

SOME OF THE FIRSTFRUITS  
OF  
THE HARVEST.

# Some of the Firstfruits

OF

## The Harvest.

BY

ONE WHO HAS SOWN IN TEARS.

*Edmund Dore*

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"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—John iv, 25.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi, 5, 6.

"ET MEA MESSIS ERIT."

See page 51.

"Enthusiasm wears itself out, imagination grows calmer, but the heart never grows old ; like the eagle, it plumes itself with new wings in old age."

*From the French by* EMILIE FROSSARD.

MY OWN CONVERSION,  
AND THE  
CONVERSION OF MY BELOVED MOTHER.

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"Footprints on the sands of time.

"Footprints, that perhaps another  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again."

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I WAS converted in the year 1825, I think in the month of November, about a year, or more, after my return from the Continent, where I had spent certainly two of the most sorrowful years of a most sorrowful life, having come to the conclusion that this world is a desert, "a dry and thirsty land, where no water is," a place where the human heart cannot find rest. Just then, I remember, the song of "Home! sweet Home!" was on the lips of all those who could sing. I first heard

it sung at one of the London theatres. Sweet as I felt it to be, it went to my heart, and gave me exquisite pain; for I often said to myself, "What home have I in this wide world?" A happy one, truly, I had in a mere natural way, but all the while my heart was homeless and desolate. How could it be otherwise, seeing that I was without God, without Christ in the world?—a world which to me was emphatically, and in the full sense of the term, "the valley of the shadow of death," with nothing to interest, nothing to cheer me, nothing to chase from my heart the desolation, the sorrow which had long settled within. Few, I believe, better than I do, can enter into the meaning of those affecting words,

"Love with life is heaven, and life unloving hell."

Yes, because "God is love," and of Him I knew nothing; because Christ is "the way, the truth, and the life," and to Him and His grace there was no response in my heart. What a preparation was this for the truth which broke in upon me at length, changing the whole aspect of things, both within and around me, giving me to know that happiness

and love were not dreams of the poet, not illusions of fancy, but blessed, substantial, eternal realities ; that life, in the true sense of the term, was not the wretched, vapid, joyless existence which I had hitherto known, but a new life altogether, a life which death cannot touch, a life hid with Christ in God, divine and eternal.

The circumstances of my conversion were as follows : We were living at Kingsend, a country place near the village of Powick, between two and three miles from Worcester, when one day seeing a book which had been lent to my eldest sister MARY, lying on the table, I took it up, and reading the title, "Father Clement, a Roman Catholic Story," I rather thoughtlessly said to her, "I suppose this is something against the poor Roman Catholics." "No," she replied, "it is not ; but it is a very interesting little book, and I advise you to read it." Why it attracted me, I scarcely could tell, as I was not fond of mere stories, such as I supposed "Father Clement" to be. But the Lord's time was come for making Himself known to my heart, and therefore I took it away with me, and begin-

ning to read it that night, had not advanced very far before I found myself not only interested in the *story*, but yet more so by far in the *truth* which it taught. I now saw that what I had often heard my father treat as folly and error was really true. The conversations between Father Clement and Earnest opened my eyes. I understood for the first time in my life that salvation was by *faith*, and not by *works*—*through Christ, and only through Him*. A few years before this, when I was in London, in the midst of the gay world, I had a young lad living with me as a servant, whom I sometimes made read to me a chapter or two in the Bible; and on one occasion, I well remember thinking to myself, “I hope this boy will not ask me *why Christ died*, because if he does so, I shall not be able to answer him.” This shows that even then, though I had, it is true, a conscience as to the word of God, in reference both to myself and to others, as to the great leading truth which it taught, I was utterly ignorant. I may indeed say, that though I had always a sense of God’s claims upon me, and a true desire to love and serve Him, I had no head knowledge at all of the

truth, till I was actually converted. Once, indeed, I had a momentary glimpse of the gospel, a gleam of light as to the way of salvation, and that through the means of a friend whom I met with abroad, an Italian lady, and a member, moreover, of the Roman Catholic Church. The person I speak of was the Signora Anna Martini Rinieri, from whom, during the year I spent at Siena, in Tuscany, I received the greatest possible attention and kindness, and who, having a highly intellectual and cultivated mind, assisted me greatly in the study of the Italian language, as well as the literature of Italy. She it was who explained to me the *doctrine of the atonement*. It was one evening at her house, after we had been reading the Poet Dante together, something in the course of our study having suggested the subject, that she showed it to me. And so much was I struck by it at the time, that I remember, when our conversation was ended, retiring into a corner, away from the party, in order to reflect on this to me new and wonderful subject. Whether Madame Rinieri really understood it herself, or whether, when, a few months after this, not many days after I had



left Siena for Rome, she was suddenly taken away, after an illness of a few hours, from her sorrowing family, she, in her dying hour, had the comfort and joy of it in her own soul, I cannot venture to say. From my recollection of some traits about her, certain little ways and sayings of hers, I cannot but indulge the hope that it was so. At all events she certainly told me the truth, which, though it made no lasting impression upon me at the time, came back to me as soon as I read Father Clement. Then I remembered what the Signora had told me, namely, that **THE PUNISHMENT OF OUR SINS WAS ALL LAID UPON CHRIST**: I saw in fact that salvation was **SOLELY THROUGH HIM**, and as I closed the book, I well remember saying, and saying it aloud too, to myself, "*I now see what christianity is, and I am determined to become a real christian.*" At the moment I said so, I now think, though I would not of course have allowed it at the time, that *I was a believer in Christ*, so firm was my confidence in the truth of what I had learnt. This, then, was the turning point in my life. I now began to study the scriptures in a way I had never done before, especially the Epistles to the Romans

and Galatians, and not only I, but others of the family. My brothers Anthony and William, and my sisters Mary, Elizabeth, and Diana, following my example, also gave themselves to searching the word, and ere long they also, like myself, found peace in believing in Christ.

But my mother, my dear mother, we soon felt that she was in darkness, and most trying it was to us to find that the dew of God's blessing which had descended on us, had not also visited her whom we so truly, so deservedly loved. When I plainly told her that she was not a true believer in Christ, she was greatly offended, at length, however, she was softened, and submitted to be instructed by me through the medium of questions and answers on paper, in the great truths of the gospel. This went on for some time, at length, however, when she saw what a change our new views had wrought in our habits and tastes, she was offended. The natural heart had its way, and her opposition to the truth became most painfully evident. My only resource, under these trying circumstances, was *prayer*. Day and night, I may say, from the time of my own conversion to that of her death, I was in incessant, unwearied

supplication for her. None but the Lord knows how deep, how intense were the exercises of my heart on this subject.

The period of my conversion, as I have already said, was toward the close of the year 1825, and in the beginning of the year 1826 our family removed from Kingsend to Barbourne, a country place, on the other side of Worcester, about a mile from the town. In the following year I went over to Ireland, purposing to stay there for a twelvemonth, when I unexpectedly, on the 24th of August, being then on a visit with my cousin ARTHUR ROWAN, received a letter from Dr. HASTINGS, telling me that on the night of Sunday, the 19th of that month, my dear mother had been taken dangerously ill, and was not expected to live till the morning. His letter left me with scarcely a hope that on my arrival at home I should find her alive. Of course I at once hastened off to England, and on my arrival at Barbourne, where we then were residing, to my joy and surprise, found that the immediate danger was over, the Lord having, in most wonderful manner, blessed the means used to restore her. After this she rallied in a

very great measure, but she never recovered, and after a trying lingering illness, which lasted about eight months, during which time she had several most alarming attacks, she died on the 27th of the following April, leaving behind her the most full and decisive evidences that her hope was in Christ, that, as she said to me, on the day of her death, *her sins were all blotted out in His blood*. Thus was my prayer for her answered, and not only so, but the Lord used me as the sole instrument through which she was brought to the knowledge of Christ as her Saviour.\*

Having thus given this outline, I now turn to record a few instances in proof of what I have here stated as to God's work in her soul.

For the first five months after the commencement of her illness, we had no comfort whatever

\* She died in the fifty-third year of her age, and was buried at Powick, on Friday, the *second* of May, 1827. Observe, the *third* was her birthday, and this would have been such, had it not been *leap-year*; so that properly, according to the regular order, it actually *was* her birthday. A singular coincidence this, because when I was in Ireland the preceding year, I had set apart the whole day (May 3rd) to praying for her, on which occasion I well remember saying to myself, "*Suppose before her next birthday comes she should be in heaven!*"

about her. The only thing which gave us a shadow of relief was a dream which she had on the night of September the 7th, and which, strange to say, she related next day to my sister ELIZABETH, not seeing how exactly it applied to herself. Had she done so, well knowing our feelings about her, she would never have told it. The dream was as follows:—She had been lying awake, suffering much from a restless aching sensation in her knees, to which she was subject. Thus she dropped asleep, and conscious still of being in the position in which she actually was, and still feeling pain, she dreamt that her knees were all bandaged with linen, so much so, as greatly to increase her uneasiness. Thus she lay for some time, with her eyes intently fixed on the bandages, wondering what it all meant, and not knowing how she came to be bound in that way, when lo, the bandages beginning to loosen, they at length gave way, and dropped off altogether: at which moment she heard a voice at her ear saying to her, “NOW YOU ARE A CHRISTIAN!” This dream was surely significant, a most exact expression, I ever must view it, of her own blessed deliverance from

the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For the present, however, we had, I may say, no comfort about her. The world having full sway in her heart, she was as much opposed to us as ever. Under the circumstances, *prayer, incessant prayer*, was our only resource. Without this, I, for my part, should have fainted, utterly sunk under the anguish which often oppressed me.

On the first of October our friend Miss EWING came to visit us. She arrived in the evening, and my mother, not feeling equal to the exertion of seeing her that night, retired to rest rather earlier than usual. The next morning it was understood that Miss EWING was not to see her till after breakfast, when, to the surprise of us all, as we were seated round the breakfast table, the door was thrown open, and my dear mother herself, leaning on her servant NANCY MARLEY's arm, appeared before us. This was the first, and indeed the only day, during all her illness, that she joined us at breakfast, and it being *my birthday*, it was meant as a little agreeable surprise to us all, especially to Miss EWING. But, alas! she was changed, sadly changed, since Miss EWING

saw her last. This thought could not but strike us all, and therefore the restraint which we were obliged to put upon our feelings in order to seem pleased, together with the effort which she herself evidently made to appear as well as possible, rendered this a most painful scene.

From this time to the period of her death Miss EWING was my dear mother's constant companion. We had indeed cause to be thankful to God for having sent her to us at this juncture, for having given us a friend so suited to our need, who not only watched over her with the greatest tenderness and assiduity, but who also formed, as it were, a medium by which we, in a measure, at times ascertained the state of her mind, at a period when, owing to her reserve with us, we should have been otherwise left in ignorance of it.

And now I come to a brighter point in my history. *Prayer*, as I have said, *was our only resource*, and, blessed be God! *prayer prevailed at last*. At the end of five months from the beginning of her illness, the answer came. One day, towards the close of January, having met with a sermon, by BRADLEY, on

the Lord's parable of Ten Virgins, it struck me that I would ask her to read it. I sent it to her, therefore, with an affectionate note, begging her to do so, and at the same time expressing a wish to be allowed to read to her, and explain the scripture, as I had done two years before. To this she gave me no reply, though I had reason to think that at least she would read the sermon.

After this, on the night of January 30th, she had a most alarming attack, so that she was not expected to live through the night. On the morning of February 1st, about ten in the morning, feeling very uneasy about her, I went into her room. She was very ill, though better than she had been. It was seldom that I went to her so early, and little did I think, as I entered, that so much joy was awaiting me; she was alone, and after I had wished her good morning, I stood there, sad and dejected, silently praying for her, but not well knowing what I should say to her. She saw that I was unhappy, well knowing that she herself was the cause of my sorrow, when suddenly, as if moved by an impulse of tenderness, she half raised herself on her side, threw her arms



round my neck, and said to me, "Edward, I will do what you wish; I have read your sermon; you shall come and read to me, and I will try to discover my error." I was so surprised, so delighted, that I melted into tears. She too was affected, and wept. Oh, it was a happy, a blessed moment! The middle wall of partition, which had divided us so long, seemed tottering at last. A thousand sweet hopes crowded upon me. The past, the present, the future, seemed all filled with love—only love. I could now trace the Lord's hand in her trials, and also in ours; and I fully believed that His mercy would descend in showers of blessing on this most beloved object of our tender solicitude, our many prayers. I then spoke to her a little of Christ and His love, in reply to which she promised to send for me when she should be equal to listen to me reading to her. Then she named Monday, but ended by asking me to come the next day.

This, then, was the evident beginning of blessing to her, and of comfort to us touching her. From this time, till within a few days of her death, I was in the daily habit of reading

the Scriptures to her. And now, after a long lapse of years, when I review all that occurred in that interval, I mean during the last three months of her life, I see the evident traces of the Lord's work in her soul, though then, such was my intense anxiety about her, so intolerable the least shadow of doubt, that I was most slow to believe in what gave the greatest comfort to others about her. And now, passing over the three months above named, during which we passed through the most trying, most agonizing alternations of hope and of fear, of joy and of sorrow, I come to the three closing days of her life, during which the Lord gave us, amid much that was trying to faith, the most blessed assurance that our desires were answered—that our dear mother was saved.\*

\* Here I will relate a little incident which occurred on Thursday, April 24th, four days before her departure. After we had all gone in to dinner, and she was alone, she asked NANCY, her servant, if it would hurt her to write a little. NANCY said not, and gave her the writing materials. She then began writing; but being unable to proceed, she returned them with a sorrowful look, saying "I can't." She had begun two letters, one, as I think, to Miss EWING, the other to myself, the former beginning "My dear M," as we *suppose*, the last letter being unfinished

On Friday, April 25th, at about five in the morning, my mother awoke NANCY MARLEY, her servant, who slept in her room. She was very ill, and Miss EWING being immediately summoned, found her suffering from one of her attacks of palpitation. Expecting every moment to see her breathe her last, Miss EWING said to her, "My dear Lady, DENNY, is there anything which presses on your mind, which you would like to tell me?" "Only one thing," she said, "I fear my dear children, EDWARD especially, do not believe that I think as they do." "Do you not," answered Miss EWING, "believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners, and that His blood alone cleanses from all sin?" "Yes," she answered quite earnestly, "do not *you* think so?" "Yes," said Miss EWING. "Then," said my mother,

—the latter "My dearest EDWARD," both of them in a feeble, trembling hand. What she meant to have written, who can say? Surely she will tell me when we meet hereafter in heaven. Then she will say to me, perhaps, that she wished to relieve me from the terrible doubts as to herself which she knew were pressing upon me. Be that as it may, I have carefully kept the two papers, with the last words that she ever traced with her dying hand, as little relics of her whose memory is so dear to us all.

with a tone of the greatest satisfaction, "WE ALL BELIEVE ALIKE!"\*

And now again I pass over much that occurred on that day, all of which I have minutely recorded in the little narrative which I drew up shortly after her death, and which, though much that happened was trying at the time, I can now read with the greatest possible comfort, seeing that *all is well—everlastingly well*, and reach the following morning, Saturday, April 26th, when I had a brief, but most happy interview with her.

\* At the time that Miss EWING thus spoke she did not, I apprehend, truly believe: afterwards, the Lord using me as the instrument, this dear friend who so tenderly watched over my beloved mother for so many months of her illness, was, I am thankful to say, brought to the knowledge of Christ, and just thirty years after my mother (Feb. 27th 1858), she too went to the Lord.

NANCY MARLEY also, her old faithful servant, to whom she was so partial, she too in her closing days was converted, and died April 16th, 1863, after having given most full and decided proof of her hope being in Christ, that she had full confidence in Him. In a most interesting letter, addressed by her to me, which she dictated to Mr. Kraushaur, more than a year and a half before her death, she writes as follows:—"I can say, thank God, that my sins are all blotted out. I do feel it, indeed I do . . . . Thank God, I have got Christ . . . . I do believe we shall meet in heaven."

I entered her room at about eight or nine in the morning, and stood for a few minutes watching her through the curtains at the foot of her bed. I had not seen her since the preceding day, and great was the change which had taken place in the interval. Her countenance had lost that unquiet expression which the day before had so tried me, and now wore a sweet air of serenity which indicated a heart at rest. I had not been long there, when she turned to Miss EWING and said, "Won't Edward come to me?" Upon this I came forward, and kissing her, was struck with the affectionate way in which she said to me, "How are you?" From her tender, solicitous manner, one might have thought that *I*, and *not she*, was the sufferer. And I do believe at the moment that she was thinking of how much I was suffering in heart about her. "I hope," she said, "you think I am happy." "I do indeed," I replied. "THEN THAT'S ENOUGH," she said, half turning away, and sinking back on her pillow. Her tone and her manner I can never forget. Her heart was evidently relieved of a heavy burden, and her words, her demeanour, her look,

all seemed eloquently to say, "I HAVE NOTHING FURTHER TO WISH FOR IN THIS WORLD, AND I CAN NOW DIE IN PEACE."

After this, though I was in her room nearly the whole of the day, I had no more conversation with her till the following morning.

How well I remember that day! My brother ANTHONY and I spent nearly the whole of it, unseen by her, in watching the beloved sufferer through the curtains at the foot of her bed; and much struck we were by the change in her whole appearance. I doubt whether a stranger would have easily known her. She was very pale, and disease had given an unwonted refinement and delicacy to the shape of her features; but above all, the heavenly peace that I am sure reigned within diffused a calm and holy expression over her whole countenance. There was a deep solemnity in the glance of her eye, a tenderness of manner towards those around her, a patient endurance of pain, and a subdued air about her, which were all very lovely, and such as well became the dying christian. Then during the day certain little occurrences took place which were very interesting and encouraging; such,

however, was the unbelief of my heart, that if I rejoiced, I rejoiced with trembling, and I had yet deeper waters to pass through ere all my fears were dispelled, and I was set at rest about her for ever.

Towards evening she gradually became worse, and as the night advanced, was so ill that we had but little hope of her living till morning. Her mind, too, began to wander, and it is impossible to conceive anything more affecting, more expressive of deep suffering, than her voice, her countenance, her manner, as she continued for two hours together repeating from time to time, "Ring the bell! ring the bell! Will nobody ring the bell? O, what shall I do? what shall I do?" She seemed indeed to be suffering both in mind and body. Her last hours were evidently fast approaching, and notwithstanding all that had happened to cheer and encourage us, our faith, especially mine, was as yet feeble and low. "Oh," I thought, "could I but assuredly know that she belongs to Jesus! that she is going to Him!" But MY EXPECTATION WAS FROM HIM—only from Him. "I know that *even now* whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God

will give it thee." These were my words, this was my continual cry, while these deep waters were passing thus ruthlessly over us. I thought, too, of Jesus, and His answer to MARTHA, "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldest believe thou shouldest see the glory of God?" "Surely," I said, "His hand is not shortened—even now He will hear, even now He will answer." Twice her sufferings increased to such a degree, that she seemed to us to be in the agonies of death, and after her last struggle, which was truly awful, she sunk back exhausted on her pillow. All, we thought, was now over, but again, after a short interval, she began to wander as before. Every thing was done to divert her from the painful thoughts which seemed to be pressing upon her, but all to no effect, she knew no one, she understood nothing. At length, after thus wandering for some time, she gradually grew quiet, and my brother ROBERT thinking that he saw in her some signs of returning reason, spoke to her, and said, "Are you happy, mother?" whether what he said was the means of recalling her senses, or whether they had returned before, I know not, but,



without the least hesitation, she answered, "Indeed I am—very happy." "Are you," said he, "looking to Jesus?" "To NO OTHER," was her ready, her blessed reply. I was at the moment seated, sad and dejected, by the fire-place, and therefore I did not hear it myself, but my sister ELIZABETH instantly, with a tone of joyful surprise, reechoing her words, exclaimed, "To NO OTHER!" Imagine my wonder and joy at that moment! God, I at once felt, was present amongst us. *Even now* I was heard! *Even now* I was answered! Immediately I started up from my seat, went to the bedside, and said to my dear mother, "Are you indeed looking to Jesus Christ alone?" "Yes," she replied. "Do you love Jesus?" "Yes." "Are you going to heaven?—to glory?—shall we all meet again?" "Yes, yes," she faintly replied to these questions, which, in the joy of my heart, I rapidly uttered one after another. And then turning towards me, and looking at me, she faintly said with a tone of voice full of the sweetest, the tenderest affection, "My dear EDWARD!"

The change which these few minutes wrought in our feelings was truly surprising. From

that moment every doubt, every fear vanished for ever, and I, even I, who up to that time, notwithstanding all I had witnessed, had scarcely a shadow of comfort about her, was perfectly satisfied. Now I knew that the thousands of prayers which we had offered up for her were accepted, *that her own dream was fulfilled, that she was "a Christian"* (see page 12), a trophy of mercy, accepted in the Beloved!\*

And now I come to the closing scene between my dear mother and myself, to the last words which I ever heard fall from her lips. I was standing by her bed-side, fanning her, and occasionally moistening her lips with a brush dipped in orange juice, which seemed much to refresh her. She lay on her back, with her eyes closed, so that I could not tell

\* Should it seem strange that we were not sooner fully satisfied about her, be it remembered that up to this point there was much at times to cause us doubt and uneasiness. *Here* I have chiefly related what was cheering and happy, but any one reading my original narrative, in which I have given *all the details*, will see that there was a conflict going on between nature and grace, between the flesh and the spirit, which was enough to try the faith of young believers, such as we all of us were at the time.

whether she was conscious of what was going on around her; but I thought I would try, so I stooped down, and said to her, "Do you know me?" "Yes," she distinctly replied. "Who am I?" I said. "You are," she answered, designating me in a way in which, of course, she was never in the habit of doing, "*Mr. Denny*, of . . . of . . ." She could not remember the name. "*Of Kingsend*," I said, thinking that the recollection of our former abode, where we had lived for so many years, would be more present to her mind at the moment than that of *Barbourne*, where we were then residing. But she was not satisfied, and went on considering till she recollected the name of the place, and then said, "*of Barbourne*," with an evident effort to speak very distinctly, and with a tone of satisfaction at being able to show me that she fully understood me. This encouraged me to proceed. "Are you," I said, "looking to Christ?" "To be sure I am," she replied, in the kindest possible manner, with a calm, assured tone of voice, which spoke, I need not say, the deepest comfort and joy to my heart. "And do you feel that your sins are all blotted out?" "ALL

BLOTTED OUT!"\* she replied, with an emphasis on the word "ALL," a slight movement of the head, and a yet more assured tone and manner than before. "You know me," I said, "I am EDWARD." At this, with a considerable effort, she raised her face toward me, and opening her eyes, which till then had been closed, looked at me full in the face, with a countenance beaming with the tenderest affection, and lighted up with a bright and beautiful smile, and said to me, "You are my dear!" My sister MARY, who was seated at the other side of the bed, then said to her, "And do you know me? Who am I?" Upon this my dear mother, turning towards her, and not seeing her, but perceiving ELIZABETH, who joined us at that moment, thought that it was she who had spoken, and said, with a tone and look expressive of the deepest affection, "You are my dear BESSEY." I then pointed to MARY, and said, "And who is that?" Here her strength failed her; she made an effort to answer, but

\* This I contrast with what she said to me, as if her mind was exercised on the subject, it may have been about a month before her death, "I don't well understand what that *blotting out of sin* means."

was quite unintelligible. My sister ELIZABETH then begged me to speak to her no more, and my mother herself, though without the least sign of annoyance, but altogether the opposite, said, "Don't make any more bustle."

And now, before I close, I will describe another little incident which occurred shortly after. My sister ELIZABETH was seated by her bedside, earnestly watching her, and now and then moistening her lips, when, anxious to know how she was, she stooped down, and asked her if she was in pain. My mother made an attempt to answer, but was unable to speak, ELIZABETH then said, "You are going to a land where there is neither sorrow nor pain, and where all tears shall be wiped away." She again tried to speak, but was unable to do so. ELIZABETH then thought she would touch a subject which she well knew was very near to my dear mother's heart, and said, "Remember dear WILLIAM." Upon this, she at once collected all her strength to express herself, uttering many sentences in which these words were distinguishable, "Dear WILLIAM! dear child! I should be satisfied if I could see him." "Pray for him," said ELIZABETH. In

an instant opening her eyes, and raising them to heaven, full of that deep, unearthly expression which we had observed in them for the two last days, her lips moving rapidly, and her hands clasped together, she continued for a few moments in fervent prayer.\* After this she again closed her eyes, and never opened them again except just near the last, when on one occasion my brother ROBERT said to her, "Is God with you, mother?" It was then that those eyes opened for the last time in this world, and their expression, so beautiful, so heavenly, was enough to assure us that she was tasting of joy unspeakable and full of glory.

And now the end came. My brother ROBERT, who was watching by her pillow, heard her heave a faint sigh—so faint that it was scarcely audible, and told us that he thought that she was gone. And so truly it was: she had ceased to breathe, her spirit was at rest. There was no pain, no struggle, scarcely any

\* "LORD REMEMBER HER LAST PRAYER—HER LAST WORDS UPON EARTH!" This has often, when I have thought of them during the long interval of 35 years since they were uttered, been the cry of my heart. And remembered they assuredly are—treasured up in the memory of Him *who does not, who cannot forget.*

change, but gently, as a infant sinking into a sweet slumber, she fell asleep. We all were surrounding her bed at the moment, and though, when it was known that she was gone, a burst of sorrow escaped from most of those present, we were not without comfort. How could we be so, assured as we were that it was *all well with her*, that the days of her mourning were ended, that our prayers for her were all heard and accepted, that OUR DEAR MOTHER WAS ACTUALLY IN HEAVEN? "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But THANKS BE TO GOD, WHICH GIVETH US THE VICTORY THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST" (1 Cor. xv, 55—57). "BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL, AND ALL THAT IS WITHIN ME, BLESS HIS HOLY NAME" (Ps. ciii, 1).

"O woman, great is thy faith;  
Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."  
Matt. xv, 28.

"My salvation shall be for ever,  
And my righteousness shall not be abolished."  
Isa. li, 6.

## Recollections of my Father's Last Days.

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"It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."—Luke xv, 32.

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My dear Father died at Worcester, on Monday, the 1st of August, 1831, just three years and three months after our beloved mother was taken to heaven, (April 27th, 1828, being the day of her death,) and in about a month after he was gone, I received the following letter from Mrs. MAGGS, of Cheltenham, in reply to one addressed to her by myself. My reason for writing to her was, that, though I was with my Father at the time of his death, I was hindered by circumstances which I shall hereafter explain from knowing the state of his mind; and not only so, but having been separated from him some time before that, he being in Worcester, and I in Somersetshire, I had no means of judging of his previous state, except, as I



hoped, through Mrs. MAGGS, whom I knew that he had seen when he visited Cheltenham shortly before his decease. That I was not disappointed in my wish on this point, the following letter will show. I give it, with the exception of one or two little corrections, as I received it, asking the reader to make all due allowance for certain inaccuracies of style and expression for the sake of the cheering facts which it records.

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### MRS. MAGGS'S LETTER.

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*Cheltenham,*

*August 31st, 1831.*

SIR,

When I tell you I have very often been introduced to you in conversation with the late Sir EDWARD DENNY, and that any services in my power to yourself, or any of the family, you, Sir, may at all times command, I hope will prevent any future delicacy in writing to me. I did not return from Powick till Thursday evening last, since which I have had most painful inflamed eyes, and this is the

first day I have been able to write, though I have felt most anxious so to do.

I cannot omit Sir EDWARD DENNY's first being sent to Cheltenham by Mr. FRANCE, as it was on that evening that my son and self determined to make Sir EDWARD's then miserable life as comfortable as we could, from his placing an immediate confidence in us, nor was there a day or evening but Sir EDWARD spent part of it with us; and should I ever have the honour of seeing you there, Sir, I flatter myself you will not regret Sir EDWARD's having done so. I found that Mr. FRANCE had told Sir EDWARD who I was, that I had drank deep from the cup of affliction, that I was a widow, left with eight children, was at that time under deep distressing conflicts through the misconduct of wicked people, and my own eldest son, but that he had done for me all that an earthly friend could do, and most true it was, and only with my life will my affection and gratitude cease to Mr. FRANCE.

Sir EDWARD would often ask me how I got through so many difficulties with such apparent cheerfulness in my house. I said truly, through the grace of God; to His dispensa-

tions, and His only am I under, I have ever said, Thy will, O Lord, not mine be done. This would often lead us to long subjects on religion, when Sir EDWARD would quote the most beautiful parts of Job, and also from the Psalms. The Bible Sir EDWARD was well acquainted with, and most mildly would he discuss it. He would smile and say, "Mrs. MAGGS, I can be led cheerfully upon the necessity of religion, and it is there only it can be felt, for its sure place of rest is in the soul. But believe me, I never can, or will, be driven to it by rigid severity: Lady DENNY never offered such a thing, and no one else shall." It must, I am sure, Sir, give you pleasure when I assure you I never found Sir EDWARD wanting to avoid religion, or ever frivolous.

When THOMPSON was sent over to see for lodgings, he told me I should see Sir EDWARD looking very badly, I therefore took the lodgings exactly opposite, so that I could cross without bonnet or shawl. My son saw the carriage drive up to the lodgings, and went and took Sir EDWARD up stairs, while the luggage was taken in, he then said, "JAMES, go and

send your mother to me." He had also sent JOHN to unpack, and as soon as I entered the room, Sir EDWARD burst into tears, and said, "Shake hands with me, Mrs. MAGGS, for I am fast hastening to the abode of my angel wife." The change was indeed great. I led Sir EDWARD to a chair, where he became more composed, and said, "I have felt very anxious to see you, I have brought good and bad news. The good is, that FRANCE has eased my mind, and settled with my creditors, so that I can make a will, and I trust convince my dear children that they have never been lost to me. The bad is, that both Mr. and Mrs. FRANCE have taken a decided hatred to my poor faithful JOHN, and all because he has not bowed to them at every meeting. Now, Mrs. MAGGS, it is my determination to take care of that boy. I think he was turned sixteen when you brought him to me, he was mild, in good health, and the best tempered boy I ever saw; he soon became attached to me, and never wearied in the arduous task of obliging me; and what is he now? quite out of health and spirits, as nervous and debilitated as a frame can be, and all from constant fires night and

day, and long readings when he should have been in his bed. But my mind was in too distracted a state to let any one rest that was with me, and I have often thought that he was sent me as a comfort; and as a small recompense, it is my particular request to you, Mrs. MAGGS, should I depart this life suddenly, either to see or write to the then Sir EDWARD DENNY, who I have so often told you is the most perfect gentleman, and most like in temper and manners to my angel wife of any of my children. Did he but know how dear he is to this almost broken heart, and my feelings for him since his, I may say, fatherly attachment to my by me deserted children, he would neither doubt my affection, or of my principles being the same as his own. Let him know that it is the particular wish of his father that he would give JOHN all that belongs to myself, that he would apprentice him to a respectable business, and allow him some trifle yearly till he is out of his time. But should I live again to part with my borough, I will sink a small annuity on JOHN's life, and give into your hands as much money as would apprentice him, feeling that my son will never be a man

of business, and that it will be quite in your way. Or should it be permitted me to return to the bosom of my family, they will see the boy, and I am sure wish him to be rewarded." This, I am sure, Sir, was the greatest cause of Sir EDWARD's coming to Cheltenham. Every day THOMPSON read both from the Bible and Psalms, and Sir EDWARD answered the responses. The medical gentleman who attended assured me that Sir EDWARD's life was very uncertain, I therefore often begged Sir EDWARD would permit me to write for you, Sir, and one of the ladies, but he would constantly say, "No, I may be permitted yet to return to them." The Sunday before Sir EDWARD left he sent to say that he should take coffee with me. I returned, Certainly, but I hoped Sir EDWARD would recollect that I must go with my family to church. Sir EDWARD had not long been seated when he rather quickly said, "I fear, Mrs. MAGGS, by the message you sent me, you judge me not to be a true Christian."—"God forbid that I should judge any one, there is one true Judge, Sir EDWARD, for us all."—"Yes, Mrs. MAGGS, and on His promise and faith is my firm reliance, for I know

that my Redeemer liveth, and that through the merits and mediation of my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ I shall rise to a joyful resurrection." I asked Sir EDWARD to accompany me to church. He said, "No; and besides, Mr. — is theory without practice. Give me the heart that freely gives, and as freely forgives." This was my last serious conversation with Sir EDWARD. His last words to me were, "God bless and prosper you and your family; I shall certainly tell my children of your goodness to me, nor forget that you keep a shop." From these words it is certain that Sir EDWARD's whole wish was of once more returning to his family. Sir EDWARD suffered mentally more, I am sure, than could be expressed. All on earth, I trust, will forgive him, and there is not a momentary doubt on my mind but he has long before this found that there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than hundreds that need it not. Any further information respecting the late Sir EDWARD DENNY in my power to give, you will, I hope, Sir, at all times command.

And believe me, Sir, to remain,

Yours ever respectfully,

SARAH MAGGS.

Such is Mrs. MAGGS's account. As to myself, I now feel that from the first I ought to have been perfectly happy about it. But I own I was not so, one among other reasons for which was, that at the time I received it I did not know Mrs. MAGGS to be a believer in Christ, and therefore I could not as fully rely on her testimony as I desired to do. In the year 1859 (twenty-nine years after), however, I visited Cheltenham; I may indeed say that the Lord, in His goodness, sent me thither, there to have my mind set wholly at rest on the subject, to learn from Mr. COOKE, the physician, himself a believer in Christ, that Mrs. MAGGS was an excellent woman, well known to all the Christians in Cheltenham, and that her word was fully worthy of credit. Thus those misgivings, which I should never have allowed a place in my mind, were dispelled. Here, on the testimony of a dear child of God, I find him unequivocally declaring his faith, saying, "I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH, AND THAT THROUGH THE MERITS AND MEDIATION OF MY BLESSED SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, I SHALL RISE TO A JOYFUL RESURRECTION," and can I any longer doubt? No, I have the



sweet and blessed assurance that, together with my beloved mother, I shall meet him in heaven. Three years before this, on the morning of her death, when I asked her if she felt that her sins were all blotted out, she replied in words never, never to be forgotten, "ALL BLOTTED OUT," and here he, with equal assurance, speaks of his acceptance in Christ. How kind of the Lord! how gracious in Him thus to lift the vail, as it were, and to give us a sight of him at a time when we were severed from him never to meet him again in this world, to assure us that he still felt as a parent to us, to myself especially, notwithstanding his apparent alienation from us, but more than all, that his heart was given to Christ, that He, and He alone, was his hope.

And now, as to the character of this letter, there is one thing in it most striking, namely, that it is perfectly graphic, altogether true to the life. In every action and word I see my dear father, whether he speaks of himself, of my mother, of his servant JOHN THOMPSON, or of me, I realize him in all, *it presents a perfect picture of him*, and this I am sure all

his children will readily see when they read it again.

And now for my own comfort, and also for the information and comfort of any of our family who may wish to hear some further details in connection with Mrs. MAGGS's account, I subjoin the following narrative.

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### N A R R A T I V E.

WE all know how trying our poor father's course was, both to himself and to us. Through improvidence he had involved himself in pecuniary difficulties. This was the cause of our leaving Barbourne, our residence in the neighbourhood of Worcester, and, with a view to retrenchment, removing to Werescot, a country place near the town of Wellington, in Somersetshire. This was almost immediately after our dear mother's death, in the summer of 1828. Our family were not at that time, as they have since been, dispersed. With the exception of our brother Robert, we were all living together, and notwithstanding the

change in our circumstances, seeing that we were most of us believers in Christ, and able to cast our care on the Lord, on the whole we were cheerful and happy. The chief interruption to this was my father's tried state of mind, and his occasional opposition to us because of our profession of Christ. Still, there was one thing even then which was hopeful about him, he would often draw me into discussions on Scripture. This he did, I feel assured, not so much with a view to oppose me as to elicit the truth, to discover, without seeming anxious about it, what the word of God taught. This I felt sure of at the time, and observed it to the rest of the family. Then there is another thing which I remember with comfort; previous to this, just after my mother's death, before we left Worcester, my sister ELIZABETH being on one occasion in his room, he being in bed, she overheard him say, as though he were reasoning with himself on the subject, "*I cannot understand what that intercession means.*" This surely shows, notwithstanding his opposition to us, that even then he had his thoughts on the subject.

To return to my narrative, after having

resided for some time at Werescot with us, how long I forget, my father found himself under the painful necessity of hiding himself from his creditors. How long he was in concealment I cannot at this distance of time recollect, but when this was no longer needful, he refused to return and live with us as before.\* His reason for this was twofold, namely, his opposition to us because of our adherence to Christ, and because of his displeasure with me for refusing to go security for him, a thing which, for very cogent reasons, I could not conscientiously do. He therefore took up his abode in a lodging in Worcester. How long he was there, I cannot at this distance of time recollect, but things went on thus till the summer of 1831, when, on hearing that he was taken ill, I hastened off to Worcester immediately. On my arrival I was relieved by finding that there was no cause for alarm, but pained at the same time by seeing him unchanged in his feelings toward

\* Since the above was written I have discovered, through a letter of mine written about this time, that he was away from us about two years, during which period I saw him at Worcester from time to time.

me. ( He received me rather coldly, but without any expression that I can now recollect of unkindness. However, while I was sitting with him, his agent, Mr. FRANCE, made his appearance, my father, as I then for the first time discovered, having on my arrival sent for him, in order that he might say to me in his presence that he had no wish to see me. This was trying to me, of course, but wishing to soothe and appease him, if possible, I did not resent it, and succeeded so far in softening him towards me, that, apparently forgetting his feelings of resentment against me, he would at times cheerfully converse with me. Thus I had occasional opportunities of laying the gospel before him, and once while so doing, when I made some remark to him which must have appealed to his conscience, he, saying something in reply which I cannot remember, suddenly started up from his seat as if he had been shot through with an arrow. This little incident I now remember with comfort, also the fact which I was not aware of at the time, and which Mrs. MAGGS records in her letter, namely, that he was in the habit of having the Scriptures daily read to him by his servant

JOHN THOMPSON, an utter contrast to his former habits, seeing that he had always been neglectful of outward observances, with the exception of sometimes going on a Sunday to Worcester Cathedral, as a sort of recreation. Hopeful, however, as these things were, he was not softened as yet, because when I urged him to return and live with us as before, he answered me most unkindly, saying that no power on earth would induce him to do so. Thus I failed in my object, and therefore, after remaining a few days in Worcester, I returned to Werescot, and during the three following months heard little of any moment about him, till I was called to watch over him in his dying moments. Little indeed was I aware of the mighty, the blessed change which in that time God had wrought in his soul. Then it was that he visited Cheltenham, saw Mrs. MAGGS, and spoke to her, as she says in her letter, of Christ as his Saviour, and of his assured confidence in Him. How can I be sufficiently thankful that that letter ever was written, that the silence of oblivion and death was not suffered to rest on his history during this, the most interesting period of

his whole life, but that, on the contrary, the Lord has given me such a full and decided evidence of his having found Christ, of his end being peace?

And now to resume my narrative. At the end, I think, of three months, in the following August, I was a second time summoned to Worcester. Again my father was ill, and seriously so, but of this I had no idea whatever, still less that he was about to be taken away from us, that his death was at hand. On approaching his bed-side, I was struck with the change in his appearance and manner. His countenance, a perfect contrast to what it had formerly been, was placid and calm, and his reception of me was most kind. This encouraged me to speak to him at once of what I most desired; I asked him if, when he was recovered, he would return and live with us as formerly, to which he replied, with an emphasis that I little expected; that this was his most earnest desire.\* This, however, was not to be;

\* Since the above was written, on referring to a letter addressed by myself to a friend shortly after his death, I find, what I have since forgotten, that my father had already announced his intention of shortly returning to

a great trial to me, of course, at the time, though I now see how well it was ordered by Him whose ways are ways of goodness and mercy. I arrived on Friday, July the 29th, and on the following Monday he breathed his last. Having had, as I have said, no idea of his danger, I hoped to have a free opportunity of speaking to him, as I had often done, of the Lord. This, however, I altogether lost, owing to his becoming very soon after my arrival delirious, and the doctor, at about ten o'clock that same night, giving him an anodyne which threw him into a lethargy, in which he lay for about sixty hours, and out of which he never awoke. Doctor HASTINGS was now called in, in addition to Doctor PIERPOINT, his own physician. Everything that could be thought of was done to arouse him, but all without effect. This, of course, was terribly trying to me. As to his soul, I had at first no comfort. He was dead, and, as I feared, lost for ever. The Lord, however, did not leave me long in this sad state of suspense. On the following Sun-

Werescot. It was therefore to this that I referred when I put the above question.



day, while taking a solitary walk in the fields, hope suddenly sprung up in my heart. I had been hopeless till then, but now the Lord gave me a secret intimation, an inward assurance, that all was well, that he was saved.\* I was at the time on a visit with our friend Mrs. SHAPLAND, and on my return home from my walk, I told her, and also my brother ROBERT, of the happy impression which I had received from the Lord. This was wholly independent of the marked change of demeanour and countenance which I had observed in my father. But now the recollection of his earnest desire to find himself once again in the bosom of his family came before me in quite a new light. Now I began to reflect on

\* This will be thought inconsistent with what I have said as to the doubts which I afterwards felt of the truth of Mrs. MAGGS's statement. It is inconsistent, I own, and the more so because after this my faith in God's goodness grew weaker, and the happy impression I here spoke of wore off. Not that I did not retain a secret hope that my dear father was saved, but then I had not sufficient confidence so to speak of him to others. It was not, as I have before said, till I met Mr. COOKE, twenty-nine years after, that my doubts were wholly dispelled, that I was able unhesitatingly to rejoice over him as one who had surely found mercy.

what before I had made but little account of. In the first place, I remembered that during his delirium he had fancied himself on a journey, naming the stages one after another. This I fully understood at the time to be his journey from Worcester to Werescot. Then again, on examining his trunks, I found that he had been making preparations for his change of residence in the way of various little ingenious contrivances in connection with his toilet and wardrobe. Everything, in short, showed how bent he was on his object. On all sides I heard how happy he was at the prospect of living once again with his family. His landlady, Mrs. ANDERSON, his servant, JOHN THOMPSON, Mrs. BROWN, Mrs. SHAPLAND, all bore testimony to this. On one occasion he met Mrs. BROWN in the street, and shortly after his death she wrote me a letter of condolence, from which I here give the following extract: "I met your poor father in Foregate Street, he was very glad indeed to see me, and with his usual elegant and gentlemanly manners, attentive to everybody. After the great interest he expressed of friendship and anxiety to serve us at any time, he pressed

me to take his arm to walk while I went about shopping . . . . He told me that he was rapidly leaving this world, but would come to visit us very shortly, as in three weeks he should have the happiness of joining his family, where he hoped to end his days in comfort and quiet."

Then again, on another occasion, he went in a fly to call on our friend Mrs. SHAPLAND, whom he well knew to be a Christian. At his request she came and sat with him in the carriage, while he told her of his purpose of returning to us, and of the pleasure he had in the prospect. Upon this she reminded him of our principles, putting it before him whether, under the circumstances, he would be happy in living with us. This, however, he said would be no obstacle in his way. He was evidently bent on his object, as all I have said clearly shows. But, alas! it was not to be. It was not given to us to minister to him, as we might have done, during the closing weeks of his life. This was most trying, but it was the Lord's will and way, and it was assuredly right; we had no communion with him on earth, but in heaven we shall. There we shall meet him, and there unite with him in

praising Him whose blood has redeemed him and us from all sin.

Thus having told all that I can recollect on this subject, I close, and I do so with the hope that many a heart will yet respond to the joy I have had in recording these proofs of the Lord's goodness to us.

It is now many years since on my expressing to my cousin ARTHUR ROWAN\* my anxiety as to the souls of those nearest and dearest to me, he took hold of the seal attached to my watch-chain, and reading our old family motto thereon, "ET MEA MESSIS ERIT," that is, "AND THE HARVEST SHALL BE MINE," told me to encourage myself with the hope that they would all be gathered in as God's harvest.† At that time our family were comparatively few in number; now how many we are! A multitude of nephews and nieces have, every one of them, since then been born, and have grown up around us. Numerous, however, as

\* Since then, this one of my oldest, earliest, and most constant friends has himself been gathered into the garner. He went to the Lord on Monday, August 12th, 1861.

† This explains the Latin quotation in the title page.

they are, I have a hope to them *all*. I trust that they will all yet know the Lord. If I be asked why I thus feel, I reply, that for many years I have been so led to pray for them, as well as for their parents, that I must, and do, believe that *my cry* has been heard. There are some of them whom, through their living in Ireland, and I in England, I never have seen, and possibly never may see, but this makes no difference in my feelings about them. It is chiefly for them that I have written this little memoir of him from whom we have all sprung. May it speak to their hearts, may it tell them of the love, the grace of Him through whom he was saved. Let them only believe in the value of that blood that washes away sin, that washed *his* sins away, (I speak to those who as yet know not the Lord,) let them call on Him who at the right hand of God invites them to trust in His name, and *they too* will find mercy. But while I thus speak, let me say, that I trust that they will not be encouraged by aught that I have said to put off the great work to the end. The hope of a death-bed repentance is too often used by the enemy as a snare to keep the

heart in the world, to hinder the soul from coming to Christ. Let them therefore not give heed to aught so fallacious. Let them listen rather to Him who is continually calling to sinners, and saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." (Matt. xi, 28, 29.) To those of our family who have learnt the value of Jesus, I say, that I trust they will increasingly find that He in truth is THE GREAT ETERNAL REALITY, all short of Him being only VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT, and that they will seek to live near Him, learning more and more, both in principle and in practice, the *value of prayer, both for themselves and for others*. Especially I trust that they will be led to supplicate God to have mercy on those of our family who are as yet unconverted. Let them incessantly pray, and the Lord will assuredly hear them; "a groan to God about any matter is never lost." May it be so! may we all meet in heaven! all unite in one song, the song of

deliverance, of redemption through the blood of the Lamb, the language of each of us being, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

*Completed June 19th, 1861.*

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"Wilt thou shew wonders to **THE DEAD?**  
 Shall the dead arise and praise thee?  
 Shall thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave?  
 or thy faithfulness in destruction?  
 Shall thy wonders be known in the dark?  
 or thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?"  
 Ps. lxxxviii, 10—12.

"The hour is coming and **NOW IS,**  
 when **THE DEAD** shall hear the voice of the Son of God,  
**AND THEY THAT HEAR SHALL LIVE."**  
 John. v, 25.

## To my Beloved Mother,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, APRIL 27, 1828.

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"Where thou art gone  
Adieu and farewells are a sound unknown."  
COWPER ON HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

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FRIENDSHIP! however sweet thine art  
To soothe the suffering, breaking heart,  
    With kindly word or sigh,  
Thine hour of comfort soon is past,  
And sympathy herself at last  
    Will languish, faint, and die.

Yet to one ever-listening ear  
The weakest sigh of Faith is dear,  
    Nor will be lost in air :  
Far less that ear will turn away  
From souls who plead from day to day,  
    Victorious o'er despair.



Thus have *I* pray'd—while others slept,  
 I've pray'd, and pray'd again, and wept,  
     Through half the live-long night,  
 For one whose bright and beauteous brow  
 Waits for a crown of glory now,  
     A blessed saint in light.\*

Ah ! 'twas a mother, greatly loved,  
 Who thus my fervent spirit moved,  
     To seek a Saviour's aid ;  
 And ye who love your parents well,  
 Who love their souls, ye best can tell,  
     How deeply I have pray'd.

Ye too may fancy all I felt,  
 To watch her softening spirit melt  
     Beneath a Saviour's love ;  
 To see her, in her hour of need,  
 From every doubt and shadow freed,  
     Sure of a home above.

Yes ! when the Lamb of God I named,  
 Her own beloved lips proclaim'd

\* "My soul shall weep in secret places." (Jer. xiii, 17.)  
 So it was in this case—so it is often—the *soul*, though not the  
*eye*, bitterly weeps when we feel most acutely.

Her fleeting soul forgiven ;<sup>\*</sup>  
 While every heavenward look and prayer  
 Show'd all was calm and happy there,  
 And breathed alone of heaven.

What resting-place is half so meet  
 For dying saints, so calm and sweet,  
 As Jesu's holy breast?  
 She pillow'd there her drooping head,  
 And when her gentle spirit fled,  
 I knew that she was blest.

Ye praying souls ! who long to lead  
 The loved ones of your hearts to feed  
 Within the fold of love,  
 For you who wait a Father's will,  
 A treasury of mercy still  
 Is richly stored above.

The Lord of love is now the same  
 As when the Gentile mother came,  
 And pleaded for her child :

\* Do you feel that all your sins are blotted out? "ALL  
 BLOTTED OUT!" was the blessed reply, never, never to be  
 forgotten; but, on the contrary, remembered for ever with  
 adoring gratitude, with songs of thanksgiving to Him who  
 thus answered prayer. "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." (Ps. ciii, 1, 2.)

His words at first might seem severe,  
 But made His last reply\* appear  
 More loving and more mild.

Though distant from the heavenly way  
 The souls you love, for whom you pray,  
 Ah! why need ye despair?  
 Plead on—and ye shall live to prove  
 That God is power, that God is love,  
 And loves to answer prayer.

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## ON THE SAME.

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The Spirit of the living God,  
 That dwelt within that form awhile,  
 Hath beautified His late abode,  
 And graced it with that heavenly smile.

R. D.

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'Tis strange that I can calmly bear  
 To kiss that brow, so pale and chill,  
 Nor wish that life, but lately there,  
 Were sparkling in those features still.

\* "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." (Matt. xv, 28.) These were the words which especially sustained the heart of the writer through the deep trial of faith here described.

In childhood I have wept to think  
The day would come when thou must die ;  
The thought upon my heart would sink,  
And fill with clouds my sunniest sky.

Yet thou *hast* died ! And though I weep,  
Dear mother, as I gaze on thee,  
I would not wake thy placid sleep,  
Nor ask thine eye to gaze on me.

I would not for its tenderest glance,  
Nor for thy sweetest smile of love,  
Disturb that sweet oblivious trance,  
Nor lure thee from thy home above.

And do I therefore love thee less,  
Than when the thought of losing thee,  
In days of childish happiness,  
Hath check'd me in my hour of glee ?

I wept : for then my soul was strange  
To hopes that bless my later years ;  
I thought not of a bright exchange  
Of heaven for earth—of joy for tears.

But earth was not (I lived to see)  
The paradise that childhood deems ;  
And all my fairy hopes for thee  
I found at last unreal dreams.

I saw that dear beloved brow,  
 Beneath the weight of suffering press'd ;  
 I saw thy fainting spirit bow,  
 And ask in vain for peace and rest.

Till brighter hopes, that were not dreams,  
 Their light around thy spirit shed ;  
 And heaven itself broke out in gleams  
 Of glory on thy dying bed.

There every word, and smile, and look,  
 Proclaim'd thy fleeting soul forgiven ;  
 And well I knew, when it forsook  
 This vale of tears, 'twas safe in heaven.

The blood of Christ for thee hath done  
 Its everlasting work of love :  
 For thee thy dying Lord hath won  
 A crown of life, a throne above.

Then, fare thee well—we part, to meet  
 On yonder bright celestial shore,  
 Where union will indeed be sweet,  
 For we shall meet to part no more.

By living streams, in worlds above,  
 We'll bless the God who brought us there :  
 That glorious God whose name is Love,  
 Who gave thee to my fervent prayer.

Till then the thought that thou art blest,  
 Shall smooth and gladden all my way  
 To yonder world of bliss and rest,  
 Yon clime of everlasting day.

Hosanna on hosanna still,  
 To Him we love, my heart shall raise :  
 'Twas His to pity, His to fill,  
 And He will teach me now to praise.

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## ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

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"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplication."  
 Ps. cxvi, 1.

"These are thy wonders, Lord of Love."—GEORGE HERBERT.

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SWEET friendships of my early youth,  
 That once I deem'd so full of truth,  
 They never could decay—  
 Few now survive,—too frail to last,  
 With other dreams, their glow hath pass'd  
 With sunny youth away.

Not so the sweet, the beauteous flower  
 Of filial love! Time hath not power

O'er aught so true and fair :  
My mother ! fresh as when at first  
Within my heart that blossom burst,  
It blooms unfading there.

I loved thee then ; I love thee still ;  
Nor shall eternal ages chill  
That pure and holy flame.  
Ah no ! such true devoted love  
Will still live on in realms above,  
More purely, yet the same.

The same sweet love, though more intense,  
More holy far, beyond the sense  
Of holiest minds below ;  
Our love begun on earth, will rise  
To heights of bliss in yonder skies,  
That mortals cannot know.

Sweet happy task !—to me 'twas given  
To point thee to that home in heaven,  
Where thou art dwelling now.  
And then again, 'twas mine to bring  
Some drops from life's eternal spring,  
To cool thy dying brow.

Dear listener ! as thy spirit heard,  
From day to day, the quick'ning word  
    Of pure unmingled truth ;  
'Twas sweet to watch thy soul grow bright  
And beauteous with celestial light,  
    And everlasting youth.

The glories of thy blest abode,  
Where all is bright and fill'd with God,  
    I may not now conceive ;  
But that thy happy soul is blest,  
With pure, eternal, heav'nly rest,  
    I may, I *do* believe.

The God of love Himself is there,  
His Spirit fills the glowing air  
    Of that celestial shore ;  
And oh ! 'twill be supremely sweet,  
Beneath His gracious eye to meet,  
    And love thee evermore.

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## THE HEART HEALED.

"Therefore I hated life: because the work that is wrought under the sun  
is grievous unto me: for all is vanity and vexation of spirit."  
Eccles. ii, 17.

"Thou hast healed me."—Ps. xxx, 2.

O FANCY one, some lonely wanderer, cast  
On a far island in the cheerless main,  
Whose heart and memory sicken o'er the past,  
Who looks for ever to the deep in vain,  
With hopes that cheat him, till he loves despair,  
Content, because he must, to perish there.

Such was *I* once—and such are all who feel  
This earth a desert, and who seek in vain  
Some cure (alas! they know not what) to heal,  
E'en for an hour, that fixed corroding pain,  
Which flies from sympathy, and scorns her art,  
That deep, deep malady—a broken heart.

Hope fail'd around me—from within—above;  
Affection wither'd, and I wander'd on,  
With a sear'd heart, that languish'd still to love  
Those cherish'd once—but oh! its power was  
gone!

This, this was anguish, such a depth of woe,  
As souls who ne'er have loved can never know.

Then with these sorrows too, at times would  
blend

Some dark forebodings at the thought of sin,  
The withering fear that God was not my friend;  
Void of His love, 'twas all a waste within,  
Unblest and cheerless, where the serpent's  
breath

Shed nought around it but despair and death.

Sad child of grief! ah, why that smile of pride?  
The fruitless wish to mask the deep despair  
That lurks within?—from me thou canst not  
hide

The hopes that die, the soul that withers there;  
Through years of suffering I have learn'd to tell  
What is a breaking heart—I know it well.

Yes, for my heart was such—till He who knew  
Its tale of grief, the gentle Lamb who died  
On Calvary once, with tenderest pity drew  
The sting from thence, and all His power  
applied—

All the sweet energy of love divine—  
To heal and renovate this heart of mine.

One touch, one blessed touch, and lo! 'twas  
whole!

The gift of health was in His gracious hand:  
"Live! live!" He cried, and my awak'ning soul  
Broke forth in praise—I felt it all expand  
With holy sympathies unknown before,  
And, though I mourned for sin, despair'd no  
more.

Sweet time of love! the tide of passing years  
Rolls harmless o'er its memory.—Oh! I cling  
To the dear hour, when hopeless sorrow's tears  
First ceased to flow, joy's soft and balmy spring,  
When first on me a loving Father smiled,  
And, with a look of pity, called me, "CHILD."

Alas for thee! poor hapless child of sin!  
Dead to His love, *thy* soul knows nought of  
this;

No gentle retrospect of joy within,  
No gladd'ning prospect of eternal bliss,  
No ray of hope to chase the deep despair  
That broods o'er all—for JESUS dwells not  
there.

Oh! could I hear one sigh of pure desire,  
One breath of prayer, one note of rapture swell,

Fresh from thine heart, that like a broken lyre,  
Lies silent now, a seraph's tongue might tell  
How all my soul with holy joy would hail  
The welcome sound—but oh! my own would  
fail.\*

He, only He, can tune each silent string  
That slumbers there, can bid that heart of  
thine,  
Touch'd by His hand, with notes of gladness  
ring,  
With the sweet melody of love divine;—  
Come, then, to Him,—His quick'ning mercy  
prove;  
Come, seek Him now: come share with all  
above  
That gem of richest worth, a dying Saviour's  
love.

\* "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe  
that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."—Mark xi, 24.

In the second edition of my poems I here added this text, expressive of  
my confidence in God touching him to whom these lines were addressed.  
That he will one day be *blessed*, and *made a blessing to others*, I have no  
doubt whatever. This I have fully believed for more than thirteen years—  
since March, 1850. If any one should ask me why I thus feel, I should  
point to the above text (Mark xi, 24), and remind him, in the words of the  
Poet, that prayer is

"A kind of tune which all things hear and fear."

Again, if my own confidence should in any way falter, I should quote the  
same Poet, and say,

"Away, distrust!

My God hath promised, He is just."

GEORGE HERBERT.

## THE REFUGE.

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"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt. xi, 28.*

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YE desolate children of sorrow!

As fleet as the bloom of May,  
Your dreams of a brighter morrow,

Your hopes, have they pass'd away?  
The chill breath of time, does it wither

The bough where ye build your nest?  
Ah, come then, ye mourners, come hither,  
I'll tell you of endless rest.

I'll tell you of Him who hath spoken

Sweet peace to my weary heart,  
And heal'd it, though wither'd and broken,  
With love's all-availing art.

It was He, 'twas the Lord of Glory,  
Who died on the cursed tree,  
On Calvary, stricken and gory,  
A suffering Lamb for me.

Alone on the desolate mountains,  
With tangled and sullied fleece,  
I wander'd afar from the fountains  
Of holiness, life, and peace:

Till He o'er the hills, like a shepherd,  
In quest of His stray one, pass'd,  
And saved from the lion and leopard  
The life of my soul at last.

Ye who dwell, like a trembling sparrow,  
Alone on a leafless bough,  
From the point of the archer's arrow  
Defenceless, unshelter'd now,  
Fly, fly to the Saviour—come hither,  
From sorrow, from fear and strife,  
To a branch that will never wither—  
Come dwell in the tree of life.

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## A D R E A M.

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"Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness. The depth of our despair measures what capability and height of claim we have to hope. Black smoke, as of Tophet, filling all your universe, it can yet, by true heart-energy, become flame of heaven. Courage."

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"I HAD a dream which was not all a dream," as the poet has sung, but rather a picture, a shadow of much that has befallen me since then, an earnest of the loving ways of Him who, through many a long year of much trepidation and sorrow, has again and again turned the storm into a calm, who, by either averting the evil I dreaded, or, better still, by bringing good out of the evil, has given me to know that He was near me, and around me at the very moment when I had but feeble and faint thoughts of His love, or of His loving remembrance of me.

Methought the heavens above me had that freckled, marble-like look which they so often put on in the sober, half-sunny days of autumn. I fancied, indeed, that the sky *not*

*merely looked like, but was actually made of, marble*, with a huge fracture therein. It was a moment of silent, breathless anxiety. A portion thereof had become disjointed from the rest, and there the mighty fragment hung suspended over my head, threatening every instant to fall and to destroy the place where I was with all its inhabitants. I looked and trembled. For a moment, however, forgetting myself, I lost sight of the danger, but the next minute, my recollection returning, I turned, and there I saw the huge fragment, which but a little before had filled me with terror, quietly laid by in a hollow or valley at the side of a mountain. An invisible hand had arrested its fall, and placed it where it could do injury to no one. The danger was over. I felt perfectly safe.

This occurred as far back as the year 1832, a time of uneasiness in the country, when the reform bill, being the all-absorbing question in the political world, men's hearts were beginning to fail them for fear. I, in common with others, was alarmed, so much so, that I remember often lying awake at night, dreading what might be the probable result of this



movement. But the eye of the Lord was upon me; He pitied my fears, and, watching His occasion, He breathed upon me the spirit of slumber, and, in a dream of the night, thus spoke to my heart and silenced my fears. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid"—such was the voice of this affecting and significant dream.

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## THE CRICKET.

THESE lines, addressed to me by my dear friend G. V. W., were suggested to him by the little allegory, entitled, "Waiting," in Mrs. GATTY's "Parables of Nature." The "cousins green," in the fifth line, mean *grasshoppers*, being so termed in the original allegory, because of the strong resemblance between the cricket and the grasshopper, they belonging, in fact to the same genus.—

CHIRP, chirp, O Cricket, of thy happy home,  
Chirp of the bright and joyous days to come,  
Sing, though no trace of beaten path on earth  
Guides to that home, the warm and genial hearth.

'Tis not the hearth (strange word to cousins green!)  
'Tis not the home, to mortal eyes unseen,  
Which tunes my heart, and claims from thee a song,  
But He to whom the hearth, the home belong.

O think of Him till no hard thoughts remain,  
Nor dark suspicion in thy soul retain,  
For firm 's the bolt that shuts suspicion out,  
To Love and Heaven suspicion 's strange as doubt.

# PATIENCE CELESTIAL.



"The past temptations  
No more shall vex us; every grief we feel  
Shortens the destined number; every pulse  
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,  
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees  
Time sweeps us off, and we soon arrive  
At life's sweet period: O celestial point  
That ends this mortal story!"

— *Watts's "Horæ Lyricæ."*

THE origin of this little device is as follows:—  
G. V. W., the friend who wrote the foregoing  
lines on the Cricket, alluding to my somewhat impatient desire to be with the Lord, which I had often expressed in conversation with him, said to me one day, "You are more patient than you were some time ago;" then, spelling the word PATIENCE, he added, "You have come to the last two letters, CE." "Yes," I replied, "and you know that CE is the beginning of the word CELESTIAL," meaning thereby that I had within me somewhat of a feeling, a secret conviction, that the days of "*the patience of hope*" were drawing to a close, and that "life's sweet period," that moment so earnestly longed for by me, that "*celestial point*," of which the poet here sings, was already in view.

## THE SHELTER.

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"Why boastest thou thyself in mischief, O mighty man? the goodness of God endureth continually."—Ps. lli, 1.

"As for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord will hear me,"  
Ps. lv, 16.

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"Since man to man is so unjust,  
I am determined not to trust."

THE above couplet, the commencement of a few lines which I remember having once seen put up in a country inn, as a notice to customers, has lately suggested to me the following thought as to the Lord:—

Since man to man is so unjust,  
I am determined still to trust,  
To trust in Him whose sheltering arm  
Defends His saints from every harm,  
Since He is mine, I may, I will  
Fear man no more, but trust HIM still.

March, 1850.

## THE VESSEL.

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"FILLED IN ALL THE FULNESS OF GOD."

Eph. iii, 19.

*Eis pân tò πληρώμα τοῦ Θεοῦ.*

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"We learn in suffering what we teach in song."

"A few more breathings in this dull and oppressive element, then all will be health and buoyancy, strength and gladness, purity and peace."

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O is it come—the sweet and blessed calm,  
 Foreseen and hoped for through those darksome years  
 Of anguish and of dread? Here, here at last,  
 I, a deep vessel in the shoreless sea  
 Of thine own fulness, O eternal God!  
 Filled in that fulness, find my prayers, my hopes,  
 All, all fulfilled, and nothing more to crave.  
 The bright reality, the thing itself  
 Transcends all thought, eclipses every hope;  
 Dwelling in God, by God indwelt, I know  
 Love in its fulness; life to me is bliss;  
 All, all within, beneath, around, above,  
 Speak but of Thee, and tell me what I am,  
 The happiest of the happy! O thou peerless One!  
 Great God revealed in flesh, the living link  
 'Twixt Godhead and my soul! be thine the praise,  
 The loving worship of a loving heart  
 Rich in Thyself, for, oh, however filled,  
 Howe'er exalted, holy, undefiled,  
 Whatever wealth of blessedness is mine,  
 What am I, Lord? an emptiness, a nothing.  
 Thou art my boast, in whom all fulness dwells  
 Of the great Godhead, Thou whose name I bear,  
 Whose life is mine, whose glory and whose bliss,  
 All, all are mine.

E. D.