith, and yielding faith, in whatever case you may be, though I should rejoice to hear of your health in body as well as soul. Faith is a grace ordained of God for taking possession of Christ and eternal life in Him; and you know from the Book of records, that "we who have believed enter into rest." (Hebrews 4:3) Therefore, let us rejoice that by faith we may be in heaven, I had almost said before our time—but I mean before we put off this clay tabernacle. Christ is our heaven, and He is in our souls both the hope and the foretaste of glory. This I can honestly and experimentally affirm; and since I have been permitted to tread the very threshold of eternity, and in Beulah’s lovely land clearly to see the glory, and eat of the celestial fruits, surely I ought, like Joshua and Caleb, the more strenuously to encourage fainting pilgrims with the solemn assurance, that what is before us is well worth waiting for, running for, fighting for, dying for. So let us cheer each other, and seek grace cheerfully to be about our Father’s business.

I thank you for your sympathy in my late disappointment of having to come back, and again put on my sandals and take up my staff. . . . . There must be a ripeness for glory, as well as a ripeness in glory; therefore I would be patient, and no longer foolishly urge my Father to pluck unripe fruit. I find no better way of losing myself and my sorrows than by getting absorbed in Him who has borne them, and no surer way of sinking under them than by poring over them. To this latter work Satan is a great prompter, knowing that there he has plenty to work upon. How blessedly safe, when he points us to self, to point him to Jesus. He cannot stand that—but we can stand by it, as did those now safe landed who "overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."

I can never think we dishonor our blessed Surety by frequent reference to Him and His finished work. Rather do we thereby magnify the Lord and His work, which men behold. If His works of creation are to be extolled, how much more the work of redemption, which living men behold. Oh, for an enlarged heart to walk in Him who is the law’s fulfilment, and thus by faith meet its demands with full weight and measure. Doubly, trebly precious does our Lord become as we thus walk in Him, in whom we find such fullness, that we need not once turn with regret to our own poverty.

How blessed for self to be thus put out of the way. Do not you see that it is the law of faith which excludes boasting, except in the Lord? for in the Lord shall one say, have I righteousness and strength. That saying is in accordance with our Father’s doing, for He has made Him to be unto us "Wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." This truth received by faith is food to nourish the soul unto eternal life; and thus we become strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Truly, if the second Adam fullness be not an overmatch for the first Adam emptiness, we may pine and mourn; but if it be so, which Scripture and experience prove, then let the inhabitants of the Rock sing, let them shout from the tops of the mountains, and let the children of Zion be joyful in their King. Thus gospel wine is strong and reviving: it cheers my heart, and I long that many, should drink and be refreshed. With love, yours warmly,

Ruth.

"Taste and see that the Lord is good. How happy is the man who takes refuge in Him!" Psalms 34:8

Chapter 127

01A.a12 Gospel wine to cheer the warrior

Gospel wine to cheer the warrior To Miss C., September 9, 1859.

Dearest Anne,

It seems to have been the Divine will that the children of Israel should learn war, and that those who saw it not at the entering into Canaan, should be taught it by the nations which were left unsubdued. (Judges 3:1-2) Of course these nations would be often striving to invade the possessions and lessen the power of this favored people. Then they must fight for their privileges; and from the records of their battles we plainly see how, while trusting simply in the Lord, a mere handful of them overcame thousands of their foes; not their own sword or their own bow—but His right hand and His holy arm brought them the victory. Doubtless all was typical of the experience of the spiritual Israel. They have nations of lusts and evils within, headed by that great and fearful captain Unbelief; and nations of snares, allurements, trials, and cares without, while Satan is the grand commander of the whole. Yet has he only a limited power, being himself under the control of the mighty Captain of Salvation, who always binds him in his attacks with this restriction, "Hitherto shall you come—but no further." However, as the spiritual as well as the literal Israel must learn war, you need not wonder that the armies of the aliens often beset you, and that the men of your own house rise up against you.

Remember those who by faith put to flight the armies of the aliens, and remember David, who said, "Although my house be not so with God, yet has he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow." (2 Samuel 23:5) May you, by grace, follow the faith of these ancient worthies, "considering the end of their conversation: Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and forever." (Hebrews 13:7-8) Be in nothing terrified by your adversaries, since your Redeemer is mighty, the Lord Almighty is His name. What blessed promises are made to the overcomers; but how could these promises belong to us if we knew nothing of foes and fighting? These foes are overcome by the blood of the Lamb, "not by might, nor by power—but by my Spirit, says the Lord of Hosts." (Zechariah 4:6)

You mention the sinking state of my health. I am very weak—but may not be so near Home as you sometimes think. Oh, may our precious Jesus so reveal Himself that sorrow may be turned into joy by His presence, and the best wine be kept until the last, so that then both the living and the dying may lift up their eyes and see no one but Jesus only. At times I think I may not be the first of our circle to sleep in Jesus. However, it shall be well, and each shall prove, "My grace is sufficient for you." I wish that there may be much joy in the Lord, and songs of praises at my departure. He is so gracious to me, a solid rock, now that this tabernacle is trembling to the dust; a rock also that yields honey; where bread of life is given, and waters of salvation are sure. "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains." Isaiah 12:1-6. is a blessed song when put into the heart by the Divine Comforter. The Lord prepare us for life or death, and make us willing for either. Enrapt up in our precious Jesus, we are safe for both. Oh, seek, seek absorption

in Him, and with Him; so shall the restless desires of the flesh be kept in silence by His power. (Heb. 2:20)

Let us finish with praise, for it becomes the redeemed to be thankful. "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loads us with benefits, even the God of our salvation." "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." (Luke 2:14) May the goodwill of Him who dwelt in the Bush rest upon you, dear Anne. And with kind love in Him, believe me, your ever-affectionate,

Ruth

01A.a13 The difficulty of total self-surrender

The difficulty of total self-surrender "He knows the way that I take; when he has tried me I shall come forth as gold." Job 23:10.

"The refining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold; but the Lord tries the hearts." Proverbs 17:3.

"Whose fire is in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem." Isaiah 31:9.

Malachi 3:3-4. Psalms 103:9. 1 Corinthians 10:13. To Mrs. H., November 24, 1847.

Beloved in the Lord, companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,

Often have I thought of writing to you, and now I seem emboldened to indulge myself a little by allowing my willing spirit to blend with yours in sympathy of joy, and sorrow, and in sweet converse of Jesus. In Him, then, my beloved Amelia, accept my first greeting upon paper, and my sincere desire that He may still lead you on in the divine life as evidently as heretofore He has; though it must still be to the rooting up and putting down of all that is of the flesh, for He has determined that no flesh shall glory in His presence. We easily assent to this in words—but the Lord will have more than theoretical knowledge in His school, He will bring all who sit at His feet to the practical experience of the words they utter and the lessons they learn. This I have lately been discovering more than ever before; having, in times of glowing manifestation, said, in sincerity of heart, many warm things which the Lord has, by afflictive dispensations, put to the test, and I have found that it is one thing to say, "Lord, if it is you, bid me come to you on the water," and then to step out firmly in faith; and it is another to walk on firmly and confidingly when the wind is roaring, and the waves are raging. It is one thing to feel Jesus so precious that we in faith give up our all to Him and His service; it is another for Him to claim what we have so given, as His own right; and, according to our resignment, to take away the different parts of our earthly all, and so to prove whether Himself is indeed ALL to us--or whether we only say so.

I have found Leviticus 27:28 ("However, anything specially set apart by the Lord--whether a person, an animal, or an inherited field—must never be sold or redeemed. Anything devoted in this way has been set apart for the Lord as holy.")--very sweet and strengthening since the Lord has been putting in His claim; for I saw that I had devoted what I have and am to the Lord in love, and that now He has called upon me to pay my vows. My happiness would be in going forward in His strength in faith; and my weakness and distraction would be in conferring with flesh and blood, seeking to hold back what I had vowed. The Lord keep you, beloved, single-eyed and simple-hearted, willing to give up the "Isaac" whom you love (Genesis 22:2) (whatever that may be) at His bidding, then you shall neither suffer lack nor loss. My mouth is still further open to you, and my heart is enlarged because your spirit is so singularly in unison with my own in waiting only upon God. It is the safe and the right way, though very contrary to the flesh, which is always in a hurry for deliverance, seeking its own things by any means; but the new man seeks the things which are Jesus Christ’s, and wants deliverance in Him and according to His will, and would rather honor Him by waiting--than have the flesh eased by a lighter cross or a smoother path.

Again, beloved friend, my very soul rejoices that the dear Revealer of secrets is making known to you the "blessedness of the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." Mark, "will not impute." These words have sounded through my soul by the Spirit’s power with more melody than earth’s softest, sweetest sounds could ever produce. They raise us high above the creature in its doings or misdoings, and give us to see our deliverance from condemnation, solely, in and through Him, the precious Lamb of God, our Surety. He was condemned for our vile, black sin, which He has put forever away by the sacrifice of Himself, so that when the iniquity is sought for upon us--it shall not be found! "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect? It is God who justifies. Who is he that condemns? It is Christ who died, yes, rather, who is risen again." With love in our precious Well-Beloved, I am, dear Amelia, your affectionate,

Ruth

01A.a14 The joy of union and communion with Christ

The joy of union and communion with Christ

"Listen to me, O royal daughter; take to heart what I say. Forget your people and your homeland far away. For your royal husband delights in your beauty; honor him, for he is your lord." Psalms 45:10-11 "The king has brought me into his chambers." Song of Solomon 1:4.

"Never again will you be called the Godforsaken City or the Desolate Land. Your new name will be the City of God’s Delight and the Bride of God, for the Lord delights in you and will claim you as his own." Isaiah 62:4

"Let us be glad, rejoice, and give Him glory, because the marriage of the Lamb has come, and His wife has prepared herself. She was permitted to wear fine linen, bright and pure." Revelation 19:7-8 "And this is the name whereby He shall be called--the Lord our righteousness." Jeremiah 33:16.

"And you are complete in Him." Colossians 2:10 To Mrs. H., February 26, 1848.

All hail my precious sister,

I greet you with a sincere heart; welcome to the unspeakable delights of union with the King of kings, the most high and mighty Prince, Emmanuel, the Lord of Hosts, the King of Glory! Your song of love has made my heart as an open fountain, so that I have wept abundantly, in sincere joy, to find another love-stricken soul who, separated from all besides, shall know the blissfulness of absorption in the Beloved. Surely this Well-Beloved has "put in his hand by the hole of the door," and my affections are moved for Him and for you; so that I must respond, though in feeble strains, to love’s own language, which my heart knows right well, triumphantly exclaiming, "It is the voice of my Beloved, He is "white and ruddy, the chief among ten thousand," "Yes, he is altogether lovely!" (Song of Solomon 5:10, Song of Solomon 5:16) He has borne away my heart and my heart’s affections; and, now, love and the Beloved are my most delightful theme.

I had not time, my dearest Amelia, to pour out all my heart’s fullness this morning, and whether there will be a renewal of it is known to Him who opens and no man shuts, who shuts and no man opens, who can turn water into wine, and poverty into plenty. This has been a blissful day to me, heaven begun, and glory antedated. At times you have been very near me, and perhaps, if I knew more of spirit blending with spirit, and soul communing with soul, we might have enjoyed it more fully. I wish to wait quietly upon the Lord for the further unfolding of His blissful secrets, and revealing of His glorious Person. And here my heart bounds with delight, for it is the Person of Christ that ravishes my soul, and has made me a willing captive to His matchless charms!

"All human beauties, all divine,

In my Beloved meet and shine."

Perfect humanity, ineffable divinity, one glorious Person, our all-lovely Emmanuel. The union between this matchless One and ourselves is double: we are joined to Him by one Spirit, so that when born of the Spirit we partake of His nature, and He for very love took a body like our own. "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same," and thus "we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones," and it is blessedly written, "They are no more two—but one flesh." "This is a great mystery—but I speak concerning Christ and the Church." This morning I had not heard your letter to dear Anne. She has this evening read it to me. It is delicious to my spiritual taste, savory meat, such as my soul loves. The Lord your God brought it unto you and me, to Him therefore be all the glory. Fear not the loss of joyous sensations, my very dear friend; your precious Husband and His love will be ever the same, and you will come in sweet reciprocal love to such devotedness to Himself, that you will, as it were, lay down His smile, and His shine, and His kiss, and His benefits at His dear feet, and seek His glory above them, and say--Honor Yourself by me, rather than please me with these. When you have thus left them for Him, you will find them most richly and continuously in Him. To take Christ for His own sake is a secret worth worlds, and has in it that other secret, "rejoicing in the Lord always." I know not whether I am clear to you—but must finish.

Accept warm love from the warmed heart of your dearly affectionate,

Ruth, the happy gleaner.

P.S.—I should tell you, my beloved Amelia, that I have had rich enjoyment in dear Madame Guyon. I do not think her views quite correct in some points; but in others I have been astonished to find her speak my very secrets, known only between the beloved and my soul. She was a kindred spirit, and drank deeply of Love’s pure stream; yes, she at length lived at the Fountainhead. After going quite through, I regaled myself with delight here and there among her precious things. At times I was enraptured to find one in mortality pouring forth such pure strains of divine love, until at length one evening, while thus engaged, it was as if the Beloved of my soul gently beckoned me away from her, saying--Come to Me, and receive it first hand. You will be sure the invitation was welcome. I immediately closed the book, and have not opened it since; for "His lips are like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh;" "the law of his mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver," and to hear of Himself from Himself is better than any instrumentality whatever. Do you know, beloved friend, this is the way the Lord has ever dealt with me--He Himself has been my dear instructor; most frequently without any creature. Galatians 1:12, is my very own verse, "For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it—but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." He has powerfully spoken to me, too, from 2 Samuel 9:7, "You shall eat bread at my table continually." How blessed to sit at the King’s table, to see Him, to hear Him, to learn of Him. Oh! indeed, I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than dwell and fare sumptuously in the tents of wickedness. My heart says, "Let your handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my Lord."

I have thought of you in your last bereavement; you now know a little of my anguish—the lonely bed, the lonely meal, the vacant chair, etc. But Jesus makes up for all these, does He not? To His dear heart of love, and arm of power, I now commend you, and in Him rest in bonds indissoluble. Your ever-affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 130

01A.a15 Deep draughts drawn with joy from the wells

Deep draughts drawn with joy from the wells of salvation "Eat, O friends; drink, yes, drink abundantly, O beloved." Song of Solomon 5:1.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." John 10:10.

"There is a river—its streams delight the city of God, the holy dwelling place of the Most High." Psalms 46:4.

"You visit the earth, and water it: you greatly enrich it with the river of God, which is full of water." Psalms 65:9. To Mrs. H., 1849.

My dear Amelia,

And so your earth seems at this time to be watered and enriched, for "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." (2 Corinthians 4:7) And you need not fear to drink largely, for after all your tiny draughts the "river of God" will be still full of water. It is a "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Neither should you fear to go forward into its blissful depths, for they are from the ankles to the knees, from the knees to the waist, and when these are gone through they are waters to swim in. (Ezekiel 47:3-5) If you are a spiritual swimmer, hear the glad tidings--it is a river that cannot be passed over. Therefore fear not—but live in life and dwell in the river of God’s love!

"Therefore with joy shall you draw water out of the wells of salvation." (Isaiah 12:3) In this new-creation world there is not only a flowing into the new creature, (for the new wine of the spiritual kingdom is put into the new bottles,) but there is also a flowing out, for, says He who is the beginning of this creation of God, (Revelation 3:14) "The one who believes in Me, as the Scripture has said, will have streams of living water flow from deep within him!" (John 7:38) As for your gladsome notes under love’s thrilling power, they are according to the direction: "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains." (Isaiah 42:11) If all on earth seems too dull to respond to your strains, methinks they will find an echo in the very rock itself. For it is said of Him who is our rock, "The Lord your God is among you, a warrior who saves. He will rejoice over you with gladness. He will bring you quietness with His love. He will delight in you with shouts of joy!" (Zephaniah 3:17) Surely we, who are the children and partakers of such mighty love, must rejoice also as its precious fullness inundates our souls with a full tide of ecstasy!

Ah, my dear Amelia, the precious love of our glorious "Well-Beloved" is indeed overpowering. I wonder not at your raptures, and do much rejoice that in this cold region there are yet a few who are glowing in that heavenly fire which God himself has kindled and will never extinguish. I attempt not to pour into your already full soul—but just pen these feeble lines lest I should appear indifferent, which indeed I am not. I delight to listen to your song of love, and rejoice in your joy, the

substance of which I well understand. It is "Christ in us the hope of glory." Ah, and the foretaste of glory too! The Lord make and keep us faithful to Himself.

You well know that I also am at school. I have been in the very suburbs of the Celestial City, and have seen the King in His beauty, and thought the everlasting doors were opening to receive my happy soul; but returning bodily strength convinces me that my wilderness work and warfare are not ended. I think the lesson now before me is, that we must be a constant sacrifice to Him who was so rich and willing a sacrifice for us, that all our wishing and willing must give place to a dissolving into the divine will, and our constant prayer be, "Father, glorify your name." Many things tend to make me feel that henceforth I must live an earthly life, not in any wise "seeking my own things—but the things which are Jesus Christ's;" doing which, the flesh must be constantly sacrificed. Having willingly laid it upon God's altar in spite of its own struggling, may He keep me from ever withdrawing it or conferring with it again, remembering that "no man having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

Oh, in very deed I believe I must be more than ever a stranger and pilgrim on this earth. I have deeply loved my happy home and sweet domestic endearments; but my Lord has broken up the one, and taken me from the other; and, having thus at His command left the shore, I must not wish to regain it—but ever embrace Him as my glorious "all in all," worthy of a thousand hearts and lives if I had them to give. Plead, oh, plead, that I may "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." For I must say, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," "but, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark."

I can but write to you with a heart kindled in the blissful flames of love divine, having had much, very much forgiven; and feeling that I can never love half enough, for I owed millions--and the rich blood of my Beloved cancelled all the mighty sum! Now the rich love of the same dear heart flows into mine with more power and sweetness than words can tell. The Lord be with your spirit, and your spirit confidingly and rejoicingly with the Lord. So desires, with much love, your warmly-affectionate, but unworthy,

Ruth

01A.a16 The Spirit's teaching

The Spirit’s teaching To Mrs. H., 1849.

My own sweet Amelia,

Surely your words are pleasant words to my soul, because they flow in sweet accordance with the pure law of liberty and love; which is, that "in all things Christ shall have the pre-eminence," yes, that He shall be all, and we nothing. Our Teacher must be one, the teaching is so in unison; and how blessed, my dear Amelia, that flesh and blood has not revealed this unto us—but our Father who is in heaven, whom it has pleased to reveal His Son in us, and also to give Him unto us as our precious heavenly Bridegroom. The glories of His person, and ravishments of His love are not for a carnal eye or strange bosom—but only for her of whom He says, "But I would still choose my dove, my perfect one." (Song of Solomon 6:9) My heart rejoices, that you are feeling the worth and weight of souls for whom our precious Lord travailed in sweat and blood. It may be your high privilege to be His instrument in awakening some from the dreadful sleep of death in sin. My heart longs that this be done more than words can tell, and also that living ones be aroused to a sense of their high privileges in Christ Jesus--who is too little known and too little sought after. Surely, my very dear Amelia, we, who through grace have a glimpse of these glories and taste of this blessedness, should be right earnest in telling the good tidings to those of the king’s house within, (2 Kings 7:9-11) who yet believe not the joys of a present salvation. Though they listen to us with jealousy, we have the witness in ourselves, and can say honestly, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you." (1 John 1:3-4) We would testify to man when the Lord calls us—but we seek not testimony from man; it were an insult to the Divine majesty, when we have already His testimony in our conscience.

Adieu, my very dear friend; the Lord keep you all His own. In His precious love which flowed out in richest blood, I am your warmly-affectionate,

Ruth

01A.a17 Christ is everything

Christ is everything To Mrs. H., September 1849.

My very dear Amelia,

I sit at my window, and look towards Castle Donnington, and though it is just now too hazy to discern it as I often do, yet my heart rejoices that there lives one who warmly loves my Jesus, and whose soul thrills affectionately towards unworthy me in Him and in His sweet love, and for His dear sake alone. It is this, my dear Amelia, which gives your love such a warm reception in my poor heart, as none merely for my own sake could receive. Your letter caused tears of love--to Him who is so very near and precious in all our conflicts and sorrows. Ah! my dear friend, how does our vigilant foe lie in wait to spoil us of our "Resting-place," and to cast us down from Christ, our Excellency. How does he work upon our natural sensibilities, and our present circumstances, to produce first disquiet, then discontent, and then urge us, if possible, to some carnal mode of relief! But the Lord "will keep the feet of His saints," "He does not allow our feet to be moved." Therefore, "in your patience possess you your soul." Abiding in Him, there shall not a hair of your head perish," and possessing Him, you cannot lack anything.

Remember, your life is consecrated to the Lord, and in whatever circumstances you must seek and serve Him only. Already have you proved that His reward is with Him, and a rich one too, nothing less than Himself in present possession, and delights in Him beyond expression. Ah! and His work is before Him, and He will do it, nor shall any hinder; but He will "let patience have its perfect work, that you may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing." On Thursday I had the pleasure of an interview with your beloved friend, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H—. The conversation of Mr. H— was, I think, solidly edifying to the poor gleaner. When they were gone, my soul was in a most blessed state of Sabbatism, and I could only weep tears of the most serene and peaceful joy, willing to be baptized into the death, as well as crowned with the glory of my Lord, my Life, my ALL. You speak of "things new and old;" thus it was with Mr. H—, he spoke of some things new to me, and entered into others which my soul loves, and which it was taught by the Lord alone, without the intervention of any human instrument. As usual, my heart failed a good deal at the thought of meeting a stranger, and I also thought he would be so allegorical that I would not understand him—but it was not so. I suppose he accommodated his mode to my usage and simplicity. I am quite convinced, that where there is the one true life there will be union, whatever be the difference in outward form. I fear dear Mrs. B— did not share our profit, as she had to go and see someone at the school, and such distraction of the mind lessens real benefit. I think, too, in our meetings for spiritual communion, the more there is of closeness of thought, and the less of indifferent subjects, the better. "Little foxes spoil the vines."

I expect to leave this sacred retreat next week, and return to my little Bethel Home. Genesis 35:3 seems to be the word on my mind on this subject--"We are now going to Bethel, where I will build an altar to the God who answered my prayers when I was in distress. He has stayed with me wherever I have gone." May it also be as Genesis 35:9 --"God appeared to Jacob once again

when he arrived at Bethel after traveling from Paddan-aram. God blessed him." May the Lord bless you, my beloved, and "keep you in all your ways;" and give us both to live in sweet simplicity, "rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh." I must send you Deuteronomy 30:20, it is so very sweet to me--"Choose to love the Lord your God and to obey him and commit yourself to him, for he is your life. Then you will live long in the land the Lord swore to give your ancestors Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." Our "Christ is our life!" To Him may we cleave, that in Him, the good Lamb, we may dwell, and willingly let the flesh go to the cross and death He has appointed for it.

"I myself no longer live, but Christ lives in me. So I live my life in this earthly body by trusting in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." Galatians 2:20

"As for me, God forbid that I should boast about anything except the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Because of that cross, my interest in this world died long ago, and the world’s interest in me is also long dead." Galatians 6:14

"And now, I commend you to God, who is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all those who are sanctified." Excuse this poor letter.

Accept warm love in our best Beloved, and believe me in Him, our bond of union, your ever-affectionate,

Ruth

01A.a18 The inward witness

The inward witness To Mrs. H., October 6, 1849.

My own dear Amelia,

"Christ has liberated us into freedom. Therefore stand firm and don’t submit again to a yoke of slavery." (Galatians 5:1) The more liberty in Christ, the less in self and creatures; the more in them, the less in Him. They cannot exist together; one will destroy the other; and if we are really living in the liberty of love and privileges of union with Jesus, we shall hold and use all creatures, and creature good, only in the Beloved, and for His glory. In so far as Jesus is our all, selfish ends and aims will be lost. Just as the rod of Aaron swallowed up the rods of the magicians of Pharaoh, so will all those powers which were once instruments of unrighteousness in self-love, be swallowed up in Christ, by Whose power in us they will be used as instruments of righteousness unto God.

How little, my beloved friend, is this liberty of love known in the present day, and how soon are we counted mystic if we speak of its delights; but having the precious secret within, we are in that sense independent of human opinions. We feel the love burn, we hear the Beloved speak, and we know the oil flows, because our souls are afresh and afresh anointed therewith, and because of which anointing, every yoke of bondage is destroyed. (Isaiah 10:27) We are no longer the "servants of men;" but being amenable at a higher bar, to that alone we appeal for judgment in every case, and by that decision we abide, let who will condemn or cast us out as evil. Oh, it is precious that we are "free born," and not in bondage to any man. "The Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us." "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will trust in the name of the Lord our God." And we shall not trust in vain; "though faith, even the smallest, shall surely be tried." I know it, for I prove it constantly.

I have met with some circumstantial contrarieties to try faith, which make me cry for more grace. Sometimes providences seem to contradict promises, that there may be a death put upon our fleshly expectations, and the blessing be enjoyed in the Lord’s way and at the Lord’s time. Do not our souls exclaim, "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" Well, dearest friend, all is well. The Lord is leading me, a poor, blind creature, by a way I knew not, according to a precious sermon I heard the last Sabbath at Ockbrook, from Isa. 42:16, which just described what I was coming into. But my Beloved has sweetly whispered, "I am with you, trust Me in the dark."

I wonder how you are traveling on. I was happy to receive your last sweet note, and to learn that you were again disentangled by Love’s own power; may you be preserved by the same power with single eye, simple faith, and love pure and fervent. Fail not to write to me when you feel the prompting thereto, though this letter deserves no reply. And now, my dear Amelia, may your garments be always white, and your head lack no ointment. Keep yourself pure by abiding in Him who is your purity. To His warm love I commend you. He is our bond of union, and since He

changes not it cannot be broken. Adieu in the sweet love of our heavenly Friend and best Beloved.

Ever yours affectionately, His gleaner,

Ruth

"I will lead the blind by a way they did not know; I will guide them on paths they have not known. I will turn darkness to light in front of them, and rough places into level ground. This is what I will do for them, and I will not forsake them." Isaiah 42:16

Chapter 134

01A.a19 Counsels to hearken to the voice

Counsels to hearken to the voice of the good Shepherd alone To Mrs. H., February 20, 1850.

My loved one in our beloved, and for His precious sake,

In His own sweet love I salute you in spirit, and in our oneness in Him desire to commune of Him, joyfully forgetting ourselves and each other, that He alone may be remembered. May He be the glow between us, His living love being the fire of our fervor. Truly we want no false fire of the flesh, for all such will go out in utter darkness; we want no sparks of our own kindling, for He says of such, "This shall you have at my hand, you shall lie down in sorrow." God himself has kindled his own fire of love in our souls, and in the renewings of it by His Spirit we flow out to each other in His praise. Oh, blessed privilege, not to know or be known after the flesh—but "all for the lifting of Jesus on high," that He may increase and we decrease!

Very sweet is the flow of your love-strain, my dear Amelia. It is sweet for His sake who is to His bride what no earthly language can ever fully express; for when we have said all we can, the fullest and sweetest remains untold. Each bosom must know for itself the secrets of love, or they are not known at all; and where really enjoyed, they will flow from soul to soul in something more powerful than words. I feel it, beloved friend, it is inexpressible—one life, one love, one Beloved, one blissful eternity, in which we shall know as we are known, and see as we are seen. What, what shall I render that I, so unworthy, should be the object of such love? "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be scorned." (Song of Solomon 8:6) Oh, it comes free, or I had never known it; and most freely, without creature effort, does it flow back to its source and flow out to those kindred souls who are enkindled by its sacred fire. Truly I am formed by love, for love. To the God of love, who is love, be all the praise! "This people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise."

O our precious Christ, surely we will welcome the fiery coals of Your jealousy, the vehement flame of which shall burn out from our hearts every name, every image—but Your own, for only then can our inner man be satisfied, "when we awake up in Your likeness." Oh, then, set us "as a seal upon Your heart, as a seal upon Your arm" forever.

It seems the will of our Father that you and I, dear Amelia, should walk for a season in much circumstantial contrariety, and perhaps just as we seem ready to cast the anchor or touch the shore, we are unexpectedly sent out again into a fresh storm. So it has been with me—but all is well. There is no perishing with Christ on board; "the winds and waves obey Him," and the storm blows up or blows over, precisely according to His loving will. This morning our family reading was Matthew 12:20 my soul melted, and your spirit seemed blended in its softness and its triumph. Yes, it seemed for you: "A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, until He send forth judgment unto victory." "Judgment unto victory,"—it needs no comment; I could say much—but words will only impoverish. I cast this bread upon the waters of your soul and of your circumstances; if you are fed by it in all its fullness, it will not only invigorate now—but be

found after many days. May He who kindled the flame of our friendship be pleased constantly to take off all that is of the creature, that it may burn free and bright to His glory alone, and that we may live in each other's hearts without leaving any the less room for Him "who fills all in all." O holy, lovely Savior, keep Your poorest, vilest worm in her true nothingness, in all her and Your beloved ones, and just make her only help them to love You more. Take this loving Amelia and consecrate the union of our hearts, in oneness with You, to Your especial service and Your glory; ever keep us clear of each other—ah, and of all others—that communion may be free and blissful in You, of You, with You, and for You. Amen.

Now, my beloved friend, one word more. The work of grace in my soul never would be systemized, and never could I square it to any model which creatures have presented, even the very best of them. I have had just to give up all into the forming hands of my Beloved, and be willing to be what I call a "nondescript." I am too high for some, and too low for others, and exactly like none, except as we both are in Christ. I do not say it will be thus with you—but, if it should, you will not be alone; and I must say it is truly glorious to go on with Jesus only. Many would cut us off and cast us out—but He says, "Because I live, you shall live also." Though now hidden in the deshabille of this mortal state, yet when "He who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory." And though not understood by many of our "mother's children," yet do we rejoice to be naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. As for our leading in experience, when we try to keep in any line chalked out to us by others, we only get bewilderment; for one builds up, and another pulls down, and the confusion becomes more confused. So, at least, I have found. My first real establishing, after years of tossing, came exactly as Galatians 1:12 --"For I did not receive it from a human source and I was not taught it, but it came by a revelation from Jesus Christ." And I believe that in the same way only will the teaching go on. I speak not to bring you into my line of things—but just to encourage your heart, if your teaching seem not fully to conform to that of any of your fellows. It is vain to pare off or piece on, to please those we most esteem; each stone has its place in the spiritual buildings, and each member its office in the body; the preparation for which, is best understood by Him who works all things after the counsel of His own will. We need not fear, if He only knows what He is doing with us, and what is to be the outcome—but love will still confide. And now, my dear friend, methinks I have lost both you and myself in the absorbing glories of Him who is the only "altogether lovely." Ah, He has borne away my poor heart in triumph—but He has left His own in its place. Happy exchange! Heartless for earth I would henceforth remain that I may be heart-full of Him. Whatever wise ones or great ones prescribe, be it mine to live in sweet simplicity in the element of love, which truly is most congenial to my soul. Here I breathe freely, live joyfully, and not only take every cup from my Beloved's own hand—but drink it for His own sake, not because of what is or is not in it. Now, a warm adieu from the truest worm, who has, by divine light, life, and power, been made a living monument of sovereign, saving grace. In the endearment of undecaying love, your most unworthy—but warmly affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 135

01A.a20 The unchangeableness of Christ

The unchangeableness of Christ in the midst of a changing world To Mrs. H., May 1850.

My much-loved Amelia,

You will have wondered at my long silence, and that I should have allowed two precious letters to remain so long unanswered. Indeed I would have written; but when He shuts none can open, and when He binds none can walk at large. "Even so, Father, for so it seems good in your sight." "Good is the will of the Lord concerning me." "Not my will—but Yours be done." Peace be unto you, my loved Amelia, and the love of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. May the one holy Lord God of Israel dwell richly in your heart. It rejoiced me greatly to hear that the anointed One (Isaiah 61:1) had proclaimed "liberty to the captive," and that your disentangled soul was again rejoicing in its best Beloved. "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of (creature) bondage;" (Galatians 5:1) lest He say, "Let her alone; she has loved idols, after idols let her go." Instead of this, I the rather hope that you are still looking out of the "Dove’s eyes," which are pure eyes, and do ever reject every attraction but the rightful one. Your letter upon the "Dove’s eyes" was very precious, and that such a Beloved should condescend to be ravished (Song of Solomon 4:9) with such a spouse is marvelous indeed; but, as you rightly observe, "it is His own loveliness reflected when she gazes steadfastly upon Him."

O my dear Amelia, for a steady, undiverted look of our Beloved! How do the contrarieties of the wilderness, working upon this corrupt flesh, seem to come between us and Him! In our experience there is an eclipse of His brightness who is our beauty; though still through all He loves, "and hates to put away." Praise Him, my poor, unstable soul, that He changes not, (Malachi 3:6) and therefore I am not consumed. Ah, no! Divine love prevents the consuming of its object in any other fire than its own—but in those fires is only a making fit to be more absorbed in its inexpressible blissfulness. This poor heart has had many a tossing lately—but it feels the security of love which, amidst all, does insure and assure that the union is eternal, and that no things of time shall dissever it.

"My everlasting song is this—

Jesus is mine, and I am His."

Many of His dealings I do not understand, and I often feel myself a poor, weary pilgrim—but His love and His bosom are the home of my new heart; and there it reposes in safety, while the tempest howls around and the storm beats upon the outer man. I do not mean you to think I have been in great trials—but I have had many little contrarieties in the path, and much exercise of soul.

I am more and more convinced the way upward is one of tribulation, and the high heads and trifling hearts of most professors look as if they were not in it. But honestly we say,

"Above their highest mirth,

Our saddest hours we prize;

For though our cup seems mixed with gall,

There’s something secret sweetens all." But the worst and roughest of our heavenward path is infinitely preferable to the best a worldling knows. And how came unworthy we into the secret? Oh, love would have it so—love would have His own, and made us "willing in the day of His power." "Not unto us, not unto us—but unto Your name be the glory." So says my heart, as it freely ascribes all "to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He has made us accepted in the Beloved." And though my flesh wants an easy path--my spirit often feels the blessed benefit of the cross, and blesses Him who lovingly endured it with the curse for my unworthy sake.

I was thankful to find your mind so abstracted from earthly things when you last wrote, and I hope it continues by the Spirit’s power to forsake all for Christ. You will find more than all in Him, the glories of whose person outmatches all beside. And now, dear Amelia, I commend you in body, soul, and circumstances to Him whose love first united us, and who will remain amid all fluctuations. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever," our Beloved, our Friend, our ALL IN ALL. His blessing be ever your enriching. With dear love, believe me in Him your affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 136

01A.a21 The Lord refreshing His people with the

The Lord refreshing His people with the river of His pleasures To Mrs. H., June 2, 1850.

Many thanks for your precious letter, it is like Song of Solomon 1:12, "While the king is on his couch, my perfume releases its fragrance."

"The time is short: it remains, that both they that have wives (or husbands) be as though they had none."

"Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline your ear; forget also your own people, and your father's house; so shall the King greatly desire your beauty: for he is your Lord--worship him."

"I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards me." Oh, the wonder!

"He is the chief among ten thousand." "His mouth is most sweet; yes, he is altogether lovely." "You, (O beloved,) are (infinitely) fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into your lips." "As the apple-tree among the trees of the forest, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

It is marvelous, my dearest Amelia, that our beloved spiritual Bridegroom should again draw near and ravish your heart with His inexpressible love and loveliness at this especial time. Surely everything is beautiful in its season, and these visits of love are peculiarly beautiful now, sweetly intimating that your earthly bonds must be loosened and your heavenly ones drawn closer, just seeming to say, "You shall be for Me," "and you shall not be for another; so will I also be for you." The Lord knows what are His own purposes concerning you—but He is not bestowing these favors for naught. He will make us know that His spiritual gifts are neither to play with nor for display—but for the edification of His household. It may be as you think, that before long He will call you to active service; but this will not be with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be of none effect—but in your own utter weakness, that the excellency of the power may be manifestly of God, and not of the creature. May He be with you and with your mouth, causing you to utter knowledge clearly, not fouling the pure stream with anything of the flesh. Well may it be said, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and joyfully may it be answered, "Our sufficiency is of God."

I could not but write to you today, humbly adoring Him who has made us one, not only in union—but in communion. Surely I rejoice in your joy, and with you rejoice in the Lord our righteousness. The last fortnight the Lord has been pleased to favor me with endearing communion. He has come down on my soul like rain on the mown grass, and granted me such glimpses of His all loveliness as have ravished my heart, and made the new song of praise burst forth with fresh ardor from my enraptured soul. Oh, He is so worthy, so worthy, that the highest, sweetest strains we reach disappoint us, and we feel that we would praise Him but cannot! The 12th chapter of Isaiah has been one of my melodies, and with joy indeed have I drawn and drunk water "out of the wells of salvation." Bless the Lord, O our souls. It is very marvelous; I feel it so; and, while longing for more, I wonder I have so much; but He has blessed, and none can reverse

it. "There is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel." He has brought us to dwell in that mountain where He has "commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." "Because I live, you shall live also." Not I—but Christ lives in me." What ease, what release it is when Jesus is our all! To Him I commend you in love. "Now unto Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that works in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." Adieu. In tender love ever yours in our best Beloved,

Ruth

Chapter 137

01A.a22 Christ worthy of the soul's highest love

Christ worthy of the soul’s highest love To Mrs. H., January 12, 1851.

My very dear Amelia,

"Where are you?" and what are you doing? Are you a widow indeed trusting in God, and continuing in supplication and prayers, serving Him with fastings and prayers night and day in Christ, the true temple? 1 Timothy 5:5; Luke 2:37.

Released from the creature yoke, is Jesus the heavenly Bridegroom now your all? As says the prophet, "Your Maker is your husband. The Lord Almighty is his name." Say, my beloved, is His name as ointment poured forth to your soul? Are you satisfied with Him, happy in Him, restless without Him? Are creatures and things without Christ in them, like the empty sepulcher to mourning Mary, who had lost her Lord, and would accept no substitute? It was His love united us, and made communion sweet; it is in that love I now inquire; "Is it well with you?" How are the fruits of the valley? Does the vine flourish, and the tender grape appear, and the pomegranate bud forth? Is it seed-time or harvest with you? Are you reaping the precious fruits, or watching for the early and for the latter rain?

I am myself, just an empty sinner, living in and on a full Savior, "who loved me, and gave Himself for me." I am crucified with Him. He lives in me; "the life I live in the flesh is by the faith in the Son of God." I find His service perfect freedom, and sweetly prove that "the way of the Lord is strength to the upright." "Unto you who believe He is precious." Ah, indeed no words can express how precious our glorious Emmanuel is to the gleaner’s heart. "I am poor and needy—but the Lord thinks upon me;" and He has said in my soul for this new year 1851, "You are not your own, you are bought with a price." It felt very, very solemn; and then a short time after that word followed, "You are mine," which was very sweet and melting. Oh, to glorify Him in body and spirit, which are His—"bought and paid for," the price His own rich blood! Amazing! Was ever love like this? Ah, never! He is the Prince of lovers, the best of all beloveds; worthy, worthy is our lovely Lord the Lamb! Of all on earth I surely am most indebted to Him, and owe Him an eternity of praise. "I will tell of the Lord’s unfailing love. I will praise the Lord for all he has done. I will rejoice in his great goodness to Israel, which he has granted according to his mercy and love." Isaiah 63:7

Now, my loved one, I affectionately commend you to "Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

And, in our precious Jesus, remain yours very lovingly,

Ruth

Chapter 138

01A.a23 The blind led by a way they know not

The blind led by a way they know not To Mrs. H., July 16, 1852.

"I will lead the blind by a way they did not know; I will guide them on paths they have not known. I will turn darkness to light in front of them, and rough places into level ground. This is what I will do for them, and I will not forsake them." Isaiah 42:16

"And He took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town," and when away from all, He gave him sight in a most gradual and sovereign manner, see Mark 8:23-25. The blind man could not see where Jesus was leading him; he must confide entirely in Him; neither could he know why He should lead him along in darkness, when he had asked to be restored to sight. If he reasoned, the thought would be, "Why not give it me at once?" But "my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, says the Lord." Deliverance seldom comes in the way we look for it; for "Who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand or marked off the heavens with the span of his hand? Who has gathered the dust of the earth in a measure or weighed the mountains in a balance and the hills in scales? Who has directed the Spirit of the Lord, or who gave Him His counsel? Who did He consult with? Who gave Him understanding and taught Him the paths of justice? Who taught Him knowledge and showed Him the way of understanding?" Isaiah 40:12-14

Ah, my dear Amelia, has not the Lord frustrated our purposes over and over again? I cannot tell you with what majesty that last-quoted passage has often come to my mind, with Isaiah 40:14, "Who gave Him His counsel?" Not with puny, sinful worms. He will counsel for them—but not with them: "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure." Yet "fear not, worm Jacob, I will help you,"—help you to stand still and see My salvation, or help you to walk on in the dark in a rough and unknown path, just as My wisdom sees fit. Spiritual eyesight is not given to look at the outward path—but to look at our Guide; not to look before us at the way we are going to travel—but to look only at Him who will guide us safely through all, who will Himself be our way in the way—but not our way out of it. Oh, to be kept abiding in Him, and constantly looking unto Him! It is most safe and blessed—but very contrary to flesh and blood.

"This is what the Lord says--Cursed are those who put their trust in mere humans and turn their hearts away from the Lord. They are like stunted shrubs in the desert, with no hope for the future. They will live in the barren wilderness, on the salty flats where no one lives. But blessed are those who trust in the Lord and have made the Lord their hope and confidence. They are like trees planted along a riverbank, with roots that reach deep into the water. Such trees are not bothered by the heat or worried by long months of drought. Their leaves stay green, and they go right on producing delicious fruit. The human heart is most deceitful and desperately wicked. Who really knows how bad it is? But I know! I, the Lord, search all hearts and examine secret motives." Jeremiah 17:5-10

How I do like this passage--it is so descriptive of the blessedness of trusting in the Lord alone, and the sterility and disappointment of all creature confidence. I know not your present difficulties, nor

need I know them, for I could not bring you out of them. But I do bless the Lord He has brought you into the very best posture of soul—looking to Him alone. Tell your sorrows and secrets to this your Friend, watch His eye, obey His bidding, and go not to carnal and lower means for relief.

You will find it turn to good account, if you are helped to wait it out and watch it out, not as carnal Saul, to wait until a set time, and then if relief tarries--to endeavor to extricate yourself. (1 Samuel 13:8, 1 Samuel 13:15) I write the things that I do know, my loved Amelia, having at some times smarted for the haste of the flesh, and at others inherited great blessing by waiting for the Lord, even in very trying circumstances and amidst many counter voices; but "in keeping of His commandments there is great reward."

Adieu in our heavenly Bridegroom, and in His undying love,

Ruth

01A.a24 Deliverance granted IN, not FROM affliction

Deliverance granted IN, not FROM affliction To Mrs. H., July 14, 1853.

My beloved Amelia,

Again the Lord is proving to me the blessedness of taking up the cross--and also how much I shrink from it. I seek deliverance from the cross—but find my Lord has put deliverance in it; and if I could writhe myself away from it, I would miss the blessing! But when by His enablings it is fairly taken up, there is indeed a new song put into my mouth, even praise to His name. The soul at such times seems to triumph in Christ, something like Paul when reconciled to the thorn in the flesh. Indeed, I feel it good to be laid low, and kept low at the feet of my precious Lord, though He is bringing it about in ways most unexpected and undesired. I am much longing for humility, and He is laying open to me my pride by the painfulness I feel--in being made nothing. Truly His ways and His thoughts are astonishing--far above mine! His doings towards me are very wise and awesome--and worthy of a God who gives no account of His matters—but works all things after the counsel of His own will, and all things for good to those who love Him, and are the called according to His purpose. May the Lord preserve all your goings, and hold you in His paths, that your footsteps slip not. To Him I commend you; may He fulfill in you all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power. Farewell in our Beloved.

Ever yours with much affection,

Ruth

01A.a25 The happiness of those who endure

The happiness of those who endure To Mrs. H., October 17, 1855.

My own dearest Amelia,

I cannot refrain from saying how very welcome and suitable were some things in your letter this morning. I was deeply writhing under a sense of my useless, worthless, unprofitable life. Think, then, what balm to hear afresh that the savor of His good ointments had been caused to flow through my heart and pen to those hearts dear to Him. And by other seasonable passages in the letters, I was afresh strengthened to endure in things which were then pressing. Oh that word "endure," what has it been to me by the Spirit’s power! I have often said, it is worthy to be written in letters of gold. But it is written in better than gold, even in living characters, by the finger of God, in the fleshy table of the heart. And the blessing is richly found at the end of it, "He who endures to the end, shall be saved." This was one of my winter lessons when in the furnace. Not alluding only to eternal salvation—but also the many salvations we need in the pathway to glory; in most dispensations there is a time to endure; it may be while sowing in tears, or it may be while suffering with patience; but as we are enabled to abide in the trial with God--the reaping in joy and the crown of rejoicing does certainly follow. My heart rejoices with you in the Lord. Oh, what wonders of His love have I been proving, though many a rough wind from the wilderness has been blowing; but in wilderness dispensations He causes rivers to flow forth, and streams in the desert.

Hoping soon to speak face to face, I remain, with tender love, your ever-affectionate,

Ruth

01A.a26 Divine guidance

Divine guidance The Lord says, "I will guide you along the best pathway for your life. I will advise you and watch over you. Psalms 32:8 To Mrs. H., November 29, 1855.

My ever dear Amelia,

How truly have we both proved that when "the Lord shuts none can open; and when he opens none can shut." I trust the present opening in your case will eventually prove of real benefit to your bodily health, and also that you may have as manifestly the Lord’s presence and instructions as (to His glory I am constrained to confess) I have had, in going from my own home, quite as unexpectedly as you. He leads us about to instruct us, as it is written, "He led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye."

Truly, "the way of the Lord is strength to the upright;" "his voice is full of majesty;" it overcomes the soul, and gives to its timid questions an answer of assurance which none can gainsay or resist. "Where the word of a king is there is power;" and when I was wondering "why accept this and refuse the other?" He said, "My people shall be willing in the day of my power."

I have felt the power of Satan striving against me. Whom resist steadfast in the faith; and truly in the conflict the Spirit did strengthen my soul with that invaluable word "ENDURE," and enduring (by His power) to the end, there was salvation. "Yes, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us." Thus in my bodily weakness I have been called out when I had thought to retire, and spend my few remaining days in a quiet pavilion with my Beloved; but, however, to his honor I must say, "He has done all things well," and "His paths drop fatness; they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness," and then we, His "little hills, rejoice on every side."

I am now very poorly, and also much bowed under a deep relative trial, in which I am anxiously watching for the guiding cloud, and listening for the directing voice. I seldom sail long on a smooth sea—but often do I see the Lord’s wonders in the deep, and bring up many a pearl from thence. I am a poor weak creature, and often fear when I enter into the cloud, and cry in the storm, "Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul." Then He does deliver the poor and the needy when he cries. He has delivered, He does deliver, and we trust that He will yet deliver. I am weak and tried—but one of those feeble folk whose dwelling is in the rock. (Proverbs 30:26) Dear love, from your warmly-affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 142

01A.a27 The triumphant security of God's people

The triumphant security of God’s people

November 10, 1857.

My ever dear friend,

Where are you? On the battlefield, or on the watchtower, or compassed about with songs of deliverance? You are in daily remembrance, and your precious child also, though your letters have remained so long unanswered. I cannot tell you how much they have been enjoyed and prized by myself and others. While affectionately feeling for your painful position, I cannot but rejoice at the divine teachings vouchsafed therein. As we are not our own, we have no right of choice how we shall be led, or by what means instructed. "He found him in a desolate land, in a barren, howling wilderness; He surrounded him, cared for him, and guarded him as the pupil of His eye." (Deuteronomy 32:10)

We are "kept" by the power of God through faith unto salvation, and "kept" in most wonderful cases and places; "kept" in the flood and in the flame; "kept" in the light and in the dark; "kept" in plenty and in poverty; "kept" in the seven-times-heated furnace and in the den of lions; and "kept" safely through all; "kept" also when the Divine Keeper seems to give advantage to our enemies—"You lured us into a trap; You placed burdens on our backs. You let men ride over our heads; we went through fire and water;" but "You brought us out into a wealthy place." Oh! this is precious leading and keeping, to bring us out from self and creatures into Christ our wealthy place, for in Him we shall be safe from fear of evil, shall be satisfied in the days of famine, and shall not be afraid in the year of drought.

Abiding in Him, all the schemes of our foes shall be disappointed. Haman may plot and erect a gallows too—but his wicked device shall fall upon his own head. He shall be constrained to proclaim the honor of the Lord’s servant, and then die by the very means he had prepared for him. Balak may hire Balaam to curse Israel—but he shall be compelled to bless them, for there is no enchantment against Jacob, nor divination against Israel. God has blessed them, and Balaam cannot reverse it. The blessing will flow through Him, and to them, against Balaam’s will; he can neither share it nor stop it.

"You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies," or, You make them prepare a table, and then flee away and leave their plenty for Your starving people. So did the Syrians for Israel, and the poor outcast lepers were honored to discover it, and get the first of the feast. When this meat from the eater was brought into the city, then was unbelief trodden down in the gate, and the Lord alone exalted in that day; His promise being fulfilled, and His people delivered, when to sense and reason there seemed no way of escape, (2 Kings 7:1-20)

Oh! my dear, happy is he or she that has the God of Jacob for their refuge, and whose hope the Lord is. "He is the Rock; His work is perfect." "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing; let them shout

from the top of the mountains," for there is both protection and supply. "His place of defense shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure;"—sure indeed, for they drink of that spiritual rock which follows them, which rock is Christ; and "they thirsted not when He led them through the deserts." Though Amalek came out against them, he could not prevail. "No weapon formed against you will succeed, and you will refute any accusation raised against you in court. This is the heritage of the Lord’s servants, and their righteousness is from Me." "You will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on You, because he trusts in You."

I do indeed rejoice with you on account of your beloved daughter, whom the Lord has graciously given you, in a dearer tie than that of nature; I hope to write her a line or two, though I feel very incompetent to do so. The Lord has been most gracious to me. He keeps me feeling my poverty, weakness, and inability; but makes His grace sufficient for me in a wonderful way, endearing a precious Christ more and more. My heart overflows with adoring gratitude for such a portion. The Lord is the portion of my inheritance, and of my cup, and he is a daily portion, as the manna was to Israel. "Give us this day our daily bread." "I am the bread of life." "He who eats me, even he shall live by me"—and so feeding on Him, we shall grow up into Him in all things, and grow out of all besides. "The Lord bless you and keep you," and make a plain path, because of your enemies. With tender love, yours ever most affectionately in the Beloved,

Ruth

01A.a28 The Lord's service perfect freedom

The Lord’s service perfect freedom To Mrs. H., 1857.

My own dear Amelia,

It was sweet to meet in His name, whose love is our bond of union, and who is Himself the sweetness of our communion. How stately have been His steps towards each of us! how has He drawn us away from all others, to reveal Himself more fully and gloriously! But, oh, that He should have looked upon so vile a one as myself with love and favor! Oh, that He should have brought me "under the rod, into the bond of the new covenant;" this is a marvel in my eyes! How well do the provisions of that new covenant suit my soul: "I will not turn away from them to do them good; but I will put my fear into their hearts that they shall not depart from me." Blessed Redeemer, let me ever be set as a seal upon Your arm, as a seal upon Your heart, for love is strong as death, and jealousy is cruel as the grave; and be daily sealed anew in my warmest love, that our delights may be ever new and mutual.

I must now thank you for the precious epistle so full of heavenly teaching. You have indeed repaid my long silence with a rich outpouring, which must have cost much time; but I believe as it is refreshing and instructive in reading, so it would be also in writing, and that you would prove the Lord’s service perfect freedom. His reward is with Him whether in doing or suffering, according to His will. With me you have no doubt proved that it is better to labor and endure in His will, than to rest in our own, and thus I doubt not your long epistle was more enriching than exhausting. I rejoice in its Divine lessons, hoping to ponder them in my heart. That the Lord sent you living truth through me, to nourish His own life in you, is a favor of which I am most unworthy: "Not unto us, not unto us—but unto Your name, give glory." Where there is a pot of oil in the house, (2 Kings 4:2-4) it will be poured out into empty vessels at the command of our great prophet—but, like the poor widow’s cruse, there shall be no wasting by such using. (1 Kings 17:16)

I rejoice that you have been having communion with our Beloved, and feeding on the Tree of Life; nothing else can nourish the inner man or satisfy living faith. This is the true bread, of which if a man eats, he shall live forever. "He who comes to me shall never hunger; and he who believes on me shall never thirst." I love to mark the present tense of Scripture which teaches the continuousness of a life of faith—it is not said, He that has come, and has believed—but comes, believes, etc., and even to the end "the just shall live by faith."

Farewell, my beloved one—every blessing be with you, and the Lord lead you in a plain path because of your enemies. With tender love, your ever-affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 144

01A.a29 Sweet fruit gathered from a bitter root

Sweet fruit gathered from a bitter root To Mrs. H., August 1857.

My dearest Amelia,

"Whatever a man sows, that shall he also reap." He who sows to the wind shall reap the whirlwind. He who sows to the flesh shall reap corruption. He who sows to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. "Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" Faith often sows in tears; but he that thus goes forth and weeps, "bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." In this our precious Christ has the pre-eminence. He was the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He sowed the seed of the kingdom in tears when He wept over Jerusalem; but before long He will joyfully see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, when He shall say, "Here am I, and the children whom You have given me." Thus also it often is with His people; they sow and water and watch with tears—but reap in joy; while the carnal man sows with laughter and reaps disappointment. These things we have both known by experience, for when our deceived heart has turned us aside to the flesh, we had to feed on ashes, as our daily sorrowful food. May it be given you to stand still and see the salvation of God, proving that the battle is the Lord’s who will in very wonderful ways fight against the flesh and its schemes, and disappoint its enterprises—but will even in all these things make the new man more than conqueror through Him that loves us. May your flesh have a new death, and your spirit enjoy more glowingly the crown of life, through this sharp exercise, and may the Lord bring out of the snare of the devil him who seems now led captive by him.

You are doubtless compassing the walls by faith through keeping silence until the day He shall bid you shout as Joshua 6:10, and "lift up your voice," to "show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sin." (Isaiah 58:1) The Lord make you faithful to His word, both in silence and in utterance, and enable you to care only for His honor, leaving your own honor entirely in His hands, since He has said, "He that touches you touches the apple of his eye."

Moreover, dear friend, this dark dispensation will be "as a cloud with rain," if, by His power, it brings about a fresh lifting up of yourself from all creatures, to see no man except "Jesus only." "Was I ever a barren wilderness, to Israel a land of drought?" No, never! He is our straight way through crooked circumstances, and our pleasant way through the vexations of self and others. He keeps us alive in time of famine, for He is our plenty in the midst of poverty. The things which I taste and handle declare I unto you, for deep abasings and continued emptiness are my experience. When I would gather anything besides Him--most kind, most tender is it of Him to scatter it; indeed I have cause to praise Him for heights and for depths, for in both He has dealt wondrously for His holy name’s sake.

I am glad to hear of your affairs, for though you be as a "lily among thorns," yet they shall not really harm you. Our Beloved was crowned with thorns, thus showing that He had gained the victory

over them for His bride, and now He just teaches her with the briers and thorns of the wilderness. Many of your teachings and quotations are very sweet to me. I have had the same view of love which passes knowledge, "for knowledge puffs up—but love edifies."

I rejoice to hear that your beloved A— M— is a comfort to you, and much more that she is brought under the easy yoke and light burden of our blessed Savior. May she be whole-hearted with Him and for Him, making no reserves; then will she largely foretaste that blessedness in Him which the natural eye has not seen, or ear heard—but He has revealed it unto us by His Spirit. Kind love to her. The Lord bless you, make His way plain before you, and grant that your cruse and barrel be daily renewed as your needs require. "Your heavenly Father knows that you have need of these things." May your erring friend be restored. (James 5:19-20) Power belongs unto God, and His kingdom is not in word—but in power. May a new day of power come to his soul, for Your people shall be willing in the day of Your power. Fare you well; may your place of defense be the munitions of rocks, where your bread shall be given, and your water shall be sure. With affectionate love in our one Beloved, yours ever in Him,

Ruth

01A.a30 Christ the portion of His people

Christ the portion of His people

"I will lead the blind by a way they did not know; I will guide them on paths they have not known. I will turn darkness to light in front of them, and rough places into level ground. This is what I will do for them, and I will not forsake them." Isaiah 42:16 "The cup which my Father has given me--shall I not drink it?" John 18:11 To Mrs. H., May 20, 1858.

My ever-dear Amelia,

Yes, you shall drink it and praise the Lord. He wisely appoints and times every bitter cup--and all is given in love. Bitters are strengthening, sweets are comforting, and through all He will sustain the hidden life with the hidden manna, of which, if a man eats, he shall live forever. It was said of the Paschal Lamb, "with bitter herbs you shall eat it," which remains true to this day, as I experimentally prove—but find it truly "Sweet to lie passive in His hands,

And know no will but His." When I attempt to judge His dealings I get into bewilderment and confusion. When I attempt to choose my own ways I make endless mistakes, and at length fall at His feet abased at my own foolishness. The government shall be upon His shoulders, and of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end. Therefore "I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of Your righteousness, even of Yours alone."

I have been passing through many deep trials since I last communicated with you, my dear friend, all proving that the Lord’s thoughts are not our thoughts, nor His ways our ways. My thoughts are vain, and I hate them; but "how precious are Your thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!" if I could reckon them up--they are more than can be numbered. "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, says the Lord; thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

Many thanks for dear H— M—’s letter. It is precious. It is indeed an indulgence to you both to dwell together in the Lord; but you are holding all, ready to resign at His word, knowing that He alone is your sure dwelling-place and companion forever. Oh! sweet privilege, to hold all in Him, and for Him, and so live on Him, that we shall not be impoverished if all else be withdrawn.

"There nothing is in the creature found,

But may be found in Thee;

I must have all things and abound,

While Christ is all to me."

"I am your inheritance," says our loving Lord; and as we live by faith, we find that we have a treasure in the heavens which fails not. Brooks dry up, cisterns become broken—but the all-fullness treasured in Jesus is inexhaustible; and in the greatest outward straits we may be living

in plenty and rejoicing in Him, as "Even though the fig trees have no blossoms, and there are no grapes on the vine; even though the olive crop fails, and the fields lie empty and barren; even though the flocks die in the fields, and the cattle barns are empty--yet I will rejoice in the Lord! I will be joyful in the God of my salvation!" Habakkuk 3:17-18

What need I have to cry, "Lord, increase my faith!" We are not straitened in Him but in our own affections; too often are they straitened; then we can only rejoice in His gifts: but when enlarged into Himself we can rejoice in Him whether He bestows or withholds--spiritually or temporally. He is our peaceable habitation, our own dwelling, and quiet resting place--for so far as we live in His will, we are insured from disappointment, and are not afraid of evil tidings, our heart being fixed, trusting in the Lord. "You will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on You, because he trusts in You." "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect towards Him." Faith can "be still" with such a refuge and helper.

He who has given all up to God--has nothing to lose. He who has found all in God--has nothing outside of Him to desire. Thus Mary sits still in the house until she receives the stirring message, "The Master has come, and calls for you;" and she also sits still at the feet of Jesus, feeding on Him, while busy Martha is preparing for Him. How plain that He was Mary’s ALL, and that she realized that He had entertainment enough in Himself without any of her additions; she therefore leaves Martha to serve alone, while she feeds on her Lord, and He delights in her, and the satisfaction is mutual. May Mary’s place and Mary’s portion be yours and mine forever; but it is only His own almighty power that can hold us to it. The flesh would ever be moving and meddling, for truly the professing Church in this day is a city full of stirrings; and many of the living family are tossing to and fro in the general tumult, while their spiritual complainings are many, and amount to this, "While I was busy here and there--He was gone." Oh! keep us, gracious Lord, abiding in You, while others go and come.

Now, my beloved friend, I have many desires towards you. Having just left off writing to take tea, I read over it Isaiah 35:1-10 with much sweetness, and if the Lord opens it to your faith as He has to mine, you will not lack this day’s bread, and with tomorrow will come its portion also. "Take no thought for the morrow; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." "As your days, so shall your strength be." "For the Lord God is your strength, and He will make your feet like hinds feet." Even upon the mountains of difficulty, He makes a way for His ransomed to pass over; yes, He is the way in which you shall run and not be weary, walk and not faint; He is the straight way through crooked circumstances. "I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters, in a straight way wherein they shall not stumble."

Now, beloved, I commend you to Him who "is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy." To Him alone be glory by us, and in all that befalls us, in this wilderness journey, for we are not our own—but are bought with a price, that we should be to the praise of His glory, who has made us accepted in the Beloved. In Him, our bond of union indissoluble, yours, with fervent love,

Ruth

Chapter 146

01A.a31 Faith's grasp of things unseen

Faith’s grasp of things unseen To Mrs. H., June 1858.

My dearest friend,

Warmest thanks for your last letter. I judge you are in straits and trials. May the Lord strengthen your faith, so that you may be reconciled to all His ways and dealings. When fully reconciled we can walk lovingly with Him, even while He walks contrary to our flesh and its idols. Oh to follow Him fully, as Joshua and Caleb did, who held fast to His faithfulness amidst all the cavilings and improbabilities of flesh and blood, and even though the people talked of stoning them. They were quite sensible of their own weakness and the strength of their enemies—but what of all this? Faith did not look to creature weapons or might—but stood on firmer ground. "If the Lord delights in us, then he will bring us into this land, and give it to us; a land which flows with milk and honey." Surely Christ is our good land; and though unbelief and Satan rage, and carnal reason cavils--the children of the promise shall possess their possessions. "I am your inheritance, says the Lord." In Him all things are ours, not to glory in or rest in—but to seek the things of Christ in them, and His glory by them. "Let no man glory in men, for all things are yours." (1 Corinthians 3:20-23)

Oh, this precious grace of faith, may the Lord nourish and sustain it. Yes, faith is strong in old age to claim the fulfillment of the promise; and, having seen many wars and wonders of the Lord, it puts in the plea for every inch of ground for which the word has gone forth. See Joshua 14:9-11, yes, read the whole chapter, for it is very rich, and also Numbers 13:1-33 and Numbers 14:1-45. Oh for more Joshuas and Calebs! for truly "no good thing will he withhold from those who walk uprightly," which is to walk in Him, not in the flesh.

Affectionate love to your precious child. Dear girl, she bears the yoke in her youth as I also did—but have praised the Lord for it many times. His yoke is easy, and His burden light; it is the endeavor to evade it which is the misery. His cross is lined with love, however rugged and unsightly the outside may appear to carnal reason. Praise Him, O my soul, and praise Him, O you cross-bearing companions. See what your forerunner did. He, bearing His cross, went forth. (John 19:17) Fear not to follow the Lamb, wherever and however He leads. In each footprint he has left a blessing. "The Lord is with you while you are with Him," (2 Chronicles 15:2) and if He is for us we need not fear what flesh can do unto us. With much love in our lovely and loving Lord the Lamb, your own ever-affectionate,

Ruth

Chapter 147

01A.a32 Sweet lessons in the valley of humiliation

Sweet lessons in the valley of humiliation To Mrs. H., June 1858.

My very dear friend,

I hope you are still kept steadily following onward in the way of faith. Oh, how sweet to live in momentary dependence upon Him, and independent of all beside; then are we satisfied with His fullness, however low creature streamlets may run. Do I not long to be more fully and always in this way of faith? Yes, verily; though, alas! I am too often turned aside by carnal reason--my old and powerful foe.

Oh, my dear Amelia, I think none of the Lord’s children are so slow to learn and so easily beguiled in some things, from the simplicity which is in Christ. I cannot boast of any attainments. I am laid low in the dust, and very, very poor; yet I have a rich Beloved, who scorns not my lowliness, and only keeps me short in hand that I may not be able to do without Him, and that I may glory in nothing but Himself, in whom I can never glory too much. It is good to be in the "valley of humiliation," the air is congenial to the new man, and very beneficial, though not pleasing to this proud heart. Moreover, there we have much of the company of Prince Immanuel, who chose that spot for His earthly residence; for "He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." Oh, it was a mighty stoop of love. I marvel and adore, desiring to follow the Lamb wherever He leads.

I heard a little of His wondrous ways towards you from dear Mrs. B—. It is wonderful how He sends His benefits in such a way as to cut off all glorying in the flesh. You shall not be delighting in His benefits—but absorbed in Himself. Against this, the enemy fights hard, presenting various things to divert from that safe and secret place into which he has no access. While delighting in gifts he can touch us—but, when enrapt up in the Giver, he is defeated, Psalm 91. Fare you well.

Affectionate love, from yours ever warmly,

Ruth

Chapter 148

01A.a33 Suffering no interruption to the believer's

Suffering no interruption to the believer’s joy (Written within two months of her death) To Mrs. H., The banks of Jordan, May 1860.

My beloved Amelia,

Many thanks for your note. The Lord bless you and reveal Himself to you, and through you, more and more.

I rejoiced in Him, my best Friend, in the love of espousals, and now prove that rejoicing was not in vain. What He is in the banqueting-house, He is in the furnace--all we need. And the low chastened praises of suffering times are dear to Him as the more gladsome songs of bridal days. He was my theme then, my glory and joy—He is so still. He was my companion then, when drinking of the spiced wine—He is so now while receiving the vinegar. He has drank the bitter cup before me, and is my brother born for adversity, and precious companion in tribulation. I would glorify Him in the fires and praise Him to the last. You shall do it, for You are my life, and You are my praise, O my Beloved!

You will take these imperfect lines in token of love in Him which decays not with withering mortality. I am feeble and sore broken in the flesh—but the spirit is untouched, "our life is hid with Christ in God," and no disease or death can find it.

Farewell, in the undying love of our changeless Lord, yours ever most affectionately,

Ruth.

"Which things perish in the using," is strongly stamped on all below

01A.a34 Lessons in the furnace

Lessons in the furnace "He has done all things well." To Mrs. H., June 7, 1860.

I was grieved to hear of your affliction, my beloved Amelia. But while with affectionate sympathy I feel for your suffering, I know most fully that it was not by chance or in vain, for "Not a single shaft can hit,

Until the God of love sees fit;" and each shaft shall hit the right place, and accomplish His purpose. Oh! it is so sweet and quieting to know that Divine purpose runs through every event of our lives—"let fall some of the handfuls of purpose for her," not only handfuls of pleasant mercies—but also of afflictions and trials at the appointed season, while His will runs as a straight line through every crooked circumstance, and our dissolving into that will, shall be our peace amidst it all. I hope you are now restored to your usual health. Thanks for your note and Mr. H—'s, in both which I found a suitable word. I ought to have acknowledged them sooner—but I have been much worse. I am now reviving again—but very weak, having at times very deep exhaustions, at others much suffering. It is marvelous how I am kept in this state—but I know it is all right. If my gracious Lord will but be glorified thereby, I shall rejoice.

I have had the exercise of not seeing or hearing my Beloved, which was an additional trial under increased affliction—but at length He instructed me thereby from 1 Peter 1:7, and I felt the trial had been profitable and strengthening. I am now favored with more conscious nearness, which alleviates bodily suffering.

Excuse all defects, I am very feeble. I have not written it all at once, and find it difficult to write, my arm being so contracted; but never mind, "the lame take the prey," and sit at the King's table, so all is well. Adieu, my beloved Amelia. The storms of life will soon be over, the fetters of flesh will fall off, and the freed spirit reach its own element of holiness and love. With dear love in our lovely and loving Lord, I rest in Him, your very affectionate,

Ruth

01A.a35 The magnetic stone

The magnetic stone

ALAS! my God, that we should be

Such strangers to each other;

Oh, that as friends we might agree,

And walk and talk together!

You know my soul does dearly love

The place of Your abode,

No music drops so sweet a sound

As those two words, "my God."

I long not for the fruit which grows

Within these gardens here;

I find no sweetness in the rose,

When Jesus is not near. Your gracious presence, O my Christ,

Can make a paradise;

Oh, what are all the goodly pearls

To this Pearl of great price? May I taste that communion, Lord,

Your people have with You;

Your Spirit daily talks with them;

Oh, may He talk with me.

Like Enoch, let me walk with God,

And thus walk out my day,

Attended with the heavenly guards,

Upon the king’s highway. When will You come unto me, Lord?

Oh, come, my Lord, most dear;

Come near, come nearer, nearer still;

I’m well when You are near. When will You come unto me, Lord?

I languish for Your sight:

Ten thousand suns, if You are strange,

Are shades instead of light. When will You come unto me, Lord?

For until You do appear,

I count each moment for a day,

Each minute for a year.

Come, Lord, and never from me go;

This world’s a darksome place:

I find no pleasure here below,

When You do hide Your face.

There’s no such thing as pleasure here—

My Jesus is my all;

As You do shine or disappear,

My pleasure rise or fall.

Come, spread Your savor on my frame

(No sweetness is so sweet),

Until I get up to sing Your name,

Where all Your singers meet. To Miss W,

It is the fullness, freeness, and unchangeableness of the love of Jesus--which alone will draw the wandering heart back again. No sense of wandering will draw the soul back; no sense of backsliding will restore it. It is Jesus, Jesus only, who is the magnetic stone to draw the far-off one again to Himself and His dear embrace. It is the inflowing of His precious love which will dissolve the heart in true contrition for its wanderings. At a distance from Him it may see its backslidings, and remain hardened—but, under His warm beams, it will feel them, and be melted in adoring wonder, because it has so much forgiven. Oh! wrestle for a fresh revelation of Jesus in your soul; and rest not again until you obtain it. However long you may have to wait for it, wait on; for to them that "look for Him, He will appear" unto salvation, even experimental salvation, when needed. "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." To dear Miss W., affectionately, from an unworthy one, who has been ever bent to backsliding—but has often had to sing that dear wilderness song, "He restores my soul." Dear Miss W. will excuse this hasty line, which comes in His warm love from His gleaner who is longing for her joy in the Lord. Jeremiah 31:18-22.

01A.a36 Getting near the light

Getting near the light To Miss W,

September, 1857.

"Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the refiner."

"The refining pot for silver, and the furnace for gold—but the Lord tries the heart."

Beloved in Jesus—Your dear line rejoiced my heart; because it shows that the blessed Refiner is dealing with you to take away the dross, and bring you forth again from all besides to Himself, and for Himself. Oh! fear not the process which may be needful; fear not to see and feel the worst of your case. Cry for faith and patience to endure, while He turns His hand upon you to purge away your dross, and take away your tin (Isaiah 1:25). You will keenly feel the smart, and be truly shocked at your own treachery and unfaithfulness. But, oh, it is worth anything to be restored to the simplicity which is in Christ (2 Corinthians 11:2-3), again to live in endearing communion and fellowship as bosom friends. Tell Him daily that nothing but this will satisfy you. He can easily do it, as He so lovingly showed you on Wednesday. It was gracious of Him so to draw near, and say to you, "Fear not." He gave you afresh the savor of His good ointments (Song of Solomon 1:3-4) to draw you on in following Him; and, although, since that, you have seemed to walk in a barren land, allow me to remind you how kindly He takes it when we follow Him "in the land not sown." He condescends to say He remembers it (Jeremiah 2:2); and, though He speaks this in reproof, it is a reproof in such tender love, that it has often cheered and strengthened my fainting heart to follow Him amidst all felt desolations; while it has also laid me very low, in feeling that I had "left my first love." But "faithful are the wounds of a friend." Oh! may we be enabled to open our bosoms to receive them, and yield ourselves fully to the Lord; entreating Him to separate us from all which separates between our souls and Him. The same dear hand which wounds will heal, and whatever He removes to reveal more of Himself, will be, indeed, a gainful loss. May we each be brought to the spirit of the dear apostle, who counted all things loss and rubbish (Php 3:8) for a precious Christ; and may we not only be brought to it—but kept to it, for we are ever prone to turn again unto folly.

You do not know how unworthy I am, dearest Miss W., and also "of low degree;" but we are one in Jesus, and that is very sweet.

I must remember you before Him: I seem to get hold of your heart, and present it to Him, that afresh He may "entomb it deeply in His," that you may know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. I do so long for dear Christians to be brought to walk closely with God, and to live up to their high privileges. May I say that this will not be attained by looking at self or at each other—but by "looking unto Jesus?" When your eye is single, your whole body is full of light. The single eye has but one object—"Jesus only" (Matthew 17:8). Oh, may you, by the Spirit’s power, so lift up your eyes from all but Jesus, that you will be conformed to His image (2 Corinthians 3:18). I shall be most happy to hear from you. But do not expect to receive any better account of

yourself—rather a worse one; for, as you get nearer the light, you will see more of your own sinfulness. I do hope, however, to hear you speak well of Him, and that, as you feelingly cry out, "Behold, I am vile," He will melt your heart by responding, "You are absolutely beautiful, my darling, with no imperfection in you." May the Spirit be richly poured out upon you, that under His holy anointing you may experience Hebrews 12:1-2; Colossians 2:6-7.

R.B.

Chapter 152

01A.a37 Oh, this wondrous Savior!

Oh, this wondrous Savior! To Miss W.

November 2nd, 1857. My beloved friend—I rejoice in the token your dear letter contains of the Lord's leading, which I cannot doubt, though oftentimes you are not able to realize the teaching of the Spirit as you desire. It seems to me like that word in Hosea 11:3-4. All this was done to them of whom it is said, "My people are bent to backsliding from me," even to poor Ephraim, who seems in the Word to be often used as a type of the backslider. In this case he had wandered so long and so far as not at first to recognize the voice of the Good Shepherd, or to realize that He was really "restoring his soul, and leading him again in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake." But nevertheless it was so. The fact remained the same. Ephraim was a sheep, nor could all his waywardness make him a goat, although it robbed him for a time of much of the sheep's privilege, and kept him from feeding and resting in the green pastures; so that, instead of being fat and flourishing, he was lean from day to day. But now the Shepherd of Israel is seeking and searching him out from all the places where he has been scattered, "in the cloudy and dark day," and, though he has become so bewildered in judgment as not to know where he is, or who is guiding him, yet his faithful Friend will not leave him. He will bring him out from the people, and feed him in a good pasture: on the high mountains of Israel shall his fold be. "Ephraim loved idols." "Ephraim hired lovers." "Ephraim mixed himself among the people." Ephraim's goodness is "like a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goes away."

Now can my dear Miss W— trace any of her own features in this description of Ephraim? Is she convicted, in her own conscience, of the like evils, as she reads the charges against the backsliding one? Then, let her listen to the sequel, and, though Satan and unbelief may rob her of the comfort of many promises, by insinuating that she is not the character described, and they are not given to her, yet surely she may look for Ephraim-mercies, and plead Ephraim-promises, and hope in Ephraim's pardoning God, who says, "Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? For since I spoke against him I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my affections are troubled for him: I will surely have mercy upon him, says the Lord" (Hosea 11:8-9). Ephraim shall say, "What have I to do any more with idols?" "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for my anger is turned away from him," even from the Surety on whom their sin was found, and punished. From Him is the Divine anger turned away, because He has endured the utmost penalty which justice could require, and therefore a holy God can love us freely (Isaiah 53:6).

Oh, my beloved and longed-for, I know your dear heart is fully convicted of backsliding; here you can painfully read your name and character. Well—the Word abounds with rich promises to such; promises of correction, of reviving, and restoration. Search them out: you will wonder at their fullness and freeness. If you dare not think any other bosom of consolation belongs to you, this is an abundant one. May you, by faith, drink it in and be satisfied, and may the blessed Spirit bring home these free-grace promises so warmly to your heart, that it shall "dissolve in wonder, love, and praise." May you, by faith, look upon Him whom you have pierced, and mourn for Him, while

at the same time you rejoice in His benefits, and receive, by His precious blood, the blotting out of all transgressions. That blood has blotted them out of the Book, so that, when sought for, they shall not be found, and it alone can blot them out of the conscience; this also shall be done (Hebrews 9:13-14). Oh, this efficacious blood! Oh, this wondrous Savior! He opens the secret of our wanderings and transgressions, only to declare how entirely He has put them all away by the sacrifice of Himself.

Hear Him speak, Isaiah 43:22-26. Thus "He receives sinners, and eats with them," having been made sin for them, that they "might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Let us join to praise Him, for, if He had meant to destroy us, He would not have shown us such things as these. Oh, what mercy that He did not say, "Let them alone, they have loved idols, after idols let them go." What mercy that by His light He has manifested our darkness, and searchingly said to us, "Is there any secret thing with you? Has it not been thus with you?" And has He not caused you to reply, Psalms 139:23? Christ is the Way (John 14:6). Has He not raised you from the bed of spiritual sloth, to seek your Beloved? And have you not caught some little savor of His good ointments, drawing you on in seeking Him still? Oh, yes; your letter plainly declares it in those little revivings, inflowings of the Word, and encouragements at the mercy-seat; of all which you may say, "It is the voice of my Beloved, behold He comes, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." You cannot yet say He is come so as to embrace you—but His tokens are sure, and by them He is saying, "You shall see greater things than these." More of your own vile heart--and more of His loving heart. More of your sin--and more of His great salvation. More of your deformity--and more of His beauty. The blessed Spirit discovers both (John 16:8, John 16:14). Fear not, He will "perfect that which concerns" you; and, though you may not yet have felt the depth of your nature’s evil, as some have, you will learn it more and more as you go on (Ezekiel 8:13). Yet remember, this is not salvation, neither will it bring rest to your soul. But, in following Isaiah 45:22, "Turn to Me and be saved, all the ends of the earth. For I am God, and there is no other."--that will be found. It is while beholding Jesus by faith you will be changed into His image (2 Corinthians 3:18). I rejoice to hear you say that you are longing above all to know Him. Go on wrestling for it, and may you fully experience Php 3:7-16.

I, too, have felt the sweetness of that word, Isaiah 42:8. It is a consolation that when He brought us into the banqueting house, and said, "Yes, I have loved you with an everlasting love," even then He knew how faithless we should prove; therefore when that faithlessness came out in action, it did not diminish His love, or touch our union, though it did interrupt communion. I am glad, however, that He has so stirred you up, that you cannot rest without it, and that He has made you willing for any trial to the flesh, rather than to follow Him afar off. Do still beg for fuller revelation of Himself and His love. Do not be considering so much how you love Him, as how He loves you. Your love is but the effect; His is the cause; and the more you have to do with the cause, the more fully will the effect flow from it (1 John 4:19, and John 15:9). So with faith; if you would have it grow, it must be by looking at Him, not at it. In short, the more you "consider Him," and are continually coming unto Him, the more lively and healthy will be the graces of the Spirit in your soul, while yet you rejoice, not in your fruitfulness—but only in Him and in what He has done and suffered. If the Holy Spirit open this to you, you will find the secret of peace and power. It is all in Christ, and He says, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Away from self, away from all besides, to be absorbed in Him. Then shall your peace flow as a river, and "your righteousness as

the waves of the sea" (Micah 5:5; Jeremiah 23:6). I am ashamed of writing so much—but know not how to leave off. Jesus is very precious, and you are dear; and I long for your eye and heart to be fixed on Him. Then will your course be steady, and you will not be greatly moved by the many changes you will ever find within. Your letter breathes with tokens of life. You could not feel His blood so precious, and long for His love, unless you were alive; and I believe He is come to you that you may have life more abundantly, and that your heart, which seemed desolate, may be again tilled sown (Ezekiel 36:32-38).

If it is for the Lord’s glory that we meet again, He will bring it about. But if you expect anything from me, you must be disappointed. "He will not give His glory to another." Jesus will be all your need, and, if we ever meet, both looking to Him, it will be a warm meeting indeed.

It has pleased my dear Lord most wonderfully to renew my bodily health. Oh, for grace to spend all in His service. He has been most kind, to open the "upper springs" sweetly since my return home. Oh, press on after a life of faith in Jesus, for it is next in blessedness to a life of glory with Jesus. Beg of the blessed Spirit to draw your faith out continually upon His Person and work. Then will you find that He is a "good land, flowing with milk and honey." I long for you to be brought to rejoice in the Lord, and have sweet fellowship with Him. May He keep you pleading and waiting for it, until He shall say "Be it unto you even as you will." He loves our importunity, and waits to answer prayer.

R. B.

P.S.—You mention that sometimes all you thought you had enjoyed seems a delusion. You say, "I do not know what to do in such cases." Come to Jesus afresh, in all your emptiness, as if you never had received anything from Him, and He will not cast you out; no, never! If you fear you were deceived, and think you had false peace and comfort, come and tell Him, and ask Him to take away the wrong, and make you right. Hide nothing from Him. Thus you will get more relief from self, and victory over Satan, than by any other means. Let nothing keep you from Him.

R.B.

01A.a38 The trial of faith

The trial of faith

Dear Miss W.

I am so delighted and thankful that you have been enabled to follow your Beloved in a land not sown, still pursuing after Him when He seemed to go away, and still waiting, though He answered you "never a word." I well know the painful feelings when there seems to be no access, and faith is so enfeebled that one can hardly recognize to whom one is speaking. Still it is not in vain. It is for the trial of faith, and though it seems a "fiery trial," faith shall grow thereby, so long as the soul is kept waiting on. "Add to your faith patience." See how long the worthies of old had to wait for any promised blessing. "They who thus sow in tears shall reap in joy" (James 5:7). You must not always measure success by present feelings. Seek to have your heart fixed, trusting in God, and not in what you feel (Isaiah 30:18). Wait on, wait ever. One has well said, "If the Lord seems to shut His door against you, it is not to keep you out—but only to make you knock the louder." Therefore, though the vision tarries, wait for it. Before long the dry fleece shall be wet with the dew of heaven, for the promise is, "I will be as the dew unto Israel." Do not be discouraged by your own dryness and barrenness. You must realize this, that the Lord alone may be exalted, and that you may thankfully say, "All my springs are in You."

R.B.

01A.a39 All in Jesus

All in Jesus

Dear Miss W.

September, 1858.

You complain of having but little of the sensible love and presence of your Beloved, and that once you enjoyed much more. I do not know sufficient of your experience, to be able to judge whether the Lord is withholding sensible enjoyments to bring you to live more by faith upon Himself than upon His benefits. If so, I am sure the more you are brought so to live upon the precious Person and work of Jesus, the more stability of soul you will experience. Your soul being brought to triumph in Him who is the "Lord our Righteousness." I know not whether it be so, or whether the Lord is saying Revelation 2:4-5; if so, you will cry Psalms 19:12, and Psalms 51:12. But, however, though no fellow-pilgrim may exactly understand your present exercises and position in the Divine life, your dear Lord knows all about it; and, if you closely wait upon Him, He will reveal what He intends, by the change in your experience. Oh! may He cause you to come out of self continually, and find your all in Jesus. The Lord establish, strengthen, and settle you on the Rock, as David sings (Psalms 40:2). My heart longs that it may be thus with you, for this is the victory that overcomes; all faith in Jesus and in His doing and suffering. Excuse all this from one who longs that your heart may be "established with grace." To Him I commend you—may He be revealed more fully in your soul.

R. B.

Chapter 155

01A.a40 We must learn our weakness

We must learn our weakness Ockbrook, May 18th, 1849. My dear A—It had already been in my mind to write to you, and now that you have sent me a note, I will try to answer it, feeling most sensibly that the Lord must be my Teacher, or, indeed, I shall darken "counsel by words without knowledge."

You say, "My mouth is shut"—it seems to have been so with one of old (Psalms 88:8; Psalm 2:15; Psalms 142:7). And Jesus says to His Church that she was "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed," so you see this shutting up is old-fashioned work, even in the living family; therefore you must not conclude it to be a black mark against you, though it be a painful one—but rather cry more earnestly to Him "who shuts and no man opens;" but, blessed be His name, He also "opens and no man shuts." Do not, my dear boy, restrain prayer before God—if you do, I am sure your soul will suffer loss, and Satan will gain the advantage. Perhaps you will say, "My mouth is shut up in prayer--I cannot pray." Then that is just a reason for you to go to the Lord, and to be much in secret before Him, who alone can help you. If a spirit of prayer is a blessing, it is worth seeking for, and remember you will not seek in vain! You know the Lord does not expect us to bring to Him—but to receive from Him. We come empty-handed for a supply, so just bring your prayerless heart (if it should be such) to Him, to put prayer into it. Tell Him, with all simplicity, that you would pray—but cannot; and beg Him to do for you as He promises in Zechariah 10:12; if you cannot utter words--stay and groan at His footstool, rather than be driven away. I can say from experience it is good to do so; even if no present answer seem to come, I am sure it is not in vain.

You say the Bible is a sealed book; do not on this account cease to search it, for where else can you go to find so purely the words of eternal life? We are to watch daily at Wisdom’s gates, and to wait at the post of her doors. They are pronounced blessed who do so, and the words "watch" and "wait" seem to imply that there is not always an obtaining wisdom’s lesson. We must be exercised in patience, as well as in knowledge. Well do I know what it is to be without dew and unction, when I seem to have lost old lessons, and to have learned no new ones. Yet do I always find it best to keep close to that garden of the Word, where I so often have had the showers from heaven; and, however long the season of dryness, they have always come again, and so it will be to you.

Read straight forward, for you know not at which chapter or verse the seal will be broken. Jesus will do for you as in Luke 24:27, Luke 24:45; and then you will not want my poor encouragement to "search the Scriptures." Proverbs 13:4, 1 Timothy 4:15, are God’s own words. You say, "I am as though forsaken," just like the Church of old (Isaiah 49:14). But God contradicts her: "They may forget, yet will I not forget you." Seeming absence and distance are the times for proving our faith, and it is a mercy if we are helped to trust our God in the dark. "If we believe not, He abides faithful;" and He says, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man takes from you" (Isaiah 54:7-8). I trust, before long, your drooping soul will say, "It is the voice of my Beloved, behold, He comes;" and you will say, "Why should He regard me?" Which question can only be resolved into His own Holy Sovereignty. No sinful child of Adam can see why God should

love him; each Spirit-convinced soul feels himself the most unlikely one to have been noticed, and can only say, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Your sight." The Scriptures also show us that God’s choice and love was of His own will--without one desert or deserving of the creature--for His own glory. And, moreover, we see plainly that He has not taken the most excellent things—but rather those which seem most weak and base to the outward eye (1 Corinthians 1:27, 1 Corinthians 1:29). Here, therefore, you will find no ground of exclusion, yet do not look into your little self for a cause to induce Divine love. But look up at the mighty Jehovah, and admire His majestic movements in not stooping to the creature for a motive to move His love—but coming forth in His own sovereignty to love and save freely. How does this thought exalt Him, and abase us! Oh! it is just beautiful, to lay and keep us low.

Now, having looked over all your statement, I can find nothing contrary to the common exercises of the Lord’s people, and quite believe you must prepare to "endure with hardness," if you are a soldier of Jesus Christ; for it is His will that those who reign with Him shall also suffer with Him, and also that they shall have many varied exercises in the discipline of the wilderness. We must learn our weakness, as well as His strength; our emptiness, as well as His fullness; our ignorance, as well as His wisdom. We must experience that our hearts are like the fallow ground, as well as that He is like the dew unto Israel; and we must have times of shutting up, that we may afresh give Him the glory of opening again, and that we may be kept feelingly saying, "All my springs are in You." When some new exercise seems painful, it is a mercy if the Lord gives us a desire to go through, rather than to turn away from it. If we are more anxious to learn instruction, than to be relieved from the unpleasantness of it, this is a healthy state of soul, and so walking, we shall understand that the Lord does nothing in vain. But that all the humbling and emptying frames that we are brought into are for our establishment in Him, and for His glory. In short, that all is for "the lifting of Jesus on high" in our souls. This is the constant work of the Holy Spirit, to bring us to be experimentally nothing, and to make Jesus our "all in all," thereby teaching us to live by faith upon Him. Then does our experience correspond with Jeremiah 17:7-8; and Psalms 97:11. But do not be discouraged, because you are yet learning your nothingness; this is really needful to make way for the rest. Do not seek to exercise yourself on things too high for you, or be comparing yourself with others, for this will only be an occasion of stumbling to you. But ask to be kept in simplicity, begging of the Holy Spirit to show you how the Lord may be glorified, and how you may be edified by your present state. In this way, you will often find that "out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness." Ah! and that the Lord can teach by a dry fleece as well as by one soaked with heavenly dew. May He bless you, and give you understanding in all things. You know that I have been very ill, and at the same time very well. Like 2 Corinthians 4:16-18. Ah! truly I could tell you much of the love, power, and preciousness of my blessed Jesus. But I thought it might be more for your profit to take you upon your own ground, and to talk over your feelings rather than describe mine. But this I must say: I have proved that there is a reality in vital godliness which will stand amid the decay of all that is fleshly, and I have learned that Jesus loves at all times, and in the depths He is a solid Rock to those who put their trust in Him. May the weakness of my words throw no confusion over your mind. But may the wind of the Spirit (Job 37:21) pass by and cleanse them. May you, by His power, have the application of the precious blood, and the imputation of the perfect righteousness, and a close walk with God. So affectionately desires your very sincere friend,

R.B.

01A.a41 Spiritual Growth

Spiritual Growth My dear A—I feel quite sorry to have been so long without writing to you—but many things in mind and body have seemed a hindrance, so you must excuse it, and not think yours was uninteresting—it is far otherwise. To hear the faintest sigh after heart-acquaintance with Jesus is always deeply interesting to me, and surely it is such "smoking flax" He will not quench, and such "bruised reeds" He will not break. He is a tender Shepherd; He knows the lambs cannot travel very fast, so He will sometimes gather them in His arms, and carry them in His bosom; while, at others, He will allow even those little ones to feel the roughness of the road and their own weakness, that they may be emptied of self-confidence, and walk humbly, confiding in the Lord alone. All Divine leadings are in Divine sovereignty, and we cannot mark out any specific line, either for ourselves or others. But this we know, that all who are born of God shall be led and taught by the Spirit, and all such do feel sin hateful and holiness desirable. They hunger and thirst after righteousness—Christ and His manifested pardon is the object, either of their desire or of their enjoyment. To understand the Holy Scripture, and to find a blessing in ordinances, they also seek after, longing at the same time to realize, communion with God and with His saints; such desires are proofs of spiritual life, and where there is life there shall be growth, although, as I before said, the way and manner thereof is sovereign. Some learn war in their youth, and have all their enemies coming out against them, when as yet they scarcely know under whose banner they are fighting. This was my own case; and, though it seemed very hard, I now bless God for it, fully proving that "it is good to bear the yoke in one’s youth." We must learn to fight, if we are of the living family, and those who sing and make merry in early days are often very uneasy when the trumpet calls them from the banquet to the battle; and when, after the green pastures, they have to follow their Lord "in a land not sown." However, all His ways are right ways, and in the end each will say, "He has done all things well" (Psalms 107:7). They shall all prove that "the end of a thing is better than the beginning." Balaam might well say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his;" but, alas! he had never been led forth in the right way—by the footsteps of the flock; he did not hunger and thirst after righteousness—but "loved the wages of unrighteousness," and received them (Romans 6:23); by the sword of Israel was Balaam the soothsayer sent to his reward. And now dear A—, there may be nothing in all this that will meet your case. I am sure there will not, unless His hand be in it, whose power steered the bow which was drawn at a venture, causing the arrow to enter just between the joints of the harness. He knows whether you need a wound or a balsam—remember, He wounds in order to heal, and kills that He may make alive. I covet His workings in your soul (as shall seem best to His godly wisdom), to keep you from false peace and false refuges, and to bring you the true light when you seem to sit in darkness and the shadow of death; to give you also knowledge of salvation by the felt remission of your sins, and to guide you into the way of peace. These things are the work of God (John 6:63). But as He condescends to use instrumentality, and that often of the weakest kind, we are encouraged to write and speak to one another, not knowing when or by what word a blessing may be given or received. On this ground, therefore, I would affectionately encourage you, dear A—, to seek for more openness on this dearest of all subjects. You are restrained in

speaking and in writing, partly, perhaps, from natural reserve, and partly from the working of the enemy, who well knows how many blessings the saints got, when in simplicity they speak, "often one to another," of their fears and feelings, and of the things which belong to their everlasting peace. He remembers, also, how many of his snares have been broken and his temptations blunted, when fellow-pilgrims have taken sweet counsel together, and spread each other's hard cases before the Lord. Therefore, while he cares not how much lip-talk there is between professors, he will try hard to hinder heart-talk, especially between young Christians; he will hold them back with the fear of speaking more than they feel, and professing to be what they are not; and then he will strive to keep them from the helpful encouragements and counsels of those who have tried the road before them, and whose affections yearn over them in the Lord. Think of these things, and the Lord grant that with the heart you may believe, and with the mouth make confession unto salvation, to the glory of His name. Do not wonder if you are assailed with unbelieving or atheistical thoughts, when reading the Scriptures, or at other times. These are all weapons formed from beneath by the master of black arts, and the iron of them has entered into many a redeemed soul, making it to cry out in great bitterness, "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" Satan knows he cannot destroy them, although he is permitted at times to envelope them in thick mists, making it to appear as if there were no covenant-keeping God, and no Divine authority in the Scriptures, or reality in the religion of Jesus. But he only hurls these fiery darts in order to get the Bible closed, and the footstool of mercy neglected, that the soul may sit down in hopeless gloom, with the eye turned away from the only place of refuge. Though he thus distress, he shall not destroy; and soon the poor heart shall say, as in Micah 7:8, "Rejoice not against me, O my enemy," etc. These painful things are more or less the lot of Zion's pilgrims. But in all these we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us, and He will bruise Satan under the feet of everyone, weak or strong, who put their trust in Him, and who have been caused to fix their hopes upon Jesus, who is entered within the veil. For all such He will arise and rebuke the cruel foe, saying, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

You asked about the badgers' skins which covered the tabernacle. I am not wise enough to explain that mystic sanctuary, all of which was full of meaning. But, as both the tabernacle and the temple did prefigure Christ and His Church, and as the tabernacle was covered with rams' skins, dyed red, and with badgers' skins, those beasts must necessarily have been slain before these skins could have been so used. Methinks herein beams upon us, as through a lattice, the death of our gracious Savior, who condescended to be slain as a sacrifice for His Church, whom also His righteousness covers. Do we not here see, in these rams' skins, dyed red, the precious blood of our glorious Surety flowing out from His scourged and pierced body with crimson hue, and also a rich covering of spotless and perfect righteousness to justify? Oh, to be under this red covering, "accepted in the Beloved," "complete in Him;" oh, to know the value—feel the efficacy of blood Divine. (Hebrews 9:22) All things in the Heavenly Tabernacle—every living vessel in the upper sanctuary has blood applied by the Holy Spirit. No knowledge, or gifts, or feelings, will do in the place of this—no living vessel is too small to experience it, and none so great as not to need it; you may not yet have felt its powerful application, though you may be in the true sanctuary, under the red covering, which betokens that full atonement has been made. But as the rams' skins were hidden by the badgers' skins (Exodus 24:14), we may learn that there must be personal revelation and application of the atonement, before we can feelingly enjoy the benefit; and for this may you be stirred up to pray. And now I commend you to "Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to

present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." And, with best wishes, Believe me, yours very sincerely,

R. B.

01A.a42 It is well

It is well

(This letter was written under peculiar circumstances, when the friend to whom it is addressed had just heard that Ruth was suffering from an incurable disease.) Bethel Cottage, December 27th, 1854.

"And she said, It is well." My precious A—, I thank you for your affectionate note, which is very sweet to my heart, because it savors of Him, and He does not let you hang on my skirts, to hold me back from His embrace. I thank you, in His name, for all your tender expressions of love—I will not say sympathy, for you know I need none, even as the betrothed needs no sympathy when her Beloved comes to claim her for Himself. She may have to leave those who are very near and dear—but she is sure to find all more than made up in Himself; and, mark you, the closer you walk with Him, the less will you realize separation. Seek to live very closely with your Beloved, and He will give you many good things, which yet you have no conception of (1 Corinthians 2:9-10).

I much feared to tell the nature of my ailment. But, as my health was failing, it did not seem right to hide it longer from my loved ones; and, do you know, since it has been disclosed, my precious Lord has lovingly said to me, when I have felt timid, "Why should you be ashamed of what I have done?" and I answered Him, that if He will be glorified and revealed in it, I will, for His sake, forget all the rest. Oh, yes; most gladly would I glory in my infirmity, if He be thereby magnified in this body, whether by life or by death. As for the affliction itself, I call it a bosom friend, because it tells of home, where every heart will always burn with love, and glow with praise. It seems to me like receiving a card of invitation to go to the King’s palace. Every line and every letter is love; though the flesh has suffered, the Sun has long since arisen with healing power, and I truly praise Him for it. It has been like the first day; "evening and morning"—the shade first, and afterwards the brightness. My precious Lord distinctly said to me, some months ago, Revelation 3:10, and Isaiah 43:2. Then must I not praise Him? Oh, yes; and here, in the midst of the waters of affliction, would I set up a stone of memorial in honor of His love and faithfulness, who has helped me hitherto. I do cry to Him that my precious friends may have a large rich blessing in this my mercy, and through it they may have a sweet savor of Jesus, to swallow up the ill-savor of this corrupting body, and be so taken up with Him, that, together, we may have a foretaste of that fullness of joy which is in His presence for evermore.

I see not an inch of the road before me, and have no stock of strength or ability for the journey. But I must live moment by moment on the Lord God, who will make my feet like hinds’ feet, to tread upon very high places—even the God who performs all things for me. Moreover, to use another figure, I must lie in the arms of my Beloved as a helpless infant—without wisdom or power to do anything for myself—but believing that "the everlasting arms of love" will prove a safe conveyance. I have only one deep, sharp-pointed pang, which makes me daily mourn, and that is, the thought of my unfaithfulness, and the dishonor done to my dearest Lord since I have known His love. I know He has forgiven all, and that His own precious blood has paid the uttermost farthing—but

such love makes me hate myself the more, and ever hide my blushing face in His dear bosom, singing, "Sovereign grace over sin abounding!" Who is a God like unto You, multiplying and manifesting pardons to those who have "nothing to pay?"

Oh! what a blessed Jesus we have—who can so soften affliction and so sweeten Marah's bitter stream, making us exceeding joyful even in tribulation, so that I lack power to praise Him as I would. Oh, that my heart were a ten-stringed instrument, and my life a living epistle, in which all might read Him. But, alas! it is so blotted over with unbelief and other sins, that it is hard to pick out His dear name in most of the pages. Oh! when I see Him face to face, and behold those love-prints in His glorious body, what shall I feel? That will be heaven—not one of harps and crowns, or of anything else—but JESUS and the open vision of His unveiled glories, the ineffable glories of Deity, and perfect beauties of humanity ever beaming with new effulgence in the person of our Bridegroom. Then shall we reflect His glory, and show forth His praise. But I must cease; being still in the body, though sometimes at the gate of heaven. My dear —, you are young in experience. I feel towards you as 2 Corinthians 11:2-3, fearing, lest by any means--not that Jesus would lose you—but you would lose Jesus, experimentally; lest any should take your crown of rejoicing from you, and cause you to cast away your confidence. May He keep you very close to Himself, and, whatever strange voices perplex, may He cause you to listen to what your Lord says in John 21:22. Remember also 2 Timothy 3:12. There is much which is called godliness which is not "living godly in Christ Jesus." To know nothing but Him—to delight in no other—to look nowhere else for holiness, happiness, and fruitfulness—this is the life of faith so fought against by unbelief and carnal reason, both in ourselves and others, as well as by Satan, who knows that hereby he gets more overcome than in any other way (Ephesians 6:16; 1 Peter 1:13-15). May the Lord the Spirit open to you this way of faith, and keep you therein to the end of your days, as Galatians 2:19-20; Proverbs 4:18. I can now testify that it is a solid and blessed reality, notwithstanding my instability. The Lord bless and comfort you (Psalms 87:7). He says, in substance, "All my springs are for you."

Thanks, many, for all kind wishes. I am most unworthy of any love, and often wonder my Lord can bear with me, I am so unlovely in all things, so unlike His handmaids. But it is all His love which flows to me through your heart, and His love is a bottomless, shoreless ocean, in which we shall be absorbed forever and ever. Our union is forever in indissoluble bonds.

Yours, ever in Him,

Ruth, the happy gleaner

Chapter 158

01dA.95 Counsels to a young man entering the ministry

Counsels to a young man entering the ministry

(To Mr. Macdonald. June 1855. Written by request, after a long conversation.)

Dear brother in the Lord,

You have set me a task in again requesting me to write the substance of our conversation. You are surrounded with many deep streams in books and in experienced servants of the Lord, and you have at hand "the well-spring of wisdom, which is a flowing brook;" also you have within the well of living water (John 4:14) springing up, and the anointing to teach; (1 John 2:27) but as you have again expressed the desire, I must try, in humble dependence upon the blessed Spirit, of whom our Lord said, "He shall teach you all things, and shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatever I have said unto you."

I think we first spoke of preaching to dead sinners—that they should be told of their guilty, lost condition, and entire corruption, their sin set before them; (Acts 2:23; and Acts 3:13-15) also the only way of escape, and that continuing in sin, they must perish. (Psalms 9:17) Their responsibility must be appealed to, (Acts 17:28-31; 2 Corinthians 5:10-11) and that not on the ground of their capability—but of God’s rightful sovereignty, He not having lost His right to command, though they have lost all power to obey. Their complete helplessness must be stated, not leading them to think there is any power in the creature, and yet showing how they are responsible to the Divine law, and that because of transgression the wrath of God comes upon the transgressor. We did not speak of the law—but surely its holy requirements should be set forth in their spirituality, in reaching to the thoughts and intents of the heart, in order to show out transgression; (Romans 3:20) not because any can meet its demands, yet all are under it until released by the glad tidings of the gospel, coming by the Spirit’s power. The law is for "the disobedient," (1 Timothy 1:9) and what it says is to them who are under it, to stop every mouth, and prove all guilty before God. (Romans 3:19)

Also it is needful to set forth what must be fulfilled before any can be justified. Then comes in the great Law Fulfiller, who could lay His hand on both parties, giving to the Lawgiver rich satisfaction, and to the lawbreaker honorable salvation. Here is "a door of hope," and "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up," and when the Spirit opens the eyes, the sin-bitten look and live! Thus while the law shows out man’s utter deformity, (Romans 7:8, Romans 7:13) it shows the Savior’s beauty, for He was fully conformed to its pattern. (Matthew 5:17; John 17:4) By faith in Him the soul experiences full benefit of all He did and suffered, which is the only way of salvation, (Acts 13:38-39; John 3:36) and this faith is the gift of God. (Ephesians 2:8) As to direct addresses to dead sinners, it has been said, "You might as well stand in a churchyard and call to a corpse to come out of the grave," which is most true as regards the state of a sinner, and the power of a merely human call. But God told Ezekiel to prophesy to dead and dry bones, (Ezekiel 37:2-4) which was like preaching to dead sinners. The

Lord’s ministers speak to all dead in sin, warning and teaching every man, being at the same time quite sure that the word will only be used to gather out those who are chosen, (Acts 13:48, and Acts 15:14) and equally sure that this can only be done by the power of the Spirit. They, feeling much for perishing sinners, "preach the word," and warn with great earnestness, yet place no dependence upon their feeling or their earnestness or their use of the letter of Scripture—but entirely on the Spirit, without whose power there will be no signs following, neither the quickening of the dead, nor the comforting, reproving, and edifying of the living. Therefore, while warning and teaching in season and out of season, as Colossians 1:28, 2 Timothy 4:2, they continually recognize that God must give the increase. (1 Corinthians 3:6-7; 2 Corinthians 4:4-7)

We spoke of exhorting dead sinners to pray. Proverbs 28:9, and Proverbs 15:8, seem to be against this, the sacrifice of the wicked being there said to be "an abomination to the Lord;" but it is evident that Peter did so exhort Simon Magus, (Acts 8:22-23) for he told him to repent and pray for forgiveness, even while plainly perceiving that he was "in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." Also, he exhorts the Jerusalem sinners to repent, (Acts 3:19) yet not with any view to creature power either in them or himself, for, in Acts 5:31, he clearly states that repentance is the gift of Christ; but while he so exhorted them, the Lord blessed the Word, for we read that many which heard it believed. (Acts 4:4) Ministers should so use the Word as the sower does the seed, knowing that the Spirit alone can prepare the heart and give it entrance as well as cause it to spring up.

We spoke of the invitations of the gospel as being given to character. Are not the hungry invited to the bread? the thirsty to the waters? and the weary and heavy laden to Christ for rest? And while the character is described, many poor and needy ones will find their token. But, then, we saw they are not to rest in being the character—but seek relief and rest alone in the Savior, as He says, "Look unto me and be saved;" and it is written, "They looked unto Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed." The Spirit does not direct to His own work in them—but to the work of Jesus, "He shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you." The Spirit says, "come," and the bride echoes His word "come;" and why? "Come," because the fountain is so full and free—the blood so life-giving and strengthening—the rest so refreshing! "Come," because the blood is so efficacious to cleanse, the righteousness to justify. Come to Jesus as sinners, His benefits are for sinners. This encourages seekers who do not know their "election" of God, which is a glorious truth—but not the first step on the ladder—they have to do with "calling," and that is to sinners. (1 Timothy 1:15) The Spirit makes them feel that they are sinners, and the Spirit directs them to the Savior as crucified for sinners, and He often does both by the preaching of the word. And as the soul is enabled to come to Jesus, and to look away from self to Jesus, the Father is honored who gave Jesus, (2 Corinthians 9:15) and draws sinners to Jesus, (John 6:44) and accepts them in Him. (Ephesians 1:6) The Spirit is honored who testified of Jesus, (1 Peter 1:11) and Jesus is honored in what He has done and suffered. (1 Peter 2:24) Thus the Triune Jehovah is glorified, and the soul strengthened to "walk up and down in the name of the Lord." (Zechariah 10:12)

We spoke a little of preaching personal experience. Experience must not be put in the place of Christ, (2 Corinthians 4:5) nor encouragement from experience used instead of encouragement in the Lord our God; (1 Samuel 30:6) yet to tell somewhat, at times, of personal deliverances may more reach the case of tried and tempted souls, than only stating the Lord’s power and willingness

to deliver. To describe the malady and tell the skill of the physician may be the principal thing; yet for the minister to mention occasionally some feature in his own case, and how the efficacy was personally proved, may tell home on the heart of those who are in soul-distress.

Paul did not scruple to tell what he had experienced when cited before the rulers of his people, (Acts 22:1-30, Acts 26:1-32) though this may not be considered as an example of preaching. But may not 2 Corinthians 1:4-6 bear favorably upon some use of personal experience? You know we fully saw that some of the Lord's ministers are more used for comforting and edifying His people, and others for the calling of His dead—the Spirit working in each individually as He will. On personal experience we remarked, that while it is good to live in a constant sense of dependence, feeling that without divine power we cannot think, speak, or do anything to the divine glory--yet that it is making a wrong use of this, if therefrom we draw excuse for an inactive or unexercised state of soul, which rather betokens unhealthiness than true dependence. The Lord having given us natural life, we look for Him to give power for the exercise of that life (when we are in health) in eating, drinking, walking, and working. And so being made spiritually alive in Christ Jesus, it is our privilege to look for divine power to exercise the spiritual faculties and the graces of the Spirit; not only to recognize that we have life—but that we may be feeding on Christ, rooting in Him and growing up into Him; so that while deeply feeling the truth of His words, "Without me you can do nothing," we may also come to the experience of His servant, who said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." Not only acknowledging that "in Him all fullness dwells," but seeking, by the Spirit's power, to have the exercise of faith thereupon, and be receiving of that fullness grace for grace. By exercise, faith is strengthened.

These were the points of our converse, and both our ideas are embodied, though many fresh scriptures have flowed in writing.

You must be sure to send me word wherever you differ, as it may tend to edification. Further search into truth is not labor in vain, and most sweet is the promise, John 16:13. The Lord ever bless you and set you apart for Himself by the Spirit's anointing. "Meditate upon these things, give yourself wholly to them."

Ever yours in Jesus,

R. B.

02.01. The BIOGRAPHY of Ruth Bryan, 1805-1860

The BIOGRAPHY of Ruth Bryan, 1805-1860 "Your eyes shall see the King in His beauty." Isaiah 33:17

Reader, This little book is sent forth with much prayer, that the anointing of the Holy Spirit may distill upon your soul in reading it; and that the faithful testimony it bears to the eternal love of God the Father, the redeeming grace of the Lord Jesus, and the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit—may be the means of encouragement to many tried and tempted souls. It breathes throughout of a full, free, and unconditional salvation to "the poor and needy."

JESUS, as the Alpha and Omega, was the one theme of the writer. He was as the dew to her soul; she had so beheld His glory, that she could truly say, "You are fairer than the children of men. Grace is poured into Your lips." "All Your garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia." "His mouth is most sweet. Yes, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend." May the savor and fragrance of His precious name be "as ointment poured forth to you.

"Do not grudge to

Pick out treasures from an earthen pot."

"They shall speak of the glory of your kingdom, and talk of your power."— Psalms 145:11 .

"Who has despised the day of small things?" was a question put to the prophet in days of old. And again, to the same prophet, it was declared, "Not by might, nor by power; but by my Spirit, says the Lord of hosts." In blessed keeping with this testimony, the apostle in after days says, "God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and things which are despised has God chosen, yes, and things which are not, to bring to nothing things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence." We have abundant proofs still that the Lord, in the exercise of His Divine sovereignty, for the display of His own wisdom, does choose and make use of instruments, apparently the most unfit and unseemly, to carry out His own eternal purposes, that glory may redound to His great name.

None who were acquainted with the disposition of RUTH BRYAN, naturally so diffident and retiring, could have supposed there was within her so deep and privileged an insight into God’s Word, qualifying her in an eminent degree to impart to her fellow-pilgrims the sweetest and most glowing views of the "truth as it is in Jesus." Taught as she had herself been by the Holy Spirit, in a clear and most experimental way, she was thereby fitted to minister from her own heart to the hearts and consciences of others. Moreover, the scenes of trial and deep soul-exercise through which she was called to pass, from her earliest years, prepared her all the more to "weep with those that weep," and "to rejoice with them that do rejoice." The subject of this brief sketch was born in London, July 6th, 1805. Her father was at that time engaged in trade, but was soon after providentially called to Nottingham, to preach the everlasting Gospel.

Almost from infancy Ruth became the subject of pious impressions. Her mind opened as it were unconsciously. So gentle was the work of the Spirit in His early operations, that in speaking of it she would say it was like Mark 4:26. The seed had sprung and grown up, she knew not how. Hence the after work and the whole course of her future life was the more conspicuously of God. Without doubt, the very tender way in which the Lord first began to deal with her, tended to produce the like spirit which so specially characterized her daily life. As in her own case, there had been, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear;" so she in turn was ready to watch and wait patiently for the buddings and blossomings of grace in others: feeling peculiarly jealous of cutting off any in whom she perceived the faintest breath of spiritual life.

Although her education was adapted to the position she occupied, Ruth had a mind far above the measure of instruction she had received. She possessed a quickness of mental perception, combined with striking originality of thought, which plainly proved her to be a person of no ordinary capacity. This high order of mind is evinced by her letters and meditations, which are remarkable throughout for clear arrangement of ideas and power of expression. No doubt the lack of intellectual culture, of which she was conscious, led her to depend more entirely upon the teaching of the Spirit of truth, who by His grace developed and matured these His natural gifts. Had it not been so, she might have been more easily drawn aside from the simplicity which is in Christ, by one or other of the many specious devices and ensnarements with which Satan in these last days seeks to entrap unwary souls (2 Timothy 3:1-7). From early youth, when as yet she "knew not the Lord," Ruth showed great tenderness of conscience, which was observable even in her fellowship with her school-fellows. Among other things, she would shrink from the trifling use of scriptural expressions, while at the same time she tried to influence her companions to do likewise; thereby manifesting the benefit of careful and godly training.

It has been said that hers was emphatically "the life, walk, and triumph of faith." But be it remembered, that this was not the lesson of a day; before such a blessed life could be attained, self must be brought low. The process was a painful one. Many years of darkness were appointed her, during which time she had to wade through deep waters of heart-exercise, while groaning under the bondage of the law. She had occasional gleams of hope, but her usual frame of mind was one of doubt and uncertainty, to which many experienced Christians can bear witness who then knew her. She had not yet learned to follow that wise counsel—

"Pore not on yourself too long,

Lest it sink you lower." The heavy cloud at length passed away; Ruth’s jubilee day dawned. After sixteen years of soul anguish, Jesus Himself proclaimed liberty to His captive one. The word of the Lord came expressly to her soul, and she was free indeed (John 8:36). From that happy day of her great deliverance, she may be said never to have become "entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

Let it not be thought, however, that her conflicts were over. It was far otherwise. She groaned daily under felt corruptions, and was ofttimes sorely harassed by the enemy; yet was she enabled by precious faith to hold fast the beginning of her "confidence steadfast unto the end." Neither did she rest satisfied with the mere knowledge of her acceptance "in the Beloved." She was ever seeking fresh revelations of His glorious person, and pressing after closer communion with the adorable Trinity; and that with wrestlings and watchings, yes, even with fastings.

We must not pass over the Lord’s providential dealings with His child. She had naturally a sensitive and clinging heart, which made home associations very dear; and seemed to unfit her to bear the brunt of the storms which gathered round her path. But He saw it good to sever these earth-born ties, by calling away the beloved parents to whom she was accustomed to look for help and sympathy. Thus was Ruth left "a sparrow alone," to trust in her best Beloved. From the following pages of her Diary, it will be seen how she was brought sometimes into great straits as regards temporal provision; doubtless, for the trial of her faith. At her mother’s death she was left with a small income, which from different causes gradually diminished, so as scarcely to supply her necessary wants. Under these circumstances she did not eat the "bread of idleness," but sought to increase her little store by doing needlework. Yet, in spite of her endeavors, she was often in painful extremities, at which times she indeed proved that "it is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man." Her expectation was from Him, therefore to Him alone did she confide her pressing needs, carefully keeping them secret, even from those friends who were on terms of the closest fellowship with herself, and who would have esteemed it a privilege to minister to her needs. On one occasion, when called, like Israel of old, to pass through "a place of straits", such was her importunity, that she spent five hours on her knees, wrestling with the Lord. Like Daniel, she set her "face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications with fasting" (Daniel 9:3). Nor did she wait for Him in vain. He speedily sent the needed help, granting her the very sum for which she had been led to plead. By such deliverances was her faith strengthened, and she was emboldened to flee with every difficulty to the mercy-seat. But Ruth had other cares than these to occupy her mind, she was far from being engrossed with her own sorrows; for grace had given her—

"A heart at leisure from itself,

To soothe and sympathize." And it was truly her delight to fulfill the apostolic exhortation, "Bear one another’s burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." She was often mourning her unprofitableness, but gladly embraced every opportunity of witnessing for the Lord, or of helping His tried and afflicted people. For many years she had a weekly meeting, for prayer and spiritual communion, in her house. This was frequently felt to be a peculiarly sacred season. And there are some who cannot forget the sweetness and savor of her soul-breathings on those occasions. Her prayers were the pleadings of a child, the solicitations of a friend, the entreaties of a spouse; in a word, it was RUTH over again, coming often "softly," when it was in feeling "midnight" with the soul, laying herself at the feet of the heavenly Boaz; and, in answer to His "Who are you?" exclaiming, "I am Ruth, your handmaid; spread, therefore, your skirt over your handmaid, for you are a near kinsman."

It was, perhaps, more especially to individual cases she was most helpful, both by word and letter. The weak plants in the Lord’s vineyard were her special care. She loved to lift up "the bruised reed," nor would she willingly quench "the smoking flax," while she ever sought to direct the eyes of such little ones to the great Burden-Bearer, and to "the word of His testimony." It might be here adduced, as a striking proof of her intimate acquaintance with the deceitful workings of the human heart, that her prayer had often been, that, if blessed to the conversion of any, she might not know it, lest she "should be exalted above measure." It was so. She was not permitted to wear this "crown of rejoicing" here; on which very account, she would sometimes grieve, failing to recognize herein another request granted.

"The happy Gleaner," a name by which she often called herself, was peculiarly exempt from all party spirit. She felt union with all who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, but her heart was most closely knit to any in whom she saw His image brightly reflected. She was diligent in attending the means of grace where her lot was cast, having been nourished in "a field which the Lord had blessed;" she scrupled not, however, to glean from other fields any parched ears of corn, which were reached her by the Lord's reapers.

It will be apparent to the readers of these pages, that, as Ruth neared the promised land, her Lord seemed to be ripening her for glory; but it was in "the furnace of affliction" that He continued to try this precious daughter of Zion, "comparable to fine gold." She had for some time discovered symptoms of the painful and lingering disease of cancer, which ultimately caused her death. From feelings of delicacy she forbid to make it known, until the marked progress of her disease made it necessary to have recourse to medical aid. When the tidings of her approaching dissolution were first disclosed, her heart was saddened and depressed. She shrank from the prospect of the sufferings appointed her, and avoided any reference to the subject. But soon she was brought into blessed submission to her Father's will, and enabled to glory in her infirmities, while she lay passive in His hands. At such times she would say she needed no sympathy, it was but the beckoning hand of her Beloved, saying, "Come up hither." From the trying nature of her disease, irritability might have been expected; but no, the power of the indwelling Comforter kept these earthly tempers in abeyance, and the lessons she had so long been learning at the feet of Jesus were now evidenced by the patience and forbearance which characterized this latter stage of her pilgrimage. She could never be persuaded to resort to opiates, even in the most distressing moments, lest she should lose her powers of mind, and consequently her spiritual joys. In this she seemed to have her Lord's example in view, when He refused the vinegar, and rather desired thereby to have personal fellowship with Him, "filling up that which was behind of the afflictions of Christ" in her flesh for His body's sake, the Church. And now nothing remains, but to tell of the transplanting of this "lily among thorns" from earth's barren waste into the "paradise of God." As in life, so also in death's dark valley, she sought to be alone with Jesus. Hers was not a triumphant death-bed. No excessive joy was manifested there, but a quiet waiting for the Lord's best time to call away her ransomed spirit from the body of its humiliation, to see Him "face to face," whom not having seen she loved. His sweet peace was keeping (garrisoning) her heart; and to the very last she enjoyed blessed communings with her Lord. On the night before her decease she refused the presence of any friend to watch by her, lest it should disturb this holy converse with the King of saints; but she was overheard pleading with Him, just prior to the shining into her soul of the beams of the eternal day.

Early on the morning of July 27th, 1860, she was found unconscious, and, in less than an hour after, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, to wake up after His likeness.

Thus have we endeavored to trace the outline of the quiet life of Ruth Bryan, with some of her heart aspirations. It will be perceived she was one of the Lord's favored children, often privileged to walk in His sunshine, and to dwell under His shadow. But be it remembered that the beauty of her character was all of GRACE. Without its wonder-working power, she would have been but a cumberer of the ground, a stone in nature's quarry; but the Lord, in His Divine sovereignty and matchless love, took her from thence, to cleanse, and clothe, and consecrate her for Himself: and, under the hand of the Great Refiner, she was prepared and adorned to take her place among the

living stones in His heavenly temple. This little work is now committed to the care of the heavenly Farmer; who alone can sow the precious seed, and, when sown, is able to give the increase.

03.01. Volume 1

Choice excerpts from the diary and letters of RUTH BRYAN

Break this hard, hard heart!

(Written at the age of seventeen)

I seem to have some feeling about Divine things; but, alas! this afternoon am as stupid as usual. Nothing, nothing will break this hard heart! Oh, that I may be directed by the Spirit of truth to the right way of happiness!

I fear that I am not affected as I ought, and have only a faint desire to become a Christian; and that merely to escape hell. Lord, have mercy upon me! Lead aright; break this hard, hard heart! You, Lord, know what I would have, even the forgiveness of my sins. During service was as cold as a stone! Oh, when will this vile heart be melted and subdued by divine grace?

Oh, what a picture!

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During service I was as cold as a stone! Oh, when will this vile heart be melted and subdued by divine grace? I have no faith, no humility, no sense of sin, no

confidence in the promises, no fear of the threatened punishments; nor anything that I ought to have!

Oh, what a picture!

O Lord, break this heart into ten thousand pieces! Oh! I would sooner suffer all horrors and terrors imaginable, and be saved at last—than be in my present dreadful and stupid state. Break—break, oh, break my heart, and make me give it entirely to You, O blessed Savior!

To a vile Magdalene

Never had anyone . . . so rich a Banker, so kind a Husband, so tender a Shepherd, so forbearing a Captain—as I have in my glorious Christ!

The more I venture—the more He encourages.

The bolder I am—the kinder He grows.

The more I expect—the more He gives.

I cannot tire or wear Him out, for He is full, yes, fullness of grace, mercy, love, and compassion!

The one-half of His glory has never been expressed by mortal tongue; nor the thousandth part of His ravishments and condescension conceived by those

who have not felt them. This, this is my—oh yes! my Beloved—and this is my Friend! Oh, what mercy to have another love-glimpse of Him.

I look at myself with wonder of amazement and overwhelming delight—because a monument of saving, sovereign mercy! Happy! unspeakably happy! Amazing miracle of superabounding love!

Hasten the day when in His full-orbed glory I shall lose my sorrows and my sins forever! I adore and magnify Him for His mercy—amazing mercy—to a

vile Magdalene. Hallelujah! Amen!

The believer’s perfection

I am most exceedingly distressed by my sins, and feel the need of Jesus’ precious blood every hour! I need a supply from the Fountain! "On that day

a fountain will be opened . . . a fountain to cleanse them from all their sins and defilement." Zechariah 13:1

Feeling fully what I am in myself, and provingafresh that "in my flesh dwells no good thing"—in this sad state I fly to Jesus as my only refuge!

Oh that the depth of my sin and misery may be overcome by His rich grace, that with Mary I may weep at His dear feet, and love much, having much forgiven.

While in the body we shall never be free from sin. I had been looking for something from and in my flesh which the Word of God does not warrant me

to expect. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh"—and ever will be!

The believer’s perfection is in Christ. Oh that He may condescend to teach me, and lead me to look straight out of self—to a glorious Christ!

"And you are complete in Him." Colossians 2:10

Sweet comfort

During the past night I have again been called to suffer much bodily affliction and very severe pain—but was favored with such sweet comfort from my

precious Savior that it seemed light; nay, I thought I could willingly bear a life of such suffering—if I might constantly enjoy His presence!

Oh, how delightful was the hope of an eternity of glory, and how sweet the thought that when life’s journey was ended, the veil would be drawn aside,

and no cloud ever again intervene to hide from my soul, even for one moment, the lovely countenance of my adorable Jesus!

Ten thousand thanks to you, dearest Savior, for this love-glimpse! I long for more tokens of Your love, and thirst for more constant communion with You!

Such is my frailty, that I am ever prone to sin. Come, precious Jesus! chase away these thick clouds, and let me behold Your lovely countenance, and be so captivated with Your charms, that I may never more give my heart to earthly objects!

Tell your sorrows and secrets

"This is what the Lord says—Cursed are those who put their trust in mere humans and turn their hearts away from the Lord. They are like stunted shrubs in the desert, with no hope for the future. They will live in the barren wilderness, on the salty flats where no one lives. But blessed are those who trust in the Lord and have made the Lord their hope and confidence. They are like trees planted along a riverbank, with roots that reach deep into the water. Such trees are not bothered by the heat or worried by long months of drought. Their leaves stay green, and they go right on producing delicious fruit." Jeremiah 17:5-8

How I do like this passage! It is so descriptive of the blessedness of trusting in the Lord alone; and the sterility and disappointment of all creature confidence!

I know not your present difficulties, nor need I know them, for I could not bring you out of them! But I do bless the Lord that He has brought you into the very best posture of soul—looking to Him alone. Tell your sorrows and secrets to this your Friend, watch His eye, obey His bidding—and go not to carnal and lower means for relief.

Adieu in our heavenly Bridegroom, and in His undying love,

Ruth

The secret of peace and power

"Let us fix our eyes on Jesus." Hebrews 12:2 The work of the Holy Spirit is to bring us to be experimentally nothing, and to make Jesus our "all in all," thereby teaching us to live by faith upon Him.

Oh, may you, by the Spirit’s power, so lift up your eyes from all but Jesus, that you will be conformed to His image (2 Corinthians 3:18). But do not expect to receive any better account of yourself—rather a worse one; for, as you get nearer the light, you will see more of your own sinfulness. I do hope, however, to hear you speak well of Him, and that, as you feelingly cry out, "Behold, I am vile!" He will melt your heart by responding, "You are absolutely beautiful, my darling, with no imperfection in you!"

Oh, this wondrous Savior! He opens the secret of our wanderings and transgressions—only to declare how entirely He has put them all away by the

sacrifice of Himself! Oh, what mercy that He did not say, "Let them alone, they have loved idols, after idols let them go!" What mercy that by His light, He has manifested our darkness. You shall

see greater things than these.

More of your own vile heart—and more of His loving heart.

More of your sin—and more of His great salvation.

More of your deformity—and more of His beauty.

Do not be considering so much how you love Jesus, as how He loves you. Your love is but the effect; His is the cause; and the more you have to do with the

cause, the more fully will the effect flow from it (1 John 4:19, and John 15:9).

So with faith; if you would have it grow, it must be by looking at Him, not at your faith.

In short, the more you "consider Him," and are continually coming unto Him, the more lively and healthy will be the graces of the Spirit in your soul; while yet you rejoice, not in your fruitfulness—but only in Jesus and in what He has

done and suffered. If the Holy Spirit opens this to you, you will find the secret of peace and power. It is all in Christ! He says, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Away from self, away from all besides—to be absorbed in Him. We must learn . . . our weakness—as well as His strength; our emptiness—as well as His fullness; our ignorance—as well as His wisdom.

May your eye and heart to be fixed on Him. Then will your course be steady, and you will not be greatly moved by the many changes you will ever find within. Oh, press on after a life of faith in Jesus, for it is next in blessedness to a life of glory with Jesus. Beg of the blessed Spirit to draw your faith out continually upon His precious Person and work. Oh! may He cause you to come out of self continually, and find your all in Jesus! The more you are brought so to live upon Jesus, the more stability of soul you will experience. To Him I commend you—may He be revealed more fully in your soul.

Not puny, sinful worms!

Deliverance seldom comes in the way we look for it; for "Who has directed the Spirit of the Lord, or who gave Him His counsel? Who did He consult with? Who gave Him understanding and taught Him the paths of justice? Who taught Him knowledge and showed Him the way of understanding?" Isaiah 40:13-14

Ah, has not the Lord frustrated our purposes over and over again! I cannot tell you with what majesty this passage has often come to my mind—"Who gave Him His counsel?" Not puny, sinful worms! He will counsel for them—but not with them. "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure."

Yet "fear not, worm Jacob, I will help you"—help you to stand still and see My salvation; or help you to walk on in the dark in a rough and unknown path—just as My wisdom sees fit.

Spiritual eyesight is not given to look at the outward path—but to look at our Guide; not to look before us at the way we are going to travel—but to look only at Him who will guide us safely through all, who will Himself be our way. Oh, to be kept abiding in Him, and constantly looking unto Him! It is most safe and blessed—but very contrary to flesh and blood!

"I will lead the blind by a way they did not know; I will guide them on paths they have not known. I will turn darkness to light in front of them, and rough places into level ground. This is what I will do for them, and I will not forsake them." Isaiah 42:16

Spiritual health and strength

"My flesh is real food and My blood is real drink. The one who eats My flesh and drinks My blood lives in Me, and I in him." John 6:55-56 It is a present act—"eats" and "drinks." Is the very life and death, person and work of Jesus—the daily feast of your soul? Are you eating His flesh, and drinking His blood? Let us see to it, that we are seeking spiritual health and strength in no other way than by the continual, daily feeding on Christ!

There is an ever fresh, ever full, sweetness in heaven’s precious Lamb! Oh, this precious truth! It is gospel wine to my poor soul!

We have such a Christ that we little think how far His glories and His matchless love surpass what we have ever yet conceived. We do not make half enough of Him—heaven’s brightest gem, and richest treasure! Oh, that the precious Comforter may reveal Him more and more—that we may count all other things but filth and dross.

Our works are all broken and faulty

As long as we look to ’our evidences’ for comfort, we shall be full of disquiet, for we discover . . .such weakness in our faith, such wavering in our hope, such coldness in our love, yes, such shortcoming in everything, that we cannot find here any rest for the sole of our foot, as regards spiritual confidence.

It must be all in Christ! "He is the rock, and His work is perfect," while our works are all broken and faulty. Oh! may the blessed Spirit set your feet upon this Rock, and establish your goings there. May He enable you to make the venture of faith, just as you are, with wants and woes, sins and fears.

The bitten Israelites were not healed by looking at their wounds—but at the brazen serpent, which was a type of Christ. And so while you are poring over your sins and yourself you will only sink lower!

May the blessed Spirit enable you to look forth with the eye of faith to the Lamb slain, and to come away from self and all besides—to Jesus!

Oh that I could so speak of the worthy Lamb as to set your heart on fire with love to Him and longing after Him! Adieu, dear friend. The Lord bless you, and in His own time strengthen, establish, and settle you.

With kind love in our adorable Emmanuel, I remain, though most unworthy, yours affectionately,

Ruth Bryan

Faith’s view of a crucified Redeemer

My beloved friend,

We want to be something—but our Father has determined to make and keep us nothing—so that Christ may be experimentally our all.

I hope you are a little more looking unto Jesus—a little more leaning upon Him amid your many weaknesses. He can bear all your weight, for He has borne all your sins, which are the worst part of your burden. Oh, that by the Spirit you may get a faith’s view of a crucified Redeemer—the peerless Pearl, the matchless perfection of beauty and love!

"Yes, He is altogether lovely!" Song of Solomon 5:16

We are both in the furnace!

"He will be like a Refiner and purifier of silver; He will purify the sons of Levi and refine them like gold and silver. Then they will present offerings to the Lord in righteousness." Malachi 3:3

Well, dear friend, we are both in the furnace! Much, very much vile dross has in my case risen up—but my blessed and patient Refiner sits watching the process. Nor does all this dross, hateful as it is, make Him forsake the work of His hands. He will have me know a little of what is in my heart—that I may know more of what is in His heart—even love, most invincible, unalterable, unquenchable love! Love which endures to the end, amidst all my wickedness, and wandering, and ingratitude. It is indeed astonishing! Into the blessed depths of this love I desire to be daily sinking, in all the fresh discoveries of my utter worthlessness and vileness—that thus I may praise Him more who has redeemed me from it all!

The Lord does not show us how bad we are to cause despair—but to show forth the riches of His grace in saving us, and to call forth new songs of praise to Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood!

Oh, my dear friend, Jesus is worthy to be praised in the depths as well as in the heights. He is near, and dear, and precious in the hour of affliction. In the path of tribulation, He gives some of His choicest fruits and wines—to revive those who are faint and weary in the wilderness.

Oh! may you be helped, yes enabled, "to trust in the Lord at all times"—not only when you feel His love and have the shine of His countenance—but also in the dark and wintry day when clouds veil your sky, and sorrow invades your

soul. "When I am afraid, I will trust in You."

Have you ever been caught in this snare?

"Give us today our daily bread." Matthew 6:11

Whatever your heavenly Father calls you to, He will support you under. But He will not give the manna for tomorrow, or strengthen you for the next trial, while you have it only in anticipation. "As your days, so shall your strength be." And herein I read my own foolishness; often wearing out present strength with fears and forebodings of future trials; thus far disregarding present mercies, and rebelling against the Lord’s will, because unlawfully anticipating it.

Being naturally of an anxious mind, I must say that thus foolish and ignorant have I often been, and surprised when brought to discover how much I was

dragging into the present hour, what did not belong to it. Have you ever been caught in this snare?

"So don’t worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will bring its own worries. Each day has enough trouble of its own." Matthew 6:34

Constant religious engagements

"They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but my own vineyard have I not kept." Song of Solomon 1:6

We may be active in our Lord’s cause—but not spiritual in our own souls. We may be earnest for the salvation of others—but not be living in the joys of salvation ourselves. We may be instrumentally distributing the bread and water

of life—but not be enjoying daily refreshment in our own experience. I do sorrowfully think that this is too much the case in the present day.

The reason why I thus judge, is from finding people so lively in conversing upon what they are doing for the Lord—yet so slow to speak of what He is doing for them. They seem delighted to tell of the great things which are going on all around—but immediately shrink back if any ’heart subject’ is brought home to them.

In fact, if one speaks of personal enjoyment of the love of Jesus, there is no response from some—but they put it down to the score of egotism. While others refer to years past, when they did feel Him to be precious—but they confess that they know little of it now. They are so occupied in what they call ’working for Him,’ that they hear little from Him, say little to Him, enjoy little of Him, and may truly say, "While I was busy here and there, He had left."

It is most lamentable for any living soul to be in constant religious engagements for the good of others—while following Jesus "afar off." Very many such I fear there are; as well as hundreds who only know Him in the judgment—and yet are continually reading, teaching, and conversing on His blessed name. This is a day of great profession—but yet real vital godliness is at a low ebb, and close walking with God in sweet communion is too little sought after.

Solemn, indeed, are these facts!

We may well say, with David, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; test me and know my thoughts. Point out anything in me that offends You, and lead me along the path of everlasting life." Psalms 139:23-24

"Thus it was with me."

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound!" Romans 5:20

Ah, indeed! I felt there never was such a wretch, such a living mass of putrefying sores and corruption! Others might be worse outside—but I felt the sin was not less polluting, because it worked chiefly within. And I thought if the Lord ever saved me, I would be the greatest wonder in heaven, and that there never could be such another trophy of redeeming love! Nothing less than sovereign power and irresistible grace would ever be sufficient for such a hell-deserving one as myself!

Thus it was with me. It seemed too good to be true—that I, who deserved the lowest hell, and had felt so long as though I were hanging over it—should

be delivered forever from it! "Deliver her from going down to the pit—I have found a Ransom!"

The blood of Jesus is the only way by which a poor sinner can enter into heaven itself. Coming with that precious blood, the vilest shall not be shut out, for it "cleanses from all sin."

Secret sin, open sin, old sin, long-continued sin, sins against light and knowledge, sins against judgment and mercy, known sin, unknown sin, every kind and manner of sin which a poor trembling, Spirit-convinced sinner feels—

does this powerful blood take away!

My sins were as scarlet, my guilt of crimson dye; but blood of a richer hue which flowed out from the veins of my precious Savior has made me white as snow! None need despair, since He has saved such a worthless, hell-deserving one as myself!

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound!"

What a mercy, then, to be stripped of all

I must confess that God generally deals very contrary to my expectations. Yet "He does all things well." It is "Sweet to lie passive in His hands, And know no will but His."

I have proved . . .my own strength to be complete weakness, my own wisdom to be consummate folly, my own righteousness to be filthy rags.

What a mercy, then, to be stripped of all, and have . . .Christ for wisdom, Christ for righteousness, Christ for strength, Christ for purity, Christ for power,

Christ for beauty, Christ for holiness, Christ for acceptance above, Christ for our daily walk, Christ for our daily work, Christ for rest, Christ for food, Christ for medicine! Yes, to know nothing among men or before God—but Jesus crucified and glorified! To His loving heart and powerful arm I again commend you for all your needs.

Yours affectionately,

Ruth The experience of this union

"And you are complete in Him." Colossians 2:10

Truly, my dear friend, we should be learning more and more how completely He has saved us in Himself, and how constantly He delights in us with all His heart, so that we have no need to seek for anything in ourselves to make us more entirely accepted or more loved.

"He cannot love us more, nor will He love us less; for in loving her (His Church, His Bride,) He loves Himself."

Viewing us in Himself, He ever says, "You are absolutely beautiful, my darling, with no imperfection in you!" And the response of faith and love is, "He is altogether lovely!" (Song of Solomon 4:7, Song of Solomon 5:16)

The experience of this union releases the soul from a host of cares and anxious thoughts.

It is your Husband who hangs bleeding there!

"I will make you My wife forever, showing you righteousness and justice, unfailing love and compassion. I will be faithful to you and make you Mine, and you will finally know Me as Lord." Hosea 2:19-20

Well may it be asked, Who is this wondrous Beloved, who would go to such depths for His spouse; and on whom the weak one is leaning as she comes up out of the wilderness?

Ah! He is the same who, from all eternity, was the great "I Am!" the mighty God, by whom all things were created, who is before all things, and who holds all things together!

It is He who, in the fullness of time, scorned not the lowly Virgin’s womb, but became a babe.

It is the same glorious Person who was seen coming with crimson-stained garments, traveling in the greatness of His strength, who tread the winepress of Almighty wrath alone!

It is He whose countenance is as the sun shining in his strength, yet whose "visage was marred more than any man’s, and His form more than the sons of men."

It is the same glorious Person who is a holy One of the holy ones; and yet "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief!"

It is the same glorious Person who is "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners;" and yet "numbered with the transgressors."

Under the weight of sin and its punishment, Jesus agonized in the sacred garden of Gethsemane, and sweat great drops of blood falling down to the ground. Oh, those rich, rich drops from His precious veins! They are of more value than all the gold and gems His hands have made!

This is the matchless Bridegroom of whom we speak—who, on Calvary, was stretched on the accursed tree, and there finished the love-scene of His mystic sufferings!

Come, sit with me a moment beneath the shadow of His cross! Look up, and remember it is your Husband who hangs bleeding there!

It is the Bridegroom, in love for the Bride, enduring those unknown pangs! See how His holy flesh is bruised with scourging, and His precious hands and feet pierced with rugged nails! How is His heavenly brow torn with piercing thorns, and His dear side with the cruel spear; each gaping wound proclaiming, "Man is guilty—God is love! But God is justice too!" Oh, see His precious blood trickling down. It flowed forth for sinners like me—like you!

Look and wonder!

Look and be comforted!

Look and adore!

"Here look until love dissolves your heart, And bids each slavish fear depart!"

O glorious Lord, we worship You!

"Your beauties we can never trace Until we behold You face to face!"

We love to meditate on Your sufferings, but rejoice that they are over. You have suffered, and you die no more! You have gone to our Father and to Your

Father; and we are expecting you to "come again" and receive us unto Yourself, to be with You, and behold Your glory; when, in nobler and sweeter

strains we'll sing Your never-dying love, and tell Your power to save; while with open face and ravished heart—we forever gaze upon Your matchless beauty!

"May you experience the love of Christ, though it is so great you will never fully understand it!" Ephesians 3:19

She is ugly!

Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! that this most glorious Immanuel, the Prince of Peace, whom angels worship, and before whom the seraphim bow—should from all eternity engage to come and seek His Bride from this poor world, and claim her for His own!

Yet so it is!

But she is filthy and polluted! (Ezekiel 16:6; Job 15:14-16; Isaiah 64:6) Then His own precious veins shall pour forth the rich crimson flood to cleanse her, (Revelation 1:5) and His Spirit shall open the fountain to wash her from her sin and

uncleanness. (Zechariah 13:1)

But she is naked and bare! (Ezekiel 16:22) Then He will cast His skirt over her, (Ezekiel 16:8) and will for her, weave in the loom of the Law (Romans 5:19) fine linen—clean and white—a robe in which she shall be fit to appear at His court!

Moreover the Spirit shall bring near the righteousness of Jesus, (Isaiah 46:13) clothing her with "the garments of salvation," and covering her with the "robe of righteousness," "as a bride adorns herself with her jewels."

But she is diseased! (Isaiah 1:5-6) She is a leper! (Psalms 51:5) Yet will He bring her health and cure, for He says, "I am the Lord who heals you;" and He is actually made to be sin for her, (2 Corinthians 5:21) that she might be made "the righteousness of God in Him."

But she has no personal charms—she is ugly! Then He will put His loveliness upon her, and through it her beauty shall be perfect.

But she is poor! So He bestows Himself and His fullness upon her—and thus endows her with unsearchable riches!

But she is unwilling, and has no heart to the match, for she obeys a hostile prince! (Ephesians 2:2-3) Her delights, too, are in the world and the flesh. A new heart will He give her, and a right spirit will He put within her. The Holy Spirit shall make her willing in the day of His power. "I will cause you to forget your images of Baal; even their names will no longer be spoken." (Hosea 2:17) So that, prostrate at His feet, she shall say, "Lord, our God, other lords than You

have ruled over us, but we remember Your name alone!"

And now that the Spirit has touched her heart, she feels she is diseased, and discovers her filthiness and nakedness, knows she is ugly and poor, and cannot think the Bridegroom's heart is towards her, or that she can find favor in His eyes. And therefore she cries out, "I am black!" "Behold, I am vile! My

loveliness has turned into corruption!" But He overwhelms her by responding, "You are all beautiful, my love, there is no spot in you!"

Then she exclaims, "Place me like a seal over your heart, like a seal on your arm; for love is as strong as death!" He replies, "Do not be afraid, for I have ransomed you. I have called you by name; you are Mine! When you go through deep waters and great trouble, I will be with you. When you go through rivers of difficulty, you will not drown! When you walk through the fire of oppression, you will not be burned up; the flames will not consume you. For I am the Lord, your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior!"

Now she ventures, with a captivated heart, to declare, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His! He is the chief among ten thousand! He is altogether lovely!"

"May you experience the love of Christ, though it is so great you will never fully understand it!" Ephesians 3:19

For His poor Rachel

Did Jacob serve seven years for his Rachel—by day in the heat, and by night in the frost—and did they seem but as a day unto him—for the love he had for her?

Our spiritual Jacob has far exceeded him! He left the throne of His glory for His poor Rachel, and took her humble flesh in the form of a servant; and

for her sake served thirty-three years under the Law! He bore the heat of temptation, weariness, and thirst; as well as the cold of reproach and scorn, and the malice of sinners against Himself. This He thought not too much; for when He had finished the work on her behalf, for her He cheerfully entered upon the most bitter part of His sufferings, which made even His mighty heart to shudder with agony, while His dear lips prayed—"O my Father, if it is possible, (with the rescue of my Bride) let this cup of suffering be taken away from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as You will."

Behold the depth of His unflinching love! The 'cup of curse' must be drunk, or the captive Bride must perish! And so He takes the bitter cup, and does not turn away until every dreg is consumed! And the same sacred lips which emptied it could say in triumph, "It is finished!"

For the joy that was set before Him (of possessing His beloved bride) He endured the cross, despising the shame, and has now sat down at the right hand of God, until the blissful consummation before assembled worlds, when it

will be joyfully proclaimed, "The marriage of the Lamb has come, and His wife has made herself ready!"

Then shall the spiritual Jacob and His Rachel meet and embrace, and part no more forever! She awaking up after His likeness, shall be satisfied! And He seeing her in glory, (the very travail of His soul,) shall be satisfied likewise!

"May you experience the love of Christ, though it is so great you will never fully understand it!" Ephesians 3:19

Cancer, go to that child!

(Ruth wrote the following when dying of cancer.) "I have much inward fever, making me restless and uneasy at night, but I have been led to see this fever as my Father's servant, obeying His will. God says, 'Fever, go to that child, and work in her frame, and disturb her rest;' and it comes, but all is in covenant love. He has said also, 'Cancer, go to that child, and wound her flesh, and sap her strength;' and it has come, and is doing His work and His will—but all is love."

"The waters of affliction have risen higher this month, but, safe in my living Ark, I am unhurt. It is sharp to flesh and blood, but right to faith. I am not always light and bright in my feelings; but oh! what blessed security and solidity do I find in my precious Rock! There I am, come what may! Angels might envy my joy—joy in the flood and in the flame. Hallelujah!" "The LORD is my rock, my fortress, and my savior; my God is my rock, in whom I find protection. He is my shield, the strength of my salvation, and my stronghold." Psalms 18:2

Why cling to the ash-heap?

Oh, why should kings' sons and daughters go lean from day to day? True, these heavenly viands do spoil one for earth-born cares—but then much less

of earth's good things suffice, when we thus live in and upon a glorious Christ.

Oh, come, Spirit-born and heaven-bound ones—why do you so linger around earthly trifles? Why cling to the ash-heap? You are princes—this befits you not! There are such loves, and glories, and wonders in Jehovah-Jesus to be enjoyed even below, as yet we little think of! Oh, come, let us arise, and go to Jesus!

"Earth has no dainties half so sweet As my Redeemer brings."

Jesus, our divine Magnet, attract us to Your dear Self!

The key which fits every lock

"When the Spirit of truth comes, He will guide you into all the truth." John 16:13

What a wonderful book is God's Bible—as opened to the heart by the Spirit! Christ is the key which fits every lock, both in the book and in the heart.

"When the Counselor comes, the One I will send to you from the Father—the Spirit of truth who proceeds from the Father—He will testify about Me." John 15:26

Blessed Jesus! You are the living key by which every secret in the Word is opened, as the blessed Spirit uses and reveals You in them.

Adorable Immanuel, Moses wrote of You, the Psalms and prophets speak of You. Open my dull understanding to discern You through the types and through the shadows. Show Yourself through these lattices, and open my heart to receive You experimentally in all. Eternity will be too short to utter half Your praise. Oh, cause me to lisp it more constantly and feelingly in the low notes of the wilderness!

All I need

Oh, my precious Savior! You are all I need for time and for eternity. You are . . .my rest in weariness, my ease in pain, my strength in weakness.

Is anything too hard for the Lord?

Is anything too small for the Lord?

Is anything too great or heavy for the Lord?

No!

My beloved and my adorable Lord, I fall into Your arms for support, guidance, and blessing.

Indeed, I am unworthy of the least of Your mercies, and I feel it. But Your mercies are free! Oh, the wonders of Your love, that can bear with such weakness and wanderings as mine! I worship and adore You, and would joyfully sink into Love’s unfathomable abyss, where sins and self are lost!

Oh! my precious Savior, how blessed is Your presence amidst the storms of this weary land! How does all that is of earth recede before the overshadowings of Your presence! Precious Lord, draw me more and more into Your secret chamber, where worldling never came, where the flesh was never fed.

The precious Sufferer on that middle cross

I have been looking much at the last hours of my precious Lord, this morning. I have been somewhat beholding the precious Sufferer on that middle cross.

Both the thieves railed on Him. But one of these thieves, by the power Spirit, was brought to confess his own sinfulness, and by the same Spirit to call Jesus "Lord." Then how sweet was the answer of peace, "Today you shall be with Me in paradise." Thus did redeeming love break forth in a refreshing stream from that suffering heart and those parched lips—to give drink to that other sufferer, who was, indeed, "ready to perish."

After this, came the cry of agony, "My God, my God, why have You forsaken Me?" Oh! that was the climax of woe!

And then those mysterious words, "I thirst!" Mere bodily suffering was not all which was couched in these words. But that righteous One was dwelling with the devouring fire, and enduring what would have been "everlasting burnings" to us. The wrath of the Lawgiver was going forth upon the sin which was found upon Him. He thirsted, as in hell—that He might "lead us to fountains of living

waters" in heaven!

And those tender looks and words to His mother and His beloved John, do indeed manifest a heart without an atom of that selfishness which we inherit by the fall.

Then came the end, when, after receiving the vinegar, Jesus said, "It is finished!" Then bowing His head, He gave up His spirit. What amazing weight and fullness is in those three words, "It is finished!" Finished for me, the vilest of the vile, whom You have privileged to stand, with dear Mary Magdalene, at the foot of Your cross, and listen to Your dear lips, which, even there, drop as the honeycomb. If these 'sips in grace' are so sweet—what will those 'draughts in glory' be?

Truly, I have almost seemed to stand with Mary Magdalene beside Your cross, and gathered up these precious fragments with wondering love, and mingled joy and grief.

Oh, precious Christ, eclipse all earthly vanities, by revealing Yourself more fully!

If You gave me a mountain of gold

"Behold, I am vile!" Job 40:4

"I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Job 42:6

I fall blushingly at Your dear feet, and loathe myself for my many abominations and shortcomings. Glorious Lord, pardon and restore vile, vile me! I fall into Your arms of 'injured love', to accept whatever punishment You shall appoint. I deserve the worst You can inflict. But, oh! for love's sake, let me see Your loving frown, and feel Your loving stripe—but not find You gone.

Your absence is hell to the heart which has seen Your glorious charms, and felt Your matchless love. Oh, do not, do not leave me! And do not let me leave You! I fly to Your blood, and cleave to the crucified One.

O Lord, if You gave me a mountain of gold—I would turn from it, or climb over it—to get at Your precious self!

I loathe myself beyond expression

I feel a vile, unworthy, unholy being. I loathe myself beyond expression. But the blood and righteousness of Jehovah-Jesus is my confidence, and here I have a place of refuge.

"What a wretched man I am!" Romans 7:24

"Christ died for the ungodly." Romans 5:6

"My salvation and glory depend on God; my strong rock, my refuge, is in God." Psalms 62:7

Immortal scars?

"Then I saw a Lamb, looking as if it had been slain, standing in the center of the throne." Revelation 5:6

Alas! those wondrous wounds! Have they left immortal scars? Will You, through all eternity, wear those marks of Your matchless love?

And will You, in those blissful realms, dissolve our souls in holy rapture and adoring love, by saying, "Look at My hands and My feet—it is I Myself!" Surely, if anything could add beauty to that

glorious form, it would be, in the eyes of love, those deep engravings—"I have engraved you upon the palms of My hands."

I am again almost overcome with love—my Beloved is so precious! And surely You, O Beloved, are engraved on the table of my longing heart. Oh, grant another glimpse of Your surpassing charms! I would sink into Your arms, and

recline on the bosom of Your love!

Blissful exchange!

My exercise this evening is renouncing self entirely: good self, bad self, self pleased, self displeased, self in its complainings, beseechings, enticings, desirings, self entirely.

Oh that it may be once and forever!

I embrace my all-lovely, soul-satisfying Christ—instead of my self! Blissful exchange! Perfect purity and beauty—for ugliness and vileness!

O Holy Spirit, enable me ever to renounce self, forsake creatures—and embrace Jesus!

What mortals so pursue My Jesus is my rest and refreshing, in all my weariness. As I lean on Him—I triumph. When I confer with flesh, and look to creatures—I get shame and loss.

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I have now earnest desires for new commitment to a precious Christ, as my all in all; that the shadowy things of time may less cumber me, however contrary to flesh; and to live Christ be my one concern.

Now I yield up all to You, and myself to follow afresh hard after You, and afresh to "count all things but loss" for Your sake. Oh, my beloved, my all-lovely Savior, You are gain, and gain enough. My precious Jesus, Your

fellowship is what I seek; and for it give up as rubbish, what mortals so pursue: riches, honor, appearance, fleshly indulgence.

I desire a quiet, secluded life—little with the world, much with Jesus. Come, with Your conquering charms, and all-absorb this longing soul of mine!

"Yes, everything else is worthless when compared with the priceless gain of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord. I have discarded everything else, counting it all as garbage, so that I may have Christ." Php 3:8

In my cage

"He will take these weak mortal bodies of ours and change them into glorious bodies like His own." Php 3:21

There has been, indeed—but a step between me and death. But here am I, still fettered in clay, and my soul still encaged in the wires of mortality. But through them beams the glory of the better country, and the loveliness of my Beloved. And though yet in my cage, I can sing His matchless

love and worthy praise, for the dear Comforter has tuned my heart. How to recount the Lord's mercies I know not, they have been so beautifully unfolded in this affliction.

Daily bread

"As your days, so shall your strength be." Deuteronomy 33:25

I seem to see with fresh light, that it is vain to expect to come to a certain state, when we shalllive by grace, constantly and spontaneously. The desirable position is, to live in felt dependence and emptiness—seeking constant renewings of the Holy Spirit—to live by simple faith on Jesus.

Therefore, if I receive ever such large and fresh inflowings of grace today, I must not think that it is a stock for tomorrow; or think then to act by this day's power, or walk by this day's light.

"Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto You daily." Psalms 86:3

"Give us this day our daily bread." Matthew 6:11

"Praise be to the Lord, to God our Savior, who daily bears our burdens." Psalms 68:19

Away with every idol!

"Give them this message from the Sovereign Lord: I, the Lord, will punish the people of Israel who set up idols in their hearts." Ezekiel 14:4

Away with every idol! May Christ be all in all!

"For to me, to live is Christ!" Php 1:21

My Ishi!

"You will call Me Ishi—(my husband). Hosea 2:16

"You will be called Hephzibah—(My delight is in her) . . . for the Lord will take delight in you." Isaiah 62:4

Christ is most precious. He is my Ishi! I, His Hephzibah! What love! What wonders, for a worm so vile! But He has borne my vileness away—and is Himself my loveliness!

Christ, the Beloved of my soul, is my perfection, and His blood is my purity. However great my guilt, His precious blood is more than a match for it all. This has been like solid rock to my soul. "Praise the Lord, O my soul!"

This hateful, hated idol!

Oh! kill and crucify this SELF in me—this hateful, hated idol! Come in, O precious Christ, and make it fall before You!

Yes; vile, guilty, abominable as I am—my own Jesus bathes me in His blood, robes me in His righteousness, puts upon me His beauty, and then says, "You are absolutely beautiful, my darling, with no imperfection in you." (Song of Solomon 4:7) Oh, the wonders of His love! My heart is ravished and overcome!

The unanswerable question

"Why me?" This is the unanswerable question—the wonder of wonders! I, a weak, low, vile, wandering worm—filled with Your love, ravished with Your beauty! It is all of grace! To God be all the glory!

Oh, my precious Lord, I am overwhelmed in, and by, Your love! You have freed me from my sin and its punishment—by taking them upon Yourself! And You have prepared me for Yourself—by putting Your perfect loveliness upon me!

You have overcome me, You ravish my heart!

I thirst with intense and increased ardency, for unfoldings of the personal glories of my precious Christ, who is, indeed, "more precious than rubies."

Precious Lord, You are my rest, my happiness, and You are all-sufficient. Hold me to You, nor let me wander more.

Malady and remedy

Dear friend,

I know not your present malady; but I know that Christ is the remedy for it!

There is more in Christ for empty souls, than pen or tongue of men or angels can count! May you have free access, and eat and drink, and forget your poverty—being taken up with His riches, fullness, and glory! The Lord comfort

you, and establish your heart with grace. Adieu.

Yours affectionately, in our Beloved One,

Ruth

Playing with its tinsel toys

How the world has lessened and deadened to me lately. It seems a very nothing, and vanity indeed. To see Christians gathering its golden dust, and playing with its tinsel toys, is monstrous. Oh, come away, you foolish ones, and leave the ash-heap, and rise into Christ—your priceless inheritance and your eternal riches!

"Don’t collect for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy and where thieves break in and steal. But collect for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroys, and where thieves don’t break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also. No one can be a slave of two masters, since either he will hate one and love the other, or be devoted to one and despise the other. You cannot be slaves of God and

of money." Matthew 6:19-21, Matthew 6:24

Streams & Fountain

November 21st, 1830. While thinking this afternoon of some friends who have been running eagerly from one place to another after a celebrated, and, I suppose, most interesting preacher; this idea forcibly struck me—why manifest such undue concern after streams, when we have the

Fountain always accessible? I can, in my humble cottage, approach the footstool of the Father

of mercies, and enjoy the manifestation of His love!

A silly fly!

I have just seen a silly fly, sporting heedlessly close to a spider's web, and most likely it would soon have sported into it—and have become fast entangled in the snare. But a friendly hand swept away the spider's network, and thus removed the danger; while the heedless, helpless fly, was equally unconscious of both the danger and the preservation.

Ah! then, I thought, perhaps it is thus often with me! In an unseen snare I had been almost heedlessly caught. But the seeing eye, loving heart, and powerful arm of Jesus are mine! He beholds the intended mischief, defeats the wily worker, sweeps away the entangling thread—and thus preserves me from disaster!

All praise be Yours, dear Lord, for known and unknown mercies and deliverances! Oh, may I never knowingly sport on the edge of sin—or trifle with temptation.

"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, You preserve my life . . . with Your right hand You save me!" Psalms 138:7

Evidently given up

I have again this week written to my friend, and pressed eternal things upon her notice. May the Lord bless the message. My soul yearns over her, and often do I mourn over her condition—for she is evidently given up to fashion, and worldly pursuits, and pleasure.

A life of simple faith

"I have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live, but Christ lives in me. The life I live in the body, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." Galatians 2:20

Oh, the sweet wonders of a life of simple faith in Christ! From what little I know, I am sure it is the most . . . flesh-humbling, sin-subduing, world-crucifying, Satan-defeating, soul-invigorating, life in the world!

Unbelief is the source of my misery.

"Lord, increase my faith." Holy Comforter, teach me how to live Christ at all times, in all conditions.

Lord Jesus, I am Yours. I submit to Your will, and unreservedly lay before You myself, with all I have and am—to be at Your disposal, and used for Your glory. I am no longer my own—but Yours; and You, O precious Jesus, are mine forever!

My endless, blissful theme My endless, blissful theme is ever new; Jesus and His salvation will never wear out. I would never have any sit down satisfied, but still press on after fuller revelations of Jesus; for there are heights and depths in the love of Christ of which the most favored have no conception, and there are beauties and glories in His person which none have yet beheld. Oh! I would have none rest

short of the revelation of His person, though His benefits are all precious. Things of earth often repeated grow stale, but the same view of a precious Jesus a thousand times over is ever new. When Jesus shows Himself again to us, is He not as a lamb newly slain; and is not His sacrifice, as an odor of a sweet smell, as fragrant as though but just offered without spot unto God? Oh, yes, He is ever the same without sameness, and will be to all eternity. The glories, beauties, and excellences of His person are infinite; and from these boundless sources our finite minds will be feasted forever and ever.

Mountains of the blackest guilt

Jesus is such a Savior, so mighty and so merciful, that mountains of the blackest guilt may be safely trusted with Him—His rich atoning blood will cleanse from all.

The magnetic stone

It is the fullness, freeness, and unchangeableness of the love of Jesus—which alone will draw the wandering heart back again. No 'sense of wandering' will draw the soul back; no sense of backsliding will restore it. It is Jesus, Jesus only, who is the magnetic stone to draw the far-off one again to Himself and His dear embrace. It is the inflowing of His precious love which will dissolve the heart in true contrition for its wanderings.

At a distance from Him it may see its backslidings, and remain hardened. But, under His warm beams, it will feel them, and be melted in adoring wonder, because it has so much forgiven. Oh! wrestle for a fresh revelation of Jesus

in your soul—and rest not again until you obtain it!

Not earthly gold, or pearls, or diamonds

"And the ransom he paid was not mere gold or silver. He paid for you with the precious lifeblood of Christ, the sinless, spotless Lamb of God." 1 Peter 1:19

My precious Lord hung on the dreadful cross, where He was made a curse for sinful me—where He had my hell, that I in Him might have eternal heaven. The precious drops which flowed were the price of my redemption—what a price! Not earthly gold, or pearls, or diamonds—but purest, richest blood; the blood of Jehovah's Fellow! Here was heaven's gold paid to ransom sinful worms! Not for angels were heaven's treasures thus poured out—but for worms! Oh! wonder of wonders! My soul marvels at such matchless love, and at the effects of it.

I adore and worship You, my glorious Lord, and thank You for all Your sufferings, while I would afresh give myself to You, and plead for more

revelations of Yourself. Worthy is the Lamb! No food at Sinai

"Now that faith has come, we are no longer under the supervision of the law." Galatians 3:25

My soul has found sweet rest in Jesus amidst the trials of the wilderness. I have been much instructed by this verse: "Do not even let the flocks or herds graze near the mountain." (Exodus 34:3) No food at Sinai—but rich pasture on Calvary! My spiritual Joshua has led me there to feed and to lie down.

"But now we have been released from the law, for we died with Christ, and we are no longer captive to its power. Now we can really serve God, not in the old

way by obeying the letter of the law, but in the new way, by the Spirit." Romans 7:6

Just what suits me

Oh, what blessed heavenly lessons have I had from the Spirit, and how has my heart burned within me in fresh enjoyment of a precious Jesus, and His all-fullness! My precious Jesus is just what suits me in every case and every

place! Oh, what a gift has my Father bestowed! Never, in all eternity, shall we fully learn His glories, beauty, and love. He will be ever revealing Himself more and more, and filling all our enlarging powers with ineffable and now inconceivable bliss!

Our life, health, and strength

When the leper first discovers his miserable malady, he will be examining himself and his symptoms continually. But when cured, the command is, "Go, show yourself to the priest," and from thenceforward his health will be most promoted by examining the wonders of his cure, and the person and work of his healing Savior. Jesus is our life, health, and strength, and when He is revealed in the soul, then begins a life of faith; not in the miseries of self—but in Him.

A boggy place

I am experimentally passing over a boggy place, where continually I sink into some evil of my fallen nature—into sins and evil propensities which seemed

crucified—but now come forth again very boldly. It is most trying, and deeply abasing. I can only cleave to my crucified Surety, who has borne all my sins in His own body on the tree, and whose precious blood cleanses from it all.

Blessed Lord, You know all I suffer, and how I loathe the evil. Let it be for Your exaltation, a fresh crowning You Lord of all, while I lie low in the dust at Your dear pierced feet. I have had some melting of heart about the "bitter herbs" of sin, of which my precious Jesus partook. If He had not, there would have been no Paschal Lamb for me. But now, even I eat that wondrous food. "That same night they are to eat the meat roasted over the fire, along with bitter herbs, and bread made without yeast." Exodus 12:8

Nothing but Jesus can satisfy me

Oh, what blessed heavenly lessons have I had from the Spirit, and how has my heart burned within me in fresh enjoyment of a precious Jesus, and His all-fullness!

Nothing but Jesus can satisfy me, and without Him all is dreary. But to lie with my mouth in the dust seems more fitting for me, than to banquet with the King. Oh, my Lord, lay me low, and keep me there. You know my abasings.

Oh, what a banquet we shall have!

Eternal praises to the Lamb who was slain! Oh, what a banquet we shall have above! Even here we have precious sips from the streams of salvation. But there, will be an eternal draught of the river of life!

"Blessed are those invited to the marriage feast of the Lamb!" Revelation 19:9

O Lord, I cast myself and my weights upon You. Make me look unto Jesus more singly and simply! And now, my blessed Lord, manifest Your precious Self to Your poor weary pilgrim, for You are my rest and my refreshing.

Heaven’s richest treasure!

"For you know that you were redeemed from your empty way of life inherited from the fathers, not with perishable things, like silver or gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, like that of a lamb without defect or blemish." 1 Peter 1:18-19

I wonder why dear saints do not talk with more ardor about Him who has, in love to our souls, brought them up from the pit of corruption.

Oh! what it cost Him! Price beyond all computing! Heaven’s richest treasure paid for worms of earth!

Oh! the wonders and blessedness of union to such a rich Husband, who thought not His own precious blood too much for my ransom!

Eternal praises to the worthy Lamb!

Oh! what an abasing sight it is!

During the night-watches I had a solemn view of the exceeding vileness of my past life. I am sure I am the worst of all. Yet, my faith would lay her hand, on that dear head of Yours as my "sin-offering," and there confess it all.

There cannot be a thorough faith-view of Jesus, and entrance into His finished work, if we fear to see the worst of ourselves which He is pleased to show us.

The whole we can never know. Oh! what an abasing sight it is! I seem to myself a monster of iniquity.

A trifle seized my fleshly mind

This very morning a trifle seized my fleshly mind, and stirred up its vanity and folly, by which my thoughts were for a time brought into captivity. How abominable and filthy is my natural heart, drinking down any iniquity or foolishness like water! Truly, raven-like it is, for it feeds upon corruption, which brings the Dove, or new nature, into true mourning. Thus am I now. Behold, I am vile. Woe is me, that such a mere feather weight of temptation, finding me off the watch, should carry me away into lightness of spirit, with vanity of mind, etc. My precious Savior, I fly to You by faith. Only You can give me rest and peace, by Your blood and in Your love. So to live by faith, looking only to

Jesus and His blood and righteousness, is blessed indeed!

O precious near Kinsman and Redeemer, You have taken my sins and punishment. Oh, give me faith to live in this blessed freedom—loathing sin, renouncing self, exalting Christ. All praise to a Triune Jehovah, from a chief sinner saved. Surely such a one should be a chief singer upon the stringed

instrument of the new heart. "Unto Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory and dominion forever and ever!

Having the power of sin broken

I have been feasting on, "Where here is no law—there is no transgression." "We are dead to the law by the body of Christ." Hence He can say, "There is no spot in you"—no transgression.

"He has borne our sins in His own body on the tree." Law and justice took hold on Him, and therefore they let us go—they cannot hold both—we died with Him.

And as we abide in Him do we enjoy the freedom, for "he that abides in Him sins not." This is the true Gospel way of having the power of sin broken.

Oh! what glories do we inherit in union to the Lamb! We lose our own impurities, and are ever beheld, in the Divine eye—in His perfect holiness!

Precious Beloved of my soul, bring me by the Spirit to live in You, walk in You, and never wander more.

Things so bitter to the flesh

This word has been sweet today, "I have refined you, but not with silver, I have chosen you in the furnace of affliction." Ah! indeed, I seem to see that I must not pray to come out of the furnace—I am not half broken and humbled. Do, dear Lord, bring Your glory, and my soul health, out of those things so bitter to the flesh.

"I know, O Lord, that Your laws are righteous, and in faithfulness You have afflicted me." Psalms 119:75

Walking in the Spirit!

Oh, for more walking in the Spirit! It is He who reveals spiritual secrets, and opens love’s stores!

A heaven of love and holiness

Oh! indeed there is a heaven of love and holiness in my glorious Christ. Abiding in Him is "as the days of heaven upon earth."

That lovely countenance of the suffering Savior! how it is marred more than any man’s. But faith and love see beauty still. There is love’s climax—the Bridegroom enduring for the Bride, and leaving her only a cup of blessing!

I have found indescribable blessedness and fullness in Jesus. I cannot express what my soul finds in the realization that I am in Him. Being in Christ, all is mercy.

Sweet Savior, enfold me again in Your bleeding embrace. Let me into the secrets of Your love and union. Thus shall I live above the fogs of earth and vapors of fallen flesh.

No health or vigor of soul

It beams powerfully upon my mind, that the more we live upon things seen, the more we shall be filled with worldliness. And the more we live upon self, the more we shall be perplexed with its workings. The more we live upon Christ, the more we shall be filled with Christ—and the two former will be subdued.

The Lord has ordained laws—as in natural so in spiritual life. He has appointed that food shall be received to strengthen the body—and Christ to strengthen the soul which has been quickened into life by the Spirit. All our victory over the first Adam nature is in the second Adam—Christ. Therefore, no health or vigor of soul, except as faith has much to do with Him!

As there is growth into Christ—He increasing, we decreasing—we come to live upon Christ Himself, by faith in Him, under the renewings of the Spirit.

The Lord has taught me the privilege and victory of living out of self by faith; and by faith living upon Christ!

My old man

I plainly see that neither my old man nor my new man can be mended. The one is too bad, the other too good.

There is no patching or painting the old man to advantage; it will still be "corrupt, according to its deceitful lusts."

The new man needs neither patching nor painting, for it is "created in righteousness and true holiness" (Ephesians 4:24).

What is "born of the flesh is flesh"—and will act after its nature. What is "born of the Spirit is spirit"—and will aspire to its source!

Whether You smite or smile

Suddenly, a terrible storm came up, with waves breaking into the boat. But Jesus was sleeping. The disciples went to him and woke him up, shouting, "Lord, save us! We’re going to drown!" And Jesus answered, "Why are you afraid? You have so little faith!" Then he stood up and rebuked the wind and waves, and suddenly all was calm. Matthew 8:24-26

My future looks dark. I commit all, with myself, to Him who rules the winds; and, when the waves are high, He stills them.

Lord, I wait for Your salvation—but more for Yourself, in manifested love. Oh, come, my glorious Redeemer, skipping over the mountains of difficulty, and over the worse mountains of my sins. The moments of Your absence are as days of tedious gloom. Whether You smite or smile; whether You come with sword or with the horn of plenty—You are my Savior still, and my portion.

A life of faith

Jesus is very precious; and a life of faith in Him, by the power of the Holy Spirit, is . . .very blessed, world-conquering, Satan-overcoming, sin-subduing.

Christ up—and me down

A rich feast this evening in hearing Mr. __ preach. He preached Christ—not in the letter, but in the Spirit; not in the history, but in the mystery of godliness, and under that anointing by which alone He is revealed.

He preached Christ up—and me down. He seemed to batter me into happy nothingness, so that afresh I lost all identity out of Him, and came home, feeling myself the happy bride, and gladly finding that I could afford to lose self and creatures for, and in, so rich a Husband. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for His wonders to such a worm!

For the ungodly

"Christ died for the ungodly." Romans 5:6

Jesus—all holy, and all lovely as He was—loved me, and gave Himself for vile, unworthy me.

Oh, all-glorious Well-Beloved! reveal Yourself afresh—and eclipse all other objects!

I am utterly lovesick!

"Oh, feed me with Your love—Your 'raisins' and Your 'apples'—for I am utterly lovesick!" Song of Solomon 2:5

She was lovesick; that is, overwhelmed with the amazing love and loveliness of Immanuel! Oh, I long to be away in the land of spices, to see Him as He is!

A hard lesson

Where a thing is evidently set for me with a cross in it, I may safely take it up, expecting a blessing. I mean something which crosses, and is contrary to—my fleshly will, choice, ease, or gratification.

Dear Lord, help me! It is a hard lesson to flesh and sense. How I must have loved self and its ease—for it to be yet so hard to welcome its crucifixion!

Beautiful in His beauty

"The King is enthralled by your beauty!" Psalms 45:11

What words are these! And how sweetly do they smile upon me!

How? In forgetfulness of all but Himself; for when we are experimentally, with single eye, beholding Him—then is His glory visibly reflected in us; we are beautiful in His beauty.

But it is like an eclipse, when we get taken up with self and creatures. Oh, for this happy forgetfulness!

My glorious Well-Beloved, my soul desires Your beauty, with intense longing. You have ravished my heart! No creature can fill the place You have occupied. Oh, come and bless me again with Your overwhelming love and loveliness!

I was Your death!

Oh, my precious Christ! You are my life—I was Your death! May I weep, love, and praise You evermore!

Oh, my precious, all-loving Savior! there is in You such an infinitude of blessedness as will fill and delight my perfected capabilities through all eternity!

O lovely, glorious Immanuel! my soul burns with new ardor in intense longings after You; all else sinks into nothingness. You, and none but You Yourself, does my soul desire.

I fall at Your feet, my Jesus

A poor, weak, guilty, hell-deserving creature—I fall at Your feet, my Jesus. You have redeemed me by Your blood; I am Yours! Oh, use me for Your glory! Reveal Yourself still more unto me. By faith I would embrace You for more . . .gratitude, love, faith, submission, patience, courage, and all I need, while in this dreary desert—which You alone can cheer—for all must come from You.

Who shall pluck me thence?

I cannot half speak of the fresh glories and beauties I have lately seen in my blessed Jesus—my all-lovely Immanuel! Oh, indeed, I know but a mere nothing

of His matchless worth!

It is marvelous that Your glorious, holy salvation, should enclose unworthy me. But so it is!

The Lord has shut me in; yes, I am brought by Jehovah's own power into holiness, happiness, and everlasting bliss—and who shall pluck me thence?

I have them in Himself: and He holds me fast—oh, so fast! Blessed security! law, justice, holiness—all on my side; because I am one with Jesus, who has

met them all with infinite satisfaction.

I do love a salvation which can look at law and justice with an open face. No other will satisfy a Spirit-awakened conscience. And with such a great salvation am I saved. Happy I, with such a glorious Jesus! Happy, happy, saved sinner!

It shuts out the creature

This life of faith is all of Him, by Him, in Him, and for Him; and it shuts out the creature more than anything beside. It is most blessed, and nothing exceeds it but the life of glory.

This beautiful affliction

March 18, 1849. Still suffering from great bodily weakness. But the consolation and glory far exceed the pain; such visits as I have had to Gethsemane! such meltings at Calvary! and such beamings of the glories of a risen Redeemer!

Being much alone today, I feel drawn out to take hold of the Lord afresh, in order to the further development of this beautiful affliction, that His glory may be manifested.

To be willing to come back to 'the wilderness' again costs a struggle. It seems so like leaving this celestial valley, with the glory sometimes full in view—to climb a dark, black hill.

03.01a. Volume 1 contd

Creature ways and means

Then Saul had his own military clothes put on David. He put a bronze helmet on David's head and had him put on armor. David strapped his sword on over the military clothes and tried to walk, but he was not used to them. "I cant walk in these," David said to Saul, "I'm not used to them." So David took them off. 1 Samuel 17:38-39

I have just come to David, and my soul is melted where he says, "I cant walk in these—I'm not used to them." They seem to me like creature ways and means, as if they were not to be my ways. For, like David, I can tell my experience of the Lord's wonders by the hand of faith—when He delivered me out of the paw of the lion and the bear.

I see that, as is the man—so is his strength. If he is a man in the flesh—his strength will be in ways, and means, and fleshly contrivances. If he is a man in Christ—his strength will be in the Lord his God.

Drunk up all my hell

Blessed Jesus—You have made an end of sin, and conquered death. You have also drunk up all my hell. What can I render? Only my whole self, with all I have and am. It is not worth Your picking up. But love puts a value upon its object. My Lord, my life, my happiness, my heaven, my all! You have loved and chosen me—You will not turn away!

What will heaven be, where, without interruption or intermission—we shall love, adore, and praise?

How blessed is my condition!

This is just the experience I love—willing to be nothing, that Christ may be all in all.

How blessed is my condition! Though so vile a sinner in myself; yet chosen and beloved in Christ from all eternity—every blessing for time, all glory for eternity—secured to me in Him! Himself my blissful portion! Himself my endless treasure! Himself my ocean of love, my God and my glory!

My Lord, these hands and feet, this heart and tongue, and my whole self—afresh I consecrate to You. Oh, to spend and be spent in service for Your glory!

The eye of faith

"We live by faith, not by sight." 2 Corinthians 5:7

How sweet in every state to live on Jesus by simple faith, for the present moment, and leave the rest with Him.

How plainly do I see, that as the eye of faith is fixed singly upon Christ, we are ready for anything to which He calls us. But as we are walking by sense, and looking at things "seen," we are fit for nothing; the hands hang down, and the knees are feeble.

"Let us fix our eyes on Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith." Hebrews 12:2

It is astonishing

It is astonishing that such a worm should be so favored with discoveries of His beauty, whom saints and angels gaze with ineffable delight. But, after all, I know not yet a thousandth part of what He is, and what I have in Him.

Surely Christ is all!

How little, how verily nothing, am I.

Oh! that my lips, my life, and every action, might speak His praise and glorify His name, who is a heaven to me!

Such deliciousness

If my sweetest Lord Jesus should blight outward things, I must still love the hand which smites, and crops, and withers, for He is all love and loveliness

—which thought melts my soul before Him. I find such deliciousness in Him, that all the bitters on earth seem as nothing in comparison.

Flesh-denying and crucifying

As faith is kept, by the Spirit, in continued actings upon Christ, there will be much emptying, purging, and purifying; not making the flesh better—but

purifying from the flesh, and purging from dead works. The old nature will remain what it was, not a whit improved—but it will have starvation; for I

am quite certain that, as faith is feeding upon Christ, there will be more flesh-denying and crucifying than in any other way.

Overwhelming happiness

Oh, the overwhelming happiness of being yielded up by the Spirit’s power to Christ alone, and to daily crucifixion in all that the flesh loves and longs for!

Meltings and dissolvings

The meltings and dissolvings of Christ’s love none can know, but those who experience them. Those who feel sin most, feel love most.

Ah! monster that I am!

A high look and a proud heart the Lord will not allow, and yet these two abominations met in me this morning; and where? Ah! monster that I am—on entering the house of God! I felt the evil, and the rebuke of conscience; the Lord pardon. It is said, "He knows the proud afar off," but this I

cannot bear. I must press near—even if it is to receive the stripes of love, and have my pride beaten out of me.

Heart cannot conceive it

This affliction has been a very merciful one to me, giving fresh opportunity for the display of the love of Jesus, which has sweetly flowed into my soul, proving that He is better to me than all earthly mothers, fathers, husbands, brothers, or any other.

Oh, what have we in our precious Christ! Heart cannot conceive it, tongue cannot utter it! He is all love and loveliness, all glory and majesty. He is Jehovah manifested, communed with, and delighted in! It is heaven begun to dwell in His embrace—yes, heaven—while fettered in mortality, surrounded by creatures, and roared at by Satan too. Oh, for higher, loftier strains of praise to Jesus, my all in all.

I plead for no exemption from the trials of life

I plead for no exemption from the trials of life, or the mortification, crucifixion, and continued disappointments of the flesh. But I do plead, that in and through all, I may be brought to closer, closer walking with Him who loved me, and gave Himself for me, and that nothing may be allowed to intervene to bring leanness of soul, or that dreaded coldness, lightness, and worldliness of spirit, at the thought of which I tremble and recoil. Oh, hear me, precious Jesus, and grant my one request—to be more like You, and more with You,

and that You may be more glorified in me.

The stooping-down of Jehovah

It seems to me that Christ is the stooping-down of Jehovah; the arm of Jehovah, on which we can lean; the heart of Jehovah, of which we feel the sympathy; the eye of Jehovah, of which we can bear the glance—yes, whose look is love; the glory of Jehovah, upon which we can gaze unconsumed, and, while we gaze, are changed into the image thereof by the Spirit of the

Lord; the voice of Jehovah, which is music, melody, and peace; the revealing of Jehovah.

Oh, infinite abyss of love and joy, and peace, and grace, and truth, and holiness! my Christ, what is there not, what have I not, in You? In vain I try to ascend the wondrous heights, and explore the mighty depths! I am lost, overwhelmed, absorbed in love and You—almighty, boundless, matchless, endless love; "for God is love," and in this dwelling-place I would rest for evermore.

Hot temptation, fiery darts, sharp conflicts

January 26th, 1840. Hot temptation, fiery darts, sharp conflicts. But Jesus is all-sufficient. In myself, I am weaker than the weakest, and quite unable to

bear the present heart-aching anguish, or stand against my traitorous foes. But in Christ, my Head, I am even now a conqueror.

Amputate right hands

My own dear, precious Jesus, You are mine—there is ecstasy in the thought! Amputate right hands, pluck out right eyes, where You see needful. Love

will guide the knife, and, though I suffer, my spirit cries, "Go on, dearest Lord—separate me from all that keeps me from You! Give Yourself in close

communion—and all is well."

Pen cannot write it

April 8th, 1839. My Beloved has come again over the mountains of my sin and guilt. I can now shout, Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb! Oh,

the sweet, blessed visits my dear Lord pays me! Pen cannot write it, tongue cannot utter it. Praise Him, oh, praise Him!

This naughty, naughty flesh

March 27th, 1839. This naughty, naughty flesh is here yet, and distressingly active; the dear Lord be pleased to subdue it. Oh, my precious Savior, come

and conquer Your and my enemies. I want to be Yours alone, without one wandering desire. But, ah! it is not so. I need again the balsam of Your blood.

Monster & monument!

December 3rd, 1838. Arose this morning heavy and sin-burdened—but favored at family worship with near access, wrestling faith, and a sense of pardoning love. Wonderful! wonderful! Who is a pardoning God like You? "Truly, to the Lord our God belong forgivenesses, though I have sinned against Him."

My naughty, carnal nature is very active today! What a monster of iniquity—and a monument of mercy!

Surely I am, as the apostle says, am "example"—that none may despair!

This saying is trustworthy and deserving of full acceptance: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners"—and I am the worst of them! But I received mercy because of this, so that in me, the worst of them, Christ Jesus might demonstrate the utmost patience as an example to those who would believe

in Him for eternal life." 1 Timothy 1:15-16

Spirit-taught, Spirit-led, Spirit-fed

I want to be Spirit-taught, Spirit-led, Spirit-fed.

"For all who are led by the Spirit of God are children of God." Romans 8:14

"When the Spirit of truth comes, He will guide you into all the truth." John 16:13

I shall lie in cold and stupid apathy!

By reason of sinful yielding to worldly care, my mind has been brought into guilt and darkness. May the Lord deliver me—He alone can. May He bestow upon me that penitent, broken heart which I desire—but cannot procure.

In fact, I find I must come to Him for all: sorrow for sin, pardon for sin, cleansing from pollution, deliverance from a guilty conscience, and the renewal of peace through the application of atoning blood.

Yes even a longing desire for these things must be given, or I shall lie in cold and stupid apathy!

So desperate is my case—one just fit for the intervention of a glorious Christ! May He again appear for me and to me. Ah! I do believe He will—ungrateful wretch though I am!

Encrusted with earth and enveloped in carnality

November 8th, 1834. Much deadness of soul lately, and much discovery of my extreme ignorance in Divine things. I long exceedingly for the Holy Spirit's teaching. I am sure He alone can reveal Jesus in my soul. To have my

understanding informed will not satisfy. I want to feed upon Christ, to live upon Christ, to grow up into Christ, and to be rooted in Christ, esteeming all things but rubbish and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Him. Instead of which, day after day passes, and I seem encrusted with earth and enveloped in carnality.

A nail in the right place

The Lord knows how to put a nail in the right place in the process of flesh crucifixion; namely, through some carnal affection that is growing too strong!

It will be inexpressibly painful to the flesh—but it is possible for the spirit to bow in submission, and see that it is in answer to prayer, while the flesh is struggling and suffering.

Our happiness

We are mistaken in thinking that our happiness in any measure depends on outward circumstances.

I know from experience, that, when favored with the light of the Lord's countenance, and enjoying His smile—I can be happy in the midst of trials and afflictions. Why, then, so much anxiety about temporal things, and so little concern about spiritual prosperity?

Pardon me, dear Lord, and enable me to put a blank into your hands regarding outward things, or You to fill up as You please.

I would not always live

My heart is hard and unfeeling. Lord, revive me! I long to walk cheerfully in Your ways, enjoy daily communion with You, and bring forth fruit to Your glory. But begin to think I never shall, until I am more dead to the world. I believe the indulgence of a carnal spirit is the bane of my happiness. I would not always live, at this poor dying rate!

Divine and Almighty Spirit, condescend to deal with my poor dead soul! Enable me to . . .crucify the flesh, deny self, forsake the world, and be spiritually-minded.

The Christian warfare

July 19th, 1829. During the past week, I have been led to see a little more of the nature of the Christian warfare, and daily taking up the cross, than ever before.

It consists not merely in abstaining from those outward transgressions which are obvious to the view of others; but stedfastly resisting, in the strength of the Lord, those inward corruptions which are daily and hourly striving for mastery; and, also, in endeavoring to deny and subdue those sins, which, from habit and constitution, are as dear as a right hand, or a right eye. This is, indeed, a cross which we ought to be carrying; the moment we lay it down, and allow ourselves in any carnal indulgences, or sinful pleasure—that moment we bring guilt upon our souls, and lose that sweet peace, and serenity of mind, which is only found in reconciliation to, and communion with God.

Whence arises this inconsistency?

October 10th, 1829. Most feelingly can I say with the poet—"Strange and mysterious is my life—what opposites I feel within!" For at times my whole mind and soul seem absorbed in desires after spirituality, and the enjoyment of the Divine presence; the world sinks into insignificance, and its enjoyments and pleasures lose their power to charm.

But soon, perhaps before one short day has passed away, some temptation is presented suited to my corrupt inclinations; and, catching the bait, I grovel

again in the dust, and give up my soul to the pursuit of trifles! Whence arises this inconsistency?

If I could writhe myself away from it

Again the Lord is proving to me the blessedness of taking up the cross—and also how much I shrink from it. I seek deliverance from the cross—but find my Lord has put deliverance in it. If I could writhe myself away from it, I would miss the blessing!

But when by His enablings it is taken up, there is indeed a new song put into my mouth, even praise to His name. The soul at such times seems to triumph

in Christ, something like Paul when reconciled to the thorn in the flesh.

Indeed, I feel it good to be laid low, and kept low at the feet of my precious Lord, though He is bringing it about in ways most unexpected and undesired.

I am much longing for humility, and He is laying open to me my pride by the painfulness I feel—in being made nothing. Truly His ways and His thoughts are astonishing—far above mine! His doings towards me are very wise and awesome—and worthy of a God who gives no account of His matters—but works all things after the counsel of His own will, and all things for good to those who love Him, and are the called according to His purpose.

If I had a thousand souls as black as hell

If I had a thousand souls as black as hell, I would trust them all to the love, blood, and righteousness of Emmanuel!

"He will save His people from their sins." Matthew 1:21

Our works are all broken and faulty

As long as we look to 'our evidences' for comfort, we shall be full of disquiet, for we discover . . .such weakness in our faith, such wavering in our hope, such coldness in our love, yes, such shortcoming in everything, that we cannot find here any rest for the sole of our foot as regards spiritual confidence.

It must be all in Christ! "He is the rock, and His work is perfect," while our works are all broken and faulty. Oh! may the blessed Spirit set your feet upon this Rock, and establish your goings there. May He enable you to make the venture of faith, just as you are, with wants and woes, sins and fears.

The bitten Israelites were not healed by looking at their wounds—but at the brazen serpent, which was a type of Christ. And so while you are poring over your sins and yourself you will only sink lower.

May the blessed Spirit enable you to look forth with the eye of faith to the Lamb slain, and to come away from self and all besides—to Jesus.

Oh that I could so speak of the worthy Lamb as to set your heart on fire with love to Him and longing after Him! Adieu, dear friend. The Lord bless you, and in His own time strengthen, establish, and settle you.

With kind love in our adorable Emmanuel, I remain, though most unworthy, yours affectionately,

Ruth Bryan

Casting all your care

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you." 1 Peter 5:7

It is no honor to Jesus to be carrying your cares—which must sink you into gloom and dejection. All your weight of sins, sorrows, and cares the Burden-Bearer can sustain.

So whatever be your case, there is a remedy in Jesus, which the blessed Spirit will bring home and apply, causing you to sing that dear wilderness song, "He

restores my soul!"

Each bitter in our cup

"The rod and reproof give wisdom." Proverbs 29:15

All the ways of the Lord are right ways, and we lose much sweetness for lack of resignation to His will in all things. While we fret against the cross, it is felt the heavier. I believe, too, that we are losers by not receiving all events as from Him. By looking at second causes we come into great perplexity; and whatever creatures may intend against us, our Heavenly Father has some high

purpose of grace in all that He allows to befall us. He could prevent every wrong, and He would, were not each bitter in our cup essential for His own glory and our real profit! The assurance of this has been very healing to my spirit many times under blights and losses, and also under mental wounds from those dear to me. I feel there is some personal lesson in all these things! And often, when I would have felt ready to censure 'the instrument', I have discovered some pride or other lurking evil in myself, which the Lord aimed at by the troubling circumstance, intending by His Spirit to bring it to light and rebuke it. Thus has my mouth been stopped, and brought to kiss the hand which held the rod, however inexcusable in itself that rod might be.

Also, when the heart is thus humbled, the wrong of others against us seems but secondary to our own, albeit ours may be against the Lord only. Oh, let us

seek to be so instructed of the Lord that the rod and reproof may give wisdom. Let us aim at confiding love in Him, for He is infinite wisdom—and needs none of our interference.

Plagued by my unamiabilities!

July 20th, 1843.

Outward circumstances still tending downwards. The Lord teach us to descend, and make us willing to come as low as He pleases.

How am I plagued by my unamiabilities! Surely very few of the Lord's people ever dwelt in such a crusty piece of flesh; and few were ever more painfully aware of it, or loathed themselves more completely. I would be what I

am not; and do what I do not. How can the Lord Jesus be honored in this matter? Is it possible?

I long to find in Him the remedy of this malady, the healing of this malignant sore—my unkind and selfish self. Oh that I could "glory in my infirmities, that His power may rest upon me," and be manifest in me. Methinks, if precious Jesus might be honored in the cure, it would be better than being whole in myself. But what if He sees fit I should not be cured? and will be glorified by my bearing the hated part of my disposition all my life? Then it is a grief, and I must bear it. But, Lord, "if You will, You can make me whole." Would it not honor You to subdue myself? You only know what I feel, and how I groan and mourn, that I do not honor You more in my exterior. "Lord, if You will, You can." Do speak to me on this subject. I inquire of You, "What will You have me to do?" Let faith go out upon You, my unseen Deliverer, for a yet unfelt deliverance. That I am not more amiable, in myself, will be well, if You will gain glory thereby—Yourself being manifested, and I subdued, and kept out of sight.

Something infinitely better

It is only 'Christ enjoyed', which can loosen our hold of things seen, and of those earthly attractions which have long entwined themselves around the heart—for then we have found something infinitely better.

Oh that holy, loving face!

My beloved friend,

My main object in writing was to give you a word which melted my heart from Isaiah 50:1-11, a favorite chapter of mine, and in reading which our precious

Lord showed Himself lovingly through the following verse: "I gave My back to those who beat Me, and My cheeks to those who tore out My beard. I did not hide My face from scorn and spitting!"

No, He would hide us—by not hiding Himself!

He would be smitten—that by His stripes we might be healed.

Our living balm-tree would have the fearful incisions in His own flesh, that His balsamic virtues might flow out to our diseased souls.

Our well of Bethlehem was opened on Calvary. There may we poor sinners be gathered today, and clustering round His cross, drink freely of the best wine, drink away our sloth, and drink until we are wide awake in holy diligence, seeking for more of the living stream, and so feeding upon Him experimentally, live by Him.

Oh that holy, loving face, not hidden from such indignities for our sakes! I wonder and adore!

May your meditation of Him be sweet, and may He bring His prisoner the bread and the wine.

Your warmly-affectionate,

Ruth

Like a honey-drop into the soul

My beloved friend,

I wonder if you got a new-year’s portion yesterday. Last night, while seeking Jesus, these words came to my mind with sweetness: "The soul of the diligent

shall be made fat." (Proverbs 13:4) Therefore I conclude they are to be my motto for the new year.

I feel them to be very reproving to my sluggish heart; but there is such sweetness in the mouth of our Beloved, that even a reproof from His dear lips falls like a honey-drop into the soul. Oh may the blessed Spirit inspire us with true spiritual diligence which brings us to more than wishes and desires; for we may possess ’wishes and desires’ and be slothful still. "The soul of the sluggard desires and has nothing." "Diligent hands will rule—but laziness ends in slave labor"—under slavery to the world and the flesh, instead of in the liberty of the Spirit. Gracious Lord, do make us diligent, and keep us so by the renewings of the Holy Spirit.

Starving on the husks of SELF!

"For if the ministry of condemnation had glory, the ministry of righteousness overflows with even more glory!" 2 Corinthians 3:9

The ministry of condemnation was glorious, when it pleased the Lord to bruise Him. But the ministry of righteousness exceeds in glory—when the blessed Spirit brings near His righteousness, yes, puts it on the soul, saying, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him!" It is also exceedingly glorious when the righteous Father welcomes the prodigal with the kiss of

everlasting love, being well pleased for Jesus' righteousness' sake; and when "the Lord our righteousness sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied," saying, "You are all beautiful, my love! There is no spot in you!"

Then also is the poor soul richly satisfied, saying, "In the Lord I have righteousness and strength!" "I will make mention of your righteousness, even

of yours alone."

This is, indeed, a glorious ministry of righteousness, and is part of the abundance of Your house, my King and my God.

Here is food for hungry souls who have long been starving on the husks of SELF! And here is clothing for the naked soul, who has been into the "stripping-room," and had the filthy rags, and all the adornments of self stripped off!

O my precious friend, it is a mercy to be made and kept poor enough for Jesus to be all. In the midst of our own felt poverty, may we be content to have nothing in self, yet possess all things in Christ!

Glories, beauties, and excellencies

"You feed them from the abundance of Your own house, letting them drink from Your rivers of delight!" Psalms 36:8

Much-beloved in Jesus,

Though we have had so many feasts upon a precious Jesus, we find each time as much freshness as though we had never partaken before! This has been very striking to me. Things of earth often repeated grow stale—but the same view of a precious Jesus a thousand times over is ever new! How often has the Divine Spirit testified in our souls "of the sufferings of Christ—and the glory that would follow." How often have we by faith beheld His bloody sweat in the garden, and spent sweet solemn moments at the foot of the Cross!

Yet, when Jesus shows Himself again to us in either of those sacred positions—is He not as a lamb newly slain? And is not His sacrifice a sweet smelling aroma—as fragrant as though but just offered, without spot unto

God? Oh yes, He is ever the same—without sameness—and will be to all eternity! The glories, beauties, and excellencies of His person are infinite! And from these boundless sources our finite minds will be feasted forever

and ever!

Oh that my poor contracted heart were more enlarged into this our fathomless ocean of love and loveliness!

Oh to abide in Him forever!

Spring showers

"May He be like rain that falls on the cut grass, like spring showers that water the earth." Psalms 72:6

Much-beloved in Jesus,

This verse also has been very sweet to me—and I trust it has been fulfilled in my dry soul. How welcome the showers on the dry land, or on the mown grass! The waters from our smitten rock run in His dry places like a river. May the Lord grant us daily the renewings of the Holy Spirit, and cause His Word to do us good like a medicine, that we may be kept from a dry, barren spirit; though feeling that in ourselves we are very dry.

May the blessed Spirit exalt Jesus more and more in our experience, that all our casting down, may be for His lifting up!

With much tender love, your warmly-affectionate but unworthy,

Ruth

In the eye of a sin-sick soul

"I have asked one thing from the Lord; it is what I desire: to dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, gazing on the beauty of the Lord and seeking Him in His temple." (Psalms 27:4)

Christ is our true temple.

In Him we may inquire of the Lord concerning all our hard cases—and have an answer of peace. In Him we see the beauty of the Lord, even all His Divine attributes harmonizing and glorified in saving poor sinners! This is seeing the King in His beauty! And beauty indeed it is, in the eye of a sin-sick soul—to see the holy Jehovah "a just God, and a Savior" too. He was most just in punishing our sin in Jesus! He is most just also in letting us go free! Yes, accepting us in the Beloved!

The high towers of SELF

The notes you sent me of the sermon about Jacob were very nice. The expression "unselfing" was striking. Do you not think that the revealing of

Christ to the soul, is the quickest of all means to effect this? John says, "When I saw Him I fell at His feet as dead"—typical of the bringing down of self.

I do humbly believe that the more we know Him in union, love, and power—the more zealous we shall be against "self" in all its varied forms.

Unbelief sets up self—what I do, what I do not do, what I ought to have done, and so on—until there is only a corner in the thoughts for the dear Substitute, who has done all, and done it well too!

But the more we receive of Him and His—or, in other words, the more Christ alone is exalted, the high towers of SELF are laid in the dust!

When unbelief and self are predominant it is sad work. May the Lord tread these abominations under His feet, even as straw is trodden down for the ash

heap. Oh! my beloved friend, we long for the days of the Son of man in our souls, for in His days the righteous flourish!

Oh! let us cry mightily for the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Jesus. Oh! to know Him more. Oh! that He always would eclipse everything else!

I have seen enough in Jesus to ravish my heart, and make the brightest things below look dim! But I want to see Him again, for I know that there are in Him

infinite glories of which I have had yet no conception! "After these things Jesus showed himself again to His disciples." Amen, so let it be!

The Lord bless you and yours; and may Jesus shine warmly in your heart!

With dear love, ever your affectionate but unworthy,

Ruth

What degradation!

"Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written—Cursed is everyone who hangs on a tree!" Galatians 3:13

Much-beloved friend,

I had a sweet season at the Lord’s table yesterday. My soul was touched to see my precious Jesus, the Lord of glory—in all His suffering circumstances; to see Him crowned with the curse, nailed on the tree of curse, and that between two thieves. What degradation! Oh! I could hardly bear it! "They shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him." It is very humbling—but very sweet to meditate on the deep humiliation of that royal Sufferer! There it is that . . .hope springs up, mercy breaks out, and love flows to a vile sinner like me!

In the warm love of our unchanging Friend and Lord, ever yours most affectionately,

Ruth—a debtor to mercy and love.

No lower charms

"He is altogether lovely! This is my Lover, this my Friend!" Song of Solomon 5:16

Having once beheld the beauty of Jesus—no lower charms can satisfy. No other object fill the vacuum in our soul. Oh "Come quickly, my love! Move like a swift gazelle or a young deer on the mountains of spices!" (Song of Solomon 8:14)

Judged, condemned and executed!

Much-loved and tenderly-remembered friend, I have this morning much enjoyed those words, "I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto You, O Lord, will I sing." (Psalms 101:1)

Judgment to JESUS, and mercy to vile worthless ME! Mercy flowing warmly through His pierced heart and precious veins. What a channel wherein to flow!

Oh! what love of our Father to lay upon Him all our iniquities, to number Him with the transgressors, and then to give Him judgment without mercy, saving all the mercy for us rebellious younger children!

Oh! what a loving Elder Brother, who for the joy of our release and blessing, was content to be judged, condemned and executed!

And what a blessed Comforter who takes of these wonders and reveals them to the soul, making it to sing for joy! "Awake and sing, you who dwell in dust."

At times we do sadly cleave to the dust; but the power of His love revives us again, causing us to awake and sing!

And now adieu. Soon the shadows of time will be past, and we, through free grace, shall spend eternity together in the open vision of the Lamb!

In Him, your own warmly-affectionate,

Ruth

The deep red sea

His love for His people does not cool in the least, in the midst of all our treacherous dealings. "Once again He will have compassion on us. He will trample our sins under His feet and throw them into the depths of the ocean!"—having cast all our sins into the deep red sea of His own blood! "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound!" And again we shall sing of pardoning mercy and restoring love!

Take courage. The precious blood of Jesus is more powerful for us—than sin, flesh, and all the foes against us. Whether at your worst, or at your best, do not be looking more at yourself than at Jesus. He is the way of escape, and He is the strength to endure; and we shall be helped in all, though we sometimes faint.

Warm love from the weakest and worst of all, your very affectionate,

Ruth

The endless, blissful theme

There are heights and depths in the love of Christ of which the most favored have no conception. And there are beauties and glories in His person which

none have yet beheld! Oh! I would have none rest short of the revelation of His person. His benefits indeed are all precious: His atoning blood and sacrifice,

His justifying righteousness, and the effects flowing therefrom—pardon, justification, peace in the conscience, etc., etc.

But it is a further and sweeter privilege to know and enjoy Himself! Salvation is sweet—but the Savior crowns all!

I must cease, though I seem to have said nothing of the endless, blissful theme—the love and loveliness of our dear Redeemer, the Redeemer of worms. May He favor you with His precious presence!

"May you experience the love of Christ, though it is so great you will never fully understand it!" Ephesians 3:19

As Jesus is exalted in the soul

"He must increase, but I must decrease." John 3:30

As Jesus is exalted in the soul, self is abased.

Most ardently do I long to grow in willingness to be poor in self, that I may be learning experimentally more of His unsearchable riches—who will be all or

nothing.

To His praise I must confess, that the more I am taken up with Him, the more blessedly do I realize His grace to be sufficient for me—and that amidst many trials and temptations, and through all the plague of indwelling sin.

I find sin is more subdued by looking at Him, rather than looking at it; because our Father has laid all our help upon this mighty One.

A lily among thorns

"Who is this coming up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved?" Song of Solomon 8:5

"Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest is my lover among the young men. I delight to sit in his shade, and his fruit is sweet to my taste."

Song of Solomon 2:3

"Like a lily among thorns is my darling among the maidens." Song of Solomon 2:2

I trust that you are coming up from the wilderness leaning upon your Beloved. He is the ’apple tree’ among the trees of the forest; while His Bride is the ’lily among thorns’.

With me it has been emptying from vessel to vessel, and finding plenty of dregs. I am willing to suffer anything—so that the wood, hay, and stubble may

be consumed, and Christ be all.

I commend you to the Brother born for adversity. May He draw you near to Himself, and open His stores of love.

With much tender love, your ever affectionate,

Ruth

All that we need

"The unsearchable riches of Christ!" Ephesians 3:8

Oh! what free love, free grace, free mercy flows to poor sinners through the bleeding heart of a crucified Savior—all without money and without price! It is wine and milk indeed. Whatever crooks and twists I find in self, creatures, or circumstances—Jesus is always my only remedy, and in Him I discover something just to fit my case. All that we need is treasured up in Jesus!

A loathsome object

Self is, indeed, a loathsome object, and all its words and deeds have a very ill savor; but Jesus is our place of refuge from it all. The fountain of His blood,

the robe of His righteousness, the arm of His power, and the bosom of His love just suit us as we travel through this dreary, dusty desert, encumbered with "the body of this death." And so while one makes us groan, the other makes us sing, "Thanks be unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" Farewell, my dear friend. Soon will the shadows of time flee away—and we shall see our Beloved face to face!

With much warm love in Him, I remain, your ever affectionate but unworthy,

Ruth

A man to stand in the gap

I have been enjoying Jesus through Ezekiel 22:30-31 — "I searched for a man to stand in the gap in the wall so I wouldn't have to destroy the land, but I found no one. So now I will pour out my fury on them, consuming them in the fire of My anger. I will heap on them the full penalty for all their sins, says the Sovereign Lord."

A man was sought for to stand in the gap; but none being found, the indignation and wrath came upon the guilty party. It must fall somewhere—God's judgment must be executed!

But mark the contrast. For us a Man is found! He comes forth from the invisibility of Jehovah, and in the likeness of man undertakes our cause. He saw there was no other, therefore He said, "Here am I, send Me!" And in the fullness of time He came and stood in the gap, and filled up the breach

in the law; and on His holy head fell our storm of wrath and punishment! Thus He became our covert and hiding-place!

Those love-prints

"Your eyes shall see the King in His beauty." Isaiah 33:17

O my glorious Christ, what will it be to see You, face to face, in Your own light—and be absorbed in Your love!

This is the climax of love's anticipations; these are the mountains of myrrh and hills of frankincense—even His perfections, His glory, and His transporting charms!

Oh! methinks how riveted I shall be; eternal ages will roll on, but still my eyes and heart will have room for no other object but for Him, who died for my sake, but is alive again—my Lord, my life, my all!

Those love-prints in His hands, and feet, and side; that precious body broken for you and for me; I shall behold! I shall gaze upon them; and from the scars of those once bleeding wounds, unutterable radiations of glory will beam

forth forever!

The sacrifice of Himself!

"But now He has appeared one time, at the end of the ages, for the removal of sin by the sacrifice of Himself!" Hebrews 9:26

These rich words still follow me.

That word "sin" feels weighty to a sensible sinner. But oh! that word "Himself!" seems a million times more weighty!

"Himself!" the mighty God, the precious Man Christ Jesus!

"Himself!" by whom all things were created, and for whom they exist!

"Himself!" whose smile is heaven, whose frown is hell!

"Himself!" whom all angels worship, and all devils obey!

"Himself!" the sacrifice!

Another such sacrifice could not be found! Sins deep as hell and high as heaven cannot overmatch it, for it is infinite! Sins of scarlet and crimson dye cannot resist its power, for it makes them whiter than snow!

See as as much as you can of the vileness of self, and the demerit of sin—yet "Himself!" a bleeding sacrifice, exceeds it all! Here is the sweet-smelling savor, or savor of rest, both to the Lawgiver and the lawbreaker. The Lawgiver is honored, the lawbreaker is saved!

See how He stands most lovingly, as with open arms, saying to every laboring, weary, heavy-laden sinner, "Come!" "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!"

"I still receive sinners, to the uttermost I save them, and never am weary of healing their backslidings, forgiving all their iniquities, and multiplying pardons

as they multiply transgressions against Me. I blot all out with My blood, and love them freely and forever!"

Sinner, will not this suffice? It will if the Spirit applies it—and opens in a little measure Himself and His sacrifice in contrast to yourself and your sins. It will take eternity to know it fully; but that your heart may find rest and refreshing in it now, is my affectionate prayer.

"But now He has appeared one time, at the end of the ages, for the removal of sin by the sacrifice of Himself!" Hebrews 9:26

This snare of the great fowler!

This is a day of much lip-profession without real heart work. "The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." "The kingdom of God is within you." This is what Satan seems in this day to be most fighting against. He does not oppose ’a general profession of religion’, which is now deemed respectable. Nor does he mind great strictness in outward religious forms—as that is often a means of lulling the conscience into false peace. He will not even disturb a sound creed, and much zeal in contending for the truth of the Bible—so long as the truths rest only in the natural mind, whereby they induce vain confidence and terrible self-deceiving!

The great enemy of souls will endeavor to keep all in peace who have ’a name to live, but are dead.’ And if one of his subjects passes over either from gross sins or from the more refined pleasures of this perishing world to an ’outward profession’—he will not be alarmed. For he cares not whether souls perish under the title of ’worldling’ or of ’Christian’—so long as he gets them into his own fearful damnation.

Nay, I believe if he sees one become restless under some sense of sin, and that he cannot urge that poor soul on further in the old sinful way—he will transform himself into an angel of light, and recommend reformation and external religious duties, such as reading and hearing the Word—taking care to substitute the ’form’ for ’power’.

Oh! the dreadful danger of such souls, soothed into carnal security! They are only blinded to their danger—not delivered from it. Better were it to endure years of anguish in weeping, and seeking for mercy by Jesus Christ—than to be turned to such "a refuge of lies," and to walk in such "sparks of their own kindling." Better to walk in sorrow all one’s life—than to lie down in sorrow at death to end in eternal woe! May the Lord deliver souls thus deceived from this snare of the great fowler, so that they may thankfully say, "The snare

is broken, and we are escaped" by Divine power into that kingdom of God which is not outward things, such food and drink—but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit.

Ah! my beloved friend, it is this stronghold which Satan fights against—and fallen flesh is in league with him! He may tolerate outward forms and external religious exercises—but inward power is represented as contemptible, unreasonable, and is called fanaticism and enthusiasm! Yet without this divine life within, no soul of man can be saved, as the great day shall declare. It is, indeed, fearful to think what that dreadful day will reveal; and of all characters, I think those are in the most fearful condition—who have had Christ on the lip—but not in the heart, as in Matthew 7:21-23.

True it is, that our vigilant foe does not mind a new creed—but he hates a new heart! He does not object to outward reformation—but hates inward regeneration. He does not fear good words of prayer on the lip—but he well knows he shall suffer loss when it is said of a soul, "Behold, he prays;" for,

"Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees."

O you trembling souls, let not the subtle serpent drive you from this stronghold! Your God will hear and help you!

What can be weaker than a worm?

What can be weaker than a worm? Yet the Lord says, "Do not be afraid, O worm Jacob, O little Israel, for I myself will help you—declares the Lord, your Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. I am holding you by your right hand—I, the Lord your God. And I say to you—Do not be afraid. I am here to help you." "But now, O Israel, the Lord who created you says—Do not be afraid, for I have ransomed you. I have called you by name; you are mine. When you go through deep waters and great trouble, I will be with you. When you go through rivers of difficulty, you will not drown! When you walk through the fire of oppression, you will not be burned up; the flames will not consume you. For I am the Lord, your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior!" These are sweet cordials for a time of weakness and trial. (Isaiah 41:13-14; Isaiah 43:1-3)

Drops of Divine love in this bitter cup

"The more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew." Exodus 1:12

Often, indeed, is it thus with the spiritual seed of Abraham, being "chastened by the Lord" there is growth out of SELF—into Christ! Blessed is it when we turn away from every creature expectation, and pour out our hearts before Him. The Lord grant you like experience, that with me you may say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted!"

My heart earnestly desires for you that the present afflictive dispensation, may be very much sanctified, that the Lord’s name may be glorified, and you come

forth as gold, saying, "I know, O Lord, that in faithfulness You have afflicted me;" and heartily choosing, as Moses did, "to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

"For though our cup seems mixed with gall, There’s something secret sweetens all."

Is it not so? Have you not found some drops of Divine love in this bitter cup? May the Beloved further show Himself through this lattice, and walk with you in this furnace, causing some fetters to be burned off—that you may freely walk in the way of His commandments. It is better to walk with Jesus in the fire, than to walk after the flesh in the slippery places of worldly indulgence and carnal security. I trust He has special favor towards you, and means to have you walk very closely with Himself. Would that I could speak more worthily of our precious Well-Beloved—who may safely be trusted in the flood and in the flame! Praise Him, O our souls! Adieu, much-beloved!

Your very affectionately,

Ruth

Longing for these royal dainties!

In the precious Name which is above every name, I come to inquire—Is it well with you? Does the vine flourish, and the tender grape appear? (Song of Solomon 6:11) and do you find the savor of the Beloved’s ointments give a very good fragrance? Is Jesus increasingly precious, more than ever desirable? Is He, in your esteem, better than rubies, and all the things that may lawfully be desired not to be compared to Him? Is the Holy Spirit sharpening your appetite for this Bread of Life, so that with more ardent longings you are saying, "None but Jesus!"

When He is in the right place, other things will be so; it is His rising in the soul that makes them sink to their proper level. And oh! He is so worthy, so suitable, so altogether lovely—we cannot prize Him too much, or hold Him too fast, or lean on Him too heavily!

My highest praise of Him is far below His worth; but through rich grace, I, a vile sinner, have tasted and handled of this precious Word of life, and found such blessed benefit, such soul-invigoration, that I want to set others longing for these royal dainties!

Satan is ever striving to divert the mind from this blessed Object. He will allure or alarm, he will use what is pleasing or painful—anything to keep the soul from delighting in Jesus, and looking unto Him. Nevertheless, all those who are ordained unto eternal life shall believe in spite of his efforts; and all those in

eternal union with Christ, shall close with Him by living faith. Cords of love shall entwine, and ropes of kindness shall draw—until the poor soul is brought into conscious union with the Beloved, and can say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me!"

He is very precious

"Yes, He is very precious to you who believe!" 1 Peter 2:7

I greet you affectionately in that dear name which, when breathed into the soul by the Holy Spirit, is truly precious. Precious indeed He is, but not to the carnal mind; to such He has no loveliness, no beauty, that they should desire Him. There must be . . .spiritual life, spiritual sight, and spiritual appetite, before a glorious Christ can be appreciated in His preciousness and suitability!

Our Champion!

Truly it makes my heart glow to see Jesus as our Champion on the battlefield, vanquishing our foes . . .Satan, sin, the world, our old man, and death itself!

They have all been so overcome by our spiritual David, that they shall never be the destruction of the least lamb in His flock. The lion and the bear may come out together against them, and seem just ready to devour; but He will arise, smite the beasts of prey, deliver His trembling one, and none shall pluck it out of His hand!

This is precious consolation to such as feel they have no might at all, and feel, too . . .the world drawing, Satan tempting, sin striving, and the flesh lusting.

Oh, what would we do at such times if we had not One to fight for us, and fight in us too! We would certainly be "swallowed up quick." But the Lord has laid help upon "One who is mighty;" and this mighty One who is for us, is more than all who can be against us. What makes it so beautiful is, that He Himself is our very strength and victory; so that our weakness and inability are no hindrance at all. Of this one of old was so well convinced, that he exclaimed, "When I am weak, then am I strong." What a paradox to carnal reason! and how long we are learning this lesson perfectly, by reason of the working of our carnality and self-love!

He plunges us in the ditch!

Our Father has determined that Christ shall be all, and we nothing. To accomplish this experimentally, He undoes our work. When we have been washing with soap, He plunges us in the ditch! When we seem to be getting on a little better than usual, He turns us upside down. This is hard work, and while the process is going on, we think it must be for destruction, for we appear to grow worse and worse! But in truth it is for salvation—to show ourselves to ourselves, to bring us to forsake ourselves, and to give us Christ, instead of ourselves.

Oh, what a blessed exchange!

It is worth being spoiled in all the labor of our hands, and marred in our very best things—to possess such a treasure!

There can be no drinking of the ’living waters’ while we have a price in our hand, be it much or little. There can be no buying the gospel wine and milk

while we have any money. There can be no triumphing in "the Lord our righteousness," while we are hunting about for shreds of our own, and sewing them together.

All this is Christ-rejecting and God-dishonoring!

Therefore be not cast down at the Lord’s ways towards you, for if we are anything, or have anything—Jesus cannot be everything. And if He is not everything, He is nothing. He must be all—for holiness, for happiness, for justification, for sanctification, for acceptable appearing before God, for suitable walking before men, for holy living, for happy dying.

In short, our Father has "blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Him." And the reason we do not enjoy them more is because we seek them in ourselves! Oh to have the single eye which looks at Jesus only! Then would our whole body be "full of light."

But thus to venture right away from self is a venture indeed—and can only be done by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Mountains of the blackest guilt

Jesus is such a Savior, so mighty and so merciful, that mountains of the blackest guilt may be safely trusted with Him—His rich atoning blood will cleanse from all!

Jesus has gathered up all the inherent and actual sin of His people, and thrown it into the ocean of redeeming blood, where it sinks like lead in the mighty waters, and never shall rise to condemn them to death.

"You will trample our sins under your feet and throw them into the depths of the ocean!" Micah 7:19

In due time He enables faith to do the same thing, to keep casting the felt and hated filth of sin into the Red Sea of His precious blood.

03.02. Volume 2

Choice excerpts from the diary and letters of RUTH BRYAN

I see not an inch of the road

I see not an inch of the road before me, and have no stock of strength or ability for the journey. But I must live moment by moment on the Lord God, who will make my feet like hinds' feet, to tread upon very high places—even the God who performs all things for me.

Moreover, to use another figure, I must lie in the arms of my Beloved as a helpless infant—without wisdom or power to do anything for myself—but believing that "the everlasting arms of love" will prove a safe conveyance.

Oh! what a blessed Jesus we have—who can so soften affliction and so sweeten Marah's bitter stream, making us exceeding joyful even in tribulation. Where there is spiritual life

Jesus is a tender Shepherd; He knows the lambs cannot travel very fast, so He will sometimes gather them in His arms, and carry them in His bosom. While, at other times, He will allow even those little ones to feel the roughness of the road and their own weakness—that they may be

emptied of self-confidence, and walk humbly, confiding in the Lord alone.

All Divine leadings are in Divine sovereignty, and we cannot mark out any specific line, either for ourselves or others. But this we know—that all who are born of God shall be led and taught by the Spirit, and all such do feel sin hateful and holiness desirable.

Where there is spiritual life there shall be spiritual growth, although the way and manner thereof is sovereign.

The life of faith

To know nothing but Jesus; to delight in no other; to look nowhere else for holiness, happiness, and fruitfulness—this is the life of faith, and "living godly in Christ Jesus." His love is a bottomless, shoreless ocean, in which we shall be absorbed forever and ever! That will be heaven

Oh, that my heart were a ten-stringed instrument, and my life a living epistle—in which all might read Him. But, alas! it is so blotted over with unbelief and other sins, that it is hard to pick out His dear name in most of the pages.

Oh! when I see Him face to face, and behold those love-prints in His glorious body, what shall I feel? That will be heaven—not one of harps and crowns, or of anything else—but JESUS and the open vision of His unveiled glories, the ineffable glories of Deity, and perfect beauties of humanity ever beaming with new effulgence in the person of our Bridegroom! Then shall we reflect His glory, and show forth His praise.

The bitters are love

The past week have had much bodily suffering. All is well. There is no curse in my cup of trial. The bitters are love—as well as the sweets.

Oh, grant the teaching of the Spirit with every troublesome dispensation, I may be instructed, corrected, and comforted. And oh, my precious Lord, sanctify my increasing affliction, that it may be a blessing to myself and others.

I may yet have much suffering of body—but my precious Lord will sustain me. Oh, may He be magnified in this frail body, by life and death.

Blush, and weep, and love

I have walked through many dark and trying providences. I would fly to Your dear cross, and to You, the dear crucified One—my safe hiding-place from all my sins! There would I blush, and weep, and love, and find there "is no condemnation." Oh, what unbounded goodness and mercy have followed me hitherto. "Your paths drop fatness." You are the Joy of prosperity, and the Brother born for adversity. Much pain of body—but the dear Tree of life sweetens Marah’s bitter stream.

Victory over corruption

It is blessed to feed upon Jesus, not on my feelings. My soul longs for fresh baptism into His death. Jesus alone is my death to sin. He alone is my true victory over corruption.

Oh! my precious Ishi

"You will call Me Ishi—(my husband). Hosea 2:16

"You will be called Hephzibah—(My delight is in her) . . . for the Lord will take delight in you." Isaiah 62:4

Oh! my precious Ishi, I am Your Hephzibah—made for You alone. Vile as I feel, You see it not—but view me in Your own beauty—all lovely, and without spot or fault.

You are my joy and crown, my holiness and happiness, my heaven and my all. I drink the spiced wine of Your love, and taste the river of Your pleasures!

How pure, how rich, how efficacious!

I awoke this morning under a deep sense of my sinfulness—but was favored afterwards with a realization of the precious blood of the glorious Lamb of God.

How pure, how rich, how efficacious!

Every drop is worth more than all the world has in it—the blood of the everlasting covenant, which blotted my sin out of God’s book, and from my conscience also! That sun behind the mist

This morning I was out walking, when the sun suddenly burst upon my view, and, by reason of a mist, I could gaze upon it without being dazzled. It was beautiful, though not shining in its usual refulgence. And I, musing, thought—Why can I look so steadily upon the sun? Only because its brightness is partly obscured by the mist.

So, upon Jehovah, its mighty Maker, I could not gaze. His uncreated brightness would confound me. But He has softened that brightness in Jesus. That sun behind the mist reminds me of "God manifest in the flesh." There I can look—and live!

The incarnate Word in the written Word

I long and pant for more revealing of the incarnate Word in the written Word. O blessed Spirit, testify of Him to my soul in the Scriptures. Abba Father, reveal Your precious Son more fully in me; and You, my Beloved, make Yourself known to me more than ever. How much I thirst for You, You know. You are most kind—but more unfoldings of Yourself I still desire. To the sin-burdened or sorrowful soul

I have been favored to sit under the shadow of my suffering Savior with great delight, and His fruit has been sweet to my taste. Much blessed in Psalms 22:1-31. I never before so fully realized how our precious Lord felt the anguish of unanswered prayer. He seems to have gone before us in every sorrowful step, and most precious is He to the sin-burdened

or sorrowful soul, when revealed by the Spirit as bearing all for them. His loving hands

I am fully satisfied to be in His loving hands. The weight of sin and guilt

We all, like sheep, have gone astray, each of us has turned to his own way; and the Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Isaiah 53:6 The weight of sin and guilt so ponderous that none but Jehovah could have laid it upon the Surety, and none but such a Surety could have borne it! My soul is humbled and melted!

Love scenes

My glorious Lord, I humbly and confidingly embrace You as my life, and peace, and pardon; my purity, my joy, and my all. I ask to be led by the blessed Spirit afresh into the love scenes of solemn Gethsemane and Calvary.

I am much abased

I am much abased in my own sight, because of sin. "O Lord, You know my foolishness, and my sins are not hidden from You." I know that the precious blood of my Surety has atoned for them all. But I loathe the evil working of my nature. Dearest Lord, hear the cry of my heart, which cannot be put in words, and with precious blood purge my conscience.

You alone did teach me the life of faith. Oh, renew that teaching amidst all discouragements! As safe as I can be

In Jesus—I am as safe as I can be, and very happy—a sinner saved by grace! Free grace and free love is all my theme.

In the past week I have had deep conflict, many storms—but sweet interminglings of mercy. I feel weak and faint, as if the journey were too great for me. But my dear Lord will sustain me. I am the poorest worm—and must let fall my whole weight upon You, my precious Savior. Lord, help me on, and help me home!

"Do not be afraid, for I have ransomed you. I have called you by name; you are mine. When you go through deep waters and great trouble, I will be with you. When you go through rivers of difficulty, you will not drown! When you walk through the fire of oppression, you will not be burned up; the flames will not consume you. For I am the Lord, your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior!" Isaiah 43:1-3 The calf which was ground to powder

"He took the calf they had made and melted it in the fire. And when the metal had cooled, he ground it into powder and mixed it with water. Then he made the people drink it." Exodus 32:20

I remember the calf which was ground to powder by Moses, for the children of Israel to drink. I have formerly known this bitter experience, when the sin I had trifled with became my daily and sorrowful portion, nor could I rid myself of it. Oh, this is sore work. "Lord, help me!" though I feel I am not worthy of the crumbs which fall from Your table.

A sparrow alone

"I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top." Psalms 102:7

This is a dreary land, and I a trembling traveler. But the Lord is very gracious to His sparrow alone. I need supporting, like the ivy which clings round the oak. Lord, lead me—and do not leave me! When the Lord makes it night

In the past week I have had much spiritual darkness; and felt this evening that I was, as it were, in "the lion’s den," and in the "mountain of leopards," through the felt evils of my fallen nature. When the Lord makes it night, all the beasts of the forest creep forth. But, when

the blessed Sun of Righteousness rises again, they creep into their dens, and hide themselves. How evil things dislike the light. The deep inscription of Almighty love

Glorious Redeemer, come to me in further and fuller developments of Your personal glories; and, in the warmth of Your love. Let me see

Your heart laid open by the sword of justice, and read there the deep inscription of Almighty love. Breathe, sacred Spirit, into this heart—quickening there desires more ardent after Jesus.

Melted away before this glorious Sun

"Looking unto Jesus" has been the prevailing position of my soul during the last week, and I long for continual renewings therein by the Holy Spirit. Surely, when looking by faith away from all, to Jesus only—He does become, in soul experience, "all in all." I cannot describe in words how earthly cares and interest have melted away before this glorious Sun of Righteousness, who is "all my salvation and all my desire." My joy, my treasure, and my absorbing all

What a peculiar year! How rich in mercy, high in joy, deep in conflict, sweet in love—the love of my precious Beloved!

Your love has softened and sweetened all my trials; and here I am—a monument of love’s upholding power, feeling sweetly assured that the Lord has heard my prayers, and seen my tears. All shall be well—this deep and dark trial shall end in songs of praise. "He knows the way that I take," and though, to the flesh, it is like a long dark road, with only occasional rays of brightness;

yet, "my soul, wait only upon God"—it will not be in vain. He will either release from this fettering clay, or He will carry triumphantly on. And all shall redound to His praise who lived and died for me—my Lord, my life, my all. Praise for the past, trust for the future, befits Your favored worm, O Lord. I do afresh embrace You by

faith, as my joy, my treasure, and my absorbing all. I fall heavily into Your arms, with all my weights. You will sustain me in Your love, in life or death—as seems best to You. Amen.

What rich, rich drops flowed for vile, unworthy me!

Very specially has my Beloved been to me today—as the suffering Lord of glory. Oh! what blood was that—what rich, rich drops flowed for vile, unworthy me!

Oh! what condescension!

What unutterable love!

My soul wonders and adores!

"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." And His spouse shall see somewhat of His soul-travail for her, and be satisfied with His love and favor. That You, immaculate Lamb, should be bruised and wounded for my sake—is overwhelming indeed!

I long to fall at Your dear feet, and confess myself a trophy of redeeming love—a miracle of Your saving grace and cleansing blood!

All else is confusing

Afresh I give myself to You, my blessed Jesus, to look at You, and only You; all else is confusing. You have been above my foes, above my fears, and immeasurably above my deserts! The sweetness of all!

It is marvelous that I should have such enjoyments: this quiet retreat, this most beautiful country air and scenery, everything I need, provided without cost to me, and the kindest attentions from dear friends! It is wonderful, for I never looked for anything like prosperity on earth.

I do enjoy Your mercies, and Your beautiful creation, now in the freshness of spring. But You Yourself are the sweetness of all! The deep, sweet mystery

I do indeed feel Him to be a rock—yes, the rock of my heart, and my portion forever. Oh! for more faith. Oh, for more of Jesus—in heart, lip, and life!

Blessed Comforter! lead me more into the deep, sweet mystery of Christ, my Lord.

I fear I am too happy

All "my times are in Your hands." They cannot be in a better place. Flesh and strength are still wasting. But I am kept in peace, and surrounded with loving kindness and tender mercies. Oh, that I could praise my gracious God! Oh, that my heart were as a ten-stringed instrument, and my tongue as a well-tuned harp, to sound His praise! Tune and touch, most gracious Comforter, that melody may be made unto the Lord, who is so good to me.

I have had a week of amazing mercies. I am overwhelmed at the Lord’s goodness to me.

Sometimes I fear I am too happy; the sweet peace I enjoy is very great. It has quite seemed to me this week that Home is near—and that is pleasant. I love my dear, kind friends very much. But to behold Him

who is dearer than all, and to be absorbed in untiring, unceasing worship; yes, to live and breathe in the pure element of holiness and love—will, indeed, be delightful.

O Lord, I pray for such an outcome out of this affliction as shall be most glorifying to You; and, if it pleases You, sanctify me for Your service below or above. His beauties and His sweetness!

Oh, what a present heaven do I find in Jesus! No tongue can count half His beauties and His sweetness! Oh, to live ever by simple faith upon Him—until called up to live in open vision with Him. Flesh gets most complete starvation, when Christ is all in all!

Rough paths

"Remember that the Lord your God led you on the entire journey these 40 years in the wilderness, so that He might humble you and test you to know what was in your heart, whether or not you would keep His commands. He humbled you by letting you go hungry; then He gave you manna to eat, which you and your fathers had not known, so that you might learn that man does not live on bread alone but on every word that comes from the mouth of the Lord." Deuteronomy 8:2-3

I am sure there has been a needs-be for all the rough paths I have been traveling. I might have been much puffed up if all had gone smoothly. By these things I learn, under Divine teaching, much that is within. And I also find my heart is much softened thereby, to sympathize with others in their trials.

I have once or twice had relief, and thought the storm was over—but it has again beaten upon me. I see from it that in my fallen nature there is no improvement.

How do I marvel when I look back; what deep anguish I have gone through. I wish to watch closely, to learn profitably, to be humbled exceedingly, and think I must walk softly before the Lord all my days.

I bless Him, that He has kept me in fervent cries to Him during the long siege, and thus flesh has not prevailed against me. Surely, now, the walls of this Jericho have fallen. O blessed Jesus, in the tenderness of Your compassion—pity my infirmity, and, through it all, lead me on to victory.

The cross

"May I never boast except in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which the world has been crucified to me, and I to the world." Galatians 6:14

By His cross I find death to sin, law, world, and myself. All my black guilt was here removed! Eternal praises to my dear Deliverer!

Complete perfection, safety, and victory

May the Lord be pleased to make the doctrine of complete perfection, safety, and victory IN CHRIST—one of daily experience. In Christ I am experimentally raised, even now, above sin, Satan, the world, and myself, and triumphantly sit with Him in heavenly places.

Feelings and sensations

I have just been led to see an evil, of which, I believe, I have been the guilty subject—that of resting in, and being taken up with, certain feelings and sensations experienced by me—rather than with Christ Himself, the Substance of the feast. And thus my feelings become more the object of my pursuit and desire, than His glory. Both in praying and reading the Holy Scriptures, I seem to have been thus beguiled from simplicity, having feeling and enjoyment more in view—than Him from whom they come. And so, when favored with a sensation of comfort, peace, and joy in my reading, I have the next time come to the Word searching for that same sweetness again—more than for Christ, the source and fullness of it. Many dear Christians might not see what I mean—but I see plainly, and beg to be delivered from this seeking the gifts more than the Giver. Oh, my Christ Jehovah, how have You been dishonored by worthless me; so blessed, so favored, and yet so prone to rest in Your bestowments rather than Yourself. Pardon, and restore to that simplicity which is alone in You. Oh, do it for Your love and honor’s sake!

Crooked walking

No fear of crooked walking while the eye is fixed fully on Jesus! Oh, lead me, Holy Comforter, more into Christ—and out of self!

Implicitly, unreservedly, and entirely

"Yet not my will, but yours be done." Luke 22:42

Implicitly, unreservedly, and entirely, I give all I have and am to Your disposal. Only glorify Yourself in me, and then glorify me with Yourself!

Oh! wonders of rich, sovereign grace!

Vile, helpless, guilty as ever in myself—but finding a perfect salvation in a perfect Christ!

Oh! wonders of rich, sovereign grace!

Planned, accomplished, and applied!

Yesterday, and last night again—was exceedingly harassed by Satan and the flesh. But found the cross of Christ my place of refuge; and from a dear, once crucified, but now glorified Savior—did receive strength in the battle, sympathy in the suffering, and assurance of victory through His blood.

Precious Jesus, You are as full as ever; the more I enjoy You, the more I see yet to be enjoyed. The larger draughts I drink of "salvation by grace"—the more overflowing seems the fountain. And the more I get into its depths, the more unfathomable seems that delightful ocean!

Thanks, thanks to a covenant God for a salvation planned, accomplished, and applied! My Savior, Husband, Friend, Surety, All

April 3rd, 1839. Blessed beyond measure with comfort, peace, and joy—all flowing through the bleeding heart of Christ—my Savior, Husband, Friend, Surety, All. The desire to be with Him in glory continues and increases! Dearest Jesus, give patience. Pardon what is mine; strengthen what is Yours. Accomplish Your own purpose in this frail tabernacle—and then fetch me home!

Come with Death, precious Christ. I tremble at him without Your presence. Oh, come, and let me breathe out my soul on Your bosom, in Your embrace. Much for me to ask—but not too much for You to give. Your kindness makes me bold. For Your own love's sake, grant my request, or give submission; and, if not seen, support secretly. Eternity is coming, and then I shall never tire. But shout, methinks, louder than all the blood-washed throng, "He loved me and gave Himself for me!" I wait, Lord, Your will.

Oh, wondrous Savior

March 17th, 1839. The tempter foiled, my Savior faithful, and my poor soul relieved. Oh, wondrous Savior, to do the work, bear the suffering—and bestow upon me the reward! Give, oh, give me a heart to praise, love, and adore You. Holy Comforter, come again, come again, and speak peace through blood. Oh bathe me in that living, healing, cleansing stream. Breathe, oh breathe, on this dry, barren, cold heart! Have I grieved You? oh, melt me into penitence, and then seal home pardon.

Why me?

Oh, what manifest outward mercies have I been the subject of! How does my cup run over, and how am I astonished at it, often exclaiming, "Why me? Why—oh why am I so blessed?"

Oh, what miracles of mercy to such a wretch!

Dear Jesus, sanctify the temporal mercies You have given; let me enjoy You in and with them—or they are all nothing.

A debtor indeed to sovereign, unmerited mercy.

Who should louder sing than I?

December 12th, 1838. Much comforted today with views of precious Jesus, as my dear, almighty Savior —engaged to do all for and in me. Faint indeed are these glimpses compared with what I desire—but are they not pledges of more? I verily believe they are; and that, though a vile, hell-deserving sinner, I shall shout—Victory through the blood of the Lamb! and join the ransomed throng in casting at His dear feet our blood-bought crowns. Who should louder sing than I?

Divine dewdrops!

October 30th, 1838. Found much sweetness this morning from Isaiah 49:23, "those who put their hope in Me will not be put to shame," and Psalms 31:22, "In my alarm I had said, 'I am cut off from Your sight.' But You heard the sound of my pleading when I cried to You for help." The Lord be praised for these divine dewdrops! My soul thirsts, longs intensely

My soul thirsts, longs intensely—to know more of a glorious Christ, and live more upon Him; for He is the bread of God. May the Holy Spirit breathe again upon my barren heart.

Most Holy Comforter, most solemnly do I entreat You, as the Teacher of Your people—to lead me more deeply into heart acquaintance with divine truth, and into communion with the Triune Jehovah, making me lose all things outward, and count them as rubbish and dross in comparison with this. Oh, let me not continue on the surface—but bring me to swim in, and take large draughts of, the water of life. The dark tale

December 31st, 1837. The last day of the year has come again! How rapidly are the wheels of time revolving and bearing me on to a boundless eternity! Another year closing, and of what do its "gone-by"

periods testify? Why! of aggravated transgression and ingratitude on my part—and most astonishing mercy and longsuffering from my covenant God.

There has also been granted more laying hold of Christ, and, when sensible of sin, more running to Him for pardon and cleansing; and, as it were, hanging upon Him in my desperate case, and, if I perish, to do so at His feet. All this, with much more, I take to be very, very great mercy.

But, oh! the dark tale of my own sin which has also marked this year—it is too black to be told! Ingratitude, murmuring, carnality, worldliness, unbelief, backsliding, and a thousand other evils—make up a list which ought to sink me into shame and self-abasement!

Almighty Spirit, condescend to melt me into real contrition, that having received much, I may love much; and having sinned much, I may have

much forgiven.

I am sure the flesh is no friend of mine; and as I have not resolution to cut off its right-hand, and to pluck out its right-eye sins—it is most merciful of the Lord to do it for me. And though I often cry out from pain, my spirit says—Go on, Lord, deal with me as You will—only support and bring me to walk closely with You.

Lord, give me a broken heart

Lord, melt this stony heart, wash this filthy heart, bring back this wandering heart—and somehow, by Almighty power, make me more

watchful against those sins which most easily beset me.

Lord, give me a broken heart—and then come and heal it.

Magnify the riches of Your grace

Leave me not to myself, for my wicked heart is longing after fleshly indulgence! I want, dear Immanuel, to be Yours alone—but cannot. Oh,

no; I cannot! a divided heart You will not accept. I fall a dead weight on Your sovereign, undeserved mercy, by which, if I am not caught, I must continue falling until I reach the lowest, hottest place in Tophet, which is my merited portion. But, blessed Jesus, take me for Your own, and magnify the riches of Your grace in my deliverance! "Lord, save, or I perish!" The past week

December 20th, 1835. I have for the last two days welcomed bodily affliction, because by it the awful corruption of my nature seemed kept down. The past week has been a week of sin, temptation, and severe exercise—such as I could describe to no mortal.

I fall at Your feet, O Immanuel—loathsome, corrupt, and abominable, crying for free, unmerited mercy! I come to You, O Almighty Spirit, begging for the sake of, and through, what Jesus has done and suffered,

that You would be my Teacher, and, whatever it may cost—lead me into the truth, and reveal Christ in my soul, as the hope of glory. Before the Father, I fall self-condemned, having nothing to say why sentence

should not be executed upon me—but that He so loved the world that He gave His own dear son to die for sinners (of whom I am the very chief), to whom I look for a sacrifice to atone for my sins, and a perfect righteousness to cover my guilty soul, that so He may be well pleased with me for His righteousness sake.

Embittering my enjoyments

Crucifixion of the flesh and deadness to the world is what I pray for. But, when the Lord puts His hand to this work by embittering my njoyments, putting quite out of my reach what I most anxiously wish for, keeping my purse in His own care, giving me enough only for my present needs, not desires, then my heart rebels, and my case seems hard; and I wonder why I am thus dealt with, thinking it impossible the Lord can intend my good.

The need of Divine teaching

From the various opinions and sentiments of people whom I believe to be Christians, added to my own ignorance and darkness—my mind has fallen into a most distressing state of confusion and perplexity. Never did I more feel the need of Divine teaching. I long for Jesus to say to me as He did to the disciples, "To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom." May the Eternal Spirit be my Instructor. He alone teaches to profit, because He alone has access to the heart. Be willing to be nothing

Trust Him evermore; walk in His strength. Be willing to be nothing, that Christ may be all in all; and then will you find settled peace. But, oh, this being nothing—we take much discipline to bring us to it in reality;

much emptying from vessel to vessel, much afflicting, much purging. How much have I had, and yet how self rises; and how do I seek something to glory in, or lean upon, beside Christ. Dear Jesus, bring me

more and more into the simplicity of the Gospel, and let me lean more and more upon You.

Hard fighting

I have hard fighting just now; the corruptions of my nature are very headstrong. May I be kept from laying down my weapons, to which I feel sinfully inclined; yes, even to make a truce with my deadliest foe, and that which formerly robbed me of my peace. The Lord have mercy on me, for I feel that, of myself, I can do nothing but sin.

Such a vile sinner!

September 5th, 1830. I have this week been favored with a more abundant manifestation of the Lord’s love to my soul than I ever before experienced. My heart has been sweetly led out in prayer; and I have had such delightful witnessings of the Spirit, that I could not doubt my interest in a Savior’s love.

Amazing that such a vile sinner should be a chosen vessel of mercy! I stand astonished, and can hardly believe the delightful fact, and yet I have had such clear intimations, that I dare not dispute it.

Oh, how sweet to have a foretaste of the joys above; a smile from Jesus and whisper of His grace! How insignificant then is the world with its pleasures and honors!

Ten thousand thanks to You, dear Lord, for Your amazing goodness. Oh! may I be watchful and prayerful, and very fearful of grieving Your Holy Spirit; do continue Your favor—what I have tasted makes me long for more; and I hope it is only the pledge of what is in store for me, for I do

desire to live near You, and have much of heaven on earth. Grant this, dearest Jesus, for Your mercy’s sake!

Brooks dry up, cisterns become broken

"I am your inheritance," says our loving Lord; and as we live by faith, we find that we have a treasure in the heavens which fails not.

Brooks dry up, cisterns become broken—but the all-fullness treasured in Jesus is inexhaustible! And in the greatest outward straits we may be living in plenty and rejoicing in Him! "Even though the fig

trees have no blossoms, and there are no grapes on the vine; even though the olive crop fails, and the fields lie empty and barren; even though the flocks die in the fields, and the cattle barns are empty—yet

I will rejoice in the Lord! I will be joyful in the God of my salvation!" Habakkuk 3:17-18

We can rejoice in Him whether He bestows or withholds—spiritually or temporally.

Nothing to lose

He who has given all up to God—has nothing to lose.

He who has found all in God—has nothing outside of Him to desire.

Shall I not drink it?

"The cup which my Father has given me—shall I not drink it?" John 18:11

Yes, you shall drink it and praise the Lord.

He wisely appoints and times every bitter cup—and all is given in love. Bitters are strengthening, sweets are comforting; and through all He will sustain the hidden life with the hidden manna, of which, if a man eats, he shall live forever. It was said of the Paschal Lamb, "with bitter herbs you

shall eat it," which remains true to this day, as I experimentally prove—but find it truly "Sweet to lie passive in His hands—and know no will but His."

When I attempt to judge His dealings I get into bewilderment and confusion. When I attempt to choose my own ways I make endless mistakes, and at length fall at His feet abased at my own foolishness.

I am a poor weak creature

I seldom sail long on a smooth sea—but often do I see the Lord’s wonders in the deep, and bring up many a pearl from thence. I am a poor weak creature, and often fear when I enter into the cloud, and cry in the storm, "Save me, O God, for the waters have come in unto my soul!" Then He does deliver the poor and the needy when they cry. He has delivered, He does deliver, and we trust that He will yet deliver. I am weak and tried—but one of those feeble folk whose dwelling is in the rock. (Proverbs 30:26)

Living in and on a full Savior

I am myself, just an empty sinner, living in and on a full Savior, "who loved me, and gave Himself for me." I am crucified with Him. He lives in me; "the life I live in the flesh is by the faith in the Son of God." I find His service perfect freedom, and sweetly prove that "the way of the Lord is strength to the upright." "Unto you who believe, He is precious."

Ah, indeed no words can express how precious our glorious Emmanuel is to my heart. "I am poor and needy—but the Lord thinks upon me;" and He has said in my soul, "You are not your own, you are bought with a price." It felt very, very solemn; and then a short time after that word followed, "You are mine," which was very sweet and melting. Bought

and paid for! The price His own rich blood! Amazing! Was ever love like this? Ah, never! He is the Prince of lovers, the best of all beloveds; worthy, worthy is our lovely Lord the Lamb! Of all on earth I surely

am most indebted to Him, and owe Him an eternity of praise. "I will tell of the Lord’s unfailing love. I will praise the Lord for all he has done. I will rejoice in his great goodness to Israel, which he has granted according to his mercy and love." Isaiah 63:7

High heads and trifling hearts

Many of His dealings I do not understand, and I often feel myself a poor, weary pilgrim. But His love and His bosom are the home of my heart; and there it reposes in safety, while the tempest howls around and the storm beats upon the outer man. I have had many little contrarieties in the path, and much exercise of soul.

I am more and more convinced the way upward is one of tribulation, and the high heads and trifling hearts of most professors look as if they were not in it. But honestly we say,

"Above their highest mirth, Our saddest hours we prize; For though our cup seems mixed with gall, There’s something secret sweetens all."

But the worst and roughest of our heavenward path is infinitely preferable to the best a worldling knows.

And though my flesh desires an easy path—my spirit often feels the blessed benefit of the cross, and blesses Him who lovingly endured it with the curse for my unworthy sake.

In so far as Jesus is our all

If we are really living in the liberty of love and privileges of union with Jesus, we shall hold and use all creatures, and creature good, only in the

Beloved, and for His glory. In so far as Jesus is our all, selfish ends and aims will be lost. Just as the rod of Aaron swallowed up the rods of the magicians of Pharaoh—so will all those powers which were once instruments of unrighteousness in self-love, be swallowed up in Christ, by whose power in us they will be used as instruments of righteousness unto God.

More than theoretical knowledge

It is my sincere desire that He may still lead you on in the divine life as evidently as heretofore He has; though it must still be to the rooting up and putting down of all that is of the flesh. For He has determined that no flesh shall glory in His presence. We easily assent to this in words—but the Lord will have more than theoretical knowledge in His school. He will bring all who sit at His feet to the practical experience of the words they utter and the lessons they learn.

What scorching did that precious Lamb suffer!

Hearken, beloved, to these words: "Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame!" That thirst, that heat, that torment I must have endured forever—had not Jesus Himself borne it, when for me under its heat He said, "I thirst!" Oh, what scorching did that precious Lamb suffer,

when water was denied Him and vinegar given.

This was unutterable love!

Muse and marvel, O my soul!

What a glorious company

What a glorious company will there be on the Mount Zion above, of blood-washed sinners . . .once so black—then so white; once so far off—then so near; once so full of fear and trembling—then so safe forever!

How shall we praise the worthy Lamb who brought us there at the cost of His own heart’s blood! Oh, that we had more conception of the virtue and efficacy of that blood which has cleansed and will cleanse millions and millions of black sinners, and make them fit company for God and the Lamb. How it would encourage them to come to that fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, which is free to every longing soul who is crying, "Wash me, Savior, or I die!"

Would that I had more conceptions of the freeness and fullness of the finished salvation, and that this contracted heart were enlarged to apprehend more of the love of the Savior to poor needy

sinners.

What an amazing object our Father has given us to behold by faith—even His crucified Son, who was the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person. Yet for poor sinners was His visage marred more than any man’s. His food and drink was to do the will and work of His Father; yet "it pleased the Lord to bruise Him!" And thus marred, and bruised, and crucified, He says to bruised reeds, "Look unto Me, and be saved!" Look unto Me—bleeding, agonizing, made a curse for your sin! Look unto Me on the Cross, to be forgiven your iniquity!

Oh that our eyes and hearts may be fixed here; then shall we be constrained to sing and give thanks. "Unto you, therefore, who believe, He is precious!" 1 Peter 2:7

All mercy and no merit

"I am the LORD your God, who teaches you what is best for you, who directs you in the way you should go." Isaiah 48:17

I am at school. I am a very dull, but happy scholar, with such love upon love, and line upon line from such a blessed Teacher! Oh, this is a sacred place! I am receiving many private lessons bearing upon my own experience, conflicts, and mistakes. I listen for Him, I listen to Him, and marvel greatly, concluding most certainly that there never was such an unworthy creature, who was so favored. I think one result of every new lesson is, "Behold, I am vile!" "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes!" I desire afresh to forsake all—and follow Jesus only.

My earnest cry now is for guidance—to find any home where the Lord will bless me, and where I may not be corroded with worldly care. The most humble place, with a quiet mind and the Lord’s presence, seems just what I want—to serve Him in lowliness on earth, until the welcome hour when He shall say, "Enter into the joy of your Lord!" Indeed it must be without a "Well done, good and faithful servant." It is with me—all mercy and no merit.

We seem to be in a great hospital

Beloved friend,

Through mercy we are much as usual—but sickness abounds on all sides, and many saints have fallen asleep. We seem to be in a great hospital—so many loved ones are sick. But Jesus walks the wards where His own loved ones lie, and whether He wills that they die or live, He says unto the righteous—it shall be well with you. The wretched wilderness of my own heart

I know not what is the cause of your being at present cast down—but your heavenly Father knows, and He has promised that He will not allow you to be tempted above what you are able to bear, and that, with every temptation, He will make a way to escape.

It is to humble you and prove you, that He may do you good in your latter end. When He has shown you a little of what is in your heart, He will show you something of what is in His heart—even "thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." He will then reveal

the everlasting love which has been fixed upon you from all eternity, and is now drawing you to Himself. Yes, youshall see such love flowing from your Father’s heart in the precious gift of His beloved Son, whom He delivered up to the sword of justice and to the curse of the law for your

sake—that though you find nothing within but abomination, and nothing without but sin and shortcoming; though you feel yourself full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores—yet shall you experience that with His stripes you are healed, in His blood you are cleansed, and in His righteousness you are justified.

You may be now learning something of the depths of your malady—but it will only enhance the blessing of the cure.

I have known what it is to travel through the wretched wilderness of my own heart, and learn something of its corruptions—feeling hard, cold, barren, prayerless—and everything else that is hateful.

It was like that dreary land mentioned in Jeremiah 2:6, and it felt as solitary as if none else could be there, "they wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way." But One eye was watching, though unseen! One arm was supporting, though unfelt! And at length the Sun of righteousness arose upon my sorrowful soul, and, "turned the shadow of death into the morning!" Then I wanted to fly away from these lowlands of sorrow,

and be at rest in His bosom forever! But He said, "Go back and tell your friends and neighbors what great things the Lord has done for you, and has had compassion upon you."

Two great evils

We are so prone to commit these two great evils: departing from the Fountain of living waters, and hewing out to ourselves broken cisterns which can hold no water.

And our wise and gracious Lord will let us, for a season, reap the fruit of our doings, in order to make our folly hateful to us. But He will not always chide, nor cast off forever. He will return unto us with mercies, and with healing in His wings. He is the good Samaritan, and if we have spiritually fallen among thieves, who have stripped us of our garments

of praise, and robbed us of the joys of His salvation, and wounded us until we feel half dead—though He may first let us prove that all "self-helps" and creature helps are vain—yet at length He will be sure "to come that way," and minister to our needy case, saying, "I am the Lord who heals you." The life of faith

The life of faith is continued venturing afresh upon Jesus, finding no more in self to encourage us at the last than at the first, remembering in the midst of all discouragements how "David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." And that is just what faith does. By reason of the flood of corruptions within and tribulation without—the poor soul can find no place of rest—but, by faith, she flies to the Ark, and the Lord pulls her in.

Resting in a lower source of enjoyment?

My dear friend,

Our foolish, clinging, sensitive hearts, are always seeking comfort in created vanities. If we build our comfort on these things, we will be a loser—not learning the height, depth, length, and breadth of the love, sweetness, and fullness which are in Christ Jesus. A pang may be felt as one by one is taken away; yet it is worth being stripped of all that is our own, to hear the secret of divine love,

and to enjoy Jesus as our "all in all." I well know what creatures we are for making self-hewn cisterns—and how when one vanity is broken, we seek for another, instead of turning to the Fountain. I long to draw you to the full bliss of forsaking all for Christ. Then shall you most abundantly find all in Him, and praise Him for every stripping and emptying which prevented your resting in a lower source of enjoyment. Oh! it is most precious to commune directly with Himself, and receive lessons of wisdom from His own blessed mouth! When under deep and sore trials

My beloved friend,

There is no nest below without a thorn; this you well know, and therefore will not expect it.

But there is a bosom without a thorn—even where John leaned, and where, by faith, unworthy I often lean, and find sweet rest and refreshing. And in that dear bosom and in that dear heart "yet there is room," room even for you, O weary one! There you shall find no rebuke, no spurning, no upbraiding. The invitation to the laboring and the weary is, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Nor did those precious lips ever utter one unmeaning word. He means it all, and His ear and heart are open to all the sorrowful agitations of those poor and needy ones whom He invites to His rest. How many a long sad tale has He privileged me to breathe out to Him; oh! such as none else would have had patience to listen to, or cared to remedy. He bore with it all, and either delivered out of it, or delivered in it—either made a way of escape, or gavemstrength to endure, through finding in Him enough to fill and satisfy under it all.

When under deep and sore trials—His heart, and arm, and counsel have been for my all-sufficient support. Oh! what a friend is Christ to me! And not less to you, my beloved. Oh! come then and magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together. Do not let us be murmuring in these tents of flesh, (Psalms 106:25) but by faith going forth to Jesus. Our Father has not appointed us any portion in self—but He has given Christ, the true Manna, to be our portion for time and eternity! And the more we are brought to feed upon Him by faith, the less we shall need or desire anything besides. Oh! may the blessed Spirit bring us to this dear privilege!

Unsearchable riches!

"The unsearchable riches of Christ!" Ephesians 3:8

What our Father has bestowed upon us in giving Christ is indeed astonishing—and will be unfolding to all eternity! May we be learning more and more of His unsearchable riches now; thus shall we be less affrighted at our own poverty, which we must also learn—but only to bring us to know more of the depths of His matchless love, and that we may rejoice and glory in Him alone. Ever praise Him, O my soul, who has remembered and visited us in our low estate, for His mercy endures forever! In the ocean of His love and blood, both self and sins get lost!

One place of safe retreat

My beloved friend,

You speak as though you had been under heavy trials. I can feel for you, having many crooks in my lot, and a sadly too susceptible and anxious heart which feels everything so much. But yet I can say with David, "I

know, O Lord, that your judgments are right, and that in faithfulness you have afflicted me."

I do not find bodily affliction the most painful part of tribulation; many other things distress me much more. But the Lord knows best what to send. It is a great mercy when He enables us quietly to take up the cross as it occurs; for everything is doubly bitter when our heart frets against the Lord; or even against our fellow-worms. They could not afflict us without His permission—and though that does not lessen their wrong, it may stop our murmuring, and humble us before Him, like David, who looked away from Shimei and said, "Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord has bidden him!"

Oh, my beloved friend, whatever be the nature of your trials, whether they arise from self, Satan, or any other creature; there is but one refuge, one place of safe retreat—and that is Jesus! He is a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, and from this cruel foe that has been striving hard to overcome you.

What is best of all

If the Lord severely tries our faith—it is only to manifest Himself afresh as Jehovah-Jireh (Jehovah will provide), or Jehovah-Rophi (Jehovah our healer), or Jehovah-Tsidkenu (Jehovah our righteousness), or under some other blessed covenant name, which is to be seen more brightly in the dark place.

Moreover, if He takes away our Isaacs—it is only to make more room for Himself. And if He lessens our earthly store—it is only that we may live more immediately upon Himself.

Oh! is it not worth everything to be near Him, and to hear Him say, "You are ever with me, and all that I have is yours!" His heart of love, His life of obedience, His death and sufferings, His triumphant resurrection and ascension, His intercession, His glory—all are ours! And, what is best of all—He Himself is ours! For the glory of His person outmatches all that

He has done, and to know for myself that "my Beloved is mine" is a taste of the fullness of bliss!

Well, my beloved friend, the dark steps we were noticing above are just the way by which the Lord often leads His children on to this blessedness. They do not generally reach it all at once, though some receive the white stone much sooner than others—but many have to travel the barren land of deserts and of pits, to wander in a solitary

way, to have their hearts made desolate and their earthly substance blighted, before Christ is revealed in them as their all—as the hope and the foretaste of glory. Well, it matters not how—if we do but come to know Him as ours in power and preciousness!

Fly for refuge

Faith is the outgoing of heart and soul upon the person and work of Jehovah Jesus—and that under a deep sense of unworthiness, guiltiness, and hell-deserving.

Oh, fly for refuge to the hope set before you in the gospel; fly to the shadow of the Cross, the shelter of the Rock! There is . . .pardon for the guiltiest, cleansing for the filthiest, safety for the weakest, and conquest for the most faint-hearted!

Quiet submission

The Lord’s "judgments are a great deep;" we must not attempt to fathom them. "His ways are past finding out;" we must not expect to trace them.

Quiet submission befits sinful worms.

Seek a resigned, submissive will; it is the Lord’s own gift, and a great lightening of the outward cross. Murmuring thoughts ill become worms who deserve the lowest hell. Everything on this side hell is more than we deserve. My lost sheep!

"Rejoice with me, because I have found My lost sheep!" Luke 15:6

When their wilderness days are ended, they shall come to Mount Zion above; and the Shepherd will rejoice over the sheep which was lost. And the sheep will tell, to the Shepherd’s praise, how it wandered as far as it could, how it destroyed itself, how it was "ready to perish," how it was so lost and so helpless, that when it desired to return it could not; and then

how the Shepherd found it, and through floods of guilt, mountains of fears, and hosts of foes—had brought it safely home to glory! Oh, then will not they all again sing—Hallelujah! Worthy is the Lamb who was slain! A sin-sick soul and a sin-bearing Savior

There is a blessed, holy attraction in this altogether lovely Jesus which acts powerfully upon all quickened souls, drawing them out in desire, and drawing them on in pursuit, until the set time comes to favor them more manifestly. Then the meeting between a sin-sick soul and a sin-bearing Savior has in it such secrets of love and sweetness, that it seems as if a thousand years of the most painful waiting, would be richly repaid by one moment of such bliss.

But oh, it is not for a moment and then away; the Savior and the saved shall never really part. Though darkness obscures, and clouds seem to intervene—yet union remains, communion shall return, and a glorious eternity consummate the bliss. Of every sheep and every lamb, the Good Shepherd will take care, and fold them all safely above. Not one be missing. However faint, or feeble, or fearing, or unworthy any one may be, they are all bought and paid for, and the flock must be as complete as the price was satisfactory. The wolf may howl, the dog may bark, the way may be dreary, and the poor heart may often tremble—but the Good Shepherd will not be out of hearing, even if He seems to be out of sight. He will rescue even out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear.

Rough cords of affliction

I do hope and trust the Lord has a purpose of love to you, and that He has put these rough cords of affliction around you—to draw you to Himself. The Lord bless you, and turn the water of affliction into the wine of consolation.

With tenderest love and ardent longings, your warmly affectionate,

Ruth Bryan Not only empty and unsatisfactory

The pleasures of the world are not only empty and unsatisfactory—but they displease God and destroy the soul. The Scriptures declare that all who persist in them are His enemies—"The

friendship of the world is enmity with God; whoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." They are called "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." What a true description!

White as snow

"Though your sins are like scarlet, they will be as white as snow; though they are as red as crimson, they will be like wool." Isaiah 1:18

Jesus washes crimson sins as white as snow in His own precious blood.

He puts the best robe on prodigals who have been vainly trying to find satisfaction in the husks of this world's pleasures. By His Spirit He brings them to their right mind, cleanses them in His blood, and clothes them in His righteousness.

Heaven's rich grape!

"I have trodden the winepress alone." Isaiah 63:3

Thank you most affectionately for the grapes kindly left for me. How does Jesus load me with benefits—and gives me Himself too, which is best of all. He is Heaven's rich grape! He has been in the winepress of divine wrath for us, and hence it is we drink "the pure blood of the grape." I wish you much of it; for truly it cheers the heart of God and man. What a wonder of love, and what a cordial we find it—when weary and faint in the wilderness. We drink, and forget our own poverty—in the unsearchable riches of Christ! The fruits of the valley

Much-loved friend,

I sincerely wish you the exercising of the Holy Spirit in the afflictions through which you are passing, that you may have the full benefit thereof. It has been truly said, that "sanctified afflictions are great promotions." And those promotions come neither from the east nor

from the west, but from the Lord alone, by whose power, "Trials make the promise sweet, Trials give new life to prayer, Trials bring me to His feet, Lay me low and keep me there."

Many a visit of love has the Lord paid, and many a secret of love has the Lord revealed in the time of affliction; and some of the sweetest communings in the wilderness have been with the thorn in the flesh, or the cross on the back. Does not your soul respond to the truth of this? Is not Jesus a precious companion in tribulation? Are not His sympathies most tender? Has He not drawn near in the day when we cried unto Him, and said unto us, "Fear not!" Oh yes, the fruits of the valley are very choice—but yet we fear to go down there; forgetting who has said, "I will go down with you, and will also surely bring you up again!"

Are we not brought down into the valley of trouble or humiliation—to cause us to rest only in Jesus? "These things (these afflictive things) I have spoken unto you, that in me you might have peace. In the world you shall have tribulation—but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

At times trials seem to overcome us, yet "in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us." "This is the place of rest, let the weary rest; this is the place of repose." So you prove it, so I prove

it—the rock of His faithfulness is a blessed retreat, when our heart is overwhelmed within us. The honey of His love dropping from that rock does sweetly revive our fainting souls, and make us joyful in tribulation,

so that we sing even in the trial, "He has done all things well!"

I have been enjoying those words

I have been enjoying those words—"I will love them freely—for My anger is turned away from them." It seems to me to be the language of the Father, who, having laid upon Jesus the iniquities of us all, then and there visited our transgressions with the rod, and our iniquities with stripes—until not one was left unatoned for! Then His anger was turned away from the Surety, and the Father could love the poor debtors freely—because He was well pleased for Jesus' sake.

We cannot put more honor upon Jesus

"The unsearchable riches of Christ!" Ephesians 3:8

We cannot put more honor upon Jesus, than by living upon His royal bounty.

"Indeed, we have all received grace after grace from His fullness!" John 1:16 A secret place for the hidden ones

It is blessed, dearest friend, to spend time under His shadow as the crucified One; there His fruits are sweet to our taste. It is precious to be led on by His Spirit to His joy as the glorified One, for then our joy is full.

Those who "dwell in this secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." It is a secret place for the hidden ones, of which He says, "There is a place by Me; and I will put you in a cleft of the rock." This hallowed place is kept secret for all His children—they lack not this blessed hiding-place. No carnal eye never saw it; no carnal heart ever enjoyed the rest. It is the secret chamber for the secret life, where He who is our life says, "There will I give you my love." (Song of Solomon 7:12) He gives all in Himself.

At Calvary we see how He the Living Rock was cleft, that His dove might be spared; and how lovingly He says, "O My dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hiding places on the mountainside, show me your face, let me hear your voice; for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely." (Song of Solomon 2:14)

My treasured possession

"They will be Mine," says the Lord Almighty, "in the day when I make up My treasured possession." Malachi 3:17

We tread a thorny desert, but—"Judah's Lion guards the way, And guides His pilgrims home!"

There we shall meet, from clog and fetter free, to behold our Beloved without a cloud between. Having sipped of the rivers of His pleasure below, we shall drink full draughts above—and in His love and glory be absorbed forever and ever!

Ever most affectionately yours,

Ruth.

We often turn to toys and trifles

"The unsearchable riches of Christ" Ephesians 3:8

We know little of the unsearchable riches of Christ. And yet how we often turn to toys and trifles of time. He is such a precious and full Christ. There is enough in Him to occupy and satisfy all our powers in time and eternity! Your children The Lord bless you, and be not silent to you, and keep you from idols. May your children be kept in their proper place, held in the Lord, and consecrated to the Lord. You will not wish to gain for them the admiration of the world, because you would shudder if they would hereafter be embraced by it, and embosomed in it. A mother in this vicinity lately lost a precious daughter of sixteen. As she stood over the coffin, she said, "There lies my beautiful girl. Oh, I have been proud of her!" And, turning to a minister who stood beside, "Do you think, sir, the Lord has taken her away on my account, because I was proud of her? I have been too proud of her."

I do not know the minister’s reply, but that which we are to learn from the mother’s deep anguish is very plain—"Flee from idolatry!" The Lord make all grace abound towards you. Your ever affectionately, unworthy,

Ruth Would you know?

Would you know what sin is, what justice is, what pardon is, what love is, what victory is? You must learn all at Calvary and in Gethsemane! There see your sin pierce Him; there see His Father bruise Him, and put Him to grief for your iniquities, and in your stead. The living guide to Jesus

“When the Comforter comes, the One I will send to you from the Father—the Spirit of truth who proceeds from the Father—He will testify about Me." John 15:26

The Holy Spirit is the living guide to Jesus.

It is He who says, with power, "Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world."

It is He who convinces of sin, who wounds, and probes the wound, and lays open the evil of our nature, causing us to know that we are corrupt

within and without.

But He not only thus discovers the malady, He also applies the remedy. He abases the sinner; and exalts the Savior. He gives the deep sense

of sin—that the great salvation may be more appreciated and enjoyed.

Afflictions and trials

Much beloved and often-remembered friend,

The tidings received from you this morning made me sorry, and yet I must say, "It is well," for I do believe it, knowing that "He does all things well." May this trial be as a lattice, through which Jesus will show Himself to your soul. Trial is one lattice, which He often looks through, with much tenderness, upon His redeemed ones.

To the worldling, bodily afflictions and providential trials are destroyers of his best enjoyments. But to the child of God they are often the very high road to their best enjoyments. To the worldling, afflictions are only bitter. But to the child of God, they are often a mingled portion, for—

"Though their cup seems mixed with gall, There’s something secret sweetens all."

Blow on my garden

"Awake, north wind, and come, south wind! Blow on my garden, that its fragrance may spread abroad. Let my Lover come into His garden and taste its choice fruits." Song of Solomon 4:16

Breathe, Holy Comforter, on our souls, that they may be quickened. Breathe in providences, that we may be edified by them. Breathe in the written Word that we may be instructed. Breathe on the Rose of Sharon, the Incarnate Word, that by the fragrance thereof our souls may be revived and refreshed. Breathe upon these hearts, that we may commune sweetly in and of, the Beloved, for His glory, and our soul-strengthening. The Christ-receiving grace

"Yes, He is very precious to you who believe!" 1 Peter 2:7

Faith is the Christ-receiving grace. By faith we apprehend Him, by faith we know more and more of His preciousness; by faith we have the

felt benefit of His blood and righteousness, (Romans 3:22; Romans 3:25) and by faith we cast anchor on this Rock, when to sense and feeling all is

dark and stormy.

Stripped even of their rags!

By mercy, not by merit—do all the blessings come. This salvation is for the poor, and the poor only—and they must be stripped even of their rags! It is not enough to confess that their rags are filthy and worthless—they must be parted with, and this necessity touches very closely the heart of the ’old Adam’.

But all must go, that Christ may wear the crown—that he who glories may glory in the Lord our righteousness!

How is it with you, my beloved? Are you stripped of your own righteousness—emptied, and bankrupt?

Eternity will never unfold

Eternity will never unfold all the love, loveliness, and glories of our wonderful Emmanuel! Our wondrous Husband!

It is as the heavenly Lover and Bridegroom of His people that we love to think of Jesus. Oh, what a contrast to the very best earthly husband! They love and choose because of something congenial and pleasing in their wives, and in hope of a faithful return of affection. But He, our wondrous Husband—loved, chose, and determined to betroth and espouse unto Himself, in the certain fore-view of debt, disgrace, and sin! Ah! and of unchaste wanderings too, for He says, "Well do I know how treacherous you are; you were called a rebel from birth." Yet, through all He loved His

people—and from all He has redeemed them with His own precious blood!

When His spouse "has played the harlot with many lovers," His marvelous language is, "Return, for I am married unto you!" thereby overcoming His faithless one with the very love which she has slighted—a love, indeed, beyond comparison! May its fires afresh be kindled in your soul, that you may now count all things but loss, yes even as rubbish—for the sake of such a Beloved! The most vile, worthless, and unlikely of all creatures

I must come to you again in the sweet name of Jesus! And if ever one poor sinner more than others had cause to extol that precious name, it is she who now addresses you—in whose soul it is "as ointment poured forth;" in whose ear it is more melodious than music; and in whose hand it is a staff either to pass over Jordan, or journey forward in the pilgrim road.

Feeling that I am the most vile, worthless, and unlikely of all creatures to have sat down so blissfully at the banquet of Love—this poor heart must praise the Founder of the feast, who is also the substance of it; and who, by His own irresistible power, sweetly brought me in, and then said, "Eat, O friend, drink, yes, drink abundantly, O beloved!"

Break, break this stony heart!

Oh, keep me humble, keep me from self-deception! begin the good work, if it is not yet begun! Oh, may I not be a castaway! Break, break this stony heart! How long, Lord, how long? Make me feel. Oh, leave me not to this insensibility! What argument can I use? Oh, leave, leave me not! Allow me not to perish! Mercy, mercy is all my plea—for Christ’s sake, have mercy on me! Oh, precious, precious Jesus, be my Savior, Husband, Friend—my Jesus and my all. Jesus! Jesus! Oh, that You were precious to my soul! May its savor perfume our souls, lips, and lives When once admitted to the loving heart and loving arms of Jesus, you will find that which would superabundantly compensate for more than a thousand years waiting: such a complete and blessed salvation—such a precious and glorious Savior—such fullness in His work, blood, righteousness, love, and person—as to eternity will never be fully developed!

May the sweet love of Jesus constrain us more and more to speak well of His name. May its savor perfume our souls, lips, and lives—that others may take knowledge of us, as being much with Him, and much like Him! May you have full experience of those words, "And in view of this, we always pray for you that our God will consider you worthy of His

calling, and will, by His power, fulfill every desire for goodness and the work of faith, so that the name of our Lord Jesus will be glorified by you, and you by Him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ." (2 Thessalonians 1:11-12)

One priceless pearl

All outward jewelry I laid aside years ago, when I found the Pearl of great price.

"The kingdom of heaven is like a merchant in search of fine pearls. When he found one priceless pearl, he went and sold everything he had, and bought it." Matthew 13:45-46

Mysteries of providence

What mysteries of providence may eternity open!

What wisdom we shall perhaps discover in those very circumstances which now most puzzle us!

The mighty helm of providential movements is not left to chance; it is governed by infinite wisdom; it is managed by One who will do injustice to no one; and who says, 'Be still, and know that I am God!'

03.02a. Volume 2 cont'd

My endless, blissful theme

My endless, blissful theme is ever new—Jesus and His salvation will never wear out. I would never have any sit down satisfied—but still press on after fuller revelations of Jesus. For there are heights and depths in the love of Christ of which the most favored have no conception, and there are beauties and glories in His person which none have yet beheld. Oh! I would have none rest short of the revelation of His person, though

His benefits are all precious.

Things of earth often repeated grow stale, but the same view of a precious Jesus a thousand times over is ever new!

When Jesus shows Himself again to us—is He not as a lamb newly slain; and is not His sacrifice, as an odor of a sweet smell, as fragrant as though but just offered without spot unto God? Oh, yes, He is ever the same without sameness—and will be to all eternity!

The glories, beauties, and excellences of His person are infinite! And from these boundless sources our finite minds will be feasted forever and ever!

(The following is the last entry in Ruth Bryan’s diary. On July 27th, 1860, at the age of 55, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, to awake in His likeness.)

July 6th, 1860. Ebenezer! My birthday. And can it be that I still linger in the shades of mortality to see another birthday? Marvelous are Your ways, O Lord God of truth; and it is marvelous also to consider what the human frame can bear, when You afflict and sustain. But I have not a pain, or a wave too much. Flesh and blood is worn and weary many times. But You renew the "inner man," to "lie passive in Your hand, and to know no will but Yours." Blessed be Your Divine Majesty, for ever and ever, for your wonders of love to such a feeble worm! Fifty-five years have I journeyed in this great and terrible wilderness, and none could have borne with me but You! Neither could any have borne me up but You! I can never fully record Your goodness and mercy. "Eternity will not

suffice to utter the half of Your praise." I wait until You shall fetch me to be with You—and behold Your glory forever! Oh! my adorable Lord, be manifestly with me in the last river. You have gone through death for me, and taken its sting away. Now let me feel You to be my eternal life. Ebenezer! Praise the Lord!

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