

No. 62.

Sunday School Tracts.

THE

DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

PART 2.



L O N D O N :

Published by W. KENT, 116, High Holborn,
Bookseller to the Sunday School Union Society ;

And sold by W. Button, Paternoster Row ; and A. Johnstone,
Grass Market, Edinburgh.

Price 1d. or 7s. a hundred to give away.

Printed by W. Gilbert, Sakers Hall Court, Cannon Street

THE
DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

EXTRACTS
FROM THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

I one day received a short note to the following effect :

DEAR SIR,

I should be very glad, if convenience will allow, that you should come and see a poor unworthy sinner : my hour-glass is nearly run out, but I hope I can see Christ to be precious to my soul. Your conversation has often been blessed to me, and I now feel the need of it more than ever. My father and mother send their duty to you.

From your obedient,
and unworthy servant,
ELIZABETH W——.

I obeyed the summons that same afternoon. On my arrival at the dairyman's cottage, his wife opened the door. The tears streamed down her cheek, as she silently shook her head. Her heart was full. She tried to speak but could not. I took her by the hand and said, My good friend, all is right, and as the Lord of wisdom and mercy directs.

Oh! my Betsy, my Betsy, my dear girl is so bad, Sir : what shall I do without my Betsy?—I thought I should have gone first to the grave, but—

But, the Lord sees good that before you die yourself, you should behold your child safe home to glory. Is there no mercy in this?

Oh! dear Sir, I am very old, and very weak, and she is a dear child, the staff and prop of a poor old creature, as I am.

As I advanced, I saw Elizabeth sitting by the fire-side supported in an arm-chair by pillows, with every mark

of rapid decline and approaching death. She appeared to me within three or four weeks, at the farthest, from her end. A sweet smile of friendly complacency enlightened her pale countenance, as she said,

This is very kind indeed, Sir, to come so soon after I sent to you. You find me daily wasting away, and I cannot have long to continue here. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my weak heart, and I trust will be my portion for ever.

The conversation which follows was occasionally interrupted by her cough and want of breath. Her tone of voice was clear, though feeble; her manner solemn and collected, and her eye, though more dim than formerly, by no means wanting in liveliness, as she spoke. I had frequently admired the superior language with which she expressed her ideas, as well as the scriptural consistency with which she communicated her thoughts. She had a good natural understanding; and grace, as is generally the case, had much improved it. On the present occasion I could not help thinking she was peculiarly favored. The whole strength of grace and mind seemed to be in full and united exertion.

After taking my seat, between the daughter and the mother, who occupied the other arm chair, and fixed her fond eyes upon her child with great anxiety while we were conversing, I said to Elizabeth,

I hope you enjoy a sense of the Divine presence, and can rest all upon him who has 'been with thee' and has kept thee in all places whither thou hast gone,' and will bring thee into 'the land of pure delights, where saints immortal reign.'

Sir, I think I can. My mind has lately been sometimes clouded, but I believe it has been partly owing to the great weakness and suffering of my bodily frame, and partly to the envy of my ghostly enemy, who wants to persuade me that Christ has no love for me, and that I have been a self-deceiver.

And do you give way to his suggestions? Can you doubt amidst such numerous tokens of past and present mercy?

No, Sir, I mostly am enabled to preserve a clear evidence of his love. I do not wish to add to my other sins that of denying his manifest goodness to my soul. I would acknowledge it to his praise and glory.

What is your present view of the state in which you were before he called you by his grace?

Sir, I was a proud thoughtless girl, fond of dress and finery; I loved the world and the things that are in the world; I lived in service amongst worldly people, and never had the happiness of being in a family where worship was regarded, and the souls of the servants cared for either by master or mistress. I went once on a Sunday to church, more to see and be seen, than to pray or hear the word of God. I thought I was quite good enough to be saved, and disliked and often laughed at religious people. I was in great darkness; I knew nothing of the way of salvation; I never prayed, nor was sensible of the awful danger of a prayerless state. I wished to maintain the character of a good servant, and was much lifted up whenever I met with applause. I was tolerably moral and decent in my conduct, from motives of carnal and worldly policy; but I was a stranger to God and Christ; I neglected my soul, and had I died in such a state, hell must and would justly have been my portion.

How long is it since you first heard the sermon, which through God's blessing, was the instrument of your conversion?

About five years ago?

How was it brought about?

It was reported that a Mr. J——, who was detained by contrary winds from embarking on board-ship as chaplain to a distant part of the world, was to preach at N—— church. The people called him 'a gospel preacher,' and some 'a methodist,' and advised me not to go, for fear he should turn my head with his strange notions. But curiosity and an opportunity of appearing in a new gown which I was very proud of, induced me to ask leave of my mistress to go. Indeed, Sir, I had no better

motives than vanity and curiosity.. Yet thus it pleased the Lord to order it for his own glory, and my good.

I accordingly went to church, and saw a great crowd of people collected together. I often think of the contrary states of my mind during the former and latter part of the service. For a while, regardless of the worship of God, I looked around me, and was anxious to attract notice myself. My dress like that of too many gay, vain, and silly servant girls, was much above my station, and very different from that which becomes an humble sinner, who has a modest sense of propriety and decency. The state of my mind was visible enough from the foolish finery of my apparel.

At length the clergyman gave out his text: 'Be ye cloathed with humility.' He drew a comparison between the cloathing of the body with that of the soul. At a very early part of his discourse I began to feel ashamed of my passion for fine dressing and apparel; but when he came to describe the garment of salvation with which a christian is cloathed, I felt a powerful discovery of the nakedness of my own soul: I saw that I had neither the humility mentioned in the text, nor any one part of the true Christian character. I looked at my gay dress, and blushed for shame on account of my pride: I looked at the minister, and he seemed to be as a messenger sent from heaven to open my eyes. I looked at the congregation, and wondered whether any one else felt as I did. I looked at my heart, and it appeared full of iniquity. I trembled as he spoke, and yet I felt a great drawing of heart to the words he uttered.

He opened the riches of sovereign grace in God's method of saving the sinner. I was astonished at what I had been doing all the days of my life. He described, the meek, the lowly, and humble example of Christ; I felt proud, lofty, vain, and self-conceited. He represented Christ, as wisdom; I felt my ignorance. He held him forth as 'righteousness;' I was convinced of my own guilt. He proved him to be 'sanctification;' I saw my corruption. He proclaimed him as 'redemption;' I felt my slavery to sin, and my captivity to Satan.

He concluded with an animated address to sinners, in which he exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come, to cast off the love of outward ornaments, to put on Jesus Christ, and be cloathed with true humility.

From that hour I never lost sight of the value of my soul and the danger of a sinful state. I inwardly blessed God for the sermon, although my mind was in a state of great confusion.

The preacher had brought forward the ruling passion of my heart, which was pride in outward dress, and by the grace of God it was made instrumental to the awakening of my soul. Happy, Sir, would it be, if many a poor girl like myself, were turned from the love of outward adorning and putting on of fine apparel, to seek 'that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.'

The greater part of the congregation, unused to such faithful and scriptural sermons, disliked and complained of the severity of the preacher. While a few, as I afterwards found, like myself, were deeply affected, and earnestly wished to hear him again. But he preached there no more.

From that time I was led through a course of private prayer, reading, and meditation, to see my lost estate as a sinner, and the great mercy of God through Jesus Christ in raising sinful dust and ashes to a share in the glorious happiness of heaven. And Oh! Sir, what a Savior I have found! He is more than I could ask or desire. In his fulness I have found all that my poverty could need; in his mercy I have found a resting-place from all sin and sorrow; in his word I have found strength against doubt and unbelief.

Was you not soon convinced, I said, that your salvation must be an act of free distinguishing grace on the part of God, wholly independent of your own previous works or deservings?

Dear Sir, what where my works before I heard *that* particular sermon, but evil, carnal, selfish, and ungodly? The thoughts of my heart, from my youth upward, were only evil, and that continually. And my deservings,

what were they, but the deservings of a fallen, depraved, careless soul, that regarded neither law nor gospel? Yes, Sir, I immediately saw that if ever I were saved, it must be by the free mercy of God, and that the whole praise and honor of the work would be his from first to last.

What change did you perceive in yourself with respect to the world?

It appeared all vanity and vexation of spirit. I found it necessary to my peace of mind to come out from among them and be separate. I gave myself to prayer, and many a precious hour of secret delight I enjoyed in communion with God. Often I mourned over my sins, and sometimes had a great conflict through unbelief, fear, temptation to return back again to my old ways, and a variety of difficulties which lay in my way. But he, who loved me with an everlasting love, drew me by his loving kindness, shewed me the way of peace, gradually strengthened me in my resolutions of leading a new life, and taught me that while without him I could do nothing, I yet might do all things through his strength.

Did you not find many difficulties in your situation, owing to your change of principle and practice?

Yes, Sir, every day of my life, I was laughed at by some, scolded at by others, scorned by enemies, and pitied by friends. I was called hypocrite, methodist, saint, false deceiver, and many more names which were meant to render me hateful in the sight of the world. But I esteemed the reproach of the cross an honor. I forgave and prayed for my persecutors, and remembered how very lately I had acted the same part towards others myself. I thought also that Christ endured the contradiction of sinners, and, as the disciple is not above his Master, I was glad to be in any way conformed to his sufferings.

Did you not then feel for your family at home?

Yes, that I did indeed, Sir; they were never out of my thoughts. I prayed continually for them, and had a longing desire to do them good. In particular I felt for my father and mother, as they were getting into years,

and were very ignorant and dark in matters of religion.

Aye, interrupted her mother, sobbing, ignorant and dark, sinful and miserable we were, till this dear Betsy—this dear Betsy—Oh ! my heart will break—this dear child, Sir, brought Christ Jesus home to her poor father and mother's house.

No, dearest mother, say rather, Christ Jesus brought your poor daughter home to tell you what he had done for her soul, and I hope, to do the same for yours.

At this moment the dairyman came in with two pails of milk hanging from the yoke on his shoulders. He had stood behind the half-opened door for a few minutes, and heard the last sentences spoken by his wife and daughter.

Blessing and mercy upon her, said he, it is very true, she would leave a good place of service on purpose to live with us, that she might help us both in soul and body. Sir, don't she look, very ill ? I think, Sir, we sha'nt have her here long.

Leave that to the Lord, said Elizabeth. All our times are in his hand, and happy it is they are. I am willing to go ; are you not willing, my father, to part with me into his hands, who gave me to you at first ?

Ask me any question in the world, but that, said the weeping father.

I know, said she, you wish me to be happy.

I do, I do, answered her father ; let the Lord do with you and us as best pleaseth him.

I then asked her, on what her present consolations chiefly depended in the prospect of approaching death.

Entirely, Sir, in my view of Christ. When I look at myself, many sins, infirmities, and imperfections, cloud the image of Christ which I want to see in my own heart. But when I look at the Savior himself, he is altogether lovely ; there is not one spot in his countenance, nor one cloud over all his perfections.

I think of his coming in the flesh, and it reconciles me to the sufferings of the body ; for he had them as well as I. I think of his temptations, and believe that he is able to succour me when I am tempted. Then I

think of his cross, and learn to bear my own. I reflect on his death, and long to die unto sin, so that it may no longer have dominion over me. I sometimes think on his resurrection, and trust that I also have a part in it, for I feel that my affections are set on things above. Chiefly I take comfort in thinking of him as at the right hand of the Father, pleading my cause, and rendering acceptable even my feeble prayers, both for myself, and as I hope, for my dear friends.

These are the views which, through mercy, I have of my Savior's goodness; and they have made me wish and strive in my poor way to serve him, to give myself up to him, and to labor to do my duty in that state of life into which it hath pleased him to call me.

A thousand times I should have fallen and fainted, if he had not upheld me. I feel that I am nothing without him. He is all in all.

Just so far as I can cast my care upon him, I find strength to do his will. May he give me grace to trust him till the last moment! I do not fear death, because I believe that he has taken away its sting. And Oh! what happiness beyond!—Tell me Sir, whether you think I am right. I hope, I am under no delusion. I dare not look for my hope at any thing short of the entire fulness of Christ. When I ask my own heart a question, I am afraid to trust it, for, it is treacherous and has often deceived me. But when I ask Christ, he answers me with promises that strengthen and refresh me, and leave me no room to doubt his power and will to save. I am in his hands, and would remain there; and I do believe that he will never leave nor forsake me, but will perfect the thing that concerns me. He loved me and gave himself for me, and I believe, that his gifts and callings are without repentance. In this hope I live, in this hope I wish to die.

Some very profitable conversation, and a short prayer, closed this interview.

From this day I considered her end as fast approaching: and I soon received a hasty summons to inform me that she was dying. It was brought by a soldier,

whose countenance bespoke seriousness, good sense, and piety.

I am sent, Sir, by the father and mother of Elizabeth W—— at her own particular request, to say, how much they all wish to see you. She is going *home*, Sir, very fast indeed.—I love to visit the sick, and hearing of her case from a serious person who lives close by our camp, I went to see her.

My horse was soon ready. My military companion walked by my side, and conversation beguiled the distance and shortened the apparent time of our journey, till we were arrived at the dairyman's cottage.

When we came in, I sat down by the bed-side!—*Elizabeth's* eyes were closed, and, as yet, she perceived me not. But over her face, though pale, sunk and hollow, the peace of God which passeth all understanding had cast a triumphant calm.

The Soldier after a short pause silently reached out his Bible towards me, pointing with his finger at 1 Cor. xv. 55, 56, 58. I then broke silence by reading the passage, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' At the sound of these words her eyes opened, and something like a ray of divine light beamed on her countenance, as she said; 'Victory, victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ.' She relapsed again, taking no farther notice of any one present.

A short struggling for breath took place in the dying young woman, which was soon over, and then I said to her, My dear friend, do you not feel that you are supported? The Lord deals very gently with me, she replied.

Are not his promises now very precious to you? They are all yea and Amen in Christ Jesus.

Are you in much bodily pain? So little that I almost forget it!—How good the Lord is,—And how unworthy am I. You are going to see him as he is.

I think.....I hope.....I believe that I am.....and she again fell into a short slumber.

Looking at her *mother*, I said, what a mercy to have a child so near heaven as yours is! and what a mercy, she replied, in broken accents, if her poor old mother might but follow her there. But, Sir, it is so hard to part. I hope through grace, by faith, you will soon meet to part no more: it will be but a little while.

Sir, said the *dairyman*, that thought supports me, and the Lord's goodness makes me feel more reconciled,

Father.....mother,.....said the reviving daughter, he is good to me,.....trust him, praise him evermore.

Sir, added she in a faint voice, I want to thank you for your kindness to me.....I want to ask a favor;.....you buried my sister.....will you do the same for me? All shall be as you wish, if God permit, I replied.

Thank you, Sir, thank you.....I have another favor to ask... When I am gone remember my father and mother. They are old, but I hope the work is begun in their souls.....My prayers are heard.....Pray come and see them.....I cannot speak much, but I want to speak for their sakes.....Sir, remember them.—

The aged parents now sighed and sobbed aloud, uttering broken sentences, and gained some relief by such an expression of their feelings.

At length I said to *Elizabeth*, Do you experience any doubts or temptations on the subject of your safety?—

No, Sir, the Lord deals very gently with me, and gives me peace. What are your views of the dark valley

of death, now that you are passing through it?—

It is *not* dark. Why so?—My Lord is *there* and

he is my light and my salvation. Have you any

fears of more bodily suffering?—The Lord deals so gently with me; I can trust him.

Something of a convulsion came on. When it was past, she said again and again, The Lord deals very gently with me. Lord, I am thine, save me.....Blessed Jesus.....precious Savior.....His blood cleanseth from all sin.....Who shall separate.....His name is Wonderful.....Thanks be to God.....He giveth us the victory

....I, even I am saved....O grace, mercy, and wonder—Lord, receive my Spirit....Dear Sir,....dear father, mother, friends, I am going....but all is well, well, well——

She relapsed again—We knelt down to prayer—It was a precious moment and the Lord blessed it. She did not again revive whilst I remained, nor ever speak any more words which could be understood. She slumbered for about ten hours, and at last sweetly fell asleep in the arms of the Lord who had so gently dealt with her.

I left the house an hour after she had ceased to speak. I pressed her hand as I was taking leave, and said, Christ is the resurrection and the life. She gently returned the pressure, but could neither open her eyes nor utter a reply—

I never had witnessed a scene so impressive as this before. It completely filled my imagination as I returned home.

Farewell, thought I, dear friend, till the morning of an eternal day shall renew our personal intercourse. Thou wast a brand plucked from the burning, that thou mightest become a star shining in the firmament of glory.

I have seen thy light and thy good works, and will therefore glorify our Father which is in heaven. I have seen, in thy example, what it is to be a sinner freely saved by grace. I have learned from thee, as in a living mirror, *who* it is that begins, continues, and ends the work of faith and love. Jesus is all in all: he will and shall be glorified. He won the crown and alone deserves to wear it. May no one attempt to rob him of his glory; he saves, and saves to the uttermost. Farewell, dear sister in the Lord. Thy flesh and thy heart may fail; but God is the strength of thy heart, and shall be thy portion forever!

S.

On the 1st of March, 1811, will be published,

SCRIPTURE CHRONOLOGY,

Price 1d. or 7s. per hundred.