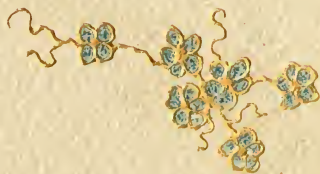




TELL JESUS
BY
Anna Shipton.

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TELL JESUS

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMILY GOSSE

BY
ANNA SHIPTON

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	5
CHAPTER I.	
FIRST ACQUAINTANCE	13
CHAPTER II.	
THE LIFE OF FAITH	26
CHAPTER III.	
PREMONITIONS	36
CHAPTER IV.	
DILIGENCE IN SERVICE	44
CHAPTER V.	
THE PATIENCE OF HOPE	54
CHAPTER VI.	
DEPARTURE	72

INTRODUCTION.

My recollections of one dear to us, and dearer still to God, have no pretension to be termed a memoir.

Out of the many testimonies that Emily Gosse bore for her beloved Lord, my memory most vividly retains those which affected my own spiritual life; this has, therefore, obliged me to write more of myself than I desired.

My acquaintance with her, which was rapidly to ripen into an everlasting friendship, began only in the last two years of her earthly pilgrimage; and I did but gather up the crumbs from the table at which she feasted with the King. These have been multiplied as the fragments of old, and have nourished others; for the Lord commanded them to be gathered.

Among many witnesses to the blessing which has followed the simple incidents of the following pages, and induced me to commit them to the press, was a dear Christian girl, to whom the recital bore a message as distinct as the angel's commission to the women at the tomb of the risen Jesus.

A fortnight after I had told her of the value to my soul of the two words which form the title of my "Recollections," she said:—

"Last Monday I was asked by Mrs.—" (a West End milliner to whom she was apprenticed) "to take a

bonnet to a lady in Hyde Park. It was required by a certain hour. Quite unexpectedly to me, when I arrived at the house the lady desired some alteration to be made; and I was requested to go into the drawing-room and make it there, as not sufficient time remained for me to return with it.

“The work was beyond my experience; I was so nervous, I could not thread my needle; I was afraid to touch what our best hands had put together. I knew not what to do. The servant placed the materials before me, and explained what was required, and I was left alone.

“All at once the words you said the last time I came to you flashed through my mind. ‘Do not fret: tell Jesus. Tell Jesus everything; he will guide and help you.’ I thought, as I looked at the white tulle and flowers, ‘Can I ask him to help me with this bonnet?’ You had told me that Mrs. Gosse had said that she would ask Jesus to guide her to a pin, if she wanted one.

“I did tell Jesus; I asked to be directed in my difficult task, and also for the lady to be disposed to like the bonnet when it was finished. Soon I lost all nervousness; the alteration was completed, and the lady returned, for answer, that it was quite to her taste. Then, for the first time, I understood the meaning of a ‘Living Jesus,’ and from that hour I learned the comfort of telling him everything.”

And it was true. After that time there was a vitality in the spiritual life of this dear child which is often sorely lacking in more advanced Christians. Without Jesus, we can do nothing; with him, all things are possible. We may darken counsel by words without knowledge. Vainly of ourselves we set bread before the

hungry. Unless he eat thereof, however much he admires the feast, it profiteth him nothing.

This early gathered blossom was another seal to the faithfulness of Him who saith, "Them that honor me I will honor." The most striking feature of her new life, in the brief hour of testimony accorded to her below, was the simplicity of her faith, which enabled her to realize unceasing fellowship with Jesus, to the joy of her own soul, and the strengthening and refreshing of others.

To the faint-hearted, who see little or no result from their labors, I would say, "Be patient." It was only in the last days of her life that my helpful friend knew that in any way she had been blessed to me. I did not at once use the privilege which she had shown me was mine; but, bleeding with her unconscious influence, the weed was more efficiently taking root, and fulfilling that for which I had been sent to her. I "kept all these things, and pondered them" in my heart.

I lacked the realization of that first truth, that the Son of God, in the glory of the Father, which he had with him before the foundation of the world, remained in his high-priestly office the Son of man, touched with the feeling of our infirmities. And of the perfect humanity of Jesus, which made him still the brother born for adversity, I knew nothing.

The daily life of one whose eye is single is full of light, and cannot fail to speak for God. "They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble: for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them." But of the times and seasons when this shall be manifest knoweth no man. We walk by faith, not by sight. It is enough that he has said that our labor for him shall not be in vain. Prayer is

answered, we know ; but there is no promise as to manner or time. God's way is the safest ; God's time is the best.

The dews of many a night of weeping, and the scorching breath of many a furnace fire, passed over the Word of Life in my soul before I entered into its power ; therefore, while we watch and pray, let us hope in God. "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain !"

Dear reader, if you know Jesus as your Saviour, beware lest Satan beguile you to believe that you have one want or care too minute for the consideration of the God of the whole earth. All things were made by him and for him.

Soon after I began to observe this truth, I was sitting, in a time of weakness and loneliness, on the seashore — a stranger in a strange place. It soothed me to watch the tide, as it ebbed, sweep away or deposit some stray shell or weed upon the strand ; and I mused on the mission of some of the treasures that, in its mighty tide-work, the sea brought or left behind.

It was an evening in autumn ; and not a loiterer was left on the shore, excepting a nurse and two young children — the elder a fine boy of about four years old.

The child looked wistfully at me. I smiled at him, and he returned it. In a few minutes I felt a light touch upon my arm, and his blooming cheek was laid on my knee, as he earnestly gazed in my face with an expression of loving sympathy. Perhaps he had some sick one at home, and knew the power of his sweet smiles. No matter, God sent him.

We talked together like old friends, and my heart lost its loneliness beneath the loving ministration. At

length he started off beyond my reach. I watched him eagerly seeking among the weeds for shells. One after another he held them to the light, casting aside each one that was broken, as unsuitable for his purpose.

At last his busy fingers held up one which gave him satisfaction, and after examining it carefully, he polished it with his coat, and then, with a triumphant smile, advanced and laid it on my knee; then, stepping back a few paces, he evidently enjoyed my unfeigned delight. "For you," he lisped out — "only for you — all for you," as if I might doubt my right to his gift.

Amid tender words and kisses we said farewell, and my little God-sent messenger reluctantly obeyed the call of his nurse, and followed her.

The shell lay in my hand; my soul had risen like a lark above the clouds; and, with a glad "Hallelujah," I praised the God of the whole earth.

Again the little fellow was at my side, breathless. He gave an anxious glance at the shell, and then looked coaxingly in my face, while he said, "You will not give it away, will you?" I assured him I would keep it and prize it for his sake. The child was gone, and I saw him no more.

I do not own many treasures; if I have any, I count that fragile shell among the choicest of them — a token from my heavenly Father's hand. His baby minstrel had tuned my heart to songs of gladness: his music, the lisping words of a child; his instrument, a tiny transparent shell, that not a wave could break without his will. I went on my way rejoicing.

Such an incident is puerile to those who have not cherished the remembrance of sadness and tears which manifested the soothing hand of the compassionate God-

man, while he whispered, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Some few years ago a remarkable trial for murder took place in Paris. The facts were briefly as follows: A man who had lived unhappily with his wife determined to poison her. Long he waited his opportunity of administering the deadly powder. One day, during their dinner, while serving, the husband mixed the poison in his wife's food; but, when he had done so, he could not endure to see her eat it, and, making some excuse, he arose and left the table. During his absence from the room, and before the wife could partake of the food, her eye was attracted by a spider, which let itself down by its thread from the ceiling upon her plate, over which it crawled. Disgusted at the sight, she could not eat her portion; but thinking that, as her husband had not seen it, it would not affect him, she changed their plates before he re-entered the room. The man ate, and in a short time was seized with cramp, and every symptom of poison was evident. The woman was taken into custody on suspicion of having poisoned him. She declared her innocence, and, on being questioned, related the circumstance of the spider, which caused her to change plates. The husband, struck by the wonderful work of a little spider in staying his hand from murder, confessed all, and died.

The ant, the spider, the limpet on the rock, the moat that dances in the sunbeam, have each their assigned place; and He who created them can use them for his own will and pleasure. He formed the mysterious chords within us, that thrill or sadden beneath a touch, discerned by none but himself. Nor is he who rules the worlds unmindful of the least want or sigh of the soul that he has died to save.

“Casting ALL your care upon him,” does not imply such concerns as the natural intellect may decide on as fit occasions for faith and prayer. It necessarily includes whatsoever can burden, or tempt, or grieve a child of that Father who declares that the very hairs of our head are numbered.

Prove the blessed truth of faith in Jesus. Give him the first place in your heart and counsels ; soon you will feel that you cannot do without him in the least matter, and every occasion of going to him will result in new manifestations of his love and faithfulness. Only try it!

Whate'er thy sin, whate'er thy sorrow be,
 Tell all to JESUS; he who, looking where
 The weary-hearted weep, still draweth near
 To listen fondly to the half-formed prayer,
 And read the silent pleading of a tear.
 Lose not thy privilege, O silent soul!
 Pour out thy sorrow at thy Saviour's feet.
 What outcast spurns the hand that gives the dole?
 Oh, let him hear thy voice! To him thy voice is sweet.

I am greatly indebted to Mr. Gosse for permission to extract from his narrative, “the last days on earth” of his beloved wife.¹

I also acknowledge the affectionate testimony of one who knew her worth, and walked with her in an unbroken friendship for nearly twenty years. Among the cups of cold water, given because we belong to Jesus, may he remember her heart-cheering sympathy in this feeble effort to bear witness to the experimental blessedness of fellowship with God in Christ Jesus, not only for ourselves and for the church, but before the world. It is committed to him whose blessing can

¹ “A Memorial of the Last Days on Earth of Emily Gosse. By her husband, Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S.”

alone cause it to speak for him, and to him be all the glory.

I have but gathered one ear of the precious grain of Emily Gosse's harvest; sowing and reaping, we shall rejoice together.

TELL JESUS.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.

“The memory of the just is blessed.” — PROV. x. 7.

I WAS still groping in the twilight of spiritual dawn when I first met Emily Gosse. She appeared to me then, as she lives in my memory to this hour, as one of God’s epistles, known and read of all men, whose influence, through the love therein written, leaves the reader nearer heaven than it found him.

I had passed from death unto life, though I was not peacefully resting on the infallible testimony of the Word of God that it was so. I was seeking for assurance from the ever-varying testimony of feeling, encumbered by errors and superstitions, and only a little while before had I even known the way of salvation. I acknowledged that Jesus, the only begotten Son of God, was the Saviour of sinners, and that therefore, knowing myself a sinner, I might lay claim to redemption from eternal death through him. But I was seldom able to say, “*My* Saviour.” That he had saved me from the doom of the scorner, I could understand; but as my Saviour from sin, as the Good Physician, as the counsellor of my daily difficulties, as the risen, living Jesus,

the companion and friend of my life, I had not then beheld him.

Until I met Emily Gosse, I had never seen a child of God following the Lord fully, in happy, cheerful confidence ; nor witnessed Christ and his glory in the life of man or woman, as the one sole object of their existence. The sight of it in her won my heart to desire the same happy path of single-eyed service. I remember with what silent delight I watched her unconscious testimony for *him*, who was ere long to be realized in my soul as my own living, loving Lord !

I had arranged to pass the last summer months of that to me eventful year in the near neighborhood of old friends, pleasant to me after the flesh, but in nowise adapted to lead me on the heavenly road, on which, though blindfolded and lame, I had set forth.

Business required my presence in London, previously to taking possession of my apartments. While there, a lady, almost a stranger, called, and requested, as a personal favor, that I would accompany a young relative to the coast, partly with a view to change of air, but more particularly to give her and a friend the opportunity of meeting with Mr. Gosse, for the purpose of studying the world of wonders beneath the waters, for which his interesting works had prepared them. To this day, when my eyes rest upon an aquarium (for never since that year have I seen those mysterious sea-flowers in the crystal pools of their own rocky homes), I retrace the links which drew me nearer to the great Creator of their beauty, and read therein, not only tokens of his infinite wisdom, but a message of love known only to him and me.

My plans were made, and very pleasant plans they seemed. They had been formed without any reference

to the will of the Lord in the matter. I knew, by the hearing of the ear, that he taketh heed of the fall of the sparrow, yet I honored him not by believing that *he* setteth the bounds of the habitation of the feeblest child of his family. I had not disregarded my proximity to the means of grace, in my settlement in my new abode; but I had equally sought to be near my friends.

I at once declined the invitation to the coast, and that so decidedly, that the lady could no longer press it, and we parted. The Lord was guiding, though blind eyes saw it not. On the eve of my quitting London the lady returned, more urgent in her request than even before. Perhaps she had prayed that it might be granted; certain it is, that the Lord's purpose of infinite love was in it; for suddenly, without being able to assign any cause for the change in my feelings, all my former disinclination to her proposal vanished. Without any further objection, I consented to accompany her young friends to Ilfracombe, whither they were going for the purpose of studying the zoöphytes, in which pursuit they were deeply interested.

In place, therefore, of returning to my self-chosen nest, I went forth, and continue up to this day a pilgrim, whose only home is in heaven.

It was a dreary and fatiguing journey, and its termination offered nothing to compensate for much that I had given up to undertake it. I felt weary and lonely, as every living soul must be, apart from the changeless peace which is found in Jesus only.

The second week of our stay had closed, and I was ardently longing for the time of our departure; but my heavenly Father had ordained it all, and had guided me, though I knew it not. It was at this juncture that he sent to my side the wise and tender minister of good

tidings, in the wife of the Christian naturalist of whom I was hearing so much.

As soon as I saw the face of Mrs. Gosse, I longed to know her better. She was fair, and appeared more youthful than her years, from her small delicate features, and the artless, childlike smile which lighted her countenance when animated. I have seen it literally sparkling with joy, when unexpectedly brought into contact with those who loved her Lord, or when recognizing some expression of his ever watchful care.

Whether the Lord veiled the state of my spiritual life from her, I know not. I listened to her with unmixed pleasure, though I hardly dare aver that I was fed. But I marked her steps, and they chimed sweet music; the bells proclaimed "Holiness unto the Lord." There was much new and strange to me; some intermediate tones seemed lacking in my soul for perfect harmony between what I had received and that which I beheld in her.

Anticipations of a home undisturbed by sin or sorrow, where I could forever behold Jesus, had often filled my heart with gladness. I read that he was gone to prepare a place for his people, and had promised to come again and receive them to himself. These thoughts brooding in my soul became more tangible, as I saw her daily rejoicing in the expectation of the return of the Lord Jesus, with the assurance of faith born only of the Spirit.

But how could I rejoice in the coming of the Lord, when I was not at all sure that he was coming for *me*? I felt, for the first time, the power of the life of a child of God, walking with him in cheerful, childlike confidence in his love. I yearned for that good land which she possessed, though I was not at all convinced that

her blessed inheritance was — could be — for one so unworthy — for me, such a sinner !

I had never seen the simplicity of faith which ever walks in heavenly humility. Not the humility of servile fear, which the world recognizes in sighs and groans over the old Adam's utter corruption ; but the trustful gaze fixed on Jesus, that says, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief ; *therefore* my hope is in him. He is my strength, and the lifter up of my head." Such a posture of soul better glorifies the Lord of life than when our eyes rise no higher than self, forgetting that we were created for his praise.

I so feebly apprehended the high-priestly office of him who was exalted for the remission of sins, that I thought I had still something to *do*, and that perhaps for years, to test my sincerity, before I could live with Jesus in the same sweet familiar intimacy as my new friend.

She was a wise mother in Israel ; she did not cavil at my crude opinions, nor combat my errors. She did not argue points of difference, which would have arrayed my dominant pride and obstinacy against her ; neither did she appear amazed at my ignorance. Her aim was to show Jesus in his love and loveliness.

The love of God in Christ beamed through her words and life, like sunshine melting away the clouds of prejudice, and dispelling gradually my fleshly dread of irreverence in taking advantage, with the freedom of access which she enjoyed, of that door into heaven which the precious blood-shedding had opened (John x. 7, 9 ; Heb. x. 19-22).

It was pre-eminently Jesus that she preached, his beauty, his loving-kindness, his tender mercy ! And

though that happy, happy day had not then arrived when I could exclaim, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend!" yet, by the blessing of God, I count her insensible influence among the many cords of love that won my weary, roving heart to find its rest in him alone.

While Mr. Gosse and my young friends were exploring, with the ardor of naturalists, the treasures of the deep with the drag-net, or rambling over the rocks of the picturesque beach, I was, from inability to join them, generally within doors, or sitting on the shore not far from our lodgings.

There I occasionally met Emily, who, like a good householder, brought out of her treasures things new and old from the store of Christ's fulness.

Yet all this time she had a mother's eye upon her young son, whom she carefully watched in his amusements and companions. Many a lesson might nurses and governesses have learned from her. In clear characters might be read on all she did and said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Our interviews were always brief, generally interrupted, and not unfrequently prevented altogether. I remember that this caused me to feel irritated and disappointed, as the natural wilfulness of my character desired more of her society than the Lord saw fit to accord me.

Besides this, I was selfish, and she was unselfish; I longed to keep her all to myself, while she sought only to be about her Father's business. She loved to wander among the groups assembled under the rocks, or among the bathers, distributing her tracts, and dropping a word elsewhere for her dear Master when opportunity offered; while I would have chosen her to sit by my side.

All this was not without its lesson. After those days were gone, I murmured against myself that I had profited so little from them. Doubtless, the Lord's set time was not fully come. He who had found me in a desert land, and in the waste, howling wilderness, was leading me about, and instructing me, and — blessed be his name! — keeping me as the apple of his eye.

So, day by day, Emily Gosse went on her way, sowing beside all waters. The joy of harvest-home is reserved for the great ingathering. For myself, it was only in more entire seclusion from the outer world, and in deeper affliction, that I learned the mystery of the new birth in the promise, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" the Lord himself, without human instrumentality, leading me into the truths which delivered me out bondage into his glorious liberty. Certain it is, that, when the King had brought me into the full secret of his presence, and had taught me the endearing relationship of the "Father," my happy friend was resting from her labors.

I saw Emily working for Jesus; I did nothing; how could I when I only believed at distant intervals that my sins were forgiven! How could I tell of the faithfulness of a covenant God, when I was so often doubting his word, and dishonoring him by unbelief of his truth?

And yet when I rejoiced in the assurance that the Good Shepherd had indeed snatched me from the pit, I wept to think I had never won a soul for him who had done so much for me. My thought was, if I knew him, and really loved him, I could work for him — not until then.

In one of those seasons of depression when too ill to quit the house, these temptations especially assailed me.

That day I listened to a lesson from the lips of my new-found friend, which I have ever since been learning ; that the subjection which leads us to accept the position the wisdom of the Lord assigns us, is our reasonable service. Long-suffering, and meekness, and patience, are fruit, though often unacknowledged by any but him ; fruit accepted for Christ's sake, for it is the growth of his Spirit.

Emily had a peculiar faculty of illustrating her subject in conversation, which was very attractive, and this was a point of sympathy between myself and her ; in all else it was hardly possible to find a greater contrast, or two individuals more dissimilar.

Our conversation this day called forth the following illustration : —

“The master of the house has a servant whom he has appointed to sit in the hall — perhaps alone — and only attend to his bell when it rings. This man may not often be required for the particular service to which this bell will summon him, nevertheless he is not to be doing his own pleasure in the intervals.

“Would he be fulfilling the duty for which he was specially placed there, if, when he saw his fellow-servants engaged in their respective callings, running hither and thither, he joined them, and so, when the bell rung, he was not in the only chair where he could distinctly hear it ; and had, moreover, placed himself in a position which rendered him unfit for the peculiar service required of him ? Neither,” she added, with a bright smile, “should we expect the servant who knew his lord's will to be unhappy, and continually running upstairs and knocking impatiently at his master's door, to know what he was to do next. The master had already shown him what he was to do, — to wait in the hall.

“So now, your service is plain enough; you must remember ‘Old Betty.’ Once the Lord seemed to say to her, ‘Go here, go there; do this, do that.’ ‘And now,’ the old woman said, ‘He seems to say to me, Betty, lie still and cough.’”

There was nothing of the teacher in Emily, though she was deeply taught of God. Blessing seemed to flow out from her life, according to the promise, in rivers of living water (John vii. 38). Who shall follow the track of the little seed that is carried on the wings of the wind? God careth for it; it shall be found after many days.

Whether her attention was directed to a child, or to a babe in Christ, or to a Bible in the examination of a Greek word, there was no assumption of pedantry or superior knowledge, which is so often the loop-hole for Satan to shoot at the proud in heart, even in holy teaching; and I feel assured that this must have arisen from her knowledge of her own heart, and her trust in the strength of Him to whom all power in heaven and earth is given.

All God’s family bear some resemblance to their Father, however faint, which proclaims their heavenly origin to those that know him. The germ of all the fruit of the Holy Spirit is contained in the new man in Christ Jesus. Perhaps some feature is more developed externally, by reason of special culture of the heavenly Husbandman, through special trials; but other buds of promise are there, opening to his eye alone, unrecognized by others. Many a night and morning, many a winter and summer, may go by before they put forth their fragrance, but they are there.

Dormant they lie, they are not dead;
Sown for Immanuel’s land,

They'll bloom where heavenly fountains flow,
Beneath his fostering hand.

A little while we suffer here,
A little while we weep;
A little while we dare the fight,
And holy watch we keep.

And then—no more a little while
To sigh and struggle thus;
But live forever, conquerors,
With Him who loveth us.

.

Love sheds its light over all, and seems to energize the branch which draws from the root, and gives forth to others. For love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost is a fountain of blessing wherever it flows. It shone in Emily Gosse's daily life.

I have seen her cheek flush, and her ready sympathy fill her eyes with tears, at wrong committed against another; I never saw her ruffled with any one, if the wrong were directed against herself personally.

It was long before I recognized the hand of man as the sword of the Lord (Isa. liv. 16), but, when I had done so, it was a well of peace to my heart. Before this, I remember that in bitterness of spirit I one day recounted some mortifying provocation that I had received from a nominal Christian; it touched her heart far otherwise than it had done mine. I seem to feel the loving pressure of her hand upon my shoulder now, as she looked tenderly in my face through the tears that glistened for what I had suffered, as she said, "Oh, how much pride there must be to subdue in your heart, for the dear Lord to let you be treated thus!"

Now I have learned to recognize the hand of the Potter; and, on looking back on those sorrowful days, I

have traced the moulding skill, breaking away the clay that encumbers the vessel of mercy; and, though now he has other instruments for fashioning it, I love to trace it still; and soon, in the light of his unclouded presence, what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. I was more reserved with her than with any one before or since; and yet the ministry I received was exactly suited for what I should afterwards need in more severe trial.

On one occasion I refused to tell her what had saddened me, only because I thought the cause would appear trifling to her. Like her blessed Master, she found nothing beneath her sympathy that could cause one throb of pain.

She would not quit me until she had soothed me, and this ended, of course, in my telling her all. She listened with as much interest as if she had to unravel some deep mystery. She sat for a few minutes in silence, and then asked, with the simplicity that characterized her, "*Did you tell Jesus?*" Perhaps I looked surprised; I am sure I felt so; yet to her the only surprise would be, that anything could call forth our complaints to another which had not first been told to Jesus.

She continued, "If I want a pin, and do not know where to find one, I do not lose any time in seeking for it. I ask him to guide me to one, and he does so. Tell me, what did John's disciples do in their grief at the loss of their master?"

I thought only of his burial, and she went on, "They took up the body and buried it, and went and *told Jesus.*"

That word was a shaft, followed by God's faithful promise: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth

the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it *shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it*" (Isa. lv. 10, 11).

The rod laid up within the ark for me that day will be seen through eternal ages; it budded, and in time blossomed. Many a hope have I buried, over many a blighted one have I wept; but the budding rod bore fruit at last. Blessed be the covenant-keeping God! The message of my Father's love that Emily brought me has never since that hour been silent. Dead lips speak no more; their echo dies not, but rolls through eternity — "Tell Jesus."

In the cloud I have been called to enter, I have heard no man, but Jesus only. This is more than enough for the loneliest and dreariest path!

I was by this time a little prepared, when I paid her a visit, and admired the pleasant apartments which they occupied overlooking the sea, to hear the reply: —

"Yes! it was very kind of the Lord; we had asked him to guide us to suitable rooms, both for airy lodgings, for health's sake, and also for other advantages," which she proceeded to show me.

Her cheerful acquiescence, at the same time, in what was denied her, was as striking as her happy acknowledgment of what appeared to be the most trifling thing to others' eyes.

This was the first intimation I received of the Good Shepherd going before his sheep, in the minute care for their change of habitation, and of the sheep knowing his voice, and following him in peaceful security (John x. 4).

He has not called us to go forth in our own strength, but in our weakness, that his strength may be perfected in it.

In committing ourselves to him for a "prosperous journey," we may at first feel amazed at the result; but, if taken in simple reliance on him who can best choose our inheritance for us, we shall in the end see his wisdom and love. If we are seeking only to follow him, he will not let us wander out of the way; if we are seeking something not really needful, and the indulgence of our own will and pleasure, he may indeed give us the desire of our heart, and send leanness into our soul. If the Good Shepherd grants us his reviving presence, we may well leave all the rest to him, assured that, if he has withheld anything that appeared to us "good," it has only been to give us something better.

CHAPTER II.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

All things are yours."—1 COR. iii. 21.

SOON after these days I had a remarkable dream; if indeed I can term that a dream which appeared to me as a panorama of glorious significance, and in which I had no part but that of a spectator.

I beheld a chamber, dark with clouds. In the centre stood Emily. Angel hands from out the murky atmosphere clothed her in a heavy purple robe, the weight of which bent her body, pale and emaciated, almost to the earth. She walked as if in pain and weariness; but in their hands they bore her up, lest she should dash her foot against a stone.

The darkness passed, and her feet were set in that "large room," that lacketh neither light nor freedom; it was open to the sky. Beneath the angels' ministering hands the heavy robe at every step gradually disappeared, and more and more visibly shone another robe, of surpassing beauty, in which they clothed her. She did nothing towards making herself ready; all was done for her. Her attitude was that of a happy, innocent, obedient child, under the tender care of a mother who arrays her in her festal garments.

How can I describe things unseen by others but by objects visible to the outward eye? I know nothing to compare to that robe, white as the driven snow. Art

and nature can give but a faint idea of its beauty ! Its dazzling and transparent folds were fairer than the most delicate lawn, and glistened like the hoar frost in its silver brightness.

As the robe descended to her feet, her countenance lost all trace of time and pain and weariness ; it was renewed, and beamed with youth and health and comeliness. It was still Emily Gosse, growing fairer at every step, as, conducted by heavenly guides, she neared a two-leaved door, which, slightly ajar, permitted a few bright, slanting rays of golden light to fall upon the step.

The sight of her child appeared to arrest the happy pilgrim. She paused. Immediately the angelic hands were withdrawn into the clouds, — no longer the dark, heavy clouds of the smaller chamber, but the summer clouds of the “large room.” A basket of fruit was near her. She seemed to search amongst it for the ripest, and chose what appeared to me then a Maltese or blood orange ; for it was divided down the centre, and appeared of a bright crimson color, which may have represented a pomegranate.

When the child had received the fruit, Emily appeared satisfied, and her angel attendants resumed their office of leading her onwards. Every movement exactly resembled that of a blind person, committing herself unreservedly to the safe conduct of a Friend who knew the way, and guided every step, to the home where *she* was a welcome guest.

“ As when some helpless wanderer,
Alone in an unknown land,
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,
And leaves all else in his hand :
'T is home, 't is home that we wish to reach ;
He who guides us may choose the way ;
Little we heed what path we take,
If nearer home each day.”

The chamber was crossed ; she stood upon the step of the entrance, and the door gradually opened. Within, a street was visible, clear as crystal, bright with golden rays surpassing sunlight. On the side revealed to my sight were open galleries of most delicate tracery ; these were filled with angelic forms bent in expectation toward the door ; thousands of glorious beings thronged to welcome the newcomer ; every head was turned towards the entrance.

The unutterable peace of the pilgrim's face as she proceeded I have never forgotten, nor the rest which her closed eyes expressed. I have often thought it intimated that this vision of her spirit beauty, given me to behold, was as yet hidden from her eyes. Her foot was on the threshold, and then all faded from my sight.

That wondrous scene lives in my memory as if photographed on my mind's eye ; but how describe it ? I vainly seek for words to paint its beauty to others.

Often it was on my lips to tell Emily the "dream that I had dreamed." She was essentially a practical person ; and I dreaded that she would not receive the sweet, and to me solemn, vision, and I held my peace.

However, doubtless it was sent to her through me ; for I felt a shadow and oppression on my soul until I had told her.

One morning, most unexpectedly, I was led to describe it to her. To my surprise, she listened in rapt attention ; and after a few days she requested me to repeat my golden dream.

She remarked, "I have thought *only* of the Lord's coming ; not of walking through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Perhaps he will send for me, after all."

But she was well and strong and bright, and prepared to meet him for whom she watched. She walked with her garments girded and her light burning; she was, indeed, one who watched for her Lord.

Soon after this, Mr. and Mrs. Gosse left for London, and I heard no more of her until the following spring, when I received a note reminding me of my promise to visit her; and, as I was then at a convenient distance from London, she invited me to spend two days with her in the following week. I did so.

I had scarcely arrived when, as was often the case, she was sent for on some errand of mercy; and, as she said, "to keep me company until her return," she placed in my hands "A Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller," a work of which I had never before heard.

If Emily Gosse's faith in the daily watchful care of her Almighty Friend had startled me, she had now left me food for meditation, wonder, admiration, and love.

God is good! I never for a moment doubted this reality; and I read on and on, until I came to a passage in which Mr. Müller narrates how he once had need of an arm-chair in his bedroom, when an invalid on a visit to a friend, and how the Lord tenderly took heed of the want, so that when he next entered his bed-chamber he found it there.

Of the sums this man of God has won from heaven's treasury for the support of thousands of orphans, for the extension of the building, for the circulation of the Scriptures, and the help of missionary laborers, I have read and marvelled. But when this simple fact of the care of his heavenly Father was recorded, it had another mission. It was just fitted for my grasp; it was the tiny thread of faith which just such a babe could

hold. It drew me on until I realized, "This God is my God forever and ever; he shall be my guide even unto death!"

* * * I longed for the book. I did not ask for the loan of it; I was too poor to purchase it. The Lord's way was the best. I had learned experimentally something of the faith that worketh by love before I again turned the pages, over which I hung that afternoon in delight. I felt more and more the contrast of this faith that was constantly honoring the Lord by believing his word and confiding in his love, to that of a doubting spirit born of an evil heart of unbelief; and I thirsted for the good land beyond Jordan. It also led me to remark how God blesses the household where his ark rests, and that it is impossible to dwell with those who walk with a living God and not partake of their blessings.

That night for me was sleepless. It was the Lord's dear hand in all, and but for it I should have failed to read another trait of himself in my gentle hostess.

The morning had hardly broken, when she quietly opened my door, and brought to my side the breakfast which her thoughtful care had provided. She had lighted the fire in her husband's study to avoid disturbing the servants; she had heard my restlessness, and was ever on the watch to serve.

When I told her how grieved I was that she could rise to do this, her reply was like herself: —

"Supposing yesterday Jesus had rested in your lodgings on his way to Jerusalem, weary with his journey, and you knew he had been watching all night, should you have thought it any hardship to rise an hour or two earlier than usual to give him refreshment? Jesus could not come himself; he sent you, and he says to me,

‘Inasmuch as you have done unto *her*, you have done it unto me.’”

Thus we feel the need of having a poor and afflicted people among us, that there may be a field for the ministration of the disciples of Jesus to the Man of Sorrows in the person of his suffering members. Numberless are the occasions it affords of exhibiting his tender love toward those that serve, as well as to them that are served. Sitting often at his feet, we shall learn the secret of his will, and hearing his voice, we shall learn the way to do it, by which we shall most resemble him in the doing.

The little loving charities of daily life preach loudly for him who went about doing good. The testimony that it is for Jesus will make the even tenor of the walk glorify him; whereas, if kindness and forbearance be shown only to please ourselves, or for the gratification of another, they will be fitful, and witness nothing of the living faith to proclaim him whose we are and whom we serve.

Of all the blessings that gladden our earthy pilgrimage, sympathy is the sweetest; of all the gifts of God, a friend is the chief. The man of science has his associate; the man of crime his accomplice; the man of pleasure his companion; and in all these there is sympathy, but not friendship. That comprehends an enduring affection resting on sympathy; it cannot endure, if built on the things that are passing away, or that shall be burned up.

A friend in Jesus is a gift, but Jesus, the Friend, is the priceless Friend.

And can such things be? Yes. The Man of Sorrows is the brother born for adversity, as every day's need requires. Fellowship with him can cast a light and

glory over life's common things. If we think that brotherhood with Jesus comprehends only a fellowship in sorrow and difficulty, the privilege is immeasurably great; but this is limiting his friendship, or placing him in the position of patron and benefactor, rather than of brother and friend.

When we live in close sympathy with another, we receive and impart every moment. Take a day passed with a friend, unrecorded by any remarkable event, such a day as an uninterested observer might pronounce a very commonplace one. It has not been commonplace to *you*. The glance comprehended without a word spoken; the smile that has recognized your thought; the trifling need that has made a way for a gift valueless to any one but you, and precious to you as a memento of the hand that gave, and the circumstance that drew it forth, — all these footprints of time leave the day, so uneventful to others, full of sweet memories to loving hearts.

Why deal with your heavenly Friend with more strangeness and less confidence than with an earthly friend, and desire his help and sympathy only in seasons of extremity? Yet is he found of them that call upon him only in the hour of need; he cannot deny himself. "In their affliction they will seek me early." But why not accept that companionship which throws a light over the minute working of his providence, and gives a voice to the interpreters of his love, hour by hour, moment by moment?

It is the carnal or the spiritual man which objects, that there are numberless things and circumstances too insignificant to bring before the God of the whole earth. Does the Word of God state them? Or, who is so wise as to declare what is really great or small in the sight

of omnipotence? Shall we then say, "I will trust my soul to the God of my mercies, but not my mercies themselves; and in some extremity call on him for deliverance, but in the burden of daily trials dishonor him by distrusting his care, and doubting his love?"

Who shall pronounce what has an influence on the spiritual life, and what has not? The minute grain of sand that obscures the sight may ultimately destroy it. The thorn in the traveller's foot, a key lost or mislaid, and meaner things than any I have enumerated, may cast shadows on the strongest mind, and change the current of a life; while such despised things have been among the golden links that draw the soul nearer, to realize a living God.

Will you call it "bondage" to cast all upon the sympathizing heart of the Man Christ Jesus? Oh! trembling hearts, perplexed and weary, it is no fable — it is the glorious liberty of the children of God, to "trust in him at *all* times."

He does not bid you seek him in unapproachable glory; he comes to you as one of your brethren. In all things he was tempted even as you are, yet without sin; he once hungered and thirsted, he was weary, lonely, misunderstood. You have no want or woe that he has not tasted; you have no joy which you could pour into that heart of love to which it would not respond.

I write to you who know him and love him, and yet live at such an immeasurable distance from him, that you are uttering your complaints of your coldness and unhappiness in the ears of others, "physicians of no value," who cannot fathom your wound or heal your disease. Why wait till the waters are troubled? Tell Jesus.

An early diary of Emily's, lent me by her husband on

this occasion, consists principally of notes to assist her memory, but otherwise it is too obscure to enable me to trace much that would be interesting in the growth and development of the divine life in her soul. Brief as is the entry, which bears the date 1835, it is strongly marked by the single-mindedness of one who even then walked, as she ever afterwards did, with an exercised conscience, though ever fully realizing the finished work of Jesus, and her acceptance in him; from which we glean the desires of her heart toward a clearer light and more devoted walk. To those who had the privilege of knowing her, it very imperfectly shadows the work of grace that was developed in the noon of her life.

She complains of the plague of her own heart, like those who know "their own sore and their own grief;" of her unbelief, selfishness, and wandering in prayer; her bitterness of speaking of the faults of others.

The Hearer and Answerer of prayer — more willing to glorify himself in his servant than any can be to glorify him — indeed granted her abundantly that which she had requested. Great is the encouragement to the children of light to walk in the light which reveals their needs, when we see how graciously hers were met, and how brightly shone those graces in her after experience, the lack of which she here laments.

If our desires after spiritual blessings seem tardy in their fulfilment, we are not therefore to suppose that they are disregarded. Invisible is the process by which we receive them. They are not to be acquired and handled as are temporal gifts; these we may obtain immediately, and rejoicingly show to our neighbor, that he may rejoice with us. Neither do they resemble the sudden life in a soul given to our prayers. They are deeper and more hidden, as the life hid with Christ in

God, and only when the tempest has swept over us, or the daily furnace has been entered, where none walked with us but the Son of God, have we realized that grace had really been granted us according to our prayers. Its reception must be the work of faith; that of other gifts, more or less of sense.

Nothing is so dishonoring to God as unbelief. Even supposing that our prayer is not answered so that we can recognize it *here*, yet we have honored him by asking for that which he alone can bestow; and them that honor him, he will honor.

Hinder not the holy life-giving Spirit. It is written, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." And what does the longing soul desire, but conformity to *him*, without whom it can do nothing? We shall be satisfied when we awake with his likeness.

CHAPTER III.

PREMONITIONS.

“And God granted him that which he requested.”—1 CHRON. iv. 10.

IN January, 1856, Emily wrote to tell me that she had asked the Lord for a “Jubilee Year,” and that already the answers were returning in blessings, through her tracts, and the conversion of two young women, in one of whom I was much interested. She had also some evidence in the soul of her little son, giving her reason to believe that he was indeed a child of God.

Her own health was good, her husband’s better, and many mercies were numbered up.

In her private diary was found, after her decease, the following entry, made on her birthday preceding:—

“Lord, forgive the sins of the past, and help me to be faithful in future. May this be a year of much blessing, a year of jubilee! May I be kept lowly, trusting, loving! May I have more blessing than in all former years combined! May I be happier as a wife, mother, sister, writer, mistress, friend!”¹

And the Lord heard, and granted her that which she requested.

Merciful is the veil which conceals in what form our petition shall be granted; but we know that the hand of love, once pierced for us, holdeth our souls in life,

¹ This, and most of the following particulars, are extracted from “A Memorial of the Last Days of Emily Gosse” by her husband.

and suffereth not our feet to be moved, although we find our prayers return to us in far other forms than we should have had courage to desire.

“Almost immediately,” says her husband, “after the supplications above mentioned were recorded on high, the gracious answer began to be given. At first it came only in joy. The first-fruit was a very blessed revival of my own soul through some words which she spoke to me. And then there followed what she had reason to judge the sound conversion to God of three young persons within a few weeks, by the instrumentality of her conversations with them. Others were impressed, and appeared convinced of their sinful state. Moreover, before the year was completed, at least two instances were brought to her knowledge of gospel tracts having been blessed to the decided conversion of souls. And the grace of the Lord was displayed to her also, in causing these testimonies to the blood of Christ, the fruits of her pen, to be spread very widely, even to the most distant parts of the globe, the result of which will be fully known when the harvest of this sowing-time shall be gathered in.

“During the twelvemonth between November, 1855, and November, 1856, seventeen of her gospel tracts were published by the Weekly Tract Society, in addition to fourteen of hers already in their catalogue; and five more were printed between the latter date and her death, which have been published posthumously. This was besides many papers in various religious periodicals.

“But the year of blessing, thus auspiciously begun, had scarcely half passed away, before there appeared the messenger commissioned to take down her tabernacle, and consummate her joy, by removing her to the presence of her Lord.

“Hitherto, we had known nothing but ease and happiness in the seven years of our married life, and it was not unfrequently remarked by us to each other that the common lot, the badge of discipleship, seemed to be unknown to us. My beloved wife very frequently observed to me, and that especially during the year or two that preceded her mortal disease, ‘How very happy we are! Surely this cannot last.’

“It was soon to end. It is not for the eternal bliss of God’s children that their nest (Job xxix. 18) should be undisturbed; and, therefore, he pulls it to pieces, and says, ‘Set your affection on things above.’ He cares for our eternal happiness, and makes our temporal joy give place to the eternal. Even so, Father.”

Months elapsed; we did not meet. I seldom heard from her; she was not one to write for writing’s sake; she was fully occupied. Yet I knew I was never forgotten, by the occasional packet of tracts and papers that received a grateful welcome in my sick-room, where I lived, God’s prisoner. He was teaching me himself the things of the kingdom, for which he had already prepared me — slow learner that I have been!

One morning I received a note from Emily, telling me of the shadow of that bright cloud which was destined to convey her beyond the reach of pain. The first tokens of cancer were visible to herself, and her apprehensions were confirmed by three of the faculty.

The simplicity and calmness of the detail were just what one would have expected from the trustful tenor of her life.

On the reverse of the note was written, “Is this the meaning of your vision after all? Pray for H ——.” Nothing for herself!

After the consultation with the surgeons, the worst

was confirmed — which was the best. The chariot which was to convey her home from her labors to the eternal rest in the bosom of the Lord she loved was in motion. And all this she told her husband when she returned, with her usual quiet smile, and with unbroken composure.

A new mode of treatment, but recently introduced into England, promised (how fallaciously we had yet to learn), if not a cure, at least an alleviation in preference to immediate excision; as in case of failure in the first instance, the cancer would be still in the same position for what appeared *then* the severer alternative of extraction.

At such a season, where could the sorely tried hearts go, but unto Him who has promised to be a refuge in the time of trouble? And such they indeed found him; her unselfish heart being more afflicted in her beloved husband's trial than in her own anticipated sufferings.

There are other souls similarly exercised, who will be comforted by the grace and strength given to this tried pair, to meet this sudden storm upon their hitherto pleasant homeward path.

“From the first certainty that we had of the nature of the disease,” says Mr. Gosse, “we had earnestly and constantly sought wisdom from God, as to what measures we should take. We had been accustomed to act, according to the grace given to us, on that command, ‘Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God’ (Phil. iv. 6). We believed that the amplitude of that phrase, ‘*in everything,*’ left nothing so small or so insignificant but that we might bring it and roll it on him, the gracious burden-bearer; and we had often proved the truth of the accompanying

promise, 'The peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.' There was also another promise on which we were accustomed to act, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it *shall be given* him (James i. 5).

"These commands and promises we unitedly pleaded before our Father, fully trusting that he would care for us according to his word—a word that cannot lie. We asked, in confidence, that we should not be denied, that peace *would* keep our hearts and minds, and that wisdom *would* be given us. And let it not be thought inconsistent with this latter promise, that the result of our acting was different from what we desired and expected; not even if it could be shown that the treatment resorted to did really (as I believe was the case) aggravate my beloved's sufferings, and hasten her death.

"It is true this is not what we looked for. We asked to be guided with infallible wisdom, and we thought that the wisdom would be shown by leading us to choose the most effectual mode of cure.

"But God had not promised this. He had promised to give wisdom, and I must believe that he did give it; that the treatment we selected was the one which, in this particular case, he saw really best for us. He had his own end in view, and that was the removal of his beloved child to his own presence in paradise, and the sustentation and comfort of survivors. And this was an end worthy of himself; so that I dare not say we were not wisely directed in taking the steps that led to it.

"The wisdom promised by God is a thing for faith to apprehend; having asked unwaveringly, with *singleness*

of eye, his guidance, I must believe I am guided. I must believe that my judgment, when I ultimately choose, is influenced — insensibly, indeed, but not less really — by his Spirit. And then results cannot affect this fact of divine guidance. It is not the part of faith to say, if the result turn out according to my wish, ‘I was surely guided by heavenly wisdom; but if otherwise, ‘I was left to myself.’ For God cannot belie himself, and he has nowhere promised to grant his children all that their foolish hearts would like, but what he judges best for their real welfare. He has promised wisdom, but not success.

* * * * *

“It was agreed on between us, that no treatment should be resorted to, unless we were both of the same mind concerning it. After much prayer, then, we were perfectly agreed that the new mode of treatment seemed to promise best. According to the sources of information open to us, it appeared to present comparative freedom from pain in the process, and a far greater probability of ultimate cure. With the knowledge we afterward attained, we should no doubt have decided far otherwise; but it was not the Lord’s will that we should decide differently, and therefore he saw fit to withhold from us that knowledge. He surely guided us, however, with infinite wisdom to fulfil his purpose, which was infinitely good.”

Many a keenly tempted heart this reasoning will tend to strengthen, for it rests on the faithfulness of Him in whom is no shadow of turning. Not that the quiet confidence of these united ones, trusting in the simple word of God, will of itself give comfort. Each one must draw for himself from that fountain whose every draught invigorates and soothes.

How often have I heard the remorseful grief of even Christian mourners over the failure of *means* used for the restoration of those of whom they were bereaved: "If we had but thought of this remedy, or heard of that skilful physician, or been enabled to take a journey to the South, or earlier detected the symptoms of disease, there is no doubt our lost one might have been spared to us for many years." Oh, doubting hearts! this is not of faith, and is therefore sin. If you have sought for guidance, you must believe you were guided; and although the result may be the sundering of earth's sweetest ties, and the painful process of purifying fires, which you have endured, take it as the wisest answer to your prayer. His thoughts are not our thoughts. His thoughts are the best.

"None liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." The providence that lays perhaps the dearest and most promising of a family on the bed of languishing often ordains the only preacher who could effectually reach some heart by that home hearth. Be sure of this, under no other circumstances could you learn the particular lesson it is come to teach you. Hasten to seek Him by whom it is sent, that you may not miss his deep, hidden message of love. Let not sorrow come there in teaching or warning in vain. Pray him to sanctify it, to enlighten your eyes, if you see it not, nor trace his finger in the dispensation. Fear not, it is a Father's hand; and for every new and changing phase in your sorrowful trial, he has a ready ear turned to listen, a ready hand to help. Shrink not from unfolding to him the least perplexity that besets your path. Every trial, to its minutest part, has been ordered and arranged by him. His heart, more tender than that of the fondest mother, deems nothing beneath his notice

that sends his child tearful and often speechless to his feet. Waste not your precious hours in seeking for creature help. Go where the fountain flows freely, where all love and might are waiting for you. Tell Jesus.

If thou dost call our loved ones home,
Shall we thy claims deny?
But, gracious Lord, now give us more
Of thy sweet company.

Oh, softly weep we for the dead,
Nor let our grief be loud!
So shall we hear his voice of love
Within the light-lined cloud.

They rest with him, and shall our praise
Be silent, while *they* sing?
Nay; cloud, and rain, and biting blast
Sweet summer fruit shall bring.

Mourn we as they whose hope hath died,
With those his love bestowed?
The message and the messenger
Were sent alike by God.

Shall we not gird us for the fight,
And, as we heavenward tread,
Remember, in the darkest hours,
What he, the Lord, hath said?

CHAPTER IV.

DILIGENCE IN SERVICE.

“He must needs go through Samaria.” — JOHN iv. 4.

It was good for the Samaritans that Jesus was weary and faint with travel; but for that link of the blessing, he had not tarried two days in Samaria, where many knew him as “indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.” Emily must needs go through a strange country, to testify to the love and faithfulness of Him who had said, “Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.”

The following May, the beloved sufferer was placed under the care of the doctor, for the purpose of undergoing the new treatment for the supposed cure of cancer, which had been suggested by an English physician as preferable to extraction.

And now began a season which was to ripen the grain for the garner, and try the faith of her life's companion in this tribulation. Emily had known little of sickness; indeed, excepting an occasional headache, she told me she had had no experience of it worth mentioning, yet her nervous system was so peculiarly sensitive, that the least discomfort would unfit her for her ordinary avocations. This trial, then, which she was called on to undergo, in cutting her off from her pleasant labor of writing her gospel tracts, and from the quiet ministry

of love around her, was the polishing of another facet in the jewel for the Saviour's crown.

The physician spoke with confidence of the case, as one that promised a happy issue. When I saw her, and marked the vigor of her frame, and the bright hope in her face, I took hope also. Certain it was, that her affliction was blessed to all around her, and to none more than myself, in leading me to mark the finger of God, and to acknowledge his love in giving us our raiment of heaviness to weave into garments of beauty for his glory.

Emily's attendance on Dr. F—— involved the necessity of a wearisome journey from her house in Barnsbury to Pimlico, three times a week. On one of these days I accompanied her. It was a brilliant morning in June, when the earth is in all the first fresh beauty of summer. The air was scented with the mignonette and Brompton stocks, which filled some of the balconies in the West-end squares. The sky had scarcely a city shadow to shroud its cloudless blue, and all looked fair without — a strange contrast to the woeful waiting-room we entered. And sadder still, the exchange of the groups of blooming children who had passed us on their way to the parks and gardens, for the band of pale sufferers that soon crowded the chamber. One who knew not God might have thought that on these poor sickly ones the curse of suffering humanity had specially fallen; he would not see the love in affliction, wooing man to think of Him whose long-suffering waited still to bless. Among these poor stricken ones, Emily Gosse moved as a ministering angel.

Great was the fatigue she endured in these journeys to and fro; but she only dwelt on the opportunities they afforded her of telling to poor sinners the love of Jesus,

or from time to time grasping the hand of some fellow-pilgrim by the way.

The omnibus and the waiting-room were alike her field of labor. That morning every one was very civil to us, receiving her tracts and *Messengers* with courtesy; and many read them.

“But how do you know what to take with you?” I asked, rather puzzled, as she sought amongst her papers for one and another; and as I marked the pause before each is offered, “How do you feel sure you give the right one to the right person?” She whispered the secret in my ear. Reader, shall I tell it you?

“*I ask Jesus!*”

She then related to me the following incidents, afterwards recorded in her pocketbook in pencil, though I miss there other interesting encounters of which she told me at the same time.

“Sometimes my fellow-passengers are of an encouraging kind, and receive my tracts with pleasure; sometimes, on the contrary, their very looks repel one’s advances. A company of that sort I met lately, and yet things turned out better than I anticipated.

“I took out a paper of Mr. Drummond’s of Stirling, and after reading it myself a while, I presented it to a doubtful-looking gentleman at my right, who looked as if he would have rejected a tract. By degrees, as others came in, I offered what I thought most likely to please them; and, as I saw some get out their spectacles and others read without such aid, I got into conversation with my opposite neighbor, a Christian lady, who became quite interested in the Stirling enterprise, and promised to show the *British Messenger*, etc., to some Christian friends in the country, whither she was going.

“Presently my attention was arrested by a poor, little

old man, with an old blue bag, who had been reading. He had now taken off his horn spectacles, and put them in their paper case; and holding up a penny in his hand, he made a sign with his finger, as though he would cut it in half. When the noise of the wheels permitted, he made me understand that he wanted to know if I could give him a half-penny if he gave me his penny. I shook my head, and signified I did not want his penny. But this did not quite satisfy him; the penny was put for a moment back in his pocket, but soon appeared again.

“The old man had evidently counted the cost, and ventured his whole penny. I would much rather have given him one; but I did not feel it right to refuse. It was like the widow’s mite; I felt it would bring a blessing with it, a blessing to himself and to others.

“I thought, ‘If I buy eight tracts with that penny, they may be blessed to eight souls; or even to eight hundred! Shall I deprive this poor man of that honor? Besides, he will doubtless value the tracts I gave him all the more for having contributed to pay for sending tracts to others. Further, this little action will *lead me to pray for his soul*, which I should not otherwise have done.’

“As these thoughts passed through my mind, my opposite neighbor, who had seen what passed, took out her purse and offered me a shilling. Here was the first fruit of my old man’s penny. I said to her, ‘I did not give the tracts away with any expectation of payment.’ She replied, ‘I know that; but of course there are expenses connected with giving them away. Put that into your poor-box.’

“She would not have thought of it if the old man had not given his penny. Many have often received tracts and *British Messengers*, and have never thought of help-

ing to pay for sending forth more. Many could give a penny, if not a shilling. Perhaps many will who read this; and the old man may find in eternity that his penny has produced fruit a hundred or a thousand fold.”¹

Emily inquired if I had followed out a feeble service I had begun; and I replied that I found my motive was not pure in it, and so I gave it up.

“Don’t do that,” she answered; “defeat Satan. Tell Jesus your design is not clearly *all* for his glory, and ask him to make it so, to purify your motive; but do not give up the work. You know M—— says, that ‘if the Father sees one grain of love to his Son in the effort, it is the grain of gold in the sand. He accepts it for Jesus’ sake, and the blood is sprinkled on the rest.’” It was the same ever new song, “Tell Jesus.”

That happy morning is still fresh in my memory. I had Emily to my heart’s content all to myself; and we spoke uninterruptedly of what was dearest to both of us — of Jesus, and his dealings with his people.

A tedious case preceded our arrival, and we had long to wait. A young lady whom she expected to meet there failed in her appointment, and this gave us the opportunity of a prolonged conversation. We both said, “It is good to be here.”

When I remarked that it was the only unbroken interview that I had ever enjoyed with her, she smiled her bright smile, and immediately directed my attention to the young friend whom she had expected, and who was now entering the room.

Still, I was so full of thankfulness for this happy hour of communion in our beloved Lord, that I did not murmur. Other patients soon followed, and my interest

¹ “Memorial,” p. 15.

was absorbed in watching Emily's gentle greetings to some she had met before, and to others, strangers, whose anxious or listless countenances she was scanning in deep sympathy. And again and again she recurred to the love of the Lord, in opening out to her these opportunities of serving him, and that among souls she could not otherwise have reached.

"To each," writes Mr. Gosse, "she had a word of grace and kindness, undeterred by the scornful refusal of some, and the stolid indifference of others.

"Almost all who resorted to that room were co-sufferers with herself, or friends or relatives of such; and her compassion was largely drawn out to them, impelling her to testify of Jesus' love to them if they knew it not, and to seek mutually edifying and comforting communion with them, if they were already his. Not a few of those whom she met were real Christians. Some whose hearts became knit to hers in fervent love passed before her into the presence of their Lord, going home only to die; others, surviving, still speak in admiring praise of the sweet savor of Jesus' name which was everywhere diffused by her. Her unselfish love led her to count her own sufferings light, if by means of them she could glorify her Lord.

"Nor were her sympathies confined to the spiritual need of her fellow-sufferers. Many of the patients were very poor, ill able to afford the expense of coming to and fro, of lodgings, of attendance, and of the little comforts indispensable in sickness. These moved her loving pity. Her character was eminently practical; she did not let her sympathy evaporate in sentimental speeches, but at once set about seeing what could be done."

"On one occasion," says a valued friend of Emily's, "I accompanied her to Dr. F——'s, and, while waiting,

she spoke, as was her wont, to most of those seated round the room. She came at length to a poor man who appeared to be in a very suffering state, and asked him about his hope for eternity. He replied to the effect that 'he hoped he should do pretty well.' She walked a few paces from him, and then, returning, solemnly said, "There is but one way to be saved; the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.' She added a few more words; but what affected and delighted me was that in her fervor she no longer addressed that man in particular, but there she stood as God's witness, and, in tones that all in that room might, and I believe did, hear, although perhaps herself unconscious of it, proclaimed the blessed tidings of salvation."¹

"If I wanted to recommend a patent," said Emily, observing how little testimony is usually given for Jesus, owing to the fear of man, "I should not at the first setting-out force it; but, if I were travelling to make my master's patent known, be sure that in whatsoever society I was cast I should let it be seen."

Certain I am, that when we are on our watch-tower, living close to Jesus, we have weapons more powerful than worldly wisdom can use. The Holy Spirit will breathe through our words, and prepare the way before us.

The gentle courtesy of the words and ways of one living in the light of Jesus' countenance is as different from the polished surface of mere worldly politeness as are the beams of the setting sun to the rays of a gas lamp.

Only a trifling occasion may be granted us. A gnat has a very brief opportunity, but he makes the most of it, and insinuates one drop of poison with his sting,

¹ "Memorial," p. 39.

which leaves discomfort for days, and keeps him long in painful remembrance. A needle is a very little thing, but how much may be done with it by patient industry — strong garments for daily use, and delicate intricate workmanship, which the loom can but imitate ! If an instrument be kept bright, and lie near the great Workman's hand, be sure it will be used ; and, if not, it is well to show its willingness for service.

Many a weary hour might be wrought into blessing, in the waiting-rooms of some of our eminent physicians.

One who has found the shelter of the Rock against the storms that dash our earth-nests to the ground, must long to whisper of its sweet security to others. And where is there a sphere in which loving sympathy would often be more appreciated ?

The heart must be hardened indeed, before it can look unmoved upon the lines of pain and disease written on the anxious faces that throng these crowded rooms. Those whom the Lord may lead thither, may find that, if they have returned themselves unhealed, they yet have been sent there to guide some soul to the fount of healing.

Many opportunities of showing the love of Christ to others will appear to those who really desire them ; and if we do not see them, the Lord can open our eyes to do so. If all else be denied, there is the prayer that carries these sick and apparently careless souls to that fountain, for whose healing waters they may be longing, while waiting for some man to help them.

Sick one whom Jesus loves, think what life-giving blessings you bear with you into this world's infirmary ! It is only a new furrow of the field to till for Jesus. Your prayer of faith may save the sick of worse than nature's leprosy ; and if you are cast there, remember him.

You say, "I cannot speak to strangers."

It is a blessed thing for such poor lost sinners as the reader and the writer, that the Son of God does not thus answer us. He came to bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort the mourner, to heal the leper, to give sight to the blind, to make the lame walk and the dumb to speak. He calls none "strangers" who come to him.

It was well for the poor Samaritan adulteress that Jesus did not raise such objections. Himself a stranger weary with his journey, he even asked of one with whom the Jews had no dealings, a cup of cold water at the well of Sychar.

He came in blessing, not only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, but to the Syrophœnician woman, whose daughter was healed through a mother's persevering prayer.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." It will be happy for those who say they know him, and labor for him, not to hear at last from his lips, "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in."

My evil heart of unbelief at this time was often bringing me into darkness and desolation. Satan loves to weaken the hands for service, and close the lips for testimony, by summoning before us past transgressions which have been forever blotted out by the blood of Jesus.

Emily, with her sound views of gospel truth, could not understand me here. It was better thus, as it eventually led me to confide in him who knoweth our frame. Shattered in health, and easily broken in spirit, the great Adversary harassed my mind until I became bewildered and afraid, and could no longer discern through the mist of doubt that the covenant was ordered for me "in *all* things, and sure."

We are promised that sin shall not have dominion over us; nevertheless, "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit," therefore the followers of the great Captain must be prepared for war. Up to the mercy-seat, ye whom Satan harasses with remembered failures! The promise of the Father is written there in the blood of the Lamb. It is pleaded by our great High Priest; it is revealed to your sinking heart by the Comforter. "Fear not; only believe."

At this time Emily wrote to me, "Do you believe that God has forgiven you the sins of to-day as well as the sins of your whole life? Then forgive yourself. A child never learns to-day's lessons better for fretting over the neglected task of yesterday." So I have found it.

Satan whispers only of the wrath of an offended God; the Comforter points to the Refuge. The great Adversary recounts our many and repeated sins; the Holy Spirit tells of the Lamb slain. Enter into the covert provided against the assaults of the "terrible one," and thus "be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

CHAPTER V.

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE.

“For ye serve the Lord Christ.” — COL. iii. 24.

DEAR Emily had indeed entered into the furnace. The vigor of her constitution, and the cheerfulness which seldom failed her, prevented all but those who watched her with the eye of affection from seeing the rapid inroads of disease upon her wasting frame.

Many of the applications of the new treatment were of the most painful nature; and these were continued without intermission, and persevered in until the end of August.

At that time, with the full consent of Dr. F——, the dear sufferer accompanied her husband to Tenby, on the coast of South Wales, where his professional engagements detained him until the following month; and this was the last of those happy travelling days in that sweet companionship of their wedded life, which had never been interrupted more than a few days since their union.

Before Emily left for Tenby, she requested me, in her absence, to remember her need of a servant.

I heard of an aged Christian seeking a Christian home for her granddaughter. She had been carefully trained as a useful servant; and I rejoiced in thinking that I had an open door for her, as well as in meeting the need of Mrs. Gosse. I wrote at once; but, during

some delay in the delivery of the letter, the girl was engaged. Emily writes thus:—

“It is very strange that the young girl should be engaged just as I inquired about her; but that sort of thing has happened to me several times. The Lord knows best what servant I should have; and I desire to believe he will provide me with one—the right one.”

The large share of blessing she received in the conversion of her servants through her means might encourage others to serve the Lord in this manner. Naturally it is more pleasant to a Christian family to receive a Christian servant. But with those who walk with God the question will always be, “What wouldst *thou* have me to do?” and the result, though different from what may have been anticipated, will always bring peace. Thus again, the Christian servant, standing alone in a worldly family, if faithful to her heavenly Master, and not a mere eye-server, will shine as a living testimony for him, if he has appointed her place of service.

How can we eat of the rich provisions of a Father’s table, without longing for those around us to share in the costly blessing offered to all? The seamstress comes and goes; the tradespeople around partake of our custom; and yet, too often, nothing but a silent testimony is given, although the wise man has said, “A word spoken in due season, how good is it!”

One day when we were alone, Emily spoke to me of the inconsistency of wearing valuable ornaments; and while she did so, it was with some hesitation of manner, as if she shrank from paining me. She perceived that she had not made the least impression.

I said frankly that I did not feel it wrong to do so.

I did not wear or value them for their intrinsic worth, but for the associations connected with them. I had worn them for years; I should probably always wear them. And *then* I thought so.

She did not urge the point — perhaps she felt it was useless; but she said, in a tone of self-reproof which I have never forgotten, “I should have waited for the Lord.” It reminds me of one who was pressing some such point on another Christian, and was met by the question, “Who taught you that?” The would-be teacher replied, “The Lord.” — “Then,” rejoined the other, “wait until the Lord teaches *me*.” And most wisely Emily waited. She never afterwards, by hint or suggestion, alluded to the subject; or, if she did, I was not conscious of it.

Actions performed in deference to the wishes or convictions of others are a vain oblation. The laying aside of gold and pearls and costly array from such a motive is of no more value in the sight of God than the “Lord, Lord,” of the foolish virgins. Outward conduct will manifest the inward life. “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.”

I found myself one day by the sick-bed of a poor woman, where I little thought to receive the silent teaching of the Holy Spirit. “But the sun is no sooner *risen* with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass.” As I knelt by her side, a gleam of sunlight, from the half-closed casement above us, fell on the ring I wore; but this was only a type of the beam of Love that fell upon my soul! My heart responded to that divine influence. The diamond flashed back the reflected ray. The sunbeam had its mission from him who created and directed it.

The loving recollections which clustered around the

costly gem were lost in the greater love of him who laid down his life for his enemies.

When I left that dreary little room for my own chamber, it was to gather in a heap the trinkets, valuable to me as records of broken earthly ties, and lay them at the feet of my gracious Lord with tears of joy.

He accepted them. The gold and the silver *are* his, the beasts of the forest, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He may use the hands of those who love him not, when the hearts of those who know him are cold in his service. Valueless to him is the sacrifice of formalism without the sweet constraint of love.

The soul may sometimes say, "Will he have me adorn myself with his silver and gold? Will it make me fairer in *his* eyes? Do I seek to please man, or Jesus only?"

It is the state and position of the *heart* toward God that has to be regarded; for though you give all your goods to feed the poor, and give your body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth nothing.

I speak what I do know, when I declare that the delight of carrying such Egyptian spoils, with all their fond associations, to the feet of Jesus, must be tasted to be understood; while the love which rejoices in his acceptance is sweeter to him than all the rest, more precious than the fine gold!

Heed not whether the world may count your offering small or great. It is precious in the eyes of the Lord of the whole earth. As the tender parent smiles on the babe who totters to his knee with the gift of its first gathered daisy, so the heavenly Father looks down on the feeblest expression of his children's love.

These are landmarks on which the soul looks back, and then erects her Peniels, and presses on again, rejoicing that in heaven we have an enduring substance.

Follower of the Crucified, shall we not leave the world's baubles and costly array *for* the worldling? They can have no worth in the sight of one who has seen the King in his beauty, and whose future home is with the Lord of glory!

As the agonizing applications were continued, Emily found this visit to the seaside unlike all former ones, when the care of the body had so little obtruded on her notice. Nevertheless, she still found a service, and she has told me how much more she learned, even in sympathy for others, in this new path in which the Lord of the harvest bade her sow.

On her return to London, after five months' vain endurance of torture to disperse the disease, the removal of the tumor was advised as the most hopeful course. The long journeys to and fro had now to be discontinued, and a lodging taken for her at Pimlico, near to the doctor's residence. Here she passed to another sphere of teaching and trial, accompanied by her little son, her companion and assiduous nurse.

Sleep, which up to the present time had not failed, now went from her; and it was seldom that she slumbered but for fitful seasons, and these disturbed by the moan that never escaped her patient lips, except when wrung from her in the extremity of anguish. Unable to find ease in any posture, she wandered up and down her chamber, resting her head from time to time upon the mantelpiece or against the wall.

Oh, truly this was a season to dwell on the eternal faithfulness of Him whose word is truth. Recollections of past blessings and prospects of future joys had little power to sustain; it was the eternal "now;" the present pain of almost every moment bearing up to the High Priest's censer the patient sigh, the glance of trust.

The north wind of the Spirit was blowing over the beds of spices, and the myrrh and the aloes were as precious, nay, sweeter, doubtless, to the blessed Husbandman in this night-season of proving, than the "camphor, with spikenard, calamus, and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense," yielded in the sunshine of her life's morning.

No cloud obscured her faith or shook her trust; she rested on the Rock, "a sign," — a child, believing in the immutable word of a loving Father and faithful God!

In resigning the joy of her spirit, it seemed as if *that*, having ripened, was "*laid up*" for her; the new wine awaited her in her Father's house; she could afford to put by the spiced wine now, and drink the myrrh in deeper fellowship with Jesus.

If the intensity of her suffering abated, it was all that could be said of the most quiet hour; never was she wholly free again from its agony, until she put off her heavy robe of earth for the garment of praise and the girdle of gladness, in the light of the land of the Lamb.

Again she had to undergo the agonizing application, and she resigned herself to the new torture in calm submission to her Father's will; nor during the protracted season of every new experience of suffering did one word of murmuring escape her, nor by expression or look was intimated a doubt of the loving-kindness of her Lord. She delighted to dwell on his goodness, and this was often manifest to her, because of her quick understanding in the fear of the Lord, when others, less instructed in God's school, might have failed to trace it. "How merciful it is of the Lord, that" — was so frequent a commencement of her sentences as to be recognized as quite characteristic by those who were intimate with her.¹

¹ "Memorial," p. 36.

Once when I visited her at Pimlico, I took with me some grapes, almost as much for their rare beauty, as the delight of carrying her anything to refresh her fevered appetite. When I reached her lodgings, I found her heated and excited from an injudicious visitor who was indulging in controversial argument, to the distress of the dear sufferer.

And here I would say a word to those who visit the sick-room, either from solely benevolent motives, or otherwise designing spiritual benefit to those they visit. Do not forget that it is not simply a room shut out from the external life from which you come; but also, if not of actual suffering, yet often of exhaustion, consequent on pain. Few are fitted to minister to the sick, whether it be the body's ailment or soul sickness. Those who have lived much in such an atmosphere can tell how the shattered frame and exhausted nerves tremble beneath the bustling entrance and loud voice and controversial conversation; and how the long-protracted visit, that has no particular aim or object, robs the poor sufferer of the hour's rest or comfort which the visitor has no power to impart. There is one way to be blessed, and to be made a blessing. Waiting on Jesus, you may carry refreshment with you, and receive in return some new lesson of love, learned in the shadow of that cloud which you have never under the same circumstances entered; but it is a special ministry. "I was sick and ye visited me!" This kept in remembrance will leave a blessing on the giver and on the receiver.

The Lord moved her unpropitious visitor to depart, and the weary, flushed face of the invalid sank back, restored to its peaceful aspect, as the pressure on her spirit was removed.

I enjoyed speaking with her on the Lord's love in

angelic ministry, and scarcely ever did we do so, but she alluded to or repeated her favorite hymn.

“Thy minist’ring spirits descend
 To watch while thy saints are asleep;
 By day and by night they attend,
 The heirs of salvation to keep:
 Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
 Repair to the stations assigned,
 And angels elect are sent down
 To guard the elect of mankind.

Their worship no interval knows,
 Their fervor is still on the wing,
 And while they protect my repose,
 They chant to the praise of my King.
 I, too, at the season ordained,
 Their chorus forever shall join,
 And love and adore without end
 Their faithful Creator, and mine.”

As I bathed her heated hands and arranged her pillows this afternoon, she said, “I have been thinking much, particularly in the night, of the ministry of angels. I am sure the angels brought you to me at the moment I most needed you.”

Then I traced with her the chain of circumstances that had not only led me to London, but within a street or two of her lodgings, which I knew not until I set out to visit her, never having been there before. She exclaimed:—

“How good the Lord was to send you, just when he did! The Lord will reward you.”

I was silent. She smiled, and added, “Oh, I forgot; you will not be rewarded. I must remember your theory, that when we have pleasure in doing anything for Jesus, we have our reward here, and are not to expect any other in heaven. I think some of us will be surprised when we get home, to find what the Lord saw fitted for reward, and how much was sin.”

A plate of grapes was on the table. This was a disappointment to me, and I told her so, having thought to bring her what perhaps she desired. Great I know was my delight to find that the fruit was uneatable, and that she had set it aside. Those who have few opportunities of thus helping the sick ones will share my pleasure when I opened the basket and showed her the white-water grapes nestling in their bed of fresh green leaves. And then I had the joy of seeing also the Lord's tenderness, in allowing me to experience how such a trifling thing done for him could be blessed. She held the last grape in her attenuated fingers, and paused; her countenance was sweetly solemn, and her eyes were closed. It was something like the deep peace of her visioned face.

At last she spoke. "I have been asking Jesus *never* to let you want grapes in your sickness; and," she added emphatically, "*he never will.*"

And here I witness to the acceptance of Emily's loving prayer. Through long and wearisome illnesses, and they have been many, I have never lacked any good thing; and, above all, the tender love of my heavenly Father has supplied me wonderfully with this refreshing fruit, and gladdened my heart by enabling me to serve others from his abundant store. Fit, living emblem of Jesus, full of holy associations, bringing, in many a long night-watch, thoughts of the past, invigorating to my soul; none the least, the recollection of that day's fervent prayer.

An endless record is the loving-kindness of my beloved Lord to me. Each cluster of grapes since that day has had its history; with every one comes the same sweet message that was whispered to my heart, in the dawn of that morning, so soon to shine in the glory of the Lord

on my soul: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto *her*, you have done it unto me!"

If any hope of Emily's partial restoration had been indulged in, it was now swept away. The terrible torture to which her exhausted frame had been subjected was of no avail, as far as any curative effect was concerned, the doctor at last pronouncing that the disease was in the blood. This might have been manifested in the first instance, and much of the subsequent agony have been spared. But it was the Lord's will that it should not be so, and that this furnace of peculiar character should be used in the purification of one whom he intended to honor.

Again this sorely tried pair sought the great Counselor, and found, as all must who seek him in simplicity and truth, peace, "perfect peace," *because* they trusted in him.

Both felt that an entire change of treatment was necessary, and that without delay.

Emily had a strong predilection in favor of homœopathy. She had always been its firm advocate; and, her husband's mind inclining toward it, they decided upon a homœopathic course of treatment.

When I next saw her, I told her I rejoiced in the decision, and that I had greatly longed for her to try it the whole time she was at Pimlico.

"And why, then, did you never urge it?" she inquired.

I explained to her how each time I tried to do so I was withheld by the dread of interfering with a treatment they had both earnestly sought in prayer, and by a fear of in any way unsettling her mind.

This seemed to her confirmatory that the mixing of this loving-cup was all of Him whose name is love, and

that not one bitter drop in the draught, or one blessing in its reception, could have been spared. "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii. 18).

She was at once removed from Pimlico to the comfort of her own home at Barnsbury, and keenly realized the pleasant change from their lodgings, which had been primarily sought from their being nearer Dr. —.

Every day brought fresh occasion of thanksgiving for this last step of dependence on the Lord.

During this time of pain and weakness, she saw through the press three of her last tracts, "A Home Welcome," "The Two Hospital Patients," and "The Dying Postman," written during her stay at Pimlico.

Her service was changing; but it was the same Master who was rapidly moving her from one section to another of his school, in each of which she learned something of him which she could have learned under no other dispensation. She wrote no more.

No exalted joys brightened her way; scarcely was it possible for that sorely suffering frame to respond to gladness. Neither was there one desponding sigh, one murmur, to ruffle a peace that anchored in the word of a covenant God.

Her nerves were shattered by unceasing pain, and the enfeebled body worn by sleeplessness and the semi-recumbent position which she was obliged to maintain. The powerful remedies, used to combat the disease and produce sleep, had acted on the susceptible nervous temperament, so that the once strong brain and vigorous thought could no longer be concentrated upon a subject, and many days she could look no farther than to the cessation of the present paroxysm of pain, to the hope

of relief. Her trust in the faithfulness of Him with whom she had walked in the cheerful and unclouded noonday was her trust still, in the thorny path, with the shadows of night lengthening round her.

A few verses at most from that Book which had been her life's treasure were as much as she could bear. A beautiful hymn of Toplady's was her favorite throughout her illness; she was never weary of hearing it:—

"Kind Author, and ground of my hope,
 Thee, thee for my God I avow;
 My glad Ebenezer set up,
 And own thou hast helped me till now.
 I muse on the years that are past,
 Wherein my defence thou hast proved,
 Nor wilt thou relinquish at last
 A sinner so signally loved."

And this last line she often dwelt on with peculiar delight.

The beloved companion of her labors of love, who shared with her in seeking out of the Book of the Lord and reading therein, had now become the tender nurse of her sick-chamber; and, to add to many blessings, a relative left her own family, unsolicited, to go to them and help at a time when such sisterly love was the immediate answer to prayer.

It may be a mystery to some why these things should be, that one so devoted to her Master's service should be called to lay down the work so dear to her heart. We cannot trace the dealings of the Lord with his people by the light of nature, nor hear his voice in the storm that beats around our own path, with the natural ear. "We walk by faith, not by sight."

Some deeper lesson to be learned, some secret thing of God to be revealed, some hitherto unknown manifesta-

tion of the Comforter, is often reserved for the sanctuary of the sick-chamber.

Suffering is still a service, not only before Christ and the unseen world, but also for that multitude among whom the sufferer can no longer visibly minister.

There are lone watches in the night, when Jesus and the soul have deep communings; and as the hours pass of the day that calls others to its labor, the Lord is gathering from many a secluded priest the prayer that shall fall in blessings on the seed scattered in his name.

Nor was the sick-room of Emily Gosse without its ministry. When unable longer to write, the packets of tracts and papers that went forth under her direction became messages of love; more deeply valued from the very circumstance of her remembrance amid her own severe sufferings.

“She possessed,” observes her husband, “a remarkable power of obtaining the confidence of strangers. It was quite a common occurrence for a travelling companion to open up to her the history of a life, and this though she was by no means communicative of her own private affairs. Often has she come home and told me a story full of romantic passages, which had been confided to her by some forlorn woman, whom she had met laden with trouble. I believe it was owing to her great power of sympathy, which was quick to read trouble and sorrow in another’s countenance, and which then, by some gentle word of inquiry or condolence, opened the springs of grief, so that it flowed forth.

“And then she was a willing and attentive listener, and a wise and judicious counsellor; and while she did not fail to manifest her interest in the temporal sorrows thus confided to her, she always sought to make the conversation an occasion for introducing higher topics.

It was one prominent feature of her character, that she was always on the watch for occasions of speaking a word for Jesus.

“If her companion was a believer, she would try to excite a more potent faith; if that was lacking, in the wisdom and love of God; and specially she loved to lead up the thoughts to Jesus, as the great High Priest, and the unfailing Advocate. But if, as was commonly the case, such themes elicited no response, or only that vague assent which tells that the hearer has no interest in them, then she would ingeniously, and without obtrusiveness, speak of the need of being prepared for eternity, of the mode in which such a preparation was to be obtained, and of the cleansing blood of Christ. If there was one gospel text which more than any other she delighted to quote in such conversation, it was this: ‘The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin’” (1 John i. 7).

She was very slow to judge others, but very swift in judging herself; and that even in offices of benevolence. She said, “Unless we are doing the Lord’s will, even in relieving others, we may be interfering with his work. It was great pain to me to deny myself in regard to E—— yesterday; but I had asked Jesus. It would have been easier to the flesh to give; but it was not his will, and I withheld the money.”

I confessed to her that I had given, and had not asked counsel of the Lord. A year after her decease I was allowed to *see* that I had walked by sense and natural benevolence; Emily, in the power of the faith of the new man.

We were speaking of the busy workers and benevolent people who care nothing for the Lord himself.

I had found it difficult then to realize that those who

showed kindness to the Lord's people, and assisted in work for his purposes, could be wholly unapproved of him; so slow was I to recognize the utterly lost state of the natural man. I had not seen then, that a cup of cold water, given to his least disciple, must be given *for the sake of Jesus*, to be accepted.

Emily's remark was, "They are like Noah's carpenters;" and, turning to her husband, she said, smiling:—

"Henry, *you* illustrate it."

Mr. Gosse kindly put down his book, and replied readily:—

"Suppose I have a son who is at enmity with me, and refuses to be reconciled. He will not live with me; he has a house next door; he is content to dwell in it, and never see my face. I am rearing some caterpillars in my garden, to which I attach value; my son amuses himself by leaning over the wall to feed my caterpillars, which I can do without him. Shall I owe him gratitude, that he amuses himself, while he refuses to be reconciled to me?"

One who had lived in sweet fellowship with her eighteen years before I was blessed in knowing her thus writes:—

"I can truly say that almost every recollection of my much beloved friend is fragrant with the name of Jesus. She lived to serve and glorify him; it was the one object of her life. I do not think I ever met with a person so single-eyed, or so consistent as a Christian; it was to me a continual memento of what we ought to be. Prayer was her strength; she took everything to Jesus; things pleasant or sad, perplexing or comforting, alike were imparted into his ever-open ear. Oh, how often have we knelt together, and she has taught me to

seek for grace for others, as well as myself, at a throne of grace! She used to say, 'We can never speak against any one we have prayed for;' and 'Let us ask the Lord,' was her continual invitation. Her prayers were most simple and fervent, literally those of a loving child, in the greatest simplicity telling her Father everything, and owning his hand in everything. She used to say nothing was too minute for him to care for; and if she intended to go one way, and her plans were quite defeated, she could rejoice in the conviction that he was guiding her path, and this was happiness. She had great sympathy for those in trial, and sought by prayer to help them when in no other way she could. Though extremely cheerful, her heart responded instantly to the plea of sorrow, and by personal sympathy and prayer she made the trials of others her own.

"She was a most devoted daughter and sister. She told me her mother was a peculiarly clever woman, and that they were chiefly indebted to her for their love of knowledge. She taught them the classics; and Emily herself was quite a scholar. Latin and Greek she was familiar with; I feel uncertain about Hebrew. She was fond of teaching; and for some years, I know, she maintained her brother at the university by her disinterested appropriation of her income to this object. They were a most united family.

"Among the many precious reminiscences of our friendship, few things strike me more forcibly than what I would call her 'family love.' No matter whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, agreeable or disagreeable, if she discovered in them the lineaments of her blessed Saviour, she was irresistibly attracted to them, and sought in every way to get good or to do good.

“ Her self-denying efforts were unwearied in cases of emergency or distress ; and no amount of disappointment or personal discomfort would change her purpose. Sometimes, when surprise has been expressed that she was not discouraged, she would say, ‘ We are all clay in the hands of the great Potter. He knows how to accomplish his purpose of making us vessels of honor ; and as I must meet them in the glory, and admire them then, I had better begin now to try what there is to like.’ Thus would she check a detracting spirit in others, by her example as well as her words, and lead the thoughts of her companions to that coming day, when Jesus Christ will own every instance of such service as done to himself.

“ I have often thought the ‘ inasmuch ’ richly belonged to her. Do you remember her happy cheerfulness which made her such a bright home companion, never gloomy, always buoyant for the occasion ?

“ Those who knew her best loved her most, and were sure of her sympathy for joy or sorrow. Yet it is only right to state, lest some who slightly knew her should consider her character overdrawn, that a certain *brusquerie* of manner, and a want of completeness in the minor etiquette of society, often did great injustice to the real refinement of heart and mind which she eminently possessed.

“ After her marriage I saw much less of her ; but still learned by her example the value of God’s Word, its practical power to meet every circumstance of life. It was a great change to one who had been always at liberty to visit and care for others, to fulfil literally the apostle’s injunction to be a ‘ keeper at home,’ to ‘ submit herself to her husband as to the Lord ;’ but she owned the duty as imparted from on high, and

sought for the needed grace to 'adorn the doctrine.' She daily sought to 'reverence her husband,' and to merge all her tastes and wishes in his; so that she truly became a meet helper to him, and they walked together 'as heirs of the grace of life.' She greatly dreaded anything that should hinder their prayers; for union in Jesus was her aim in everything. Her sphere of service from this time was changed; but still how useful! What she did will only be known when the secrets of all hearts will be revealed; her tracts prove much. I believe few, if any, knew that they (Mr. G. and herself) mainly supported a missionary to the poor; and she herself told me that most of the striking anecdotes related in her tracts came under their notice through his visitations; others occurred to herself, and all were true.

"Dear Emily! I love to think of her, and owe much, very much to her; for our most intimate intercourse was ever at the mercy-seat. The last time she was here seems but a few weeks since, so vividly is it before my mental eye. She had been to consult a physician, and told me, for the first time, what were her own fears and his confirmation. Oh, how rapidly from that day she faded! It is difficult not to repeat, whenever I think of her, 'Let me not fall into the hands of man, but into the hands of God.' It was a fiery ordeal she endured during her last weeks on earth; but never can I forget her patience, submission, and peace. Truly she realized the promise of 'perfect peace' to them who wait upon Him. I only saw her three or four times. She seemed cut down in the vigor of life; but doubtless her work was done. I can always feel as regards her how truly 'blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE.

'And the glory of the Lord came into the house by the way of the gate whose prospect is toward the east.'—EZEK. xliii. 4.

"GOD will not lay on you one stroke more than you are able to bear," said a visitor to a dear child of the Father, whom she was glorifying in the fire of sickness and trial.

She replied, "I do not feel as if God were *beating* me. He was not *angry* when he allowed the Israelitish youths to be cast into the fiery furnace."

The bonds and imprisonment of Paul were no marks of displeasure from the Lord. The "chosen vessel" was honored by suffering great things for the name of Him he went forth to preach. Paul and Silas were not cast into prison for their own sins, but for the salvation of the jailer of Philippi. And, surely, when Peter was a solitary prisoner, and prayer moved the hinge of the iron gate, he did not look back to the day when he was delivered into the hands of four quaternions of soldiers, as if it had been a punishment for sin!

The Good Shepherd's rod, guiding Emily into places and positions in which she might learn this wilderness experience, which could not be learned in her home of light, was the only rod that *she* recognized. God is love; therefore, all that his children expect is love, and all they receive from him is love.

If a loving father, conscious of the undeveloped powers of his son, gives him what appears to the ignorant a cruel task to study, it is not so to the son. He has learned enough to be sure that such teaching is needful for the future career for which his father designs him. For its acquisition he must necessarily forego many a mountain ramble and many a twilight wandering; yet he knows no good thing has his father withheld from him, and that problem to be solved, and this language to be learned in a strange land, are among the "all things" that work together for his good.

To have sunk under painless disease, in an atmosphere of praise and joy, would have had little teaching in comparison to this solemn season of almost unmitigated suffering.

At the word of the Lord, Emily had thankfully walked in the sunshiny paths telling of Him, whom to follow was her whole life's glad service; and now, when he laid her low, — how low! — and put into her hand the cup mingled with myrrh, in place of the new wine, it was well also.

In one of the only two interviews I had with her after her return home, Emily told me that she hoped, if her life should be prolonged, she should soon be accustomed to her sick-room, and her body would not require so much of her care. "Then," she added, "then my chamber will be a little Bethel!"

While alluding to her sufferings, she said, "I am being pruned and purged; *you* will not think I am making much of myself when I say, that it is that I may bring forth *more* fruit."

While I was writing this, I received a letter from a dear friend; its last page is full of the subject that was filling my heart as I recalled the precious dealing of a

Father's loving hand. I give it without marring it by comments of my own, believing that it has its message to some waiting soul—now willing to wait and suffer, where once it loved to labor.

“We may well be content to be nothing, if only *God* be glorified. I have lately been led to look on affliction as the purging process which is necessary for the branch ere it can bring forth fruit. There must first be *fruit* to characterize the branch as a living one on the true vine; then the purging comes, and, as a result, *more* fruit. But it is the secret abiding in Him, the close, holy fellowship with Jesus, which produces *much* fruit; and perhaps it is oftenest in affliction that we get into this holy fellowship. When the world is dark around us, then we have only his light to walk in; for walking in the light and having fellowship are closely connected. And what is the fruit? Might we not be tempted oftentimes to think much zeal, activity, and vigor in our Master's service; much talking to others, and preaching, teaching, and running about? But what is our Master's estimate of fruit? What in his sight is a fruit-bearing branch? ‘Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance’ (Gal. v. 22, 23). Are we not often tempted to call things by wrong names, and to take our own standard of things, and bring it to God's Word, rather than to take God's standard, and put aside our own? Dear, dear sister, we shall understand *all* by and by, all our Father's dealings with us, and *then* we shall indeed rejoice.”

Before I left her, Emily asked me to repeat my golden dream once more.

And this time her eyes filled with tears, and my own voice was broken. I knew not, though my heart seemed to whisper, that when I next saw that pale, emaciated

form, she would be clad in her marriage robe, and, all fresh and lovely as in my heavenly vision, would stand in the presence of the King in his beauty.

She told me of the sympathy for the poor and lonely that her lodgings had taught her, though it always seemed to me that she never lacked sympathy for any form of distress or suffering.

"How tenderly," she said, "we should think of the sick; the disorder of the sick-room, instead of exciting blame or disgust, should call forth our pity. Perhaps if *they* have any one to care for them, even they may have many claims upon them, and this I have learned, with other things here."

Consumption was now evident, and a second physician pronounced that either of the diseases then present might be the immediate cause of death. No hope of recovery was held forth; but no probability of a speedy decease was anticipated.

Under the homœopathic treatment there was a manifest improvement, and it was sweet to see the tender love of the Great Physician, leading these waiting ones to such means as should now soothe in some measure the shattered nerves, and alleviate the worst of her sufferings.

As far as could be ascertained, the progress of the second cancer was but temporarily arrested; the restlessness caused by the medicine and depression disappeared. Her cough, however, still visited her in continued paroxysms, shaking her worn frame, and depriving her of rest. It was seldom that she obtained more than half an hour's sleep.

"It had become evident to us both," observes Mr. Gosse, "that the severance of that happy union, which without a single interruption of its peace and love had

been vouchsafed to us for the last eight years, was an event not very far from us. We looked it in the face; we well knew no blessing, no strength, was to be gained by concealing it from ourselves or from each other, and we talked of it freely. To me the prospect was dark indeed; but to her death had no terrors. Our dear child she was able to leave in the hands of that loving Lord for whom she had trained him from earliest infancy, and to whose tender care she now, in the confidence of faith, committed him; but her loving heart deeply tasted the bitterness of the cup which she saw I should soon have to drink. It was but a day or two before her departure that she said to me, with a look of unutterable affection, and with peculiar emphasis, dwelling on each precious word, now embalmed in my inmost heart, 'I love you — better than on my wedding-day — better than when I was taken ill — better than when I came home from Pimlico.'

"At another time she said, 'My beloved Henry, gladly would I remain, if such were the Lord's will, and be your companion for the rest of your pilgrimage!'

"Nor was this the language of mere natural affection, however tender or refined; it was evoked by that which in her was ever the master principle, an earnest longing after the spiritual welfare of those whom she loved. She was not ignorant — she could not be — how often the Lord had used her unworldly faith, her unselfish love, her saintly devotion, her wise and godly counsel, to the promotion of my best interests, checking and counteracting the earthly tendencies of my heart, and its proneness to love this present world. The faith that could leave her child to the care of her covenant God, could with difficulty leave her husband to the same care.

"Another proof of the faithfulness of God in hearing

prayer was the mitigation of actual pain as the closing scene drew near. Knowing as we did in what terrible agony this disease often ends, * * * our eyes were lifted up to the Lord, that he would spare his child the depth of this affliction." And he graciously did, although power was almost lost on one side, and her breathing increasingly oppressed.

Amidst the varied sufferings or discomforts which tried her wasted frame, her quiet, patient submission to the will of God never failed. "Throughout her illness," continues Mr. Gosse, "I never heard an approach to a murmur.

"A week or two before her departure, the course of reading in family worship brought us to John xiii. I had made a few remarks on the grace of the Lord in purging his own from defilement, and on the various modes in which he effects it; and turning to her, I said, 'Jesus is washing your feet now, love.'

"This little observation was used to her great comfort and refreshment; and she repeatedly told me afterwards, that thenceforth it became one of her favorite words until the last, 'Jesus is washing my feet!'

"The anticipation of being soon in the presence of the Lord who had redeemed her was delightful to her. To a friend, who called a few days before her departure, she said, 'This will be the happiest year of my life, for I shall see Jesus.'

"At another time she said, 'I do not desire to die. I am ready to go if the Lord so chooses, but I am willing to live longer for your sake.' I have already explained that living for my sake was in her mind only a phrase for laboring for the Lord.

"I said, 'Is Jesus precious to you?' She knew I meant *consciously, joyously* precious.

“She replied, ‘I cannot say that; I have not the joys I expected; *I rest* upon his word, his inspiration.’

“It had been a favorite thought of hers, that the saints of God are in their last moments often favored with sights and sounds that belong to the world they are approaching.

“In some descriptions of happy death-beds such are not unfrequently spoken of. I think that they rested a good deal on her mind, and that she in some measure hoped they would be vouchsafed to herself. But may I not affirm that God gave her a better thing? For surely it was a nobler testimony that she could calmly face death, ‘resting on his word, his inspiration,’ than any that she might have given respecting the most rapturous sensible manifestations. Like the old worthies ‘witnessed unto’ by the Holy Ghost, she ‘died in faith.’

“I have since thought that the Lord intended her a special honor in thus calling her to go out of the world without any sensible joy, resting on his Word alone.

“If there was one principle that, more than all besides, she had insisted on in her Gospel tracts, it was this: That it is the part of faith not to seek for evidence from feelings, fruits, or anything within, but simply to take the naked Word of God.

“This is strongly brought out by her in her tracts — ‘John Clarke,’ ‘John Clarke’s Wife,’ ‘The Old Soldier’s Widow,’ etc.

“She had strongly taught that, in the matter of salvation, God’s simple ‘yea’ and ‘amen’ is a rock stable enough to stand on, without any support besides. He chose that she should give a dying testimony to the same truth; that *she* should herself be testimony; that she should herself be content to pass into eternity, with no other support than the Word of ‘the unlying God.’”

Nor was hers a singular case. Many who have walked in the full light of God's smile, witnessing for him through a lifetime devoted to his service, and in sweet communion with the heavenly Three in One, have, during the last scene, by the absence of all joyous feelings, been called to a yet deeper experience than they have ever known of simple faith and trust in the word and promise of that living God, whom, *not seeing*, they still love. We all can testify, who have walked in the light, that to bask on the mountain-top, in the sensible presence of Jesus, may well enable us to breast the stormy billows. But to believe that he is with us, though we cannot see his face; to know that he is our own Jesus, the same in the darkest valley as on the Mount of Transfiguration, is a far higher exercise of faith. The day's testimony has proclaimed, "I am his, and he is mine," and the setting life sinks peacefully to rest on, "*I know whom I have believed.*"

"On Saturday, the 7th of February," again observes her husband, "it became evident that the parting scene could not be delayed; she gave me her dying counsels, expressed her wishes concerning our child, dictated a long catalogue of friends to whom the fact of her death was to be communicated, and set her house in order.

"In solemnly reviewing the history of our married life, she spoke of the principles by which she had striven to walk, and ended with the following words: 'I feel that, be it much or little, I have finished my course. I have loved the Lord and his work; and my only thought, if he were to give me another twelvemonth of life, would be, that I might labor a little more for him.'

“Her last day on earth was now come. It was one of brilliant sunshine, — a lovely day for midwinter. We had moved her to her couch toward the window, and as the bright sunlight streamed upon her countenance, we little thought she would see that sun no more. As she lay still, she said, ‘I shall see his bright face, and shall shine in his brightness, and shall sing his praise in strains never uttered below.’

* * * * *

“As night drew on, a change became manifest. Soon after eight o'clock she experienced a partial paralysis of the tongue, so that speech was scarcely intelligible. In allusion to this, and dreading that she might linger some time without the power of speech, she said, ‘The Lord has hitherto raised me up above circumstances. He has made me to ride upon the high places of the earth, and now he has brought me down, and now he has made me to fear.’

“‘Fear what, my darling?’ I asked.

“‘Paralysis.’

“Presently she said, ‘’T is a pleasant way — more pleasant than when I could not pray for what would make you unhappy.’ I suppose she referred to the circumstance, that within the last day or two I had been able solemnly to resign her into the hands of Him who, for a season, had lent her to me, and who now reclaimed his loan.

“She looked on us hanging over her, and said, as if the thought of eternal union were delightful to her, ‘One family, one song!’

“At times she fell into momentary slumbers, and though her speech was not altogether intelligible, yet it was ever of him whose ‘best wine for his beloved goeth

down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.' In one of these murmurings I made out the words, 'Open the gates; open the gates, and let me in.' Ah! the blessed of the Lord had not much longer to stand without.

"I spoke to her of the freeness of gospel grace, which she had proclaimed so fully; she replied, —

"I see it.'

"'See what, love?' I asked.

"'I see the freeness of gospel grace that I have set before others, but in extreme weakness;' immediately adding, lest the expression should be misunderstood as meaning dimness of apprehension of the truth, 'In extreme weakness of *body*.'

"She murmured, 'I am going home; I must go home.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'what a blessing that you have a home to go to!'

"She immediately added, almost inarticulately, 'And a hearty welcome.' This was in allusion to one of her last tracts, which in manuscript had been entitled, 'A Home and a Hearty Welcome.'

"After a while our precious sufferer said, 'I shall walk with him in white; won't you take your lamb and walk with me?'

"This she repeated twice or thrice, as she saw I did not readily catch her meaning. I believe, however, she alluded to our dear child."

Her eyes, now dim with the shadow of death, turned upon her husband, who was hanging over her, and addressing him by the old endearing name, she said, "Dear papa, I'm all ready."

"What has made you ready?" he inquired.

"'The blood!' Then she added, '*The blood of the Lamb*.'

“This precious testimony was the last sentence that issued from her lips. It had been her joy in life to proclaim the sufficiency of that blood, and now she died on it.”

She noticed nothing more, and exactly as the hour proclaimed a new day dawning, a brighter one broke upon her vision. One long-drawn sigh, and the happy spirit had entered the gate. Then, kneeling round, the watchers of that bed of suffering gave thanks, amid sobs and tears, for her peaceful admission into her happy home.

Abney Park Cemetery was chosen as the place for the deposit of her dust, there to rest until the approaching manifestation of the sons of God. Then she shall rise to meet her Lord, renewed in resurrection power and beauty, changed into his likeness whose glory was precious to her soul.

On Friday, the 13th of February, 1857, “they took up the body and buried it, and went and told JESUS.”

A plain stone, under the shadow of a lofty elm, bears the following words :

THE DUST OF
EMILY GOSSE,
WHO SLEPT IN JESUS
FEB. 9TH, 1857,
WAITS HERE THE MORNING
OF THE
FIRST RESURRECTION

How can I close these pages, that may fall beneath the eye of the careless, the scoffer, the unsaved? I am humbled to think how my own soul has been fed with those words which to them must be a strange speech.

This Friend, this Elder Brother of his Father's redeemed family, is the Friend of sinners. Sinner, he has *died* for you. Behold his hands and his feet! But you are blind and cannot see him; you cannot trace him in his providence, or adore him in his work. Neither has affliction its blessings, nor is death the herald of the King of Peace to you.

Oh! will you not come to him, that you may receive your sight? To-day, even to-day, the Son of God is passing by. It is the Good Physician, Jesus of Nazareth. He saith unto you, "What wouldst thou that I should do unto thee?" Oh! TELL JESUS

THE LOVING CUP.

“The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?”—JOHN xviii. 11.

Come, drink ye, drink ye all of it,
 Pale children of a King;
 No poison mingles in the draught,
 So, while ye suffer, sing.
 'T is Love's own Life hath won it us,
 Christ's lip hath pressed the brim:
 Come, drink ye, drink ye all of it,
 In fellowship with him!

Oh! shun not thou the loving cup,
 Nor tremble at its hue;
 There is no bitter in the bowl,
 But Jesus drank it too.
 He counts thy tears, and knows thy pain,
 Yea, every woe is weighed;
 And not a cross he bids thee bear,
 But once on him was laid.

Come, drink ye of the loving cup!
 Thou wouldst not pass it by?
 'T is kept for every chosen one
 Of God's dear family.
 Nor, unbelieving, turn aside;
 Thy Lord the cup bestows:
 And oh! his face, above thee bent,
 With love and pity glows.

Those hands, once bleeding on the cross,
 Are now outstretched to bless,
 He draws thee closer to his heart
 For that cup's bitterness:

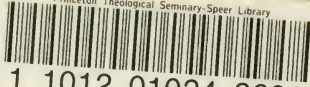
He hears thy faintly sobbing breath,
He marks each quivering limb ;
He drank it once for thee alone —
Child! drink it now with him.

Let earth bring forth its bitter herbs,
Soon all their power shall cease ;
Come tribulation, if it will,
With Christ's abiding peace.
I take the cup — the loving cup,
Thrice blessed shall it be ;
I would not miss one gift, O Lord,
Thy blood hath bought for me.



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