

THE UNPUBLISHED

LETTERS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

*(Marshall)*

MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM,

FROM THE YEAR 1767 TO 1814;

EXHIBITING HER RELIGIOUS CHARACTER

IN THE

DIFFERENT RELATIONS OF LIFE.

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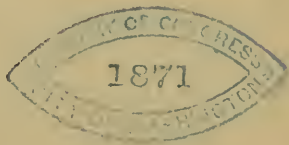
SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY HER DAUGHTER

*Joanna (Graham)*

MRS. BETHUNE.

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“ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.”—*Luke x. 42.*



NEW-YORK:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

*The profits arising from the sale of an Edition of a thousand copies, will be appropriated to the funds of the NEW-YORK ORPHAN ASYLUM SOCIETY.*

## INTRODUCTION.

THE volume entitled "the Power of Faith exemplified in the writings of Mrs. Isabella Graham of New-York," has been long known to the Christian world. Without recommendation from either literary or religious pen, it was given to the public as "bread cast upon the waters." The proceeds of the copy-right, were appropriated to the funds of two institutions which had shared her latest attention.\*

The narrative of her life was written by her son-in-law, the late Divie Bethune, to whom she was a spiritual mother long before a closer tie connected him with her

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\* The Society for the Relief of poor widows with small children, and the Orphan Asylum Society.

family. The selections from her diary and letters, were made by the same hand that edits the present volume.

Since that time many more letters have been returned from Mrs. Graham's correspondents, nearly all of whom are now uniting with her in praising Him who had been their "God and their guide even unto death."

The inducements to present another volume to the Christian public are two. *First*, the interest expressed by many in the former work, and the proofs of its usefulness excite the hope that this will prove equally acceptable, and profitable. Many have acknowledged that their spiritual comfort, and clear views of gospel truth, were under God derived from reading the former volume, where Mrs. Graham appears chiefly in the character of a widow indeed, and a mother in Israel; the pre-



sent selection will form an auto-biography, and exhibit her in the varied relations, of a daughter, a wife, a mother, a friend, a member of elegant worldly society, yet convinced that the highest state of earthly enjoyment is fleeting and unsatisfactory, and eventuates in vanity and vexation of spirit ; her example and experience in these respects may prove useful to some in the same relations of life, and who tread the paths the writer trod.

The *second* inducement, is to preserve these letters to Mrs. Graham's own descendants, and be instrumental in obtaining the answer to her prayers, " That God would sanctify her seed, and her seed's seed, to the latest generation."

To those who may not have access to the former publication of Mrs. Graham's life and writings, it may be interesting to know, that she was the daughter of John

Marshall and Janet Hamilton, both persons of a pious character. She was born in the Shire of Lanark, in Scotland, on the 29th of July, 1742, and spent her childhood and youth at Eldersley, in the neighbourhood of Paisley. She had no precise recollection of the period at which she first experienced that the Lord was gracious; even in childhood she took delight in pouring out her soul to God, and under a bush in the woods of Eldersley, she was enabled to devote herself to Him, through faith in her Redeemer, before she had attained her tenth year. At the age of seventeen she was admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's supper, by the late Doctor Witherspoon, then pastor of a church in Paisley,\* under the establishment of the church of Scotland.

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\* Afterwards President of Princeton College, New-Jersey.

About the year 1765, Mrs. Graham was married to Doctor John Graham, then a practising physician in Paisley, and upon his being appointed surgeon to the second battalion of His Britannic Majesty's 60th, or Royal American Regiment, removed with him to Canada. It may be proper here to state, that Mrs. Graham was the second wife of Doctor Graham. His three children by his first marriage were left in Scotland; his two sons, Samuel and James, he placed under the care of Mr. John Davidson, rector of the grammar school of Paisley, and his daughter Jean remained with her maternal grandfather, Doctor Stevenson, of Edinburgh. Both these sons were liberally educated, and the eldest, the late Lieutenant General Samuel Graham, and Governor of Stirling Castle, studied medicine previous to his entering the army; both served during

the revolutionary war in America. James when a Lieutenant was wounded at the siege of Charleston, South Carolina; he married, settled, and died in that place.

At their earnest request, Mrs. Graham left her first-born son and only child, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall.

As Mrs. Graham's first letter, giving an account of their voyage, has not been found, one from Doctor Graham to Mr. Davidson has been selected as a proper commencement to the series.

JOANNA BETHUNE.

NEW-YORK, *May*, 1838.

## LETTER I.

---

TO MR. JOHN DAVIDSON, RECTOR OF THE GRAMMAR  
SCHOOL, PAISLEY.

*Quebec, Aug. 27, 1767.*

DEAR SIR,

I AM certain, long before this can reach you, something from us has been expected, especially as Bell was flattered, before she left Greenock, that letters might be sent while at sea, and, for the most part, kept one ready; but hoisting out the boat and raising a splutter, unless the captain be very different from what they generally are, is not so easy: in short, we could not accomplish it, which gave poor Bell much concern on her mother's account.

Without further preamble, you shall have a short journal from our parting to our arrival here.

We left Greenock on Wednesday the tenth of June : for five days had fine weather, and got clear of land, and began our reckoning from Cape Clear ; then we had westerly winds, when our direct course ought to have been westerly : for ten or twelve days we made no direct distance worth mentioning. The patience of every one on board was tried, in short, we thought nothing could be worse than contrary winds, but very soon we found it otherwise. The vessel sprung a leak, which terrified us all. The captain was in very great distress ; we would have given any thing, or every thing, in our possession, to be within a hundred leagues of land. A consultation was held, whether, if any vessel for Britain or Ireland should come in view, we should return—the passengers I mean. For some days two hands were constantly at the pumps—no carpenter. The master afraid to meddle, lest he should make it worse ; tried many simple things ; at last it sucked a little oakum, which saved the men for some days ; but we were all very unhappy except Bell. She knew nothing of our danger. She knew that it was fatigueing for the sailors, and felt for them ; but nothing further till near the end of the voyage.

On Saturday the tenth of July, about five P. M., the operation of shaving began—all merry—a fine day—going about three knots. Captain Kerr stumbled close by me, and fell overboard—a rope was thrown, a large hen-coop put out, and the boat hoisted ; after some time he was found, but dead. I tried all I could to restore him to no purpose. Next day his body was committed to the deep. I cannot pretend to say how much concern this gave me : we were becoming very intimate, though he was naturally reserved. He had received a good education, and was exceedingly well bred. Some days after we got upon the banks of Newfoundland, caught some cod, and feasted upon fresh fish several days. Nearly the whole of the passage we had very cold weather, and much fog ; for one week we knew not where we were, it was so thick, we were without an observation for seven weeks, with a leak in our bottom, and out of sight of land. At length, on Friday the seventh of August, we made land, to our great joy, ten or twelve leagues from the Gulf of St. Lawrence ; from that time we were very lucky, and on Thursday the thirteenth arrived here.

I went ashore—waited on Mr. Findley—he re-

ceived me very politely—came on board in the afternoon—brought us ashore, and has behaved ever since more like a brother than any thing else.

On our arrival I understood Dr. S——, of the first battalion, on the morning of the twenty-eighth of December, after drinking very hard to the memory of St. John, finished himself. He had discovered some tendency that way, and his servant had put every thing out of his way; but, with his lancets and a broken bottle, he got it done completely. I thought of applying to get into the first battalion, and would have succeeded easily, but my friends advised me against it, and advanced very sufficient reasons. So I only solicited leave to do duty with the first for the winter, the six companies having neither surgeon nor mate with them here. Both General Carleton our governor, and Lieut.-Col. Prevost having written to the Commander in Chief, I have begun accordingly.

The second battalion are scattered at the outposts, and I have a mate with them. The first battalion expects to winter at Montreal, if so, Bell and your friend will be there.



You will probably think I might say something of Canada, and the famous city of Quebec. The country just now looks very fine, and all along the river, for three hundred miles, is like a village, the chateaux are so thick. Bell was delighted with the view, and could have put up with the worst of them, for life, with her friends about her; however, her taste is rather more refined since she came to town and turned a fine lady, every day dressed out as for an assembly, introduced to colonels, majors and captains. The subs, poor fellows, are not so ceremoniously dealt with; in short it is a very gay and extravagant place. The merchants here give way frequently as at home; the French merchants particularly. General Carlton, our Deputy Governor, has a levee and route once a week. I was introduced to his Excellency by Col. Prevost, and was at his levee yesterday for the first time. I am not very fond of dancing attendance, especially when it serves no earthly purpose; but we are obliged to do it, or incur his displeasure. The low town, where the people of business live, is situated along the bottom of a very steep hill, or rather rock, and upon the sides of the river the houses are mostly built

of stone, like our whinstone ; some of them are covered with slate, but by far the greatest number are covered with shingles, (wood cut like slates.) Lodgings are very dear in both upper and lower towns. We must climb a steep hill, called Constitution Hill, before we can meet with the gentlemen of the army and the *qualité* of the place. We can see there has been a prodigious devastation of churches, palaces, and houses ; many of them are still in ruins. The fort itself, with its environs, suffered very much. We are in no fixed way as yet, but live in the highest taste, with two other families, in Mr. Findley's. Bell is labouring at the French, for which she pays a guinea each month ; every body speaks French here, and few of the towns-people can speak English.

Now for my more interesting affairs. Upon you is my whole dependence with regard to my young family. I beg you will not fail to write me very minutely, and treat me with the greatest freedom. I hope I shall indemnify you, though it will never be in my power to compensate properly. I find I can remit money easy enough from this place by the packet from New-York—it will be a long time before it reaches you,

but the first money I receive here shall be sent home. Remember me affectionately to Samuel and James—write, if you please, to Jean on receipt of this. A few lines from Samuel would make me very happy. I will refer you to a letter Bell writes to her mamma for further particulars. We have both, thank God, been very well, only a short time sea-sick—but I am really afraid Bell will grow too fat—every day makes an odds in the dimensions of her face.

Believe me, dear Davidson,  
with the greatest affection,

Your friend and servant,

JOHN GRAHAM.

## LETTER II.

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TO MR. AND MRS. MARSHALL, ELDERSLEY.

*Quebec, Sep. 27, 1767.*

MY DEAR PARENTS,

I WROTE you by a ship bound for London, but, lest my letter should miscarry, I avail myself of this opportunity, though soon after the last. I gave you some account of our voyage, which, as I have new matter to write, I will not repeat, only it lasted nine weeks, was very disagreeable, on account of stormy weather, contrary winds, a leaky ship, and the loss of one of the most agreeable members of our little society, Captain Kerr, who fell overboard—his body was soon after found, but with no signs of life.

I promised to give you some more particulars respecting our situation. I told you we had been

taken particular notice of by Mr. Findley, brought to his house, and remained there some time. There were with him three other gentlemen and ladies, and, as I understood, they had been there all summer, and every one of them as much landlord as Mr. Findley himself, I could not understand for some time upon what footing they lived with him—but now I know. Mr. McK., who married a Montreal lady, came out to look after her property, and Mr. F., having a large house and no family, allowed him the use of it; so he, his wife, and her mother, made three of our company. Captain J. C., and Mr. C., an English merchant, made up our number; there was an account kept of the expense of the family, and every one paid his proportion; it was with difficulty we were allowed to pay ours, but you know the Doctor has a spirit, and he made a point of it. I think he is very right. I would not choose to lie under obligations, where there is little probability of having it in our power to return them, and to those whom as yet we cannot know. They are polite well bred men, and the ladies very much so; but Mr. Findley, for sense and sentiment, towers above the rest, and outshines every body

he is in company with. Our way of life, you may be sure, was very expensive, as we had every thing in the greatest taste, and a continual round of company ; but it is over ; they all left us yesterday. Now there is only Mr. F. and ourselves.

The way we have been in has had its advantages ; we have been introduced to the genteest people of the place, and our principal officers. The Doctor is much caressed, you know he has the art of making himself agreeable wherever he goes, and I too, (no doubt on his account) have been very much taken notice of. He has been several times with the general, and has dined with him—he has been very civil—the colonel and the Doctor were very intimate—he is one of the best men I ever knew. I was sorry when he left the place—his wife and family are at New-York—he is gone to spend the winter with them, and left the command of the regiment with Captain E., who seems to be friendly, and is a great friend of the Doctor's too. He has called several times to engage me to go to the governor's route ; but, as that is a footing I must not set out upon, I always found some excuse. We have had some very agreeable jaunts into the country. Mr. G——

has a chaise always at our command. He, the Doctor and I, last week visited the famous falls of Montmorency—I cannot pretend to describe them to you—you never saw any thing to resemble them—so grand!—so dreadful!—it makes one tremble to look at them. The whole river of Montmorency falls over a perpendicular rock one hundred and eighty feet high—the rocks around are so steep and rugged.—Cora Lyn is like pouring water from one vessel into another in comparison with this.

On Wednesday we dined with Captain D——, at a genteel country house, three miles from town, where he lives with Mr. P. and Doctor M., surgeon to the hospital. The captain is a genteel well-bred man—so, indeed, are his two companions.

I have been but a short time in the place, and may be mistaken ; but I have formed a very good opinion of many of my acquaintances here. Had I my dear parents near me, our dear boys, and a few other friends, I might be reconciled to this country ; but no place or company, however agreeable, can compensate for their absence. Indeed, on many accounts, were it in my choice, I would prefer my own country. The people, I cannot call them

wicked, but, if I may judge by their manner of spending the Sabbath, the generality of them pay very little regard to religion. The French people go to church, to mass, many of them at five o'clock in the morning, and even the most delicate ladies are always there by seven, and are very devout all the forenoon: their religion requires no more of them. In the afternoon they sing, dance, ride out in parties of pleasure, play cards, and do every thing that may be done on other days. Our people are worse than they; they spend the Sabbath idly or in doing business, and in the afternoon too many of them join the French. The first Sunday, after we landed, I retired to my own room after dinner to be out of the way. Mrs. C. and Mrs. McK. sent up their compliments, begging I would go down and join them in a party at whist—need I tell you I refused, and assigned my reason—they were too well bred either to banter me, or ask me again.

Here they butcher and sell all sorts of provisions on the Sabbath—the French come out of church and immediately go into the market.

We have an episcopal church and a presbyterian meeting—Dr. B., chaplain to the garrison,



preaches to the first, and Mr. H——, settled by subscription, to the last. B—— is a sensible, clever man, but very wicked ; he riots and swears as bold an oath as any soldier in town. I was only once at his church : from a man of his character I could receive no benefit. I am amazed how he dare presume to address a holy and just God with the freedom he does, or recommend religion to others, when he, by his conduct, seems to despise it ! O, it is shocking ! and he too, an old gray-headed man ! Mr. H—— has not B——'s parts, but is a worthy pious man—the Doctor and I attend his preaching ; indeed, were he episcopalian and B—— presbyterian, I should, for I could not bear that my prayers to the Almighty should pass through the lips of such a man. Both of them preach in catholic churches—we have no other—and their service is over before ours begin. I was a good deal startled, at first, at the images ; indeed, I am not quite reconciled to worshipping God in one of these houses yet ; but I hope it is only a weakness, and that the Almighty, who knows the heart, will not be offended at their being there, seeing we take no notice of them. It is not very fashion-

able to go to church here, but, to my great satisfaction, the Doctor attends regularly.

The gentlemen here are very sober—neither can I say they swear; and if they would regard the Sabbath, and attend public worship, I could find no fault with their conduct.

I have read Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*. I little knew what a treasure Mr. Ellis put into my hand when he gave me that book. I cannot say it is my daily companion, but I can, with truth say, it is often so. Let my mind be in ever so giddy and thoughtless a frame, or ever so much busied in those amusements I am engaged in, it makes me serious, and gives my thoughts a different turn; there is scarce any situation the mind can be in, but it will find something suitable there. I must not, however, make remarks on the particular contents of it; it would occupy more paper than I have to spare. I would have you purchase the book. I am sure you would like it, and, when you have read it, it will be matter of great satisfaction to you, that John and I have such a treasure in our possession. In it are contained every advice you could give us, and cautions against the

temptations which on account of youth, company, and the country we are in, we are exposed to.

We thought we were to winter at Quebec ; but this day's packet has brought orders to march to Montreal. I would have been contented to have remained here. The doctor begs to be remembered to you. Remember us both to Mr. D——, the dear boy, yours and ours. Farewell, my dear parents,

I am, as ever, your affectionate  
and dutiful Daughter,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER III.

---

TO MRS. MARSHALL.

*Montreal, April 30, 1788.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

YOUR long expected, and much dreaded letter, I have at last received. I should not say yours, for I feared I should have no letter from you ; but I was very much afraid of the first accounts from Scotland. I cannot express my joy when, on opening my letter, I found it written by the hand of my dear mother. I believe, had it been in the hand of my father, I would not have had courage to read it, as my fears were entirely for you. For the bare knowledge that you were alive, and in tolerable health, I would have given any thing long before the first glance of your hand-writing conveyed it to me. I assure you

the perusal gave me a greater share of pleasure than pain.

The death of my dear, lovely infant drew from my eyes many tears, but I am still of the same way of thinking, that a child's dying in infant innocence, is no real cause of grief. I only felt, what every mother feels, from a natural fondness, who parts with her child to a dear friend with whom she is certain he will be happier; yet, if she has no hopes of seeing him for a long time, though willing to part with him for his good, the parting will be tender and distressing. I could have wished him to live, more for your sake than my own, as I hoped he might be an agreeable amusement to you, and sometimes make you forget your other afflictions, and, in time, have greatly blunted the edge of them; but, it has pleased God to take him to himself, and I hope he will supply this loss to you and me in some other way. My first emotions were over before your letter arrived. I was sitting one evening at tea, with a good deal of company about me, cheerful and happy, as I knew no cause why I should be otherwise, when the Doctor opened the door. I read something very interesting in his

countenance : he made a sign for me to follow him, which I did to another room : he drew from his pocket a letter. I immediately exclaimed, “ are my father and mother alive ? ” He said he knew nothing to the contrary, but that he had a piece of news to communicate which would distress me, and hoped that I would behave like myself. I then composed myself. He read to me a letter from his sister, informing him she had gone to Paisley to see his sons, but was grieved to hear the youngest had been dead some time. She seemed surprised you had not acquainted her with it, but said not a word whether you were dead or alive. I then grew very impatient for particulars. Your letter came to hand about a month after, and very happy it made me, even the distressing part of it. Your account of the child’s death is very satisfactory and consoling. Our kind and good God has in this, as in every other instance, shown his tenderness for you, for me, and for ours, and mixed much mercy with our affliction. You tell me, in that short but full sentence, that “ his affliction was mild, his death pleasant, and his corpse lovely. ” Well then, let us resign him, not only cheerfully, but thankfully, and say with Job, “ The

Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.”

We are still at Montreal. I have delayed writing in hopes of informing you where we are likely to be stationed; we have expected orders for the stations of the different regiments in this country, these two last posts, from New-York. Various are the opinions of the officers; some that our battalion, now at Niagara, will come to Montreal; others that we will go to Boston or New Jersey: this would be very agreeable to me for two reasons. Those places are famous for piety and religion, and I would have more frequent opportunities of corresponding with my friends; but it will make a considerable difference another way if we remain here. It is not so much the expense of travelling, which is not trifling, but being obliged to sell off our furniture, probably for the half of what we gave, and again to purchase at the highest price; besides, the Doctor is now very well known at Montreal, and has a good deal of practice, which seems to increase. I assure you we have not lived but for a great deal more than both pay and perquisites since we

came to America : a change of place will make a considerable alteration in our income.

The Doctor spends none in the tavern; he is never there, but keeps a very full house at home. There are a few families who are almost always together, and we generally have company twice or thrice a week—I do not mean to tea, for that is a trifling expense, but to dinner or supper, generally to both; and he is not satisfied if his table does not cut as fine a figure as that of any we associate with. He makes all the markets himself, and generally sends in all its varieties, and often the first things of the season—you know how expensive this must be. There is nothing drunk here but wine, and that not only port, but claret and madeira; but I have never ventured to say a word to him on this head; it is a great comfort that he spends his money at home. I begin to despair of ever being able to lay up any money. I have often begged the Doctor to save at least what he makes by his practice; but his answer is, “Bell, we will be as frugal as we can, but we must be genteel; we will pay ready money, and what is left shall be saved.”



I have made a long and undesigned complaint. I begin to think myself ungrateful for so doing; this is his foible—he might have worse—who are without them? What a difference betwixt a man of his turn and a miser, from whom one can scarcely get the necessaries of life, far less wherewithal to make a decent appearance amongst neighbours, or one that spends all his time and money, too, at the tavern, and is never to be seen either sober or at home. When I think of these things I am thankful, and willing to indulge him in many little extravagancies, which I myself think might be saved, but which I know will please him; and I have my share of pleasure in what is spent, which is more than every wife can say. He often tells me that it is for my sake; that my credit and character go nearer his heart than his own; that if things were not genteel in the house, it would be imputed to me, not to him, and to be sure there is some truth in that. He has given up some things, at my request, of more real consequence, which makes me very happy, and, if continued, would have made me miserable. Since I have been particular one way, I ought, in justice to him, to be so in another.

The officers have a military club once a week ; the night fixed is Saturday ; they are often riotous, and sometimes drunk on the Sabbath morning ; this made me very unhappy. I did not dream of his giving it up entirely, as every officer in town meets there punctually on that night ; but I begged, in the most earnest manner, that he would make a point of leaving before twelve o'clock : he told me, that when he was there, he could not promise upon the time he would leave them, as they might detain him whether he would or not ; but, to oblige me, he would give up the club altogether ; accordingly he has not been there for four months. After this was given up, I was often unhappy on that night. It is not an uncommon thing, even in private houses, to play a hand at cards after supper, and if at any time he was out late, and I not with him, I was in a terror lest he might forget the hours and encroach on the Sabbath. I told him this, and ever since he has generally spent Saturday evening at home, or, at least, come home in proper time. Then there is Sunday, which is a great visiting day, and he is seldom without an invitation to dine or sup. I am certain he would not play at cards on that day, and have known him

to leave the company when they were proposed ; but, you may be sure, I was not fond of his being abroad on that day, or yet of his having dinners or suppers at home. I was cautious of finding fault at the time, when that was the case, but when it was otherwise, and we happened to be at home alone, I expatiated upon the happiness I felt at finding ourselves alone on that day, and even hinted how painful it was for me, either to entertain company at home, or to think of his being engaged abroad, with people who had no regard for religion, and paid no attention to its laws, at least for religion's sake. There are many good members of society in this place, and every way agreeable companions on another day ; but few of them make any distinction betwixt Sunday and Saturday.

There is no occasion to say all one thinks to a man of his penetration. I gained my point, and for a long time past, except when he is visiting the sick, or at church, which he attends regularly, he is seldom to be found out of his own house on Sunday. We have always company to tea ; but that cannot be avoided ; but were you to pop in after they are gone, you would find him reading

sermons to me, or conversing upon religious subjects : he has often acknowledged that he is much happier, and has much more satisfaction when he spends the day in this way, than when he is abroad. If he is happy, I am sure I am much more so. Let me then endeavour to make home as agreeable to him as possible, and by cheerfully complying with his will in some things, I may, by the blessing of God, accomplish my wishes in matters of more weight and importance.

I have, according to custom, chatted till my paper obliges me to finish. The Doctor joins me in compliments to Mr. Davidson, and in returning him a thousand thanks for his care of our two boys. The Doctor has received his letter, and all he has done is perfectly right. He will write by the packet. Remember us also to the boys and Hugh, to our friends at Quarelton, and other acquaintances—I never leave a bit of room for names. Farewell, my dear, dear parents—believe me to be, with much affection,

Your dutiful daughter,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER IV.

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MRS. MARSHALL TO MRS. GRAHAM\*

*Eldersley, 1768*

You have lost one of your best friends in this place, a friend that was frequent and fervent at a throne of grace for you and yours—worthy Mr. Muir,† I need not say how much lamented, you will know that yourself. I wrote you of the situation of his foot; it seemed to be getting better for a while, but grew worse again, and on the 30th of June his leg was cut off; on the 20th of July

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\* The attentions Mrs. Graham received, and her being in some degree obliged to mix in gay society, no doubt gave rise to her affectionate christian mother's apprehensions expressed in this and the following letters.

† Father of the late Rev. Dr. Muir, of Alexandria, D. C.

he died. No person was allowed to see him but those who waited on him. Dr. Stuart slept constantly in the house, yet no preventing death. They sent off express for Dr. P——; but, before he arrived, the soul had taken its last farewell—entered on its Sabbath of rest. It was on the preparation Sabbath before the sacrament. He could not have joined personally on earth at that time; but his dear Master, whom he had preached so faithfully, recommended so warmly, and served so cheerfully, made him “to drink the wine new with him, in his Father’s kingdom.”

I wish the entertainments of that gay place may not engage you too much, not only to the hurt of your outward circumstances, but to the hindrance of your advancement in religion, and the concerns of your precious, immortal soul. O, my dear child, no mortal knows the inward trouble of mind I undergo on your account; what, through fear of the numberless temptations you are liable to, you should be off your guard, and be suffered to fall; what, through fear of the many difficulties you may have to undergo, and be cut off in some one or other of them, I am sure you are little out of my mind; you lie down with me—you rise up

with me—I carry you about with me through the whole day—and O the weary days and nights I have had, since I parted with my dear child! But O, my dear, can I do otherwise than rejoice, when I reflect that the Lord is every where present, and that I have access in, and through my Redeemer, on your account, to that God who is continually present with you, has wrought great deliverance for you, and I have reason to believe, if you continue to seek him, and walk in his ways, he will to do great things for you still? It is my only support, and no small support it is.

Farewell, my dearest! May the Lord bless you both, and keep you night and day, lying down and rising up, going out and coming in, wherever you go; may the everlasting arms of the allwise and powerful Jehovah be underneath and about you, is the earnest and most fervent prayer of your

Loving and affectionate Mamma,

JANET MARSHALL.

## LETTER V.

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FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Eldersley, 1768.*

You write that you are much taken notice of; to be sure it is agreeable; but I do not know how far it may be an advantage to either soul or body. In that situation you are liable to many temptations, besides a very expensive way of life; but glory, glory to God, who has taken away, or, at least, moderated your taste for these very idle amusements. We may never meet in this world, but it is my earnest, constant, and renewed petition, that we may meet in that better country, in that “*grand assembly,*” and join in that sweet “*concert of music*” which will never end, and be without sin.



You write of a dreadful storm of thunder, and lightning, and earthquake, but it did not hurt you. When the Lord's judgments are upon the earth, men ought to learn righteousness. I hope, my dear, matters are on such a footing between your Heavenly Father and you, that, come what will, you can place your confidence in him and say, "The Lord, he is my God, of whom or of what shall I be afraid?" When I reflect upon every circumstance of your life, and the wonderful deliverances the Lord has wrought for you, both spiritual and temporal, I am lost. I do not know how to express my gratitude to my dearest Lord; and, O, my dear, what an unspeakable comfort, that although we are thousands of miles from each other, we can put up our united prayers to that God who is present in all places, and who has said, that he will be continually at our right hand, that we shall not be moved if we have a constant and steady dependence upon him. My love to the Doctor, and the dear children. The Lord bless them, and spare them, to be a comfort to you and me, is the earnest prayer of an affectionate and loving mother, in whose heart you and they lodge night and day.

JANET MARSHALL.

## LETTER VI.

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TO DOCTOR GRAHAM, NIAGARA.\*

*Montreal, June 8, 1768.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

How shall I express my gratitude for the refreshing cordial you sent me, at a time when I stood so much in need of one. It was not in the

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\* When Mrs. Graham was near her confinement, Doctor Graham was ordered to join his regiment, the second battalion of the 60th, or Royal Americans, having previously been permitted to do duty with the 1st battalion. Supposing that the orders were given in consequence of some neglect of etiquette, on his part, to the commander in chief, his pride either prevented him, or he considered it needless to solicit for a longer continuance of absence. He accordingly left Mrs. Graham with kind friends at Montreal, ascended the Rapids to Niagara, where, having obtained leave of absence from his own commander, he shortly after returned to Montreal for his wife and babe. The suddenness of his departure will account for the agitation of mind expressed in this letter.

art of your profession to have sent me such another, in box or phial.

I suppose, by this time, you have received Mr. C——'s letter, which would inform you that you have a little girl.\* I suppose a boy would have been more welcome; but you were kind enough to say, that, if your Bell were well, either would be welcome.

O, my Doctor, what I suffered after you left me. I lost all my fortitude, and was, in a manner bereft of my reason. I threw myself on my bed to give way to my bursting heart; indeed I thought it would have bursted. When I was quite spent with grief, sleep, at last, relieved me for about two hours: when I waked, I found myself far from well, so did not get up again that evening; but in vain I tried to lose my sensibility; sleep had fled from me, and left me a prey to a distracted mind, in which there was scarce a gleam of hope of ever seeing you again. I even fancied I could read a chain of links in providence pointing towards our final separation, and the last stroke just ready to fall. Thus I spent the long

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\* Jessy, afterwards Mrs. Hay Stevenson, of New-York.

and tedious night. Morning made its appearance. I quitted my bed sooner than usual. I had been much threatened during the night, and finding myself grow worse and worse, I sent for Dr. W——, and made him bleed me ; went to bed again, hoping to be better, but it would not do. Between five and six all was over. \* \* \* \*  
My fears for myself, at least of death, were now pretty much dissipated, but those of a still more dreadful nature began to haunt my mind. I thought I had been too solicitous about life. It was granted, but it might prove my punishment. There, thought I, lies my babe ; perhaps she is fatherless, and, if so, what am I ? Perhaps it had been the happiest thing that could have befallen me that my babe had never seen the light, and my own eyes closed in death before the dreadful news had reached my ears. O, my husband, you do not yet know the half of the love I bear you ; with you I would wish to live ; with you I would wish to die ; with you I would be happy, or share with you in misery ; but, to be separated, O, I cannot bear the thought.

Those sudden gusts that Mr. McI—— mentioned distressed me much. I had heard also that the ropes were in danger of breaking, and leaving

the batteaux to be dashed to pieces amongst the rocks ; every possible misfortune that might befall you occurred to my mind, though I uttered not a word. On Wednesday evening, (this day week,) your letter was put into my hand ; O, how I grasped it, and with what eagerness I read it ; but I will not tell you what fault I found with it.

That night was the first I slept ; ever since I have been in much better spirits, and your letter is my cordial after breakfast and after supper to this day ; and now I am impatient for another, as the boats which took you up are hourly expected. I begin to hope that the time may be at no great distance when we shall meet again. O, my dear Doctor, I know how I shall enjoy it, I also know that I buy it very dear.

I cannot be at the pains to write trifling news, my heart is too full, and, since I must not allow it to say more, I will conclude with the repetition, that I am, my dearest Doctor,

Wholly yours,

I. GRAHAM,

## LETTER VII.

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MRS. MARSHALL TO MRS. GRAHAM.

*Eldersley, 1771.*

O, MY dear child, can such a thing come to pass, as that you and we should be settled near each other ; but that is a happiness, I am afraid, I will not be thought worthy of in this world. O, for that happy and most glorious day, when we shall meet never to part again, and join our everlasting anthems of praise to our dear Redeemer, who has saved our souls from everlasting destruction. I am glad to hear that my dear little creatures are well and thriving. You say it is foolish to write children's prattle ; but, my dear, I take it kind, and am well entertained with it. I return them both my hearty thanks for their kisses on the paper. O, to embrace them in my

arms. My dear children! I may, and I may never see them ; but may the blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,—my own God, rest upon you and them,—I claim your and their title to it. O, my dearest child, I hope you are maintaining your integrity and perseverance in the way of God ; not ashamed, I trust, to own yourself a servant of Jesus Christ, even before a wicked and licentious world ; if you own him and his cause before such, he will not be ashamed to own you, when he comes in his Father's glory, and all the holy angels with him.

## LETTER VIII.

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TO MRS. MARSHALL, ELDERSLEY.

*Niagara, Feb. 3, 1771.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE for a month past, with others, been wishing for the arrival of the express, in full expectation of, at least, one letter from you or my brother. I have got my wish; the express has arrived, to the joy and satisfaction of many; but, for the Doctor and me, it has brought nothing but disappointment. I will not blame you, perhaps I am only unlucky. I feel persuaded that if you have written, it has been by the packet, as I told you before. So far as I can understand, I have got every letter you have sent that way.

This has been the mildest winter remembered by any of the people on this ground. A few days



ago fell the first snow worth mentioning, neither have we had much frost. We have all, thank God, enjoyed perfect health since I last wrote to you, except, what we must expect, the children now and then a little fretful with their teeth. They are both stout hearty girls. Jessy talks much of grandmamma, and wont allow that she is a Canadian, but a Scotch girl.

My two Indian girls come on very well indeed. The eldest milked the cows all summer; she washes and irons all the clothes for the family, scrubs the floors, and does the most part of the kitchen work. The young one's charge is the children, and some other little turns, when the infant is asleep. I teach them to read and to sew when they have any spare time. As for me, I find I have enough to do to superintend. You may be sure I help a little too now and then. I make and mend what is necessary for the family, for I must be tailor, mantua-maker, and milliner.

In the forenoon the Doctor makes his rounds as usual. I generally trot about till two o'clock, dress the children, order dinner, dress myself, and twenty other things, which you know are necessary to be looked after by the mistress of a family.

After dinner I sit down to my work, and we have always a book, which the Doctor reads, when I can attend, when I cannot he reads something else.

As I am the only wife in the place, we have a regular tea-table, and now and then a little frugal supper; for the Doctor has come more into my way of thinking, and does not insist upon cutting a figure as much as some time ago. When alone, he reads and I work, as usual. He is seldom out, and never but when I am with him. We are easy in our circumstances, and want for nothing that is necessary; in short, my ever dear parents, my life is easy and pleasant. The Lord my God make it pious and useful.

Could I place myself and family in the same circumstances, and every thing to go on in the same manner, within a few miles of you, I should be happy for life; and were it not for this hope, which my heart is set upon, for all I have told you, I would be miserable.

We find the newspapers full of preparations for war; may the Lord dispose all hearts to peace, for I hate the sound, though it is the wish of the greatest number about me. There is no prospect

of our leaving this place for a year yet. For my part, I have only two reasons for wishing it. The first is, I should like to be in some christian society; the other, that I might do something towards getting home. To return to the gay world again I have no ambition. My family here, and my friends at home, engross all my attention; and when I see the one, and hear of the other being well, I am happy. Time never hangs heavy on my hand; I can always find employment, and amusement too, without the assistance of what go under the name of diversions.

We have lately had several visits from a great family. The chief of the Seneca nation having a daughter not well, he brought her to the Doctor to see what could be done for her: he, his squaw or lady, and daughters, breakfasted with us several times. I was as kind, and made all the court to them I could, though we could not converse but by an interpreter. I made the daughters some little presents, and the Doctor would not be fee'd. You will say this was foolish; but it is not with them as with us, their greatest men are always the poorest. Who knows but these little services may one day save our scalps. There have been

several threatenings of an Indian war; thank God, it seems to be quite hushed again.

War with civilized nations is nothing to war with Indians. They have no mercy, nor give any quarter to man, woman, or child; all meet the same fate, except where they take a liking to particular persons, those they adopt as their children, and use them as such.

The Doctor joins in affectionate respects to my dear father, and you, the boys, and all our dear friends.

I am as much as ever, and will be to my latest breath, my dear mamma,

Your affectionate daughter,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER IX.

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TO MRS. MARSHALL.

*Niagara, May 31, 1771.*

MY EVER DEAR MAMMA,

AFTER long waiting, and many disappointments, I have, at last, the inexpressible pleasure of a letter from you. The date I lost in the wafer, but judge, from its contents, it was written in November or December. You say you can wait, with patience, five or six weeks, or even two months; but I am obliged to wait six, seven, and sometimes eight months, without a line from you or any other friend in your quarter. Davidson never writes, and your letter is the first and only intelligence we have had how James was disposed of. The Doctor joins me in thanking you for the full and satisfactory account you gave of all

his three children. Be so kind, my dear mamma, to communicate, from time to time, all you can learn concerning them. They possess, and deservedly, a very large share of their papa's affections, and you well know how dear they are to me.

I think Mrs. H—— treated you harshly; the least thing she might have done was to have given you a soothing answer. If she reckons you foolish, she may reflect upon a time when she was more so, and I dare say it was not to seek what you could have said; but little said is soon mended. One half of the world can only feel for themselves, and nine out of ten only for themselves and near connexions; so that we must bear our own griefs the best way we can; we will find few to take part in them, and fewer will give themselves much trouble to relieve them. When you meet with a M——d, or some such kindred soul, then it is you may unbosom yourself; then you may expect soothing sympathy, friendly advice, and tender condolence, and that nothing will be left unattempted within the compass of their power or hope to relieve you; but such souls are rare.

With regard to our going home, I am not dis-

heartened for all you have written me ; our gentlemen, I mean the officers, see things in a different light. Our regiment is the only one in his Majesty's service that is destined never to leave America ; all of them are supposed to be natives of the soil ; so it is named, the " Royal Americans," and fixed to guard the country. Other regiments are relieved every six years ; I mean they have a claim to go to Britain, after having served six years abroad, and the regiment which went to Pensacola, which the Doctor should have gone with, is now at New-York on their way to Britain. The officers came into this regiment from choice ; they either bought or got commissions which fell to them ; but it is different with the Doctor : he was appointed to it, not from choice, but necessity, and it is thought, when he has served six years abroad, he will have a just claim either to be allowed to retire, or appointed to a regiment at home. It is now nearly four years since we left home, the six will soon pass away. Do not, my dear mother, make yourself so unhappy, nor trouble people about us, who do not care three farthings whether we go or stay. If it will be for your or our good, I make not the

smallest doubt we shall be successful in our endeavours to bring it about. Let us leave the event to God.

O, my dear mother, if you knew my heart, what would I not give or do, to make you and my father happy. I am sure, while any of you are unhappy, I must be so too.

The Doctor desires his best wishes to my father, you, and Mr. D——. Farewell, my dear mamma. That God may bless you with spiritual and temporal comfort is the prayer of

Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,

I. GRAHAM.



## LETTER X.

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TO MRS. GRAHAM, SCHENECTADY.\*

*New-York, Sept. 18, 1772.*

MY DEAREST BELL,

I HAVE taken the first spare moment to inform you of my safe arrival here. I was in hopes to be able to chat to you a full hour, but I have this minute in the room with me Captains McA—— and T——, Lieutenants P——, McD——, and H——, and we are to sup together.

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\* In the year 1772, the regiment to which Dr. Graham belonged was ordered to embark for the West Indies. Accordingly they removed to Schenectady, travelling in batteaux, on the river Mohawk, and encamping at night. At Schenectady Doctor Graham inoculated his three little girls for the small pox; previous to which the two youngest were baptized. That Doctor Graham might negotiate for exchanging his commission, he left Mrs. Graham at Schenectady, and repaired to New-York.

I this morning breakfasted with Captain Brown, and was introduced to Mrs. Brown\* and his sister-in-law. How I am to be, where I am to lodge, and how to live, I shall be able to inform you to-morrow.

Captain McA—— proposes sailing to-morrow. I have sent two pairs of clasps for the children. If I had time to procure any thing worth my dear Bell's acceptance, I would cheerfully go about it. At least, I will endeavour to chat a little in the morning before I go any where. Poor Ensign G—— has lost his lieutenancy for want of cash ; it is supposed his uncle's affairs are not in the best order ; I am really sorry for him.

Remember me to Mrs. McA—— and Mrs. G——. So much for just acquainting you of my safe arrival and being in good health, and at the same time assuring you of my warmest love and affection. By all means write often, and very soon. Adieu, my dearest Bell,

Most sincerely yours,

I. GRAHAM.

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\* Daughter of Vanburgh Livingston, Esq.

## LETTER XI.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO DOCTOR GRAHAM.

*Schenectady, 1772.*

MY DEAREST DOCTOR,

I WAS made happy with your letter this evening by post, the first from New-York, and third in all. I am very lucky. I have got the half you have sent ; yet it is still a satisfaction to know that you wrote, though I should never see them. This is the fourth from me, and you have received none ; it is hard, but how could you threaten so ? Were you never to see a line from me, you might be sure, I could not keep long silence. You have alarmed me, my love—the transports were to sail with other vessels, which have now arrived. Grandidier is gone, McA—— goes on Monday, and not one word either of your coming up, or allowing me to go down ; for hea-

ven's sake, Doctor, do not leave me. I cannot, indeed I cannot, stay behind. I must risk all or be miserable. I repeat, dear Doctor, do not leave me; if you must go, I must follow. I would go down with Mrs. McA——, but I am afraid of disobliging you, as you give me no sort of license. I look at your letter from Albany. You say there is a probability of your leaving the army. What has become of that probability? To-morrow is Sunday. I shall not think it wrong to add a line or two, if I have any thing to say that may be written.

*Sunday Evening.*

I have been to church all day, but could not attend. I read that part of your letter to Captain McA—— regarding the transports; he and his lady are of opinion that I ought to go with them. O, that I were at liberty. My mind is like the troubled sea—now I think I will go, again I think I will wait; nothing but the fear of disobliging you, which I never did willingly in my life, prevents me from packing up.

When I came home from church I found my children a great trouble to me. That I might be

at liberty to ruminate at large, my God only present, I went into the fields. It was a charming evening, not a breath of wind, nor any thing to be heard, but the lowing of cattle at a distance, the chirping of grasshoppers amongst my feet, and the soft murmurs of the creek winding along; yet this deep, serene scene could not compose my troubled mind. I poured out my soul into the bosom of my God, and implored his direction. I considered probabilities, according to their various appearances, and am yet undetermined.

Upon reviewing what I wrote yesterday, I find I am unworthy to be heard: have I not given over myself and concerns to the direction of Providence? Often have I, since I parted with you, begged and prayed with all my heart, that God would direct your judgment, that he would lead you to take such measures as might, in the end, prove best for you and yours, and form and fix your resolutions, with this promise, that I would acquiesce in whatever was done; and now I begin to retract, and say, I will not submit—frail mortal! Forgive me, my God—forgive me, my husband. Let Him do with me what he sees best, and through you whom He has made my lord,

choose for us, what He in his infinite wisdom sees fittest for us.

Now I will conclude lest I again relapse.  
Farewell, I am more than I can express,

Your affectionate wife,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XII.

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DR. GRAHAM TO MRS. GRAHAM, SCHENECTADY.\*

*New-York, Oct. 6, 1772.*

MY DEAREST BELL,

I AM afraid this epistle will be the most disagreeable of any you have had yet ; but I will never conceal from you what it is necessary you should know.

Last post brought a letter from Doctor H——, declining the purchase, pretending he cannot join before some time in November ; but I can easily discern he has altered his mind, which, according

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\* Immediately on receiving this letter Mrs. Graham left Schenectady, and joined her husband in New-York; from whence they embarked with the regiment, on the 5th of November 1772, for the island of Antigua. They arrived on the 1st of December, and, three weeks after, six companies were ordered to St. Vincents, to quell an insurrection of the Caribs, or Indians of that island. Doctor Graham had to accompany them.

to our present conception of things, is a very great disappointment ; but whether it may not, in the end, be for our advantage, is what we do not know. All that can be said is, it has not failed on my side ; and the Major has written another letter, by post, enforcing the necessity of his coming, at the same time promising all the indulgence in his power. If this letter bring him good ; if not, I must go with the regiment. Every person here gives a favourable account of the Island, and by far the preference to Jamaica. You know I have all along left your going, or staying, or residing where you are, entirely to yourself ; at the same time, I hope you are perfectly convinced, that I am always happy when I have it in my power to be with my dearest wife and best friend. Now, after this long preamble, I must be explicit. It is uncertain how long we may be here, as the arrival of the transports depends on the winds, &c., and it will be three weeks before we receive a letter from Doctor H——. If you choose to come here, I hope this will be in time before Lieutenant C—— leaves Schenectady ; but, if not, Mr. Ellis will get you information of a sloop, and exactly when she sails, before you leave your own house, so that you may sleep on board the same night



you leave Schenectady. Captain G—— and family did so.

But, if you choose to remain where you are, and allow me to go with the battalion, and write to you what kind of climate and place it is, and whether I think of continuing in the army or not, so as to determine your motions in the spring, I will take care that you shall want for nothing but each other's company, which I flatter myself is equally disagreeable to us both; but, by all means, write me by post, whatever your resolution be. It is not in my power to get away, from the number of sick, M—— going out and kicking up a dust about medicine money, and other grievances. Whatever money you want, get it from Mr. E——.

When I reflected seriously upon leaving the regiment, and launching out into the wide world again, without any sort of settlement or certainty, with no great taste for pushing business, I must own it looked gloomy; but I comforted myself that it was a plan agreeable to my best friend on earth, and, at the same time, convinced she would contribute all in her power to the support of our numerous family. My manner of life is entirely

changed. I am not fond of company, and indifferent about show; the great world I abhor; a few, and but a few, chosen friends, I could enjoy, and to give them what I could afford good of its kind.

We may plan and scheme, and consequently propose, what we think most conducive to happiness, but God Almighty, who is also the God of Providence, will dispose all things according to his will, and, in the end, I hope for our everlasting welfare.

I believe the greatest number in the battalion will be glad at my disappointment. Mr. McD—— desires to be remembered to you. Compare situations with his wife: they have been long, very long, together, and yet it is a thousand chances to one if they ever see each other again—he told me the struggle and distress he was in, how to dispose of her, in such a manner as he could wish, and at the same time afford. I dare say I have fatigued you with so much matter of a disagreeable sort; but I can, from my very soul, assure you my affection and attachment grows more and more, if I may use the expression, when I long thought it was impossible to increase; and, I think, I never would murmur to finish my life on an island with my dearest Bell, if she had every necessary.

## LETTER XIII.

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FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*New-York, Oct. 2, 1772.*

MY DEAREST LIFE,

THE very next morning, after writing you last, (Friday), I received your letter. I understand Ensign G—— should have brought it; but he was kind enough to send it by a safe hand, before he could arrive himself. By this letter you seem to be very much distressed; but, be assured, our distress is equal on account of separating. My mind dwells constantly on my dearest Bell, and I have no enjoyment equal to that of doing what I think will contribute to her pleasure and happiness. \* \* \* \*

Sunday last I was in the Dutch church, where I heard a Mr. Laidley\* preach. He is a Scotch-

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\* Doctor Laidley.

man, and seems a sincere, serious, good man : in the afternoon I heard a Mr. Livingston,\* who is reckoned a good orator ; but neither of them are equal to Doctor Rodgers, of the presbyterian meeting, either for matter or manner.

Yesterday I waited on the General, and had a little talk with him ; about an hour after I received a card to dine with him to-morrow ; I would rather not, but I must, at least, for once.

There was a concert and ball last night. I did not intend going near it ; but the Major insisted I should go, and bribed me with a ticket, saying, I might at least amuse myself for an hour or two. I did go, and heard a boy sing extremely well. I would not dance, but I had an opportunity of seeing some of the New-York belles and beaux. I got tired about ten o'clock and came home, and thought of Bell, read a little, then fell asleep, dreamed and tossed about one half of the night ; but was obliged to get up at eight to breakfast against my will.

My dearest Bell, do not you think I am very good to write to you both so often, and such long scrawls ; but you can easily see when I am writing, I am conversing and thinking of you

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\* Doctor Livingston.

only. How much would I pay to have only one hour's chat with my poor dear Bell. You know I do not put the highest value on money ; but I declare, for fear of interfering with your ease and convenience, I have saved some dollars, which would have gone since I came here.

I have been interrupted by a visit from the Major and his brother Tom ; they wanted me to sup at their lodgings and mess-house ; but they could not prevail on me to leave you, though it is nine o'clock. Keep up your spirits, my love, we will resign ourselves to Providence, and rely upon the unbounded goodness and all-sufficiency of God Almighty. We are his, and he can do with us what he pleases, notwithstanding our scheming and planning according to our short-sighted views of things. Though I was very sorry this day—a fine farm on Long Island, nine miles from New-York, two hundred and fifty acres, good house, orchards, &c., selling for eight hundred pounds currency, about six pounds ten shillings per acre. I could scarcely resist an ejaculation against H——. Are not you tired yet? Do confess. I will finish. I am, as ever, my dearest Bell's

Most affectionate Husband,

JOHN GRAHAM.

## LETTER XIV.

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FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME, ANTIGUA.

*Kingston, St. Vincents, Jan. 15, 1773.*

MY DEAREST BELL,

I WRITE in hopes of meeting an opportunity of forwarding something from your Doctor ; first, as a certificate of his being alive ; secondly, I must tell you I am well ; thirdly, I propose giving you a brief journal since I left you.

Between five and six o'clock on Sunday evening, the tenth, we went from St. Johns, in Captain Parley's barge ; about eight that evening sailed ; had a pleasant and agreeable passage ; lived elegantly, I may say luxuriously ; several sorts of wine ; for eating, beyond conception ; fine fresh beef, mutton, turkeys, (too fat) and capons—you never saw their fellows in Scotland.—Haggis, sheep's-head broth, sallad, &c., &c., porter, small beer, &c., all at the expense of the Captain : the

best landlord I ever yet met with. We had a fine view of all the islands as we passed. Yesterday morning we arrived in this Bay, and understand we are to go to a place about eight leagues from this, (in the same vessel), called Chateau Belaire, to cut a road of communication to the grand camp. Great things are expected from the Royal American regiment.

Yesterday we had a piece of very disagreeable news. Lieutenant Colonel W—— was going a few miles from the camp to breakfast; he had a few men with him; meeting about forty of the rangers, they advised him to go along with them; but he persisted in taking a short cut, and advised them to make the best of their way; he would have a shot at the Caribs; in short, he was killed, and some of his party. The Sergeant was left for dead, but came into the camp soon after. What was extraordinary, the Colonel's watch, hat, &c., were with him. They took nothing from him, nor did any more to them, but ran away, afraid, I suppose, of meeting the same fate from some of us.

About five o'clock last evening the Major went to camp to wait on the General: he will return

this evening, when I shall be able to inform you what we are really to do ; but if we should do little, we can hardly do less than has been done before our arrival. There is a misunderstanding among them. The Admiral wants his marines, it is said ; we believe him. The planters want us to protect their estates, otherwise they will neither furnish negroes nor mules. Unless Providence strike a stroke, there is no great prospect of finishing the affair at this time. They can never produce any of the Caribs, dead or alive. Indeed I yesterday saw a few of them, about twelve, who had been taken by surprise at the very beginning. Some of them are very like our American Indians, but not so well made ; hair and eyes the same, but flat foreheads, and thick and squat persons. Adieu, my dearest Bell, be assured I will, for you and yours, be as careful as an affectionate husband and prudent father can be. Though I cannot see any danger except from rain. It is so cold in the camp that they would all be glad of blankets, but we could not carry them. We cannot take any thing with us but three day's provision and a hammock. I am, my dearest,

Your affectionate Husband,

JOHN GRAHAM.



## LETTER XV.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO DOCTOR GRAHAM, ST. VINCENTS.

*Antigua, Jan. 16, 1773.*

MY DEAREST DOCTOR,

THIS goes by Mr. W——, who sails to-morrow; also a letter to Captain G——. Mr. M—— begs to be remembered to you: he has been foot and hand to me since you left. My dearest Doctor, suffer me to put you in remembrance of what you put in the end of your trunk, the morning you left me,\* and let it not lie idle. Read it as the voice of God to your soul. My dearest love, I have been greatly distressed for fear of your dear life; but the love I bear to your soul is as superior to that of your body, as the

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\* Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.

value of one surpasses the other ; consequently my anxiety for its interest is proportioned. May Heaven preserve my dearest love—lead you, guide you, direct you, so can you never go wrong—protect and defend you, so shall you ever be safe, is the daily prayer of

Your affectionate Wife,

I. GRAHAM.

I am told that you have taken a number of prisoners. I know not if you have any right to entail slavery on these poor creatures. If any fall to your share, do set them at liberty.

## LETTER XVI.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO DOCTOR GRAHAM.

*Antigua, Jan. 31, 1773.*

MY EVER DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR kind, your welcome letter reached me four days ago. My little friend, Mrs. Grandidier, and I were sitting over a dish of tea at Rat Island, not speaking scandal, but bewailing our unhappy fate, in being separated from all that could render life agreeable or happy, when, behold a messenger from Mr. McS——, with two letters in his hand. Mrs. G—— had nigh upset the tea-table and all the children; she got hold of them first, exclaiming, “is it possible?” “It is, it is, I know the hand,” (cried I). Down we sat, and were both mute for half an hour. We were now so happy, had not the children been so clamorous I know not

when we should have parted ; but, it was now quite dark, the children almost asleep, so we tore ourselves asunder, but not for a long time. We spend three or four days in the week together ; we are company for nobody else, nor is any body else company for us. We dwell on the dear subject ; hob or nob to your health—in wine, in water, in tea,—give free scope to our tongues, communicate our fears, our hopes, our wishes, repeat the same thing ten times over, and return to our homes with our minds greatly disburthened. You would hardly believe it, but indeed Mrs. G—— is every bit as great a fool as your Bell. I would not love her half so well if she were not. We enjoy a melancholy happiness which those who never felt as we do can have no idea of. I have written twice, but I scarce know what ; before the receipt of your letter I was miserable, and from such a mind nothing but confusion could proceed ; besides, I was far from being well. Thank God, I am now perfectly recovered ; the children are still but indifferent. Mrs. G—— and I dined once with the commanding officer ; things neat, but not extravagant. Mrs. B—— and Mrs. Mc—— have been to pay their respects to Lady P—— :

my little friend and I think it our duty, but we cannot prevail upon ourselves to take the trouble.

Dr. E—— and lady have arrived; she is a very pretty woman. Dr. Galloway writes to you himself, so I need say nothing of the sick.

My dearest love, this far I wrote five days ago, as the sloop was expected to sail on Sunday. Mrs. Grandidier is now with me, and bids me say nothing new has happened. She sends her love to Captain G——, and her respects to you. We have made you a few biscuits to relish a glass of wine; and I beg leave to propose the toast—  
“ May we have in our arms, whom we love in our hearts.”

By any accounts we have as yet, there seems to be little hopes of seeing you soon; we beg therefore, that if there be any thing that we could send that would make your situation more comfortable, you will let us know. Mr. McS—— has voluntarily become my agent to find me opportunities, and see any thing I send put on board, or whatever business I may have for him to do. I am going to write a few lines to Mr. A——, begging, when he has an opportunity for this place, and has no letter for me, that he will drop

me a line communicating his last intelligence. If I can only hear that you are alive and well, it will be such a cordial to me, for O, at times, my heart forebodes such dreadful things. O, Doctor, but for the dear hope of having you one day restored to me, my life would be insupportable ; how uncertain is that hope. Farewell, my love ! may Heaven defend and protect you, prays

Your fond and affectionate Wife,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XVII.

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TO MRS. GRAHAM, ANTIGUA.

*Chateau Bellaire, Feb. 8, 1773.*

MY DEAREST LIFE,

THIS ominous and agreeable 8th of February brought me your very welcome letter, which proves a cordial beyond expression comforting. I wrote you two letters, the first by one of the ships of war, another to go by the packet, and as I have hopes of forwarding this to Kingston, I could not resist thanking you for your kind, very kind letter.

We are in hopes something will be done, by way of Congress, with the Caribs this week. God grant this affair may end soon, for, believe me, being separated from you is my greatest uneasiness. I have perused Doddridge, but not as much as I might; your requesting any thing will

make me go any length in compliance, so I will read more of him.

Dearest Bell, keep up your spirits ; our happiness, I trust, is not at a great distance. Remember me to all friends ; thank Mr. M——, and every person, for me, who wishes to be serviceable to you. Captain Grandidier always keeps time with me in writing to his agreeable little woman. All your acquaintances send their best wishes. We have taken no prisoners, nor will any fall to our share, as, I suppose, they will be exported, God knows where. Adieu, always, believe me, your

Most faithful and affectionate Husband,

JOHN GRAHAM.



## LETTER XVIII.

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FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Chateau Bellaire, Feb. 12, 1773.*

MY DEAREST BELL,

YOUR welcome and most agreeable letter, the last part written so late as the fourth, I received yesterday, with one enclosed for Grandier. Yesterday and to-day we have had all the world here—General, Admiral, Sir William Young, &c. &c. You must know we have a great many Caribs for neighbours: by some method or other a kind of correspondence commenced between us, and they at last consented to collect their chiefs and great men together, and were to come here as yesterday. The Major immediately sent off an express to the grand camp, and, in course, the General, with the whole

staff came, besides all the principal people within ten or a dozen miles. It was late last evening before the Caribs appeared; so this day nine of their chiefs came in with walking sticks in their hands only, acknowledged their error, and were willing to go where his Majesty pleased, having their lives and liberty.

On Wednesday next they are to give up their arms, and surrender them, at Grand Sable, where the General is. For my part, I rejoice that we have so near a prospect of returning to where all my worldly comfort and happiness is; besides, the campaigning is far from agreeable; and let what will happen, there is no glory or honour to be expected. Although I believe the Royal Tomahawks are envied for being instrumental in bringing about this Congress, if I may call it so, with savages; but necessity must soon have obliged them to surrender. So much for news. I am sure they must be agreeable to you.

We continue to live pretty well: our men are not very sickly, at least we have lost none. The other morning one of the light infantry's muskets went off and almost deprived him of his thumb; but I soon made him rid of it altogether: he made

such a bellowing I thought he had lost both legs and arms. The women here are very well off; they have not only provisions for themselves but for their children. I have wine, sugar, &c. for the sick, and I am promised some sheep to make broth for them.

The soil on this part of the Island is exceedingly rich; if the pigs were to dig with their noses, and you were to throw seed carelessly about, it would grow and produce a great crop. Nothing but verdure all around. Most romantic hills, all covered with trees, and very thick brush underneath, a vast variety of flowers, fine aromatic herbs, that when you walk along you are regaled; fine serpentine rivers running down from the heights, and meandering along the valleys, full of fine fish of the most delicate kinds; vast flocks of humming-birds. Every morning, before I get up, I am charmed with a variety of notes from the other birds all round our barracks.

In obedience to you, my dearest Bell, I every morning read a portion of Doddridge. I hope by the time I have the happiness of being with my dearest, I shall be able to give a good account of your favourite book.

JOHN GRAHAM.

## LETTER XIX.

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DOCTOR GRAHAM TO MRS. GRAHAM, ANTIGUA.

*Chateau Bellaire, Feb. 23, 1773.*

MY DEAREST BELL,

IT is almost two weeks since I have had any tidings from Antigua, where all my worldly happiness resides. My spirits sink prodigiously when the day is nearly over, and I without intelligence ; but my Bell is not to blame, want of opportunities or letters have miscarried.

The Carib war is now over, and the poor creatures are to remain where they were driven to. The grounds the army took possession of, they have given up, and seem satisfied with the terms given them ; glad, no doubt, poor things, to be allowed to stay in the place of their nativity.

They have kissed the cross, and taken the oath of fidelity to his Majesty.

Do you know, my dear Bell, that this Carib war, or what you please to call it, has made much noise and disturbance at home : they call it an unwarranted war, and that we have no right to an inch of their ground. The House of Commons refuse paying the expenses incurred, and the December packet brought orders to evacuate the Island of troops, and leave them in possession of all their lands. That order was kept back till the treaty was finished. It seems our six companies are to remain on the Island till his Majesty's pleasure is known. I am afraid his Majesty's pleasure will not be known for four months. Our Major went to the great council, and we have not yet seen him, so cannot give any thing more satisfactory. My love to my girls. I am, while reason and life remain, my dear Bell,

Yours, most affectionately,

JOHN GRAHAM.

## LETTER XX.

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TO MR. JOHN DAVIDSON, PAISLEY.

*Antigua, April 21, 1773.*

DEAR DAVIDSON,

How long it is since I had the pleasure of a single how-do-you-do from your hands; indeed such have been the changes and fatigues, that we could not send any thing either agreeable or desirable.

It would be too tedious to inform you how I was once very near getting out of the army, and as near making a purchase of a fine farm, and there proposing, at some future time, to sit down under my own apple tree for life; but, after my expectations were wound up to the highest; nothing remained but to get leave from the Commander in Chief, and that I obtained. I was disappointed. The battalion was under orders for

embarking for this Island. I was obliged to do duty with them till my successor could arrive from Canada. Poor Bell, I left two hundred miles behind, where she was to wait my return from New-York; but behold the next post brought tidings of great grief; my successor had flinched; he could not arrange his business in time; in short, he was off. Mrs. Graham out of her senses lest I should be obliged to leave her behind. She set off, bag and baggage, and arrived at New-York about ten days before we sailed, viz., the 5th of November last. From June, 1772, we were in a manner moving without a home; nearly three weeks of that time in the woods; but in a good tent and with plenty of fire. We landed here on the first of December. Three weeks after six companies of our battalion were ordered to St. Vincent's, to subdue the Caribs or savages in that Island, although there were six regiments there before. Our being so long among the North American Indians, and half savage ourselves, they reserved some of the most difficult, as well as dangerous parts of that service for us. With the six companies I was ordered to go; my mate, Mr. Henderson, also; my assistant

Dr. G——, to remain with the four companies ; poor Bell left behind with her family. However, thank God, in three months the war ended, without much bloodshed in our way. I obtained leave of absence, to return to my family, for three months. I hope by that time his Majesty will say something ; either the four companies to join the six, or the six to return here.

I am not certain that I can write to all my friends before this vessel sails, but you will be kind enough to inform them that I am yet alive, though, at present, I cannot say perfectly well ; however I have no alarming symptoms ; but this climate frightens us who have been so long in a cold one. Wishing you all manner of happiness, I am, my dear Davidson, your friend and servant,

JOHN GRAHAM.



## LETTER XXI.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO HER MOTHER.

*Antigua, June 8, 1773.*

MY EVER DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE not received one line from you for eight months; judge if my mind can be easy; surely you must know, long ago, where we are, as I wrote you from New-York, immediately before we embarked. No less than three vessels, from Scotland, have arrived since we came here, though this is the first for it. I wrote you by way of London, and the Doctor wrote Davidson since.

When I last wrote I was in great distress, my dear Doctor being both absent and in danger. He returned to me after three months absence; the Major, with whom he is in high favour, gave

him leave ; the rest of the battalion have not yet returned.

This is a miserable quarter for the army ; neither officers nor men can live ; provisions of every kind are both scarce and dear ; most of those who were here before us left the Island in debt ; it will require great management if our people make both ends meet ; most of them are very prudent.

When we left Niagara we had saved a trifle, but the expense of travelling, dear living, and being obliged to keep two families so long, I believe has made away with the most of it. I sometimes fret a good deal at it. You would be surprised to hear the Doctor preach. He says, we ought to be thankful ; we have hitherto been richly and bountifully provided for ; we ought not to repine, nor doubt, seeing we have the same Providence to depend upon ; that we ought not to set our hearts upon any thing in this world ; being very short-sighted we cannot know what is proper for us. Having done for the best, when we are disappointed, we ought to rest satisfied that either what we wish is not for our good, or it will in some future dispensation of Providence be brought

about another way, and in a fitter time. Indeed, my dear mamma, in some things he is a better christian than I am. May God make him so in every thing.\*

My poor heart was lifted up with the prospect of spending the remainder of my life with my dear parents: the disappointment sat very heavy on me, and were it not for the hope that I may still have that happiness I could scarcely support it.

I cannot say any thing satisfactory respecting our present prospects; we have still our schemes, but whether they will succeed or not, God knows. Why should we make you share in every disappointment we meet with? I will write nothing on the subject till I can say something certain, only be assured that you cannot wish more earnestly a change in our situation than we do ourselves. The battalion being stationed in this disagreeable Island will be a considerable hindrance to the Doctor's getting any one to supply his place.

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\* Thus was the Lord preparing his servant for what was so soon to follow, not his dismissal from the regiment, which he so ardently desired, but from this world, and its temptations and snares. Mrs. Graham's prayers were answered, but "by terrible things in righteousness."—Psalm lxxv. and v.

The Doctor has but indifferent health, though no very dangerous symptoms. I am much distressed with the heat of the climate, and the tooth-ache, otherwise tolerably well; but the poor children suffer dreadfully. Poor Isabella has been at the gates of death; but it pleased God to restore her. The other two keep on their feet, but suffer from heat and vermin; they can neither play in the day, nor sleep in the night. We are roasted all day, and eat up by musquitoes all night, a kind of insect like our midges, but much worse.

Jessy has been too long with me. Unless I lock my children up, I cannot save them from bad example, situated as I am. It would make your hair stand on end to hear of the wicked practices, and language of the soldiers' children; and these I cannot keep her from, more or less. Would you, my dear mother, take charge of her and Joanna, I would send them by the first opportunity. Do by them as if they were your own. I am more anxious about the piety of their education, than the gentility of it. I must finish with my paper; compliments to all inquiring friends; my tender love to my dear father and brothers. Be-

lieve me, my dear mother, while life and judgment remain,

Your affectionate Daughter,

I. GRAHAM.\*

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\* Shortly after Mrs. Graham wrote this letter she sent her eldest daughter to Scotland. Previous to her arrival her grandmother had departed to a better world. Mr. Marshall sent her to Doctor Graham's daughter, Mrs. Hay, of Edinburgh.

## LETTER XXII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MISS MARGARET GRAHAM, GLASGOW.

MY DEAR SISTER,

PREPARE yourself for a severe shock, from an event that has robbed me of every joy or comfort, and left me without one gleam of hope but in death.

Your amiable brother is no longer an inhabitant of this lower world. On the seventeenth of November he was seized with a putrid fever, which, on the twenty-second, numbered him with the dead, and left me a thing not to be envied, by the most abject beggar that crawls from door to door. Expect not consolation from me. I neither can give nor take it. But why say I so? Yes, I can. He died as a christian, perfectly sensible to the last, and in full expectation of his approaching end,

and as perfectly resigned to his Master's will. O, Peggy, you knew not your brother's worth; you knew him not as a husband: he was not the same as when you knew him in his giddy years: he was to me all love, all affection, and partial to my every fault; prudent too in providing for his family. I had gained such an entire ascendancy over his heart as I would not have given for the crown of Britain.

On Wednesday, at one o'clock, the seventeenth day of November, 1773, my dear Doctor was seized with a violent fever. I sent for his assistant, Dr. Bowie: he not being at home, Doctor Muir came, who prescribed a puke in the evening, and his fever having greatly abated, it was accordingly given. In the morning Doctor Bowie thought him so well I did not ask for any other assistance. At ten o'clock his fever greatly increased, though not so violent as it had been the day before. He was advised to lose a little blood, which he did; and towards evening it again abated.

I found he was not quite satisfied with what had been done for him; at the same time he would do nothing for himself. Thursday evening I

begged Dr. Bowie to call in Doctor Warner's assistance, notwithstanding he assured me there was not one dangerous symptom. Friday morning they both attended, and both pronounced him in a fair way of recovery.

About three o'clock Dr. Eird came, who seemed surprised the thing had not been done which Dr. Graham himself had been dissatisfied for the want of, the day before. Soon after the medicine was sent; but, oh, my dear Doctor said it was then too late. In the evening they all again attended, and insisted there was no danger. Saturday morning he seemed very easy, and the physicians said he was in a fine way. The fever was gone; the decoction of bark prescribed; and they said he would be able to-morrow to take it in substance. I was not now the least apprehensive of danger, and was very earnest in prayer, that the Lord would sanctify his affliction, and not suffer it to go off without leaving a sensible effect on his mind. Nay, I even said in my heart, "the rod is too soon removed, it will do him no good." Oh, that fools will still persist to prescribe to infinite wisdom and goodness. I was soon severely punished. About eleven he took the hiccup. I



did not like it, but little knew it was so dangerous a symptom as I afterwards understood it was. I sent for Dr. Bowie, who assured me that, though it was a disagreeable symptom with other attendants, in his case it was of no more consequence than if he or I were to take it. All that day it was so moderate that a mouthful of any liquid stopped it, though it always returned again: he often said it would be his death; but I imagined the pain it gave him extorted these words from him, rather than a sense of danger, and was much pleased to hear him often pray, that the Lord would give him patience and resignation to his blessed will, and still more to observe that he bore it with a patience beyond what was natural to him. He was of a quick temper, and being of a healthy constitution, he was but little accustomed to pain; but, during the whole of his severe and trying affliction, I do not remember to have heard a murmuring word escape his lips; so that I made no doubt but his prayers were heard, and the grace prayed for bestowed. In the evening it increased, and all that night it was very severe, so that he could not bear to be any way disturbed, nor could I possibly prevail upon him to take his

medicine, from two in the morning until ten o'clock, when the physicians again attended, and persuaded him to comply. This was Sunday. About mid-day Doctor Warner sent some old hock, with orders that he should take some in his drink, and now and then a little plain. When the wine was brought in, and put on the table, he asked me what it was. I told him. He said, "yes, they are now come to the last shift."

Mr. Frank Gilbert, a good man, and, I believe, a real christian, having come to town to preach,—for he is a methodist minister,—sent a note, kindly inquiring after him, and intimating, if it would be agreeable to him, he would visit him in the morning. He said, by all means, he should be very glad to see him. I said, my love, you know I have great faith in the prayers of God's people; suppose you should beg an interest in them this afternoon? He answered, "My dear, do you think they will forget me?" I said, "I hope, my love, you are not ashamed to desire the prayers of the people of God, it is not now a time to mind the ridicule of the world." He said, "No, Bell, I care not a farthing for the whole world, and you may make it my own request."

His disorder gained ground very fast that day, and I began to be much alarmed, but still I thought it would not end in death ; but though severe and dangerous, was sent in answer to my repeated, earnest prayers to awaken in him a real concern about his eternal interest, to set the world and its vanities in their true light, and bring about that entire change of heart which our blessed Lord styles the new birth, and without which, he says, we cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.

It was now become very difficult for him to speak ; but by the motions of his hands and eyes, which were continually lifted up, when he had the smallest respite, I could easily see his thoughts were fixed on the importance of his situation ; besides many sentences, and half sentences, broke from his lips at different times, which left me without a doubt. “ Farewell,” said he, “ vain world, an idle world it is, nothing but shadows, and we keep chasing them as children do bubbles of water, till they break, and we find them nothing but air.”

Observing this inward recollection, I seldom disturbed him. He was perfectly acquainted with the truth, and believed it. The doctrines of re-

ligion were often the subject of our conversation, and in every point of faith we entirely agreed: they only wanted to be felt and applied to the heart. This is not the work of man, though it is often made the instrument; but when the distressed soul cannot make its particular case known, and when there is neither time nor ability to hearken to a variety of applications, and lay hold on what suits it; advice and exhortation, however good and applicable to most cases, may not be the most suitable to the particular case of that soul at that time. God alone, who can read the language of every sigh, and every groan, can make the application exactly suitable.

Thus I remained in silence to my dear husband, but not to my God. I was incessant in prayer, begging and beseeching that the Lord himself would carry on what he had so graciously begun; that he would every way suit himself to his necessities, and give conviction or consolation as he saw needful; but when he spoke, I endeavoured to answer him from God's own word, as I was able, or assisted. Once he exclaimed, "draw me, and I will run after thee;" at another time, "surely thou wilt not allow thy blessed Son to

plead in vain for me, an obstinate sinner." This was a degree of faith, and I endeavoured to strengthen it. I said, "my love, you know the way to the Father, through Christ, the only mediator. You say right; he cannot plead in vain; fly to him; cast yourself at his feet; trust in him; hear his own invitation, 'come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' 'whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'" At another time, these words broke from his lips, "form me, train me, prepare me for thyself." Here was a breathing after sanctification; might not the promise be applied, "I will create a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within thee."

In the afternoon Mrs. Grandidier came to sit half an hour by the bedside of the sick. It happened at a time when he should take his medicine, which he refused. It was natural for me to use every argument to persuade him. He at last got angry, and said, "you are an unreasonable woman;" and applying himself to Mrs. G——, said, in broken accents, "I know not what to do with Bell. All I have done is for her satisfaction. It is cruel, and to no purpose, to torment me."

In the evening the physicians again attended, but could hardly get a word from him. While they sat by the bedside I went out to the gallery with Mrs. G——; the apparent struggle she had to conceal her distress; the compassion and sympathy in her countenance, struck me. I easily perceived she gave up hope, and I began to suspect, not from her own judgment alone; she advised me to send away my children to a friend's house, and to send for a person who was capable of assisting me, it being no longer proper for me to be alone. Hitherto I had not suffered any person to do the least thing about him but myself, nor stirred from his bed-side, except for a few minutes, to pour out my soul into the bosom of my God. I hardly, if ever, prayed for his recovery, being willing the rod should remain till it effected the purpose for which it was sent, and then I believed it would be removed, as if the Lord was to follow exactly the rules prescribed by my weak, foolish, ignorant heart.

We are certainly taught to expect the answer to our prayers; but it is because we ask amiss that we receive not,—and there is a presumptuous expectation. I thought, seeing he was so well

acquainted with both the doctrines and duties of religion, and thought so justly of them, the reason why they made so little impression on his heart was, because he was too much at ease, too well satisfied with his present situation, and still more with his future prospects. I therefore often prayed, in almost express terms, for some affliction on the family, either in our circumstances or health ; true, I left it to the Lord to choose ; but still I fear it was a sinful prayer. How little can poor, frail, short-sighted worms know what will or what will not prove a blessing.

Though God, in general, works by such and such means, he is not tied down to them, and can as easily accomplish his work, by the contrary, when he pleases. The true spirit of a christian is an entire confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God, who alone knows what is best and fittest, and what will prove most for the eternal, as well as temporal advantage of every individual of his creatures ; and next, an entire resignation to his blessed will. We ought to receive every thing from his hand with thankfulness, contentment, or resignation. We ought to have no will of our own, or, at least, it ought to be entirely in

subjection to the will of God. We ought to pray that his kingdom may come, and his will be done; but the means by which, the manner how, and the time when, ought to be left to God, while we, from day to day, follow the order of Providence, and work with God to promote both.

Hitherto I had suffered little, believing all to be the answer to my prayers; but I had not seriously thought of parting with him. I was now truly alarmed, and determined to know, as far as appearances went, the worst. Accordingly I stopped Doctor Bowie on the gallery, "Tell me, Doctor," said I, "what have I to expect? it is cruel to flatter me: if you give me some warning, and prepare me, I may, perhaps, be able to support it; but, if you suffer it to come upon me all at once, I shall certainly sink under the shock." He was silent for some time, and then replied, "I am really at a loss how to answer you." I said, "I will answer for you, there is no hope." He said, "God forbid—he is in great danger; but still there is hope; and if you value his life be calm." I was composed. Strange composure; I neither cried, nor complained; tears were denied a passage; I was fixed, and dumb like a statue. Can I, or any



one else, describe my situation, or what I felt at that moment? It was urged, of what consequence it was that I should be composed, that I might be able to do my duty to him, as no one could supply my place to his satisfaction, and, perhaps, even now he might be in want of me. I returned to my post, which was, except when doing some necessary office about him, generally on my knees by his bed-side, partly that I might not lose the least whisper that came from his lips, and partly because it is my favourite posture for prayer, from which I could not cease, no not for one minute.

There were different medicines prescribed for that night, some in case that others proved too strong for his stomach, others in case of the increase of the hiccup. I found my head confused, and my memory incapable of retaining the variety of directions given, I therefore accepted of the offer of a friend of his to sit up with us that night, whom I begged to pay particular attention to the directions, and to watch the proper times the medicines were to be given. This he did with great care, and my dear Doctor was very pliable in taking them as they were offered. As for me, I was so

deeply engaged with the concerns of his soul, I was unfit for any thing else.

After Dr. Bowie let me know the danger he was in, I sent a letter to Mr. Gilbert, begging he would not delay his visit till morning, as, perhaps, by that time he might not be able to speak to him. Accordingly he came ; he asked him how he did ; he answered, “ very ill ;” he asked him the situation of his mind ; he answered, “ entirely resigned to the divine will ; he asked him what hopes he had ; he said, “ his hope was in the mercy of God through Christ.” Mr. G—— said, “ you have no dependence on any thing besides ;” he said, “ no, no, I have nothing else to depend upon.” Then the Doctor desired him to pray ; but, at the same time, to be short, as he had but short intervals from the hiccup. After prayer, Mr. G—— told me it seemed difficult for him to speak, and he did not think it would be prudent to say more, that he would call again in the morning. Monday morning he was greatly weakened, having had little rest all night, from the severity of the hiccup. At ten o’clock the physicians again attended ; but I could easily perceive they had but small hopes. My Doctor asked Doctor

Warner if he thought he would be long before he would be at rest, who said, his pulse was still strong. He said, "It is a hard thing to die!" Mrs. Brannan came to spend the day with us, one of the methodist society, and Mr. McNab, whom, my Doctor desired to pray with him, which he did. All this day he said little, but still continued in inward prayer, as was visible by the motions of his hands and eyes : he had many agonizing struggles, and often exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Blessed Jesus, come, and receive me to thyself — come — come — blessed Jesus, come!" Once, after a long struggle, he exclaimed, "release me, O release me, and let me fly to the bosom of my Father!" All this time I never parted from his bed-side, but a few minutes to give my soul a freer vent at a throne of grace. I never prayed for life, but that he might be washed, sanctified, and have all God's salvation completed in his soul, and received into the arms of his mercy. I also had been, and still was, very importunate that God would give me some token, some assurance that he would save his soul, and give him an abundant entrance into the kingdom of his glory ; and, by all that I had heard, seen, and

felt, I was now satisfied that the most merciful God had sealed his pardon for Jesus' sake ; and I found myself ready, dearly as I loved him, to resign him into the hands of divine mercy ; but still I breathed after some further manifestation.

In the evening, Dr. Galloway, an old acquaintance, arrived from the Island of Dominico, and, hearing of his friend's illness, came immediately to visit him. When my Doctor heard his voice only whisper how he was, he said, " I hear Galloway's voice," and stretched out his hand ; so fully had he his senses to the last. Upon his feeling his pulse, he asked them, if they thought he would be long. Doctor Eird replied, " you must not talk of dying, but of living ; you are stronger than when I was here this morning, and I have seen many worse recover. Do, do be advised, take your medicine, and try for life." These words brought a gleam of hope to my despairing soul, and what had been denied me for twenty-four hours, a flood of tears, and I was greatly relieved. I went out to the gallery, and gave a free vent to my bursting heart. I now also begged the Lord for his life, and said, in my heart, should he now be restored, what a

double blessed would he be, healed in soul and body. I returned to his bed-side, and I thus addressed my beloved: "My dearest life, the doctors have still hopes, and we know nothing is impossible with God. Who knows what further service he may yet have for you in this world? or whether he may not give you to my prayers, and restore you to your Bell and family. God works by means; O be persuaded to take every thing prescribed, and pray to God for the blessing; devote your future life to his service, and, for poor Bell's sake, offer up a petition for life." He did not interrupt me, but answered, "disengage yourself, Bell, disengage yourself from me. I want to lift up my soul to God, and bless him for Jesus Christ."

Dr. Galloway was determined to stay with him all night, and see him take his medicine. Some time after, he had a severe attack of hickup, and said to Doctor G——, "I hope you are now convinced?" He said, "of what?" My Doctor said, "that dissolution is near." A little after he said, "who died for all?" and again repeated, "who died for all?" I was forbid to speak to him, as rest was so much wanted, so I answered,

“ Christ, my love ; but give up your soul to God, and try to shut your weary eyes, and get a little rest for your body”—and so he did, and got a little sleep. All that night he did every thing he was desired, but would drink nothing but cold water, which had been allowed him. The wine he would not touch. His disorder increased so fast, that Doctor Galloway, about five in the morning, said to me, “ I may go home—I can be of no service, and I cannot stand it.” I said, “ I suppose I need not disturb him any more with medicine.” He said, “ no, you may give him what he calls for.” Now, my God, all is over ! I resign him up to thee ! Only one parting word ; something yet I require to assure my heart that thou wilt receive his soul. Some time after, he laid his hand upon Mrs. Brannan’s lap and made a sign to her ; afterwards he made a sign to me, who was at the back of the bed, to come round. Mrs. B—— thought he wanted her to retire, which she did. He looked after her. I said, ‘ my love, she thinks you want to say something to me, can you speak ?’ He said, “ join—pray,” which we did. He spoke no more for some time, only “ come, sweet Jesus,” and frequently, “ receive my spirit.” These words were given

for my sake. I cried, "I am satisfied, Lord, and I yield him up to thee, with all my heart; thou hast given me all my asking. I will not be longer faithless, but believing. Continue to support his departing soul, and let the enemy find nothing in him." The next attack of hiccup laid him back speechless, and I believe senseless in the last parting work: he had no further struggle, nor need of any person to support him. I therefore again placed myself on my knees by his bed-side, determined not to quit that posture till his soul had entered its rest; but nature was worn out, and though I swallowed hartshorn and water in great quantities, I was so overcome that I was obliged to lie down at the back of the bed to save me from fainting. Three hours did he continue in this last work of the heart. I watched his last, and delivered him up with a hearty prayer and a full assurance; but oh, how earnestly I wished to go with him. I was, for the time, entirely insensible to my own loss; my soul pursued him into the invisible world, and, for the time, cordially rejoiced with the spirit. I thought I saw the angel band ready to receive him, among whom stood my dear mother, the first to bid him welcome to the regions of bliss.

I was then desired to leave the room, which I did, saying, “ my Doctor is gone. I have accompanied him to the gates of Heaven : he is safely landed ; that is now not him that lies there. You, nurse, will see it decently dressed ; then I may again be permitted to take another parting kiss.” So, embracing the precious clay, I went into the parlour. Some friends came in to see me. My composure they could not account for : our sincere and tender regard for each other was too well known to allow them to impute it to indifference. My distress at parting with him, even for a couple of months, when he went to St. Vincents, and dejection of spirit the whole time, till his return, left them as little room to impute it to want of sensibility : at last they discovered that I was stupified with grief and fatigue ; but they little knew that at that hour I rejoiced ; indeed I told them ; but, I suppose, was not believed. I was asked if I had any thing particular to say respecting the funeral. I said, nothing—my charge is gone to rest ; I would leave it to them. It was then proposed to bury next day at ten o’clock. I said that was very early ; they answered, by that time I would be satisfied it was not too early.



In the evening I returned to our bed-chamber to take a last farewell of the dear remains. The countenance was so very pleasant, I thought there was even something heavenly, and could not help saying, “ You smile upon me, my love ; surely the delightful prospect, opening on the parting soul, left that benign smile on its companion, the body.” I thought I could have stood and gazed for ever ; but, for fear of relapsing into immoderate grief, I withdrew after a parting embrace, and with an intention not to ask for another, lest a change in his countenance might shake my peace, for oh, we are weak, and, at certain times, not subject to reason. I went to bed purely to get alone, for I had little expectation of sleep ; but I was mistaken, nature was fairly overcome with watching and fatigue. I dropped asleep, and for a few hours forgot my woes ; but oh, the pangs I felt on my first awakening. I could not, for some time, believe it true that I was indeed a widow, and that I had lost my heart’s treasure—my all I held dear on earth. It was long before day. I was in no danger of closing my eyes again, for I was at that time abandoned to despair, till recollection, and the same considerations which at first supported

me, brought me a little to myself. I considered, I wept for one that wept no more ; that all my fears for his eternal happiness were now over, and he beyond the reach of being lost ; neither was he lost to me, but added to my heavenly treasure ; more securely mine than ever. Those snares and temptations arising from the corrupt customs of a degenerate age, which had so often caused my fears, could never reach him there. The better, dearer half of myself, was now secure, beyond the possibility of feeling and waiting my arrival to complete his bliss. O happy hour, which shall also set my soul at liberty, and unite us never to part more. In the morning I asked the nurse if there was any alteration ; she said, no. I again returned to take another view, and was surprised to find his colour, countenance, and every part, without the smallest sign of putrefaction. All whom I had known die of that disorder, used to bleed at the nose, mouth, and eyes, very often before death, but always within a short time after ; and often the men who died in the hospital in the evening, they were obliged to put in the coffin and set out of doors before morning ; but about him every thing was clean, dry, and sweet, as when alive.

I began to be extremely uneasy at having consented to so early a burial. I returned again, and again; oh, how I wished to have kept him for ever! Ten o'clock came; the company assembled; I became very uneasy; at last I discovered it to Doctor Bowie, begged he would only view him; how fresh the colour; how every way like life! He assured me there was not the smallest doubt but that he was gone. I was not satisfied with this, but made them all inspect him. All agreed in the same thing, and I was obliged to yield, and the dear remains were ravished from my sight. What a night I passed, the night after the funeral! I had ordered our own bed to be made up, and at the usual time retired; but in vain did I try to sleep; the moment my senses began to lose insensibility, I was in a kind of dream. Finding myself alone, I imagined he was out at supper, though he seldom was without me; now I thought I heard his foot on the stairs, and started up to listen if it were he, and to bid him welcome, when my roused senses told me, what I could still hardly credit, that I had no husband to expect, and threw me into a fresh agony, which kept me awake till I had in some measure again reconciled myself to

my solitary situation. But, having only slept a few hours since my dear Doctor was taken ill, I no sooner got my mind a little composed, than sleep again began to overpower my senses, when the same, or a similar imagination roused me. Sometimes I heard his voice in the room, ask, in his usual way, "Bell, are you asleep?" Several times, at the relieving of the guard, when the sentry called, "who's there?" I listened, as usual, to hear the well-known, welcome voice that answered. A person lay sick in the next room; every groan from him roused me to ask what was the matter with my dear Doctor, or if he wanted any thing. Thus I spent the first part of the night, still I dreaded closing my eyes, as I dreaded the severest agony; for the one was a sure consequence of the other. I rose and dressed myself; tried to read; but could find no subject interesting enough; at last I went out to the gallery. The moon shone clear, in the midst of the blue bespangled firmament; here I walked and abandoned myself to thought, finding recollection my surest guard against despair. I could not help pouring my grief into the same tender bosom which was wont to soothe them. I was strongly

persuaded my Doctor was near, and felt a heavenly sympathy for his distressed partner. I told him all my griefs and consolations too. I congratulated him on his escape from a world of sorrow, to where all is peace, joy, and ineffable delight; told him how much I longed to be with him, and rejoiced in the not distant prospect; nay, either my imagination sees, or some other cause suggested to me his answers.

And in this (whether imaginary or real I shall not say) dialogue I enjoyed a pleasure which those, who never felt as I did, can have no idea of.

The morning came. When I was called down to breakfast, the sight of his empty seat distracted me. I returned to my room, though I thought it my duty to take some nourishment. I had it brought to me. Alas, I could no where turn my eyes, but the sight was connected with this dear idea, and recalled past delights never more to return. Our back windows looked into the garden, on which he had bestowed so much labour and pains, and was just bringing to perfection. Here, we had spent many pleasant hours together, and indulged that freedom of conversation, the natural consequence of an unbounded confidence. The

double arbour he had reared, and so contrived as to screen from both the south and the western sun, bid fair, in a short time, to screen us also from every eye. Hitherto we had been confined to morning hours, or afternoon, when it was shaded by the house ; but had often pleased ourselves with the hours we should spend in this cool retreat, even at noon-day ; while screened from the sun's scorching rays, we might enjoy the refreshing breeze through its leafy openings ; but these delightful prospects were now for ever at an end ! I might, indeed, there take my seat ; but the tongue which every where charmed, was buried in deepest silence ! The company, which rendered every scene pleasant, was gone, never to return : his sheep, his goats, nay, even the poultry, were often fed from his hand : every thing served to distract. As for my children, they were, by kind friends, kept for some time out of my sight ; for not only to view them fatherless distressed me, but their thoughtless mirth and play was altogether insupportable.

I accepted an invitation from Mr. Gilbert's family, to spend some time in the country with them ; for though it was impossible for me to forget for

one moment, yet, when these objects were removed from my sight, I was more able to turn my thoughts upward, to where my heart's treasure now is, and where I, myself, expect to be. We had two men-servants, and my two Indian girls ; one of the men I dismissed, the other I left to take care of the living creatures about the place. One of my girls I boarded where she would be in good company, and with my children and their maid I abandoned my solitary dwelling. I met with a very tender reception from that worthy family. My situation here was such as I both expected and wished, and attended with many outward circumstances which had the probability of making it supportable. I was allowed to be as much by myself as I chose. No one intruded on my privacy without my consent ; but one or other of the Mrs. Gilberts often visited me in my own room, and drew from my bursting heart all its griefs, sympathizing, soothing, and advising at the same time. They are both women of great piety, having for many years devoted their hearts, time, talents, and fortune, to the service of God, and their two husbands likewise, whose business it has been to instruct the ignorant negroes without

fee or reward. Had it not been for this family, I know not where the distraction of my mind might have ended. My grief was greatly alleviated, and I supported, I hope by a divine hand, with the consolation that my dear husband was happy ; but this assurance continued but a short time unshaken ; doubts concerning his state began to press upon my mind soon after.

I hope they were from the enemy. I began to suspect my reasons for thinking so were more imaginary than real, and only the consequence of my wishes and ardent desires.

Some circumstances in his life, which, though blameless in the eye of the world, nay, some of them, (such as certain points of honour), highly applauded, appeared, to my doubting mind, with every possible aggravation, and the motive, even where it was really praiseworthy, not solely to please God.

When I compared his character with that of others, it seemed faultless ; but if Christian purity was the rule, and the motives, inducements and desires, of the heart judged, I feared in these he would be found wanting. I have not changed my sentiments, I still believe God admitted of



repentance, and that salvation was the gift of God through *faith*, not *merited* by the sinner; that the promise was to the *believer*, not the *worker*, and often fled to scripture for relief; but found justification and sanctification always went hand in hand. I searched for sick-bed repentances, but found, wherever the Lord pardoned the sin of the soul, he healed the body, and raised up the sinner to put in practice the new desires of his heart, and become meet for the redeemed inheritance. I also went great lengths in reasoning how a soul, so little experienced in the spiritual life below, could all at once become capable of relishing those pure delights above: or a soul, not accustomed to converse with God, and have communion with him below, could, all at once, rejoice in his presence above. These, and a thousand more, for and against, and against and for, agitated my mind like a feather on the troubled ocean—now I believed, next minute I almost pronounced it impossible; thus, by reasoning, I lost my peace, instead of resting on those extraordinary supports and consolations which were poured into my soul, when all who knew me expected me to sink under my affliction. Surely these were from the divine

hand, and the answer of prayer. Surely that resignation I then experienced was not mine, but the gift of God, nor those assurances of my husband's eternal happiness given to deceive. The Lord has no need to have recourse to deception to comfort his creatures; besides, it is contrary to the purity of his nature.

O that I could but believe and trust; and having committed into the hands of his mercy what I valued and loved equal, if not superior, to my own soul, believe that it will not be found wanting in the day when he makes up his jewels.

These heart-rending doubts and distracting suspicions I made no scruple to communicate to both these ladies, and they always relieved me, nay, for the most part, left me satisfied. But my peace was generally of short standing, for the busy, subtle enemy furnished me with objections to all they could say, though it had great weight with me, believing that they knew much of the mind of the Lord; for sure, if ever disciples, since the beloved John, were permitted to lean on their Master's bosom, it is the privilege of these two holy pairs. Yet all they could say and advance from Scripture, was not sufficient for any

length of time to dispel my doubts, or restore my peace. I wanted something supernatural, and wished ardently for a dream or vision. Still the cry of my soul was, O if I could but be sure, beyond a doubt, that he had indeed obtained mercy, my mourning would be turned into songs of praise, my tears would be dried up, and I could go on my way rejoicing. O, if it could be but permitted—if I could see him only once more to assure me that he was happy, no creature on earth would be more so than I. Only assure me of this, and, so far from wishing him back to earth again, I would rejoice that he was safely landed, and join with him in singing the praise of pardoning love, free grace, and unmerited goodness; sure no heart on earth would be so grateful as mine.

I often walked out in the twilight, among the sugar-canes, and the most solitary places I could find; sometimes continuing my walk till it was quite late; during which time I conversed with God and my husband by turns; but the latter had by far the greatest share. I asked him a thousand questions, told him all my doubts and fears, and often expressed an ardent desire to see him: nay, I was not without hopes of being indulged. I

had no uneasy apprehensions of the approach of a spirit, at least of his. Sometimes an uneasy thought darted across my mind, that the Lord, to punish me for my excessive eagerness in this matter, might permit an evil spirit to personate his dear form, or make the impression on my imagination, which is the same thing, and, by so doing, either drive me to despair, or gain some other advantage over me ; but in this matter I was kept pretty easy by prayer. I frequently laid my case before the Lord, and poured my sad complaint into his merciful ear, who dropped a tear with Mary and Martha over a brother's grave, and who, we are told, can be touched with a feeling of all our sinless infirmities : he knew the love that existed between us, and that the interest of his soul ever lay nearest my heart, even in his lifetime ; that I ever felt the same concern about his as I did about my own salvation ; that, though his state was now fixed beyond a possibility of change, and I no longer at liberty to pray for him, nor he within the reach of my prayers, \* \* \*

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\* The conclusion of this letter has not been found.

## LETTER XXIII.

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MRS. GILBERT TO MRS. GRAHAM.

*Antigua, 1773.*

I HOPE my dear Mrs. Graham does not impute my silence to forgetfulness of her, or of her tender cares, or suppose me to be unmoved at her pathetic letter, which is so true a copy of an afflicted mind. No, my dear madam, though I am a poor proficient in the school of Christ, yet I trust, I may say, I have in some degree learned to sympathise with his suffering members. I am so far from censuring you, or thinking you need reproof, that I would far rather unite my thanks, with yours, to that divine power who has thus supported your feeble nature under the affecting circumstance of a return to a place where every thing must necessarily have conspired to revive

every painful reflection. I sincerely congratulate you on the recovery of your dear girl, and hope that God will restore your whole family to the blessing of health.

Though the path through life is in general strewn with a variety of pains and difficulties, yet there seems to be some peculiar seasons of sorrow and distress. These dispensations are often the lot of the most favoured, agreeable to that Scripture, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," and to these our Lord says, "what I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." O, madam, believe that every stroke is from a father's hand, and bow in patient submission to it; but sink not beneath the salutary rod: his hand will raise you up again, when you have obtained (by a perfect resignation of all you are and have to him) all the benefits his love designs to convey in the consecrated cross. Our souls are dis-tempered, and naturally centre upon earth and earthly objects; but God, who made us for more sublime delights, by various methods, breaks those delusive ties that fetter it to sublunary things. He calls us to aspire to our divine original, and he

takes our friends above, to exalt our grovelling minds.

Let us follow them to joys on high, to joys that never can expire. Such an improvement of the divine providence will enhance and secure our felicity beyond the reach of those sad vicissitudes that infest these lower spheres. I was prevented from writing by indisposition, and, though not much better, would delay no longer, lest what necessity enforced, should appear such a neglect as, I trust, dear Mrs. Graham will never have cause to complain of in her

Affectionate and sympathising

M. GILBERT.

## LETTER XXIV.

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MRS. GILBERT TO MRS. GRAHAM.

*Antigua, 1773.*

DEAR MADAM,

IT is certain that your peculiar circumstances, at this time, are such as would excite the tenderest concern in every heart that is capable of feeling another's pain; but, perhaps, there are few of your friends that more sincerely sympathise in your affliction than myself.

From the first moment that I heard of the impending danger, I have not ceased, in all my addresses to the throne of grace, to remember you and the endeared friend, whose important situation was the cause of your anxiety; and there is nothing in my power that I would not cheerfully do to contribute to the alleviation of your grief. May the God of all consolation put beneath you



his everlasting arm, and give you such a measure of his all-sufficient grace, that, by an entire resignation to the divine appointment, you may experience an inexplicable sweetness mingled with the bitter draught.

O, my dear madam, let not your mind be so wholly engrossed with the sad circumstance, as not to be attentive to every intimation of mercy which may be discoverable in the midst of this, seemingly, severe chastisement.

Do not regard it as the stroke of an enemy, but as a fatherly correction, wholly intended for your good, and not less in love to the soul, which has obtained a happy release from an ensnaring world. Who knows what dangers that immortal spirit has escaped by this awful interposition. That it is now in glory, I think, you cannot doubt, without being injurious to the goodness of a most indulgent God. How was I charmed at those words, "I will not let my Saviour go. Draw me, I will run after thee." How do they echo to the gracious declaration of a promise-keeping God: "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." I think I may say, with the fullest assurance, that it is impossible that a soul can perish

in whom there is such a sentiment and resolution : for who gave it ? Is not every good thought, every holy purpose and desire from above ? Most surely they are, and you may depend upon it, that not flesh and blood, but your heavenly Father, taught him that sublime language by the revelation of Christ on his heart ; therefore on his account there is no cause of regret. It is true yours is a solitary state ; but it is such as entitles you to some of the choicest promises in the word of God. He has engaged to take you into his care, Jeremiah xlix. 11 ; to defend your cause, and to hear your cry, Exodus xxii. 22—23 ; and to be a husband unto you, Isaiah liv. 5. More we cannot wish ; it comprehends what a creature dared not to have asked, had not a condescending God promised to bestow. May the Lord so strengthen your faith, that these divine cordials may have their due efficacy upon your afflicted mind. May our merciful High Priest, who can be, and always is, touched with a feeling of our infirmities, cheer the gloom of this dispensation, by lifting upon you the light of his reconciled countenance, and whispering to your soul, “ In the world you shall have tri-

bulation, but in me you shall have peace." That this calm principle may lull the emotions of your troubled mind, and sweetly rule for ever in your heart, is the sincere prayer of,

Dear Madam,

Your sympathising Friend,

M. GILBERT.

## LETTER XXV.

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TO MRS. GRAHAM, AT THE HOSPITAL.

*Antigua, 1773.*

MY DEAR MADAM,

I MENTIONED to my brother and sister the subject, on which you desired to know their sentiments, and they, as well as myself, are of opinion, that to indulge yourself in that melancholy pleasure, as it is not condemned in the Scripture, is not sinful, and therefore may be done ;\* though they fear it will increase and prolong your pain. If dear Mrs. Graham could regard that sacred dust only as the habiliments of mortality, which are laid aside, as our garments are at night, while we sweetly repose

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\* Mrs. Graham had a desire to carry the remains of her husband to Scotland ; but fearful that she might be committing sin in so doing, she asked the opinion of her religious friends, which was given in the above.

upon our beds, and could be contented to let it lie till the morning of the resurrection, when the exalted spirit, your real friend, shall put it on afresh, would it not be the more excellent determination?

Alas, dear madam, when you at any time approach that loved sepulchre, you might justly be accosted with the words that the angel said to the woman, who went to the place where our Lord lay.—“He is not here, he is risen.” No, nothing is there, but what clogged the nobler powers; all that was intellectual—that reasoned, loved, and thought—soars far above this lower sphere, and may be intimately near you, on the sea, and when you reach your native land; and as your fortitude in this particular may serve his tender offspring, by adding some advantages to their education, let the superior pleasure of meeting with his approbation, on this account, if possible, prevail with you to recede from the fond inclination. Judge whether if, (as some even of the learned have supposed) that our dear departed friends interest themselves in our affairs, he would not much more approve of this tender care, towards the beings he had been instrumental of bringing into life, than he would to see you weeping over the inanimate clay,

from which he has happily escaped, no more to be exposed to any of those pains, and griefs, and snares, to which it had so long subjected his immortal spirit. I hope you will put the kindest construction upon these hints, as, I can assure you, I would, upon no account, grieve or offend you, and only mean to use that candour towards you, with which I should myself choose to be addressed. My sister, and the whole family, join me in kindest love, and with the tenderest wishes for your health and peace of mind, I remain,

Dear Mrs. Graham's

Affectionate humble Servant,

M. GILBERT.

## LETTER XXVI.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO HER FATHER.

*St. Johns, Antigua, May 17, 1774.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

I SUPPOSE, instead of a letter, you will be expecting your poor unhappy daughter by the first vessel; but, being so near my time, it is thought next to madness for me to venture on sea, unless I could hire some suitable person to go with me, which I have not yet been able to find. All my acquaintances have been on the look-out, and I have likewise written to St. Vincents, where part of our regiment is stationed. There is another vessel to sail soon; if I succeed I shall venture, rather than stay here another year, living is so high, I cannot well afford it. I fear, however, you have no great reason to expect me, nor

I of succeeding in finding such a person as I want. For my own part, I would have ventured at any rate, but when it was urged that I was endangering two lives, which are not mine to throw away, and certainly doing what I could not be answerable for, I gave it up. The Lord's will in all things be done.

My cup of affliction for six months has been a full one—till within a month, never having been without sickness in my family since my dear Doctor's death. My youngest child, and two maids, were all down at once; the child, and one of them, at the gates of death. Bell had an intermittent fever for two months.

I was in hopes of lying beside my dear husband, but was disappointed. Excuse me, I know it is wrong, circumstanced as I am, the mother and guardian of so large a family, to wish it, I do not encourage it, but it will intrude, for oh! I am sick of life. It is easy for me now to obey the commandment, and set my affections on things above. They all left this earth with my dear Doctor, who, I hope, is now added to my heavenly treasure, where my treasure is, there must my heart be. Farewell—three weeks after re-



ceipt of this you may expect either to see or hear from me again, which God in his providence must determine. Till then, I am, as ever,

Your affectionate and dutiful Daughter,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XXVII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO HER FATHER.

*May, 1774.*

MY EVER DEAR FATHER,

IF this ever reach you, it will be when I have taken my final leave of this world, and received my portion for eternity in the next, when I hope I shall have gained the summit of my wishes, and be happy in the society of my dear husband, and much loved mother, in the kingdom of our Redeemer.

My truly orphan children I have desired to be sent to you; though I see no visible way you have to provide for them; yet I am perfectly easy concerning them. I leave them upon that God

who has fed me all my life, and whose tender care I have experienced in a thousand dangers. Upon their, and my Heavenly Father, who has commanded me to leave my fatherless children upon him, that he will preserve them alive. The God of providence will prepare for them a home, and raise up friends, perhaps, from a quarter neither you nor I could expect.

My only concern and prayer to God for them is, that they may be early taught to love God, and serve him ; that they may fall into such hands as will carefully instruct them in the principles of morality and religion, and teach them the great, but too little thought of truth, that our chief business in life is to prepare for death. As to the polite parts of education, I look upon them as of no consequence ; they may be as good christians, perhaps better, without than with them ; the perfection of their nature no way depends upon them. I am equally indifferent what station of life they may occupy, whether they swim in affluence or earn their daily bread, if they only act their part properly, and obtain the approbation of their God, in that station wherein he, in his infinite wisdom, sees fit to place them.

Remember to give my love to all my dear children, I reckon all that sprung from my dear Doctor mine; and though I did not suffer a mother's pangs for them, Heaven knows how equally I love them with those who cost me dearer. Tell them I leave them a mother's blessing, and my last prayers, if it please God to continue my senses, shall be for their best interests.

And now, my dear father, suffer one parting word, though from one no way entitled to advise; this is the third loud call for you to be also ready; according to the course of nature you must very shortly follow; you can have very little more to do in this world, and therefore the smallest share of your attention is due to it. The young, the gay, the giddy, and thoughtless, hold it a wise maxim to forget their departed friends as soon as possible; this may be worldly, but it cannot be heavenly wisdom. To be fully and entirely resigned to the will of God in all things is certainly the characteristic of a christian; but this is perfectly consistent with the most tender remembrance; that resignation (but indeed it deserves not the name) which consists in forgetfulness, in banishing thought, and drowning reflection, in

worldly cares and amusements, can be no grateful offering to him who has commanded us, to have our loins girt, and our lamps trimmed, and to be always ready, for in such an hour we think not “the Son of man cometh.” How often are we commanded to watch, to set our affections on things above,—to be dead to the world,—to lay up treasure for ourselves in Heaven. These injunctions are inconsistent with forgetfulness; and if it be our duty to meditate on death and eternity, nothing more naturally leads our minds to that subject than the recollection of departed friends, who, if pious, are not lost, but only gone a little while before, taken from our earthly and added to our heavenly treasure.

The death of friends makes life less desirable, and death less irksome; and is it not much better to endeavour, by familiarising our thoughts to the subject, reconcile our minds to an event which must certainly happen, and with the youngest be at no great distance, than by banishing these thoughts for a time, prepare so many thorns for our last bed, when the pains of body are sufficient of themselves to bear. Dark doubts, and misgiving apprehensions, are the natural conse-

quences of such conduct. The soul must naturally start back from the dark, unthought of, uncertainty which lies before it, while the pains of dissolution assure it there is no falling back. It is true, our gracious God, whose mercy, like his other attributes, is infinite, often hears the thoughtless sinner's prayer, even in his last moments, opens a ray of light on his benighted soul, dispels his doubts, and reveals himself as a God long suffering and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. Some who, at the first approaches of death, have been seized with dreadful apprehensions, have, at last, been able to look up to God with filial confidence, and with a hope full of immortality to resign their souls into the hands of their Saviour without a doubt or a fear. But these are privileged cases, and ought not to be presumed upon. Thus it pleased God to deal with my dear husband, to the great joy and satisfaction of this poor widowed heart. His life was more thoughtless than guilty, and at first he felt the distressing consequences ; but the evidences of his forgiveness and acceptance were so strong, we were both filled with the same entire resignation, and equally willing to part for a season. My

peace of mind consists not now in forgetfulness, but in recollecting those cheering circumstances, and in looking forward to that hour which shall again unite us,—when our friendship will be renewed, and glow with a more pure and exalted flame, undisturbed by worldly passions, or the dread of another separation.

Believe me, my dear father, to a mind abstracted from the world, and devoted to God, death, though solemn, has nothing dreadful in it; on the contrary, to a mind rightly disposed, it is rather a desirable object. Just conceptions of God, and converse with him, will very soon change the aspect of the king of terrors to a welcome messenger, who comes to set open the gates of immortality, and to usher us into the kingdom of our heavenly Father. And now may our most gracious God grant you, through your few remaining days, his direction and consolation; may he bestow upon you that peace which the world can neither give nor take away; and when the appointed time of your change shall come, may the comforts of his holy spirit so cheer, and refresh your soul, that you may be able, without a doubt or a

fear, to resign it into the hands of your Redeemer.\*

Give my love to Hugh. The sentiments expressed in his letters bespeak him a worthy brother, and deserving of my highest esteem. I would have written to him, but I have still some directions to commit to writing concerning my little family, and my hour is at hand; but tell him I will remember him in my last prayers. I charge him not to banish the idea of his worthy and now glorified mother, lest with that he also forget her precepts; but prepare to meet us who are gone before; and Oh! that our meeting may be with joy on both sides. It is hard for youth, in the present age, to follow our christian pattern. Every real christian, every Bible christian, must lay his account with being branded with the name of enthusiast; but tell him to remember that the opinion of the world cannot alter the nature of holiness, nor the maxims of Christ. Let him read, think, and judge for himself with an unprejudiced mind; with a hearty desire to know and be led by the

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\* Mr. Marshall departed in peace, in the house of this dutiful daughter, February 13, 1783, aged seventy-five.



truth ; to be taught of God, and conformed to his will in all things, and I venture to promise he will not be suffered to err. But let him avoid disputes about religion, they are seldom productive of any good ; let him fortify his mind against banter and ridicule ; it is no small degree of persecution. Yet, if he be determined to follow his Lord, he must expect to meet with it, and I know, from experience, it is hard to bear. I have found the safest way is to receive it in silence, for those who are disposed to ridicule the appearance of religion in another, are not in a fit disposition to be convinced by any argument, at least at that time, and few can dispute without heat, which is a transgression against the virtue of meekness, and very apt to lessen our love to the person who opposes us. We lose the spirit of brotherly love in hot-headed zeal ; which perhaps deserves a harder name, but conceals itself under that appearance, and it is no small victory gained over ourselves if we are able to love—wish well to, and be ready to serve those whose sentiments differ from ours.

I leave you and yours, and mine, upon the fountain of all goodness, and may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your

hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ, our Lord ; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be amongst you, and remain with you always. Amen.

Your ever dutiful and affectionate Daughter,

ISABELLA GRAHAM.\*

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\* Shortly after this letter was written Mrs. Graham gave birth to a son, and, on her recovery, returned to her native land. During three years she lived in a cottage at Cartside, and for two years more she kept school in Paisley.

In obedience to the command, " she humbled herself" under the mighty hand of God, " casting all her care upon him ;" and he graciously fulfilled his promise, and cared for her. In the year 1779—80 she removed to Edinburgh, where, patronised by many eminently pious persons, she kept a boarding-school for young ladies. In the year 1789, she accepted an invitation from the principal inhabitants of New-York, and returned to that city in September of the same year.

## LETTER XXVIII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO HER DAUGHTER.

*Edinburgh, September, 1786.*

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

SUCH a scene as I have been witness to : poor M. B—— is gone to her last abode—her state is fixed for ever. I attended her sick-bed for eight successive days and nights, except, perhaps, for an hour, that I lay down in the same room. I held by life to the very last, because I feared she was not in a fit state to die.

She took every medicine that was prescribed for her, which I administered with my own hand ; but the time appointed to end her mortal state had arrived, and go she must. She lived four days after the physicians had lost all hope, and I think I never witnessed greater distress. I watched every

word with anxious care, to find if any breath of prayer was to be heard; but, alas! I had no such satisfaction. As she was insensible after the first few days, it was not to be expected she could either think, or pray.

Oh! why will sinners resist the grace of God, and spend the precious time given to seek and find it, in thoughtless folly? What can they do, on such a bed of distress, who have no God? Time misspent and gone—opportunities unimproved and gone—calls resisted never to be repeated—death hunting the soul through every avenue of life—a dreadful, unknown, unthought-of, eternity at hand—an awful Judge, and no advocate secured to plead. A time was, when a kind Saviour was in their offer, expostulating with them, “Why will you die?”—“Hear, and your soul shall live”—“Ask, and ye shall receive”—“Seek, and ye shall find”—“Knock, and it shall be opened unto you”—“Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved”—“Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon”—“Ho! every one

that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.”—(Blessings purchased by Christ ; pardon of sin, reconciliation with God, new heart and spirit, all that is necessary for time and eternity.) He that hath no money, (no merit, no good about him, no claim upon any account whatever,) “ Come buy, and eat without money and without price” — “ Why spend ye your money, (time, talents, affections, desires,) for that which is not bread, (and cannot satisfy,) incline your ear and come unto me, hear, and your soul shall live, and I will make with you an everlasting covenant. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation ; to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.”

Such is the language of the dear Redeemer to sinners every day, in his written word, from the pulpit, and in the dispensations of his providence ; but oh ! the madness of sinners, who will not think, who will not attend, will not apply to this Saviour, whose sole errand into this world was to seek and to save sinners, yea the very chief ; but they will not put their souls into his hands, nor give him any employment. A time will come, and we are forewarned of it, when this same inviting Saviour will say—“ Because I have called and ye refused ;

stretched out my hand and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity, and will mock when your fear cometh."

Improve this dispensation, my dear child, beg of the Lord to search you, and try you, and see that your hopes be well grounded.

Your affectionate Mother,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XXIX.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——,

*Edinburgh, September, 1787.*

MY DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE been on a jaunt for nearly three weeks, my school mostly dismissed, the remainder I left with Miss S——. Goodness and mercy have followed me, and the Lord has taken care of my house also, for I find no missing of my presence; yours was put into my hand on my return, and brought fresh cause of thankfulness; your observation, that we were mutually feeding on the same allowance, continues to hold. I too, have been considering the works and doings of the Lord, and many of them have been refreshed in my memory, by the scenes I have passed through. I visited the seat of my juvenile years, with my dear and only brother; there I recollected the

days of my vanity, and the Lord's patience and long-suffering, my repenting, my returning, his pardoning, his blessing, my backslidings, his stripes and chastisements, his restoring and recovering, yea, many and many times. There too, I found my old acquaintances no more; most of them had finished their course under the sun; some I could still clasp in the arms of faith, as united to the glorious head, and now singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

From the idea of others, I was obliged to turn away and say, "The Judge of all the earth shall do right." I recollected a cottage, a mean one, where lived a holy pious father, mother, two daughters, and a son, where the voice of prayer seldom ceased, the voice of complaint was seldom heard—not one stone remained upon another, only the bushes which surrounded it, and the remains of a little garden, the seat of secret communion of each with their God, in turn; for one little earth-floored place was all their house convenience, and in the winter's storm, their little cow-house, built under the same humble roof, was their secret temple. I found three had gone to glory, of the other two I could learn to tidings; but I shall see



them one day in very different mansions. I saw others spreading like a green bay tree, adding field to field, and dwelling alone, servants and dependants excepted. I saw my father's cottage, in the day when the Lord pressed him down, and the place where my dear glorified mother poured out many prayers for me and mine; my own retirement too, after the vainty I had seen of human life, and tired and sick of it, sought to end my days in solitude, saying, "it is enough, here, let thy servant depart in peace, and let my children be reared in obscurity." Then I returned to the town, where my husband had practised as a physician, where I had been respected, and tasted largely of life's comforts. I saw the house we had lived in, and many tender ideas passed; to this same town I had returned a widow, helpless and poor, was neglected and forgotten. I saw the house where I had taught my little school, and earned my porridge, potatoes, and salt; then I found myself totally neglected, by some who once thought themselves honoured by my acquaintance; others shining in affluence, for whom the kitchen was then a proper seat, and some reduced to humble dwellings, who had excelled me in my

best days. Then, the Canaanites had reared their heads whom I had never seen before, yes, wild weeds which I trust the Lord, after bringing them into view, rooted out and destroyed. Many buffetings of Satan I recollected, many rebellious risings of pride, while the Lord said, “go down that others may go over thee.” I was not willing to tread the valley of humility, and was ready to say, “verily I have cleansed my hands in vain.” I sometimes thought I should fall by the hands of Saul; but still ever the Lord has been a rock to me—the floods saw him—Jordan was driven back. This is a new application of the words, but I communicate with you, and find it forcible; may he have an extraordinary purpose for his own glory.

The sacrament was at Paisley, the friends of Christ gathered together to keep the feast of love. A child of Mr. T——, the minister of the high church, died on Sabbath morning, who had been born the morning of the sacrament Sabbath preceding. Mr. Balfour preached a sermon on, “all things work together for good to them that love God:” how suitable to the exercise I was then under. Here I am again restored to my family—

I bless God I find no moral evil, though I find little of any spiritual good. The Lord has been saying, “know and consider all the way by which I have led thee, to prove thee, and try thee to show thee what was in thine heart, that he might do thee good, in thy latter end.” He is now saying, “whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might”—“occupy till I come.” Oh for a thankful heart, a loving, a zealous heart, a meek and humble heart. Oh, for diligence and steadiness in the path of duty, a due sense of our own weakness and inability, of the Lord’s power and all-sufficiency, and firm faith in the same. Give my love to ——, she is the Lord’s: her Heavenly Father mingles her cup, not one unnecessary bitter drop shall be put into it; bid her trust in the Lord; the time, the set time, for deliverance shall come. I can witness, with many thousands on earth, and an innumerable company in heaven, that he is the best of masters. I have suffered much, yet not one word of all that he has said has failed. I expect to suffer more; but whatever bitter draughts may yet await me, I would not give one drop of my Heavenly Father’s mixing, for oceans of what the world styles felicity.

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XXX.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, April, 1792.*

MY DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE received two letters from my dear Mrs. W——; the last written came first; both bespeak a mind much exercised under trials, deep and intricate, and demand my sympathy and condolence. Though consolations abound to balance sorrows, yet they are felt, and it is the will of God they should be. It is also his will that we roll our burdens on him, (blessed privilege), and that we trust his promise that he will sustain.

Next to entanglement of sin is darkness and intricacy in the path of duty; this seems a heavy part of the cross to you. I also have drunk deep of that cup. The 25th Psalm has been often my consolation, corresponding with your 32d, also

the 37th and 39th. What precious consolations to the redeemed of the Lord!

But O, Absalom, my son! my son! David, thy cup is mine. Eli, thou too didst drink deep of it. Abraham, the friend of God, grasped at the promises for Ishmael ——. O, madam, rejoice, this work belongs to you, a husband in glory, children and yourself on the way. Often I think on a speech your amiable son made to me when I dared neither look backward nor forward. “Keep yourself quiet, time will unravel matters, one way or other, you will soon find yourself in America.” And so it came to pass; and so shall it come to pass, through the same good hand managing for us respecting a better country, we shall be brought through. What signifies all that lies between this and that, except the importance of serving our day and generation, and that too will be accomplished. I never rejoiced as heartily as when the dearest of friends, (my husband) breathed his last, when, strong in faith, I yielded him to the arms of his merciful Saviour, who “plucked him as a brand from the burning.” With the same joy could I shroud them all, every one, for the same hope of their

eternal salvation, and be content to be left alone in the wilderness ; but this is folly, if not sin. I know the counsel of the Lord shall stand, and the purpose of his heart to all generations. Lord, I bow at thy foot-stool a poor, weak, rebellious creature. I roll my prodigal son on thee ; he is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow ; he never knew an earthly father.

This is Saturday ; I had set it apart for my friend ; hindrance after hindrance has occurred ; it is now past eleven ; I must rest the body that it be not a hindrance to spiritual exercises on the morrow. So peace be with and compose my friend ; such peace as Christ bequeathed to his disciples. Amen.

*Sabbath Noon.*—It is not my custom to take my pen on this day even to write to a christian friend, having occasion for the whole time with my family, or in secret with my God ; but I cannot go to dinner ; I cannot eat ; I cannot talk to my girls ; my heart must bleed afresh on the same altar upon which it has often been pierced. O, madam, my dear Dr. Mason\* goes, and leaves

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\* Father of Doctor J. M. Mason, who was then in Scotland pursuing his theological studies.

me here alone ; in all probability his course is nearly finished, and his crown awaits him.

You will have heard of his being in a poor state of health before this reaches you, for he wrote to his son to that effect, and his strong desire to see him before his departure : his disorder has increased, and is now pronounced to be a confirmed dropsy in his chest and lungs.

He has not been able to speak many words at a time for several days past ; it appeared asthmatic to us unskilful onlookers. Five physicians now attend him closely. I have seen him often, and he only says, “all is well, all will be well.” Of the physicians he said, “yes, yes, it is very well—they are useful men in God’s hand—they may be instrumental in patching up the tabernacle a little. If it be raised to usefulness I am content ; if not to usefulness, I do not desire it. I feel no concern about the issue of this ; the will of the Lord be done.” I say amen ; but, oh, I feel alone. I would need large communications from his Master to fill up this blank. I cannot write for weeping ; now my face is so swelled I cannot go to church. I called at his house this morning, found the Doctors in the parlour, and learned from

them the worst. The bell was ringing for church. I stifled as much as possible my grief; would fain have come home to give it vent, but durst not be absent from the house of God. I heard a stranger in Doctor Rodger's church; our doors are closed; his text was,—“*Henceforth I call you not servants but friends*”—he ran the parallel between human friendship and that subsisting between Christ and his disciples. I ought to be comforted, nay, I am comforted. The Bible lies open before me; it is full of consolation; but all is in prospect. I look at God, what he is in himself, what he is to his people *now*, and what he will be to *eternity*; the consolations of hope are mine; but, for the present, I feel like the sparrow on the house-top, or like a pelican in the wilderness; and when I think on my years, and the robustness of my constitution, I may have a long journey before me; I am not able to look at it. At the same time, when I consider my children, who, having lost their pastor, who bore them on his mind to a throne of grace, have double need of a mother, I dare not indulge a wish, far less put up a petition for release. O, that I could get under the influence of that spirit which I have witnessed in my dear



pastor,—that entire confidence in God,—that perfect resignation to his will,—that complacency in all he has done,—is doing, or will do. That rest in God, of which he seems to be put in possession even now, while his breast is labouring and heaving like a broken bellows, and cannot fetch one full breath. O, what cannot God effect.

*Sunday Evening.*—I have again seen my dear pastor, and discern the clay dissolving fast. The words of dying saints are precious, and his are few. He thus accosted me: “I am just waiting the will of God; for the present I seem a useless blank in his hand; I can say very little; be not too anxious for my life, but transfer your care to the church; my life or death is but a trifle; if the Lord have any use for me, it is easy for him to raise me up still; and if he do, it will be agreeable to observe his hand distinct from men; if he should not, you will all be cared for; leave all to him and seek his glory.” He could say no more, nor will I add to-night, but address myself to our Lord on his behalf, yours, my own, and our dear concerns.

Several days have elapsed since I last wrote; our dear Doctor still lives, often recruits, and again

is reduced ; but man can do no more ; my last page, before the vessel sails, shall be of him.

As to myself and family, we are, as the Lord would have it with us, and, I make no doubt, as we need. Business very full ; a house full of boarders, and about sixty scholars. I begin to feel the effects of fatigue or age, I know not which. The almond-tree flourishes ; those that look out at the windows begin to be darkened, but the keepers of the house stand firm, and all the wheels and springs discharge their office, though more heavily ; there is no judging of my days by present appearances. Well, let me once more return to my rest,—*God* ; commit my way to him who shall bring it to pass, what is best, fittest, and in the end, shall complete my happiness. Like the paper kite I take many a flight, but the string shall neither break nor my keeper let it go, and I find myself daily less disposed to tug.\*

*April 23d, Monday.*—It is finished. My dear Minister's bitter draught is over. On Thursday, the 19th of this month, a quarter before ten o'clock, A. M., the Lord received his spirit, and

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\* See Newton's poem, "The Kite, or Pride must have a Fall."

laid his weary flesh to rest. He had a sore conflict with the king of terrors, who seemed allowed to revel through every part of his mortal frame: his legs were mortified to his knees: he had not been able to lie down for four weeks, and died in his chair. Like his Master, he groaned, but never complained: he had a draught of his Master's cup, but the bitter ingredient *desertion* made no part of it. I had the honour to close his dear eyes, and to shut those dear lips from whence so many precious truths have proceeded, and to mix with the ministering spirits who attended to hail the released. This honour I had desired, but did not reckon myself worthy, and hardly hoped for for it; but the Lord saw the wish, though never formed into a petition, and indulged me. I bless him for it. And now, farewell human friendships, let me gird up the loins of my mind, and run with patience the little further, looking unto Jesus, and following also him, my pastor, "who, through faith and patience, now inherits the promises."

This is a great work finished. Doctor Mason was "a city set on a hill;" his character very public. He was with the army during all the war after the evacuation of New-York; had great in-

fluence over the soldiers ; preached the gospel of peace uniformly, but never meddled with politics, though he had a head fully capable. In every situation the Lord supported him in uniformity and consistency of character, and carried him clean through without a single spot or stain. Glory to God in the highest for this repeated proof of his faithfulness. “ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.”

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XXXI.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*August, 1792.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A VESSEL for Leith sails to-morrow. I snatch a few minutes to indulge my heart to a dear friend, not from business or sleep, as usual, but from the bed-side of my poor sick Jessy, who has been once more on the brink of eternity. Mr. Stevenson had taken lodgings for her in the country, four miles from town. I received the alarm ten days ago, and two before the commencement of our vacation; here I have been ever since, night and day, watching and toiling, without ceasing: thank God, she is apparently out of danger. It is remarkable, that when times of relaxation from business come round, and I plan schemes for recreation and pleasure, the Lord generally

puts into my hands a very different cup, and, instead of recreation, I have, in body and mind, labour, care, and anxiety. Do not think I complain. I do not. The Lord's visits are welcome in every form ; at all times his will is good ; only let the fruit of affliction be to take away sin, and I set my hearty amen to all I have suffered, and also to every pang that may still be necessary. For my children I have lodged the same petition, and in this hope I stand by and see them emptied from vessel to vessel with a certain degree of pleasure, expecting—trusting—and waiting for the same fruit. I do not live on the mount. I have no such days as I once had ; no such transporting views of the love of Christ, nor of the glory and majesty of his kingdom ; no such ardent zeal to promote it, nor anxiety for its prosperity. A drudge in business, late and early, little time for devotion, and, when time occurs, little exercise, contented to follow out the path of duty, to wait the signals of Providence from day to day, satisfied that my soul is in hands which cannot lose it—that my Redeemer manages every thing for me in the mean time, and that one day I shall find myself in the possession of his purchase,

whatever may be between this and that period; and that all the glorious views I have ever enjoyed, the sweets of his love I have ever tasted, shall be restored, and more than heart could ever grasp at, in its most exalted moments. Also, all the dear friends with whom I have taken sweet counsel, in the days of my pilgrimage. These are my consolations; but they rather fly across my mind occasionally than dwell upon it, for, as I said before, business, incessant business, occupies me.

“ Nevertheless, continually, O Lord, I am with thee,  
Thou dost me hold by my right hand, and still upholdest me.  
Thou with thy counsel, while I live, wilt me conduct and guide,  
And to thy glory afterward receive me to abide.”

Offer my best compliments to Mr. Mrs. and Misses W——, and to your own family. Tell —— he may reckon upon the widow's blessing. The Lord honoured him in sending him as the messenger of consolation in the time of need, and he will also, one day, give a reward, not of debt, but of grace—grace for grace. May the love and peace of God rest with you till we meet in the land of joy and delight.

Yours, with affection,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XXXII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, 1792.*

MY EVER DEAR FRIEND,

I WROTE you, lately, by the only vessel that has sailed from this these six weeks, with the minister extraordinary from the United States to the court of Great Britain, to demand redress of grievances, and indemnification for spoliations on the seas. Since his departure the Commander of the American army, now warring with the Indians, has written to General Washington, the President, that Lord Dorchester, Governor of Canada, has sent a party to raise fortifications on the Miami river, within the boundaries of the United States. The President has demanded an explanation, has received rather an evasive answer, and has declared that no discrimination will be made between



the hostile Indians, and any other force found on that ground. Things look very serious among us, and, however mad the measure would be, I do believe if the British court does not sooth or satisfy the American ministers, there will be war. I ought rather to say the people ; but this can no way be done but through their representatives. Doctor P——, arrived here a few days ago, is embraced by the double-refined democrats. Even here we have our democratic societies, who pretend to watch over the liberties and bark against one of the freest governments in the universe, and against our good President,\* to whom, under God, they owe what they so highly prize, *independence*. I learn that Doctor P—— is in no danger of getting into any pulpit. Alas! for the state of man, it is not this or that government that is the source of their misery and turmoils, it is the human heart, the anarchy within : every form of government has been tried, and has stood or fallen with self-government in the governing and governed : what but the restlessness and turbulence of the human heart, made it necessary for even God's chosen people to get a king?

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\* General Washington.

God has almost uniformly governed the nations by kings, or individual sovereigns, and those countries who, at times, were not governed by kings, had not more quiet. When a king is good, the people are as happy as their corruptions will admit of, and sure, when the sovereignty is in the hands of a number of bad men, matters are even worse than in the hands of one bad man. Oh! the blessedness of the kingdom of Zion, our King gives a peace, which "the world can neither give nor take away." "Though hills amidst the seas be cast, and waters roaring make," &c. I had a letter from my brother, saying the same things of the state of matters in Britain as you do. Oh! I trust the Lord will yet hear the prayers of those who sigh and cry for all the abominations that are in the midst of you. I am sure there is yet a goodly number who have not worshipped the beast. I rejoice to hear there are tokens for good among you still.

Perhaps you cannot join me, but it would be to me pleasant news to hear (whether the French give peace or war) that Britain had given up all idea of indemnification. The Lord has preserved to her (with his blessing) the means of self-preser-

vation, and no inconsiderable degree of prosperity in her navy and commerce. What is extent of territory but a name, and weight, and bone of contention? Oh that she would now become a nursing mother to Zion! what glorious work offers. Oh, that she would now support and send forth the soldiers of Jesus among her heathen dominions, to fight the prince of darkness! this would be a war worthy of nations in covenant with God. Isaiah xxix and xvii to the end.

Since Doctor P—— came among us, Fuller's letters have been printed here. I have got nearly through them; surely the whole tenure of Scripture is on his side, but I think, in some places, he strains Dr. P——'s meaning without any necessity. I am persuaded that it requires higher powers than rationality to prove Calvinism friendly to morality; and much of his reasoning will be lost. Scripture seems to me the only weapon of defence or attack to serious searchers after truth; that is the most satisfying proof; and as for your rational christians (according to Doctor P——'s ideas of what constitutes such) I believe if that take no hold of them, they will not yield their ground to any human argument. The

Scripture must be true. “The natural mind is enmity against God,” (the Scripture God) flesh and blood cannot reconcile us to him. Alas, even those who are taught by his word and spirit are often spoiled of many of their best things, through vain philosophy. I hear little of him. I do not think he injures the sheep who hear not the voice of a stranger; and for those that are without, they will wander in error’s maze, somewhere, till the good shepherd seeks and finds them. O, that he himself may be among the number!

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XXXIII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, October 20, 1792.*

I WAS much refreshed by the line you wrote on the blank page of Mr. Gibb's book, and which I did not see till a few nights ago : I thank you for it. I had laid past my own copy even before I came to America, as containing meat too strong for me : when I received yours, I thought it a fresh call for me to make another trial to comprehend these mysteries ; but still I find I must sit down at the foot of the ladder, whenever I attempt to soar, and to dip deep into mysteries, I get bewildered. Often have I attempted to climb the ladder of the divine decrees, the bottom of which reaches to *now*, the top is lost in *eternity* ; but as I climb my head becomes giddy, my judgment bewildered, I lose sight of the divine character, and

am glad to creep down to the bottom step of the gospel-call and promises, “So shalt thou know if thou follow on to know the Lord”—“I will bring the blind by a way that they know not”—“the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein”—“I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able”—“The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.” Farewell—grace, mercy, and peace be with you. Amen.

From your affectionate friend,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XXXIV.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, 1793.*

OH, how I long for a letter from my friend, a vessel from the Clyde a month ago, but no letter from Edinburgh.

I have no cause of complaint; I rather wonder at your punctuality; but that very punctuality, which has been the cause of many a feast to my mind, is the cause of disappointment in the present case.

We are in deep concern about the state of your dear country. We have such dismal accounts of the state of trade,—of credit,—and of government,—of taxes,—of despotism, and of the general dissatisfaction that pervades the whole nation. It is often affirmed that many of its inhabitants are ripe for a revolt.

America may boast of her government—it is good. Of her privileges—they are great. Of her prosperity—that too has been beyond all computation; yet the Lord has expressed, in awful form, his controversy with her also. A pestilential fever made its appearance in Philadelphia, about two months ago. Between the 19th of August and the 5th of October, four thousand and sixty-four of its citizens died, besides many who quitted the city with infection on them, and died elsewhere. By yesterday's accounts matters are no better: several of the physicians have been carried off by it, and some of them have fled. Doctor Rush's praise is in every mouth; he is still in the city, exerting himself to the utmost, and his prescriptions are universally followed. No neighbouring town will suffer any person to enter their gates till they have been fourteen days out of the city. The stages have been stopped, and even the horses shot, in some cases, where they have been bribed to force their way through. The most dismal stories have been related of whole families dying, and no one to nurse the last. It is not uncommon for people to be well, and in their graves in twelve hours. No friends



attend the funerals ; most of them are buried in the night, and every precaution taken to conceal the real amount of evil. Among others, Mr. Hazard, Dr. Erskine's correspondent, died a few days ago. Yesterday, I read in the papers, the death of one of the clergymen, who thought it his duty to remain with his flock ; but all the churches are shut up.

The magistrates of New-York have appointed a numerous patrol to guard against any arrivals from that distressed city. Tents and hospitals are provided on an island, about a mile from town, for the sick, and a tavern for the well, till they perform quarantine. It is remarked that this city was never known to enjoy such universal health. It strikes me that this very blessing in such times portends a cup of our own ere long, for we are not observing the hand of God, but harassing ourselves with second causes. Three weeks ago a day was set apart, by the different religious denominations in this city, for confession of sin, humiliation, and thanksgiving. Our minister preached from the same words you mention, as Mr. R——'s text, " when thy judgments are abroad in the earth," &c., and had an excellent discourse.

We meet every Wednesday evening for prayer, for the distressed and apparently devoted city, also in Doctor Rodger's church, and the Dutch churches.

Write me the opinion of the good and the wise, concerning the times, for they are most awful; also the state of the nation, and the general sentiments of the people as subjects. I hope at least they will let this man\* go to his grave in peace.

Now, as to myself, business is not what it was. I have several rivals. The Lord has others to provide for as well as us. He has granted my only petition as to worldly matters, and, now if we have daily bread, it is enough.

Ever yours,

I. GRAHAM.

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\* George the Third,

## LETTER XXXV.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

1793—1794.

LONG before this reaches you, you will have heard, by the way of London, that the pestilence again rages, not only in Philadelphia, but Baltimore, Germantown, and it has been felt in Rhode Island, that place which, for purity of air, is called the Montpelier of America; and we have had a few cases in New-York. The city of Philadelphia was deserted by three-fourths of its inhabitants in a few days, and all the public offices were removed: only the poor, who had not the means of removing remained, and some few, more alarmed for their substance than for their lives. And I think I have reckoned six physicians carried off. Our ministers and people have met every Wednesday since it began, to improve the solemn Providence,

and to supplicate mercy for the sufferers ; and our dear pious pastor has led us through the duty of *sympathy*. “ Weep with them that weep.” *Humility*, “ or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem.” *Jehovah’s agency and holy sovereignty*, “ Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it.” *Self-examination*, “ Let us search and try our ways, and turn again unto the Lord.” I hope it has been profitable.

At last, in the public store, a package found directed to Mrs. Graham.

Mr. P—— has put in other sermons, besides those printed for the societies, which I do not approve. I have no time to dispose of his books. I shall sell them as dear as I can, but I would have all the discount I can get. I would send all to the Missionary Society. I wish to serve religion some way. I feel very useless ; the Lord does not give me fruit among my pupils. I can procure love to myself. No, that is rash, I cannot. The Lord gives me their love and esteem ; but oh ! to him they are dead, and lifeless, and sitting under such a ministry swells their debt and

heightens their guilt; oh! dear, it is sore. I spent my holidays, as I expected, in the country, with my two daughters, in a most delightful situation, seemingly every way calculated to recreate and recruit. I hope it did my soul good, though not my body. The Lord gives me week days for business, Sabbath days for rest, and holidays for discipline. I was confined a month with an intermitting fever, and was just able to meet my school at the time appointed; all these things are well, I had much exercise of heart. The Lord led me back to trace the ground I had trodden, and oh! what cause for compunction and humiliation. Oh! what do they do, who have no blood of sprinkling,—no justifying righteousness,—no free pardon? I shed many tears, though I had no fears. I knew all was cancelled, yet did it wring my heart; especially my exposing my children to worldly company, and not keeping them in the bosom of the church. I prayed in one strain, and acted in another. I told my covenant God, I asked not beauty, riches, honours; and by my conduct I sought them all. Then did he put the discipline of the covenant into practice; but mercy, sovereign mercy, tri-

umphed over judgment. He has pardoned, and healed, and all our faces are this day Zionward; desiring to turn our backs on these unprofitable, if not sinful things.

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XXXVI.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, 1794.*

I HAVE just been reading, a third or fourth time, four letters which have come to hand from my dear indulgent friend, by the fall vessels. Accept my thanks—my heart is grateful. When I consider your situation, your numerous friends and intimates, who live near to God, and know much of his mind, and all in similar trying situations, viewing and watching for the further manifestations of divine purposes, and the many deep and anxious consultations you must have with one another, I could hardly expect such a portion of your time and attention ; but, oh it is good, like cold water to a thirsty traveller, for never can I give up my interest in Britain. There was I dedicated to my God in baptism ; there did I receive my first and second birth ; there was I

trained and nourished in the divine life ; there remain my dear christian friends and fellow-travelers. Oh, how ties dear and tender multiply in my view. I must, I will, seek her peace, and share too in her troubles and anxieties. I desire not to be in peace when that fold is in trouble, but to join in heart and sensation those “ who sigh and cry for all the abominations which are committed in it.” When I read yours, I just rise and fall with you ; the last time I read over your letters was on a Saturday. I was deeply exercised for you. My pastor, Mr. M——, gave out on Sabbath morning the very psalm you cited, the lxxiind, from the beginning, and sung the remainder at the close. I sung for you, and for us, we are one and indivisible in our head and representative, however divided by corruption, which remaineth in us. He has lectured through the xxxviith of Ezekiel, where you and he have often met in views of the enlargement of the church. The same day he read from the 26th verse, to the end, and spoke of the peace, the external peace, of the church in the latter days, “ when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim ;” when they shall be one stick in his



hand, one king shall reign over them, and one shepherd. I read in yours in the evening, “we are turning our labouring instruments into instruments of war,” says Mr. Mason, in the morning, “and that nation which is beating its plough-shares and pruning-hooks into swords and spears shall beat its swords and spears into plough-shares and pruning-hooks again.” Amen. Coming home (we go the same way) I said, “I thank you, my minister;” “for what?” said he. “You met my Mrs. W—— to-day, and said the same things, and more, for Britain, for a large body of the church is in her.” “I have no objections,” said he. When you and he speak of the government of Christ, and his church, as the nation governed, you jump in every sentiment; in this you are one body, taught in the same school, by the same teacher, and guided by the same spirit; but when you speak of earthly governments, in connection with it, East and West are not more distant: here the Lord is pleased to leave human reason to divide and separate those one and indivisible in him. (The French prostitute this word.) This is a strong proof of the truth and reality of divine teaching; thus the

Lord brings food out of the eater, for his politics have really eaten my spirits at times. I desire to bless God he has not allowed it to rankle. I love him dearly, and esteem him highly. He is the champion of the gospel, knowing nothing among us save Jesus Christ and him crucified, and enforcing christian precepts from its doctrines. His walk and conversation are not only blameless, but worthy of imitation.

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XXXVII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO JOHN GRAHAM.

1793.

MY LONG LOST BUT STILL DEAR SON,

IF this ever reach you, hearken to the voice of your mother, your only parent, and to the voice of God by her. O, my son, you have had a long race in the service of Satan: he has kept you in bondage, and made you his drudge. You are far advanced in the Broadway that leads to destruction—to that place of endless torment prepared for the devil and his angels, to which Satan is dragging you. He has even been seeking the destruction of your body, that he might have you secure.

O, my son, think. Has he proved a good master? What have you found in his service; and has he not disappointed all your gayest hopes, and fed you with husks? Have you, my son, been

happy? Are you not obliged to drive away your own reflections? I know you are. Dare you, my son, to sit down and think over all the past, all the present, and look forward to the future with any degree of comfort? My son, you cannot. Hear then the word of the Lord; that Lord, that merciful Lord, who has seen you in all your rebellion, heard every profane oath you may have uttered, seen your rioting among the sons of Belial; yet, what is his voice to you? O, my son, it is not, bind him hand and foot and cast him into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone; where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. No, my son, the door of mercy is still open to you. The Lord calls, "O sinner, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." "Only repent, so iniquity shall not prove your ruin." "Hearken unto me ye stout hearted, that are far from righteousness: I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not tarry." "Hear and your soul shall live." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Saved from hell; saved from Satan and his snare;

saved from the force of corruption in your heart. —I do not call upon you, my poor corrupt boy, to turn from sin and work righteousness in your own strength; this you can no more do than the Ethiopian can change his skin; but I do call upon you to receive the whole of God's salvation, and power to resist sin is a principal part of it. In God's word it is said, that the Lord gave Christ to be a covenant to the people, we have to covenant with him on our part; we are all poor lost miserable creatures, I as well as you by nature; but the Lord Christ is God's gift to sinners. All the other promises are made to those who have received and accepted of this gift; but Christ himself is God's gift to sinners—to the chief of sinners—to you, *John Graham, by name*—and the Bible says, to as many as receive him, to them gives he power to become the sons of God. God gave Christ to become the price in our hand; we take this gift, and offer back, as the price of our redemption, his atoning sacrifice, his all perfect righteousness; and on this ground we are entitled, by his own plan, which he prepared from first to last, to plead for the full accomplishment of all the promises in the Bible: for the par-

don of sin ; for the new heart and right spirit ; yea, for an entire new nature. O, my son, open your Bible, go to your knees, look out words there fit for your case ; present them humbly before God, turn all the promises you find there, all the offers, all the calls, all the commands, all the threatenings into prayer, for you of yourself can do nothing, and ask that God, for Christ's sake may pour out on you the spirit of prayer. I know not how to have done, yet I well know, unless the Lord soften your poor obdurate heart, it will still remain hard. O, my son, be willing to put it in his hand, to receive his salvation, and give yourself up to his guiding. I beg you will read with care the xvth chapter of the gospel of Luke. The Lord spoke these parables to show how very willing he is to receive returning sinners. Your mother, and all your sisters, are willing to follow his example ; return to us, my son. We will watch over you, we will pray over you, and we will try, by every endearing method, to restore you not only to health but to comfort. Your sisters wish you to come ; all your friends are willing to receive you ; we will not upbraid you.

Do, my dear, leave Greenock, come out to us by any way you can find, I will pay your passage here ; or, if you can get to any port in America, you can write me from that, and I will get you forwarded here ; and, after you are here, if you still wish to follow the sea, we can get you a berth in some trading vessel from this. All your friends here send best wishes.

And now, my son, I commend you to the Lord. O, that he may bless this to you,

Your affectionate Mother,

I. GRAHAM.\*

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\* This letter was returned to Mrs. Graham unopened, her unfortunate son never saw it, and the following letter is the last she ever received from him.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

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JOHN GRAHAM TO HIS MOTHER.

*Demarara, June 8, 1794.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

AFTER seven months absence from Amsterdam, I arrived here, where I am rejoiced to find an opportunity of writing to you. I have been very unlucky since I left Holland, the particulars of which I shall relate, as you before desired me to write all that happened to me. I shall, however, first write concerning my health. I am sure you have been anxious about me, as my uncle, no doubt, wrote you what a dangerous situation I was in when I left Greenock; especially in the line of life that I now follow.

I left Greenock, to be sure, very awkwardly, and behaved myself there, I am now obliged to



confess, very foolishly;\* but I now see that it is best that the foolish should have a bite of their own bridle, and I have had a very severe one of mine since I left Greenock; but I hope it will be for my good. At first, to be sure, I had returns of my disorder, but soon got the better of it. After I came on board this Dutch ship, I took a fit, and fell from the fore-yard, and was so much hurt as to confine me to my hammock for six weeks; but, thank God, I have had no return of the disorder since; but, I am sure, I do not know what I would do were these fits to return upon me, in a strange land, where I had no friends to attend me. When I was in Greenock I had a good and kind mother to give me clothes and all that I stood in need of. I had also, when in health, a merchant to find me a ship, and when ashore a

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\* After a long severe illness he was subject to epileptic fits, which rendered him unfit for sea service. The merchant to whom he was apprenticed, at the request of his friends, allowed him to leave, and return to his mother. He took passage on board a vessel for New-York. The sailors, when the captain was ashore, took the boat for cabbages; he, ever fond of a frolic, joined them; this was reported to the captain, who, after some words, ordered him out of the ship. He got on board a packet for Liverpool, and shipped as related above.

house to eat and sleep in ; but all this would not satisfy me, but I must have my own pleasure. Now I am among strangers ; no one here knows who I am ; here is no one to give me good advice ; if I do not do right of myself, there is none to desire me. I wrote you what happened to me from the time I left Greenock till I arrived in Amsterdam. I shipped on board of the Polly, Captain Peterson, the second of November ; we lay in Texel, waiting for a fair wind, three weeks. You may be sure I was very awkward at first, among people that I could not understand, and as little they me ; but, however, as I knew my business (not to praise myself) as well, and better indeed, than any on board, I soon came to speak a little, and to gain the favour of the captain and mate. I lived happily on board for six weeks, when it was interrupted by a very unlucky accident for me, and all hands.

It was on the eighth of January that we saw a sail standing right for us. Our captain would not alter his course, so that we came so close as to see that she was a French sloop of war, of twenty-two guns ; as our ship only mounted eight, it was impossible to fight her, and we were obliged to

surrender; when they came on board, it was with hard pleading that they did not throw us all overboard. The people went immediately into the steerage, where we all lodged, and rifled our chests of all our clothes, leaving us only what we had on. The captain, mate, and eleven of the men were taken on board the French ship, and put in irons; one Dutchman and myself remained in the Dutch ship, as he could speak Dutch and I English. We saw no ship for several weeks; but, at last, a vessel appeared in sight, about twelve o'clock, but at a great distance, and, when night came on, we did not expect to see any more of her; but in the morning she was close to us, and we could see she was an English ship of war. She hoisted English colours, and so did we, thinking to deceive her, however, as you shall hear, we could not. I was appointed to speak to her, and dressed as the captain, a man stood behind me who could understand a little English, with a drawn sword in his hand, that if I should tell them any thing of our having been taken, he should immediately run me through the body. The English captain hailed us, "Whence came you?" I answered, as directed, "from Barbadoes." "Whither are you

bound?" "To Bristol." With what are you laden?" "Sugar and coffee." "Very well," answered he, "I shall hoist out my boat and go on board of you." When he did, he soon saw what we were, for the poor Frenchmen were running, some here and some there, as if they were mad. He left men on board of the prize, to put the men in irons, and to take care of her, and took the Dutchman and me on board the English ship: he then told us that he was going to the coast of Guinea, and would send the prize to England, and gave us our choice to go in either ship; for my part, as I had no clothes, neither shirts, jackets, nor trousers, and the weather cold, I chose to go to the coast. When I arrived there, I was put on board the ship I am now in, and have been nigh four months, at one pound ten shillings a month. The ship's name is the Hope, and the captain's name Dutson.

I am very badly off for clothes. I would ask you to send me some, but I know not how long we shall be here. If we do not leave in two months, we shall probably stay six or seven; however, I will write again before I go. I am well in health, except a hurt I received in my leg. I have

little time to write, indeed I must do it when I should sleep. Farewell, my dear mother, give my love to my sisters and all friends.

I am, your affectionate and only Son,

JOHN GRAHAM.\*

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\* This letter contains the last intelligence Mrs. Graham ever received of her unfortunate son. He had left Demarara before her answer could reach him. Some months after, a vessel, named the Hope, was reported as having been taken by the French, and, the probability is, that he died in a French prison.

## LETTER XXXIX.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

1795.

MY DEAR MRS. W——,

MY last informed you, that we had been made to taste of the Lord's visitation,\* but in great mercy had been spared in the midst of much apparent danger. I have now in my house a girl who lost both father and mother, and many whole families were cut off; my house was emptied; my school broken up; we confined to town, and heavy duty laid upon us at the same time. I trembled again for debt; but the Lord brought meat out of the eater. Three years ago, when tried by having one house taken over my head, another bought, and obliged to move three times, in as many years, some speculating genius brought me under the influence of the madness of the times,

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\* The yellow fever.

and persuaded me I might build without money. It is quite common here to build by contract. I could not purchase ground, but I leased two lots of church land, got a plan made out, and worried myself for six months, trying to hatch chickens without eggs. I had asked the Lord to build me a house, to give success to the means, still keeping in view covenant provision, "what is good the Lord will give." After many disappointments I said, Well ! I have asked, I am refused, it is not good, the Lord will not give it, He will provide ; but in his own way, not mine.

Of course I had to pay ground rent, which in three years amounted to two hundred and twenty dollars. I think I hear you say, I never could have believed that Mrs. Graham could be guilty of such folly, nor I; but seeing and hearing of many such things, I fancied myself very clever. Last year a basin was formed, and wharves around it, opposite to the said lots ; the epidemic raging on the other side of the city brought all the vessels that came in round to them ; and great expectations were formed for this new basin ; houses and stores sprung up like mushrooms, and Mr. B—— sold my lease for

two thousand dollars.\* Lo! and behold, part of it is already spent. All my provision, through this wilderness, has been so strongly marked by peculiar providences, my mind seems habituated to a sense of certainty. I feel my position of earthly good safer and better, in my Lord's hand, than in my own. \* \* \* \* \*

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\* Mrs. Graham does not tell her friend that she immediately cut off the tenth part, and devoted it to the Lord.



## LETTER XL.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, 1795.*

I RECEIVED my ever dear friend's letter last evening, by the Fanny. I am going to copy you, and write when I can spare a little time, instead of robbing myself of sleep to overtake the vessel's time of sailing.

Yours, as usual, produced many sensations. It has indeed been a sowing time with you and dear Dr. D——; it is a reaping time to dear precious Mrs. D——; she has had a long night, but morn has come at last, and she is already compensated: let us hold her memory precious; she was precious in the eyes of her Lord, in everlasting purpose; precious in life, in death, and will be through eternity: do you remember her sweet poem?

“ Meanwhile Christina tread this valley through,  
The lamp of gospel-light shall be thy guide ;  
The lot of thy existence ends, and thou  
As member join shall to thy living head.”

It was written, I think, after Lady Glenorchy's death. The first part breathed after that knowledge of divine things, and that enjoyment of the divine favour which she now enjoys, complained that, fettered in flesh and clogged with sin, it was in vain she soared and panted after those unseen joys. Now, oh now ! she is in full possession ; they have all got together, many, who once like ourselves, often sowed in tears, experienced many ups and downs in the divine, as well as natural life, groaned under a sense of indwelling sin, washed by faith in the fountain opened, rejoiced (when it was given them) in free pardon, in a finished work, and a purchased inheritance ; these all obtained through faith, we are left behind, not having yet arrived at the stature appointed ; but we shall obtain, though sin still dwell in us, and we yet groan being burthened ; it was just so with them ; we have the same blood of sprinkling ; the same justifying righteousness ; the same free promises ; the same sanctifying spirit ; and, let me

close where I should have begun, the same everlasting purpose on our side. My tongue and pen shall cleave to this Bible, let the heart wring as it will; and when our trials are finished, and all our works wrought in us, and what is to be done by us, and we ripened—purified—every way fitted, then! oh, then shall we also “join as members to our living head,” as sung that sweet and now glorified songstress. Then shall we too, see as we are seen, and know as we are known, and be put in possession of those unutterable things which “eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor heart conceived.”

Dear blessed Dr. D——, those who know not his domestic virtues are ignorant of the brightest part of his character: how has he nourished and cherished this feeble afflicted member, beyond his own body, even as the Lord doth his church! this part of his labour is finished, honourably finished, and with unparalleled patience, tenderness, and perseverance; glory to God for this grace, which has produced so bright an example. I hope, I pray, that this dispensation may be blessed to his children. A christian on her death-bed said to her husband, “Oh that the Lord may

do *that* by my death which he hath not done by my life." So do I pray for the offspring of our glorified friend. I have strong hopes—I am almost certain there will be fruit of this in his family, and that the Lord will console him by some happy change among them; perhaps it lies as a grain of mustard-seed, and this may be the shower that will make it spring up. Lord grant it.

What a sweet picture you have drawn, in a very few words, of E——. Oh, madam, it is great mercy; how often does lengthened-out affliction, by weakening the nerves, occasion peevishness, jealousy of affection, many gloomy ideas, and unfair representations of things, which, perhaps, cannot be called sin, but disease, and therefore not inconsistent with great grace. Oh that the Lord may yet raise her up, and make her a pillar and an ornament in his church, purified and brightened by this furnace. It is now time for me to go to rest, but first, I will bow my knees to the Father of mercies, the God of all grace, over the subjects of this sheet, you, and yours, Dr. D——, and his: good night, my precious friend.

30th. I am truly sorry for the check Mr. ———'s zeal has met with. The Lord will yet provide a field to receive his labours; in the mean time I suspect that he may stand reprov'd. "My kingdom is not of this world," said the King of saints, "else would my servants fight." Perhaps the soldiers of Jesus should keep to their own warfare, and not meddle, by either tongue or pen, more than by steel, with the kingdom of this world.

Paine's Age of Reason condemned.—Good-news! we have too much liberty; men preach in our streets against the very Bible, and say God is no such being as he is there represented; all priest-craft. "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord."

Ever, my dear Friend,

Yours, affectionately,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XLI.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, 1795.*

MY dear Mrs. W——'s very indulgent letters, by the Fanny, to which I replied, and again by the Providence, came safe to hand, and were next to my own God's good word, as cold water in a thirsty land; there is no rest for anxious Britons in these parts. They had in the public papers a sixty thousand—yes, a sixty thousand, revolutionary army in London; but why take up time with these things? I only tell you our alarms are endless. The people in Ireland are emigrating by hundreds, in the same vessel, all crying out oppression! I hear there is a stop to be put to emigration. I rather wish you were rid of all the discontented, there would be enough left.

More overturnings! We hear of a conspiracy in Sweden—a revolt in Poland—the French overrunning Flanders. I am amazed; who can judge what the Lord is about to do by what he has done? His path is in thick darkness, fire and smoke go before him; one thing we assuredly know, that he is preparing a way, and a high way, for his church, and hastening the more glorious manifestations of the Redeemer's kingdom; the potsherds of the earth are dashing against one another. Oh how they dash! Oh that the Lord's people may, at his kind invitation, enter into their chambers, and hide themselves for a little moment, till the indignation of the Lord be overpast. Mr. Newton utters my sentiments; these seem the true apostolic sentiments, Christ's kingdom is not of this world, nor is the peoples portion of it; the apostle's sole business with kings and rulers seemed to be, to lead quiet and peaceable lives under them; and our master likewise, "*Notwithstanding lest we should offend them, that take, and give unto them, for me and thee.*" I think the spirit of christianity breathes strongly in Mr. Williamson's work too, though with different sentiments.

Thank you for all the pamphlets, they are a great treat to the girls and me, for we cannot help taking public things much to heart. Our pastor has entirely given up politics ; no person can say, from either his preaching or praying, what his private sentiments are ; in private, as a man, he is entitled to an opinion, and it is unreasonable to be offended. Dr. P—— keeps very quiet : he has received many addresses from different societies, which he answers with much modesty.

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## LETTER XLII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, 1796.*

I WROTE my dear friend by the Edinburgh packet, though, perhaps, this may be the first to hand.

I am now confined to my seat with a sprained ancle—cannot point my foot to the ground. I had set apart this day, (Saturday) to write to you, but friends calling, to visit the invalid, have occupied the time till the day is nearly spent. I have been dipping into the missionary magazines, and am greatly refreshed, indeed rejoiced. I trust the Lord is appearing in glorious majesty, and will soon put to silence the gain-sayers; considering the convulsions in the political world, the licentiousness of manners in those who reckon themselves

the moral world, the blasphemies of the philosophic, and the abounding error in the Christian world, it is wonder all.

“ Our God shall come and shall no more  
Be silent, but speak out ;  
Before him fire shall waste, great storms  
Shall compass him about.”

My heart is very full, I pray the Lord may succeed ; and oh, till the full harvest come, may he give some handfuls as an earnest in the mean time, to comfort and animate the hearts of those who, at his command, have forsaken all, and have gone after his lost sheep. Do you remember how I used to rave about our dear methodist society in Antigua ? and the three holy, harmless, zealous, Moravian brethren ? and how the preachers gave each other the right hand of fellowship, forgetting their differences in that land of open hostilities on the kingdom of their common Lord. Thither the Lord brought me from a land of entire barrenness, where, as far as I know, a gospel sermon was never preached. Here I was brought into great affliction, and to pass through the severest trial that I ever experienced before, or since. The Lord brought me into this fold, a poor

straggling lamb, who had for five years herded among the goats, and little difference was there between them and me, except that my soul longed after green pastures, and rejoiced to hear the shepherd's voice, and, when I heard it, I knew it, though from one who did not belong to my original fold; these good people nourished me with tenderness, bore with patience my carnality. When my dear husband was taken ill they wrestled for him in prayer; Mr. Gilbert was every day with him; the Lord heard and gave a joyful parting; yes, joyful, never did I experience such joy; then they sympathized with, and soothed the widowed heart, fed her with promises, and, in a measure established her; thus they wrought with God in calling in one, and restoring another. never, never, shall I forget the labours of love of that dear little society. How many such stragglers as I, may be wandering in both East and West Indies, and may be restored by these precious missionaries. I owe them, of my labours, more than others. I send you a bill for fifty pounds. I have received eighteen copies of the Missionary Magazine, as far as No. 9. I have got subscribers for them all, who will continue; pay

these, and send me what more numbers have been published, by the return of the Edinburgh packet, also eighteen complete sets from the beginning. I hope to be successful in disposing of them also. I suppose the sermons go to the same fund; send me a hundred sermons, I will see to get them disposed of; send them single, not bound, and of the best; perhaps they may pave the way for more to follow, every little helps; drops make up the ocean.\* We cannot yet produce any thing; we are gathering intelligence, and endeavouring to collect money; but I grudge that what we can spare should be idle in the mean time; the cause is one; pay the magazines, at once, and the sermons, if you have enough of my money. I hope to remit again in September. I have a great wish to have a finger in your pie in some way; if I must not subscribe past our own society, I may sell books for yours.

Ever, my dear Friend, yours,

I. GRAHAM.

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\* The importing and disposing of the Missionary Magazine led to the formation of the first missionary society in New-York.

## LETTER XLIII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

1796—7.

I THANK my friend for her letter. I rejoice with you, and bless the widow's God. He has, indeed, been so to us, to the full amount of the promise. I have now much to sing of, little to complain of; my dear girls, and Mr. B——, go forward steadily, having laid aside the weights of amusements and gaiety, and seem determined to follow the Lord fully through good and through evil report. Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all his benefits. We have a full school, and a very comfortable set of girls. The Lord has delivered from all heavy burthens, even our servants are tolerable, a thing very rare in this place. Last week a considerable number of mi-

nisters and lay christians met, for the third time, and established a society for sending missionaries among the Indians, and also among the poor scattered settlers on the frontiers. A sermon was preached in the evening, by a minister of Doctor Rodgers' society, in one of the Dutch churches, "The liberal deviseth liberal things, &c.;" after which an address was read by the Secretary, (our dear Mr. Mason,) which, when printed, I will send you. I was a little vexed by the minister, who preached the sermon, speaking of the spirit that animated their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, he said, *in Europe*, why not say *Britain*? When it came to our minister's turn, he said, "It began in and round the metropolis, and vibrated to the utmost corner of the island. Amidst alarms of war, and important disputes in politics, the soldiers of Jesus were uniting, with one heart and soul, to invade the kingdom of Satan, and extend that of their dear Lord and Master. And what do we in the possession of every possible temporal blessing? liberty, peace, abundance, the gospel, &c. &c.—Shame! shame!" oh, he is a darling, though he does cram some strong meat down our throats with little tender-

ness at times. The society is to keep up a correspondence with your and the other societies. If they can effect any thing themselves, apart here in America, well, if not, they will throw their subscriptions into the common funds, and get help from you; this view is very pleasant to us; there is great need of itinerant preachers in our back settlements; they are scattered, and no churches of any kind; even in some thick settled countries they will not pay a minister. These are the high ways and hedges, O that the Lord may compel them to come in.

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XLIV.

MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, July, 1797.*

MY EVER DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE three letters before me of precious contents, and they are still more precious because of the love I bear to the writer. While I read my heart teems with matter; but, oh! this bondage to trifles, which swallows up all my time; well may you say, I do not understand (I know not if you do) the subject of sovereign grace, or rather you say we do not understand each other; alas! I have never understood any one on the subject; I am a mere infant, and know nothing, and the more I seek to know the more ignorant I become. It hath so pleased the Lord to deal with me; the sin of ignorance must be mine; I know it must, and will, in the end be found to be so, but that



with ten thousand more I roll on my surety ; his atoning blood ; his justifying righteousness ; his finished work is the milk upon which I am fed, nourished, satisfied, and by which I grow, in a measure ; and He is teaching me other things too in connection, for he is teaching me my ignorance, and more and more of my own emptiness ; and I am satisfied with this too, because my all is in Him ; I am complete in Him. The wisest of men know nothing to purpose, till taught by Him who taught Simon Barjonah. Oh ! how David pants for this teaching, “ remove far from me the way of lies, and teach me thy law graciously.” Have not you and I seen some who have tasted of the word of life, and the powers of the world to come—who have been taught in part, and sparingly—after running well for a time, insnared in the way of lies ? which, though it might not marr their final salvation, has marred their progress in knowledge, holiness, and comfort. “ Lord, remove far from us the way of lies,” lead us to the pure unmixed unerring word of truth, and in as far as we are ignorant, keep us sensible of our ignorance ; and humble under it, ready to sit at the feet of Jesus, or even at the feet of his sent

servants, who bear his image, and prove their doctrines by the unerring word. Oh, the difference between him who reads under the influence of the light which God has prepared to dispel the Egyptian darkness which has overspread the whole human soul, and him who reads with no other assistance than his own poor blinded reason! The word of God is ever the same, but oh, the the difference of the readers! I had thought this corner of the Lord's vineyard was beginning to bud a little, and to promise some genuine though scrubby fruit; the truth was among us, but not very well digested nor connected; there were many babes, but few old men. Satan seemed quiet and contented with the general ignorance; but our young champion,\* whom the Lord girded, for sure he is the Lord's, and he has girded him, no sooner did he declare fully, freely, connectedly, unreservedly, God's salvation in its origin, progress, and finishing; staining the pride of man, laying his glory in the dust, leaving him not one rag that he could call his own, except sin, corruption, weakness, helpless-

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\* Rev. John M. Mason.

ness, than the dragon roused. Our minister leaves the controversy to the fathers, though I do think he could manage it better; but he uses the word of truth as the only weapon against error. “A sling and a stone,” the mail and armour of direct refutation he has not proved as yet; in some future time he may, perhaps, try them in the same strength and name of his Lord. Last week he was married to a very amiable pious young lady, to the universal satisfaction of all who know both parties. “A good wife cometh from the Lord.” He led her into the pew on Sunday, then went up and preached, forenoon and afternoon, and to all appearance, under the same influence of spiritual things, as if he had no portion in this world, nor cared for its pleasant things. I feel for you, and with you, however we may comfort ourselves in the Lord, so as not to be cast down nor overcome; yet “no affliction, for the present, is joyous, but grievous,” the Lord knows it. I had a letter from my brother, informing me that John was very ill, and had been subject to fits, and it was thought dangerous to let him go to sea again, and I might expect him in the first vessel. My heart leaped for joy, and I said, “now will the

Lord do his own work, take the rod in his own hand, and make it effectual." Two vessels have arrived, and no son. I hear he has quite recovered, but I can learn no effects. You say, perhaps, you may, on some future occasion, try a voyage; will you come to us? I have room for you in my heart, and in my house. There is an American vessel to trade constantly between this and Leith, if the physicians approve, I think you ought to try it. Joseph received not his father and brethren with more joy in Egypt, than I will my Mrs. W——, and whoever she chooses to bring with her.

We get teasing, distressing, news here every day, and many dissaffected persons are constantly coming over who speak evil of the country, people, and constitution, and prophesy a downfall; but I trust the number of those who sigh and cry are not yet so few, and that the land will be spared and blessed, and a church nourished and built up in it; and that it shall be written of thousands, "this man was born there." Say what the wise think of it, not the politician; but what say *they*, with whom is excellent wisdom in understanding the prophecies, and the signs of the

times, for sure such a century has scarce ever been in the history of the world, since the days that our Lord tabernacled among men. What of the revivals in Wales? Will you send me any thing that is printed, and thought worth noticing, on the times.

I have, as usual, written all night, and so fast, and with such a pen, I wish you may make it out. My friend, my dear friend, by-and-by there will be no Atlantic between us; we shall not need pen and ink; no, nor words to pour out our hearts, but soul shall meet soul, in full, and heart-satisfying, communion. Give my love to E——. I hope the Lord will yet raise her up. Accept of my thanks for all you have done.

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XLV.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, 1798.*

I AM a very great slave to business, still I have great reason for thankfulness; my health is in general very good, my comforts many, my trials few and kindly, my prospects bright and certain. The second Wednesday in February, we commenced our first monthly meeting for prayer for the Lord's blessing on ours, and on all the missionary societies; it was far from full; but we must be thankful for the day of small things, and pray, and wait, and hope. The Dutch churches, Doctor Rodgers and colleagues, the Baptist, and our ministers, have united so far as to officiate in each other's churches; they have collected about seventeen hundred dollars, and are locking out for two

missionaries to send among the Indians, or to the frontiers. I observe by the papers that Mr. A—— sends me, that you get every thing of importance through that medium, so you will soon hear of us, and of the Philadelphia plan, of which you will not approve; every man may be a member by paying a dollar, and every missionary is to have a trade, or be bred to agriculture. The wisdom of this world!

I have not yet got a peep into this wonderful discovery of “the illuminati”\* having some religious pamphlets on hand which I wish to read first. I gave it to Mr. Mason: he spread its fame; the professors were reading it when they should sleep, till I told them they might take day-light to it. I would not die with curiosity, though I did not get it for three weeks, instead of three days. As soon as I can spare it they are going to print it: there is one other copy, and but one in town.

I mentioned in my last that we had planned a society for the relief of poor widows with small children, the success has been beyond our most

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\* Proofs of a Conspiracy, by Professor Robison.

sanguine expectations. We have now a hundred and ninety subscribers, at three dollars a year, and nearly a thousand dollars in donations. We have spent three hundred dollars this winter, and nearly all upon worthy objects. The poor increase fast: emigrants from all quarters flock to us, and when they come they must not be allowed to die for want. There are eight hundred in the alms-house, and our society have helped along many, with their own industry, that must otherwise have been there. The French, poor things, are also starving among us; it would need a stout heart to lay up in these times.

I am very uneasy about our dear country. O that the Lord may now work, for his name's sake, and be a wall of fire around it! I no longer look at probabilities, there is no calculating in these times, and glory to God we who trust in an Almighty arm, are not called to it. His purpose shall stand; and as he hath poured out a spirit of prayer and supplication upon you, I think he will incline his ear to hear. Love to all your dear fireside.

I am, as ever,

Your affectionate Friend,

I. GRAHAM.



## LETTER XLVI.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, July 4, 1797.*

WAKED this morning by the ringing of bells, beating of drums, firing of cannon, to usher in the anniversary of the glorious independence of America! The day in which she dared to be free, dared to say we will no longer be the tame, abject slave, of British tyranny. Liberty or death will be our motto. Hail, auspicious day! "All hail, thrice sweet and gracious goddess! with thee to smile upon him, as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than the monarch, from whose court thou art exiled." Let every heart rejoice, and every tongue proclaim, "America is free." So much of an American rhapsody.

Now the sober Scotchwoman hails her Christian friend under the banner of Zion's King.

Shall they, shall any boast louder than we? Can any exult in such glorious liberty? It is our own precious exclusive privilege; before the cock crow once, thousands of these boasters will prove themselves the slaves of vice, and abjectly glory in their shame, while we, a true band of patriots, under the banner, in the armour and strength of our glorious Captain of salvation, dare to say, "sin shall not have dominion over us," neither shall we fear the face of man; all things in Heaven and earth are ours. We are the people who enjoy a government perfect in every department, and in every respect to our heart's desire. All governments must bow before it, and be turned, and overturned, to advance its interests; and when no longer needed for this purpose, shall cease to be, and their names become extinct, while ours shall flourish to endless ages, increasing in the number of its subjects, and extent of its dominion. All this I know and believe, but practise not; nor live as the subject of such a government, and possessing such privileges.

The Amsterdam packet has arrived, not one letter from any quarter of our dear native land. The Emperor had made a separate peace. The fleet

at Spithead mutinied again and again. By the last accounts they were not quieted. From France we hear of great numbers of vessels, (transports) sixty, in Amsterdam, ready for sea, on some secret expedition, supposed against Britain or Ireland; letters from thence say, that through all the north, nineteen out of twenty are determined on a revolution; that numbers are daily committed on suspicion. The British banks stopped discounting; petitions from all quarters for a dismissal of the ministry; an insurrection in Canada, headed by a British colonel; in short, things look so thick, and so black, and this scourge of the nations has been permitted to go such lengths, we tremble at what the Lord may be about to do.

Oh, Lord, suffer not this once flourishing favoured vine to be trodden down by thine enemies; true it has degenerated into a strange vine; but, oh! dig about it, and dress it, revive it, as in times of old, and spare it, for thy name's sake; thy seed is yet in it. Scotland is a covenanted nation, literally called by thy name, is it not beloved for the father's sake? the sons have proved rebellious and false in thy covenant; but, oh! thy ways are

not as our ways, nor thy thoughts as our thoughts ; though we be a covenant breaking people, thou art a covenant keeping God. Oh ! are there not many prayers lodged at thy throne against this evil day by those now around it ? do not the prayers of many yet in these lands unite with them, pleading that thou mayest arise, and have mercy on thy Zion yet ; for in her rubbish and her stones thy servants take pleasure, yea, her very dust is precious for her sake—oh ! that thou mayest build again the waste places, and not make a full end. Let the loftiness of man be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men be made low, and the Lord alone exalted in this trying day. The Lord has stripped you of all your allies, you are now not in reality more, but more evidently at the Lord's mercy—Oh ! that ye may be the company of lappers.\* I am no judge of probabilities, but I have often had hope in this. I never liked the coalition with kings, who gave their strength to the beast. Whatever apparent political justice there might be on their side, it seemed evident that the Lord was dethroning the beast ; the

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\* See Judges vii. 6—7.

work shall go on till accomplished ; and it seems, at best, dangerous to intermeddle between Him and the accomplishment of his purposes, especially as they are so evidently prophesied. What had Jehoshaphat to do to join himself to Ahaziah, king of Israel, after the Lord had done such great things for him ?—Chronicles xviii.

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XLVII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. C——.

*Greenwich, 1797.*

MY DARLING CHILD,

WHEN I finished my last epistle, my heart was like the bottles, mentioned by our Lord, when filled with new wine—ready to burst; matter seemed to flow. I could have wished my last page all included in the first, and two more before me: it would sometimes be a great gratification to have another page to fill, it is not always so with me; but it is ever good for my soul when I can be copious in my addresses to my dear child. When I sit and think of your afflicted state, and especially the weakness of your eyes, oh! I could, in the first emotions on the subject, pull out my own eyes and give them to you; but soon comes the merited reproof. Did mother die for

you? Was mother crucified for you? Oh no, mother's love is hatred compared to that "height, and depth, and breadth, and length, of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." He hath, my child, loved you, and given himself for you, all things shall work together for your good; what he doeth ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter. "Beloved, think it not strange, concerning the fiery trial, which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened to you; but rejoice, in as much as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." 1st Peter iv. 12. "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time, casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you. Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour, whom resist, steadfast in the faith, (in the faith that you shall overcome) knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world; but the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that you have suffered awhile, make you perfect, estab-

lish, strengthen, settle you." Chapter v. 6. Make one of the girls read to you the first chapter of 2d Peter, where you will find that the whole is hung upon faith. "To them that have obtained like precious faith with us, through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ: grace and peace be multiplied to you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ our Lord." Paul never, for a moment, loses sight of the righteousness of Christ, and he keeps it distinct; nothing of ours is to be added or mixed, the Christian is complete in this righteousness wrought out in the person of Christ; it is a finished and a perfect work: the sanctification of the heart and life is a distinct part of salvation, in which we are to be workers together with God. We have received life—a little strength—we desire the sincere milk of the word, that we may grow thereby; the seed is sown, but weeds also remain, and the tares grow up with the wheat. Grace is laid up in Christ; there are given to us exceeding great and precious promises, through the knowledge of him who has called us to glory and virtue. We are to plead these promises, believe also that they are our appointed privilege; but it is the order of the covenant that we *ask*.



*seek, knock.* By these promises, (at the head of which stands Christ himself, his own and the Father's gift, and eternal life in him and with him,) we are made partakers of the divine life, Christ himself, unshackled with conditions of any kind. He is the water of life to which the "Ho! every one" is proclaimed, offered without money and without price; whosoever will, let him come and take the water of life freely. But Christians in Christ, and heirs together with him, are called to work in the business of sanctification, they are to give all diligence; the leaven is hid; the seed is sown; the life created; and there are wells of salvation from which they are appointed to draw, and go on from strength to strength. There is food provided, drink provided, which they are to use that they may grow thereby. Christ is the substance of all, but the means are also God's appointment, which the Christian is to attend on with care and attention, depending on the blessing of God to make them effectual to the mortification of sin and the growth of holiness. He is to give all diligence, searching the Scriptures, praying without ceasing, meditating on the word, watching against rising corruption, and Satan's tempta-

tions, using every exertion to add to his faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, &c. See that long string of virtues, the 2d Epistle of Peter i. and v.

By close intercourse with God we are furnished for the practice of duty, and armed against temptation; by steady perseverance in duty, we have the witness in ourselves that we are born of God, and preserved by his almighty power. The clearer our views, the stronger our faith, the brighter our virtues; the more steady our virtues, the clearer our views, the stronger our evidences; this is the diligence to make our calling and election sure, not to merit it, but to evidence it; thus an abundant entrance is ministered into the kingdom. But the indolent christian, though he may be saved as by fire, is blind, and cannot see afar off, and has forgotten that he was purged from his old sins, is in fear, in terror; saved, as by fire; hanging by the rock he cannot perish; but, unless God goes out of his ordinary way, he lives uncomfortably, and dies in a hanging hope. This then I think God's order: eternal life is a free gift, unshackled with conditions, these were all fulfilled by our substitute; but it hath pleased God (I think) to make our advancement in the

divine life, our steadfastness, our comfort, in some measure, conditional. Promises are made to diligence, and though we in reality cannot, of ourselves, think a good thought, we can, by our natural powers, lift our Bibles, open them, place our eyes upon them, we can present our bodies on our knees, and as the Lord gives, proceed. The man with the withered hand had no power in it. Christ said, “stretch out thy hand,” the man did so, and found the power with the command.

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XLVIII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO A YOUNG MAN ON HIS JOINING THE  
CHURCH.

*September, 1798.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

YOU have now ratified in a public manner that transaction, which, no doubt, passed previously in private between you and your God. You have declared your belief of the gospel, and have taken hold of God's covenant of promise. You have fallen in with his own plan, which he has appointed for the salvation of guilty sinners; and rested your soul upon his word of promise that you shall be saved. You have, at the same time, dedicated and devoted your soul, your body, your time, your talents, your substance, your influence, all that you *are*, and *have*, to

be disposed of, at his pleasure, and for his glory, in the world. You are no longer your own. You are bought with a price, adopted into the family of God, numbered with, and entitled to all the privileges of his children. Your motives of action, your views, your interests, are all different from those of the worldling. Whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, your aim must be, and will be, to do all to his glory. This must go with you, and be your ruling principle in all the walks of life. By your integrity, uprightness, diligence, and disinterested attention to the interest of your employers, you will glorify God, and have his presence with you in business. By a due and marked observance of the Sabbath, and attendance on the ordinances, you will glorify him. By regularity, order, and temperance, crowned with an open acknowledgment of God, before all who may surround your board, you will glorify him in an especial manner in those days of degeneracy, and, crowned with family worship, you will glorify him, and his presence will be with you, and great will be your comfort. God's interest in the world must also be yours. The good of His church in general, and that of your own fa-

mily in particular ; and, oh, my son, if you would be rich in comfort, follow the Lord fully, and follow him openly, and if you would do it, so as to suffer the least, from the sneer of the world, do it at once.

Already you have received congratulations on your joining the church, by those belonging to it ; soon will it be known to those who will scoff at it. But christians and worldlings will look for consistency ; and, if it be wanting, the last will be the first to mark it. A decided character will soon deliver you from all solicitations to what may be even unseemly, and dignified consistent conduct will command respect. Not but the Lord may let loose upon you the persecuting sneer and banter of the wise of this world, whose esteem you wish to preserve ; but, if he do, the trial will be particular, and he will support you under it, and bring his glory and your good out of it.

And now, my son, suffer the word of exhortation. You have entered the school of Christ, and have much to learn, far beyond what men, or books, can of themselves teach, and you have much to receive on divine credit, beyond what human reason can comprehend.

I would recommend to you to read carefully, and pause as you read, and pray as you read, for the teaching of the spirit—the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians, read it first without any commentary, and read it as addressed to you, S——A——. You will there find what may in part stagger your reason ; you will find what far surpasses your comprehension, but yet read on, with conscious weakness, and ignorance, and absolute dependance on divine teaching. When you have read it through, then take Brown's or Henry's exposition of it.

A degree of mystery, my son, runs through the whole of God's revealed word ; but it is *His*, and to be received with reverence, and believed with confidence, because it is *His*. It is to be searched with diligence, and compared ; and, by God's teaching, and the assistance of his sent servants, the child of God becomes mighty in the Scriptures. Let not mystery stagger you : we are surrounded with mysteries : we, ourselves, are mysteries inexplicable : nor let the doctrine of election stagger you : how small a part of God's ways do we know, or can comprehend—rejoice that he has given you the heritage of his people—

leave the rest to him, " Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right."

Jesus took once a little child and set him in the midst of the people, and said, " except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," intimating, with what simplicity and docility men ought to receive the gospel ; and the following text also alludes to this : " suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." There are many promises made to the diligent searchers after truth, " then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord." " The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him ; and he will show them his covenant." Yet the highly enlightened Paul calls the gospel a mystery, and godliness a mystery ; for now we see through a glass darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then (in Heaven) shall I know even as also I am known." Therefore, while you use all diligence, accompanied with prayer, and the expositions of God's faithful ministers, to understand every part of divine revelation, be neither surprised nor disheartened at the want of comprehension, far less attempt to re-



duce it to human reason, as many have done to their ruin. The Scripture says, "vain man would be wise, though born like the wild ass's colt." "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER XLIX.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, June 12, 1799.*

MY EVER DEAR FRIEND,

THIS goes by a fine young countryman of ours, who has been married only some months, and is ordered to his native land as his only chance for life; you may get it sooner or later, but I feel a strange inclination to scribble by every opportunity.

I have now read through the missionary magazines, and have been animated and confirmed by their contents. Our Lord is one, his name, his word, his providence, all harmonize, though we cannot always see it. Our Lord is doing strange things in the earth, at which our ears are often made to tingle; but they shall terminate in the

accomplishment of his promises ; for his counsel shall stand, and the purposes of his heart for ever. We find one set of men joining heart in hand to publish the gospel of peace, and spread the glad tidings of salvation ; another spreading war and devastation with still greater zeal and energy : however different these, in their own views and designs, they shall all contribute their part, toward ushering in the glory of the latter day. The potsherds of the earth dash against one another, but the kingdom of the King of peace shall be erected on their ruins. Amen.

We are, however, not a little alarmed by some private letters which have been received here, “ that, in consequence of Buonaparte’s great victory, the Archduke has been obliged to come to terms of peace, for the empire and himself.” If so, we foresee that an immense swarm of plunderers will be directed to England and Ireland, the last of which, we hear, is ready for a revolution. I have often hoped that the Lord, after stripping you of all your allies, would himself appear as the Lord of hosts, and account the battle his own ; but these hopes are again dashed by the accounts we have of the madness of the people.

We hear that dissipation, and even immorality, have arrived at a pitch beyond what ever has been known, both in London and Edinburgh, and that religion is now more than ever a term of contempt. Oh! what is the Lord God Almighty about to do? what, if he be about to sow the heathen lands, by scattering a seed from Britain. Dear, in God's sight, is the blood of his saints; oh! that he may fortify and arm for the trial awaiting, whatever it may be!

I both joy and grieve at the account you give me of Mr. H—— and Mr. B——. I have often wondered how revolutionary sentiments can be reconciled with the Apostle's injunctions to the children of our Redeemer's kingdom, respecting the powers that be. One of our ministers goes far to vindicate the French nation to this day. He says they have entirely changed their character, from a frivolous, dissipated, to that of a great and magnanimous people; and that, through all their changes, they have never lost sight of the end at first proposed—liberty and equality—justifying the killing of the king, and pulling down all successive governors, as soon as they begin to encroach on their rights as men. On public days

he has uttered strange things from the pulpit, yet he is a zealous, orthodox, connected, uniform, preacher of the doctrines of the gospel; the foundation he lays sure, how he comes to build such stuff upon it seems to me marvellous; but why ought it to be so in my eyes? It is now forty years since I ventured my soul on the same sure foundation; the nearer I come to giving up my account, the more of the superstructure I see fit only for the flames; glory to free unmerited grace, the foundation is immoveable. By this time you will have learned that the French have refused the American ministers as well as yours. The president called an extraordinary meeting of congress, and two more ambassadors extraordinary are appointed, with credentials to co-operate with Mr. Pinckney, (the minister who was to succeed Mr. Monroe.) There have been strong, or rather long, debates on the subject. I sent you the executive's letter to General Pinckney, and a pamphlet of remarks, which, to our view, laid open the spirit of both nations. America seems disposed to bear much rather than resent: we are going to provide convoys for protection of trade merely, not for reprisal. This leaves us all on

foot. My hands and head full of business—in health at present—I had a touch of the pleurisy, was bled, blistered, &c. The Lord's will was, that I should return to the wilderness for a time, and accordingly here I am. No accounts of my boy. Eternity will disclose many things, and answer many *whys*.

Yours, with affection,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER L.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. C——.

*New-York, 1800.*

MY EVER DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER IN CHRIST,

O THAT I could lay open to you your real state, and hesitate not to affirm, that you are among the number addressed in the 2nd chapter of the Ephesians, and ought to rejoice always, according to the first verse of the third chapter of the Philippians ! Read the Epistle to the Ephesians, from beginning to end, read it as addressed to thee, S—— C——, by name, for to thee it assuredly belongs, even to thee, whose eyes the Lord has opened to see the emptiness of all created things, otherwise than connected with eternity ; to see the emptiness of earthly enjoyments uninterested in a heavenly inheritance, yea more, to see your lost state, your corrupt nature, your

deceitful heart, the necessity of a change, and your inability, by any effort, purpose, or resolution of your own, to effect it.

My friend, this is the very character prepared by the Holy Ghost for the reception of a Saviour. "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." Observe, not groaning and wrestling under trespasses and sins, but dead, insensible, at ease in Zion. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Such was your state once, you were at ease, were satisfied with an external round of duties, while there was no real spiritual communion between you and the Father of your spirit, nor any real acquaintance with your own heart, nor the demands of God's law respecting it; for they that worship, must worship in spirit and in truth, and the love required is with the whole heart, the whole soul, the whole strength, and the whole mind, and our neighbour as ourselves. "You were alive without the law once, but when the commandment came" (the knowledge of its extensive spiritual demands) "sin revived," (came into view) "and you died." Thus it was with you, and flesh and blood hath not taught you this, but the Lord, the



spirit who convinceth of sin. You are the weary and heavy laden; you are the hungry and thirsty; you are the poor and needy; you are the outcast, to the loathing of yourself; you are the lost, the prodigal, the wanderer, the prisoner. The very person whom Christ came *to give rest, to feed, to save, to set free.* It is with sinners Christ has to do—condemned rebels. I call you not to hope because you are very good, but because you *know* that you are very bad, because your case is desperate. Come then, arise, the Master calleth thee. It was his very errand to seek and to save such as you. Resign yourself into his hands, as a poor, miserable, blind, naked, destitute, helpless, sinner, and give him credit for his promise, that they that trust in him shall never be ashamed—that none perish that trust him—leave yourself in his hand—pore not thus over your own wretchedness—dig not continually into the filth of your own heart—mourn not over your unfaithfulness, your backsliding, your ingratitude. The Lord knows it all; take a repeated hold of his gospel offers; make repeated application to the blood of atonement; again and again, even to your dying hour, trust his mercy, and try to re-

joyce in his salvation, try to taste the consolations of his covenant. O, my dear friend, were not this covenant a covenant of pure grace, free promise on God's part, we might well sit down in despair; were there one single condition left to be performed on our part, we were hopeless; but Christ is the end of the law for righteousness. When he bowed his blessed head, he said, "*It is finished*;" believers are now complete in him—"Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Look then out of yourself, to a salvation accomplished without you, to which the Lord gives you a full title, a just claim, not because you are virtuous, but because Christ purchased it, and that for the chief of sinners; say then with Thomas, "my Lord and my God!" you do: I read in yours not only "my merciful Creator," but "my Redeemer," "my blessed Saviour who redeemed me from destruction," "my good Shepherd." This is well, the Lord approves, he is teaching you—you begin to lisp the language of Canaan; then come, my friend, "come boldly unto the throne of grace, that you may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." Come as a redeemed

soul, as a reconciled child to a reconciled father. Satan lies when he tells you, that because you backslide, have a deceitful heart, and are ungrateful, you have no title to come to a throne of grace: tell him, the Holy Ghost sayeth, “ If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous,” and teaches you in numberless parts of Scripture to ask forgiveness. Sing in faith the ciii. Psalm, the song of an adulterer and a murderer, pardoned and saved by free grace. I have reached my last page without being near the end of what I wished to say.

I cannot at present say any thing of my visit, not being able to discern duty. My girls are mothers but sickly; but that is not my principal hindrance. I have a large charge given me, even the poor widows and orphans in this city, whether I can leave them or not, I cannot yet determine.\*

But I am, ever,

Yours, affectionately,

I. GRAHAM.

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\* Mrs. Graham was First Directress to the Society for the relief of poor widows with small children.

## LETTER LI.

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SUBSTANCE OF A LETTER TO MISS P——.

*New-York, December, 1800.*

I WAS favoured with your agreeable letter just as I was finishing my last to you. I have often, in the course of my wanderings through different lands and countries, among christians of different names and denominations, had my spirit refreshed and my faith established, by finding the language of the Holy Ghost one and the same in the hearts and lives of Christ's people, and all speaking the same things of themselves, their depravity, their inability to deliver themselves, their certain death unless delivered—of Christ the Saviour, the gift and sent of the Father. His own gift and undertaking—His finished work—His free salvation—His well ordered covenant—

His New Testament sealed with his blood, shed for the remission of sins—of the Holy Ghost, the sent of the Father and the Son, the power of God in the hearts of men, convincing them of their sin and misery, enlightening their minds in the knowledge of God, renewing their wills, enabling them to embrace Christ as an Almighty Saviour; taking of the things that are Christ's, and showing them to his people, consoling them in affliction, supporting them under trial, strengthening them in weakness and temptation, and teaching and guiding them in the path of duty.

Yes, my dear Miss P——, your sweet christian letter speaks the same language with your brothers and sisters in Christ, brought within the bond of his covenant, and taught by the same teacher, in all lands, in all climates, and under all governments; for we are all one in him; one body, one spirit, even as we are called in one hope of our calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, whether in infancy or in riper years. The spirit, the water, and the blood, are the same; one God, and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all; what a mystical union is here; how ought christians to love, commune

with, exhort, and comfort one another, with the same words wherewith each is comforted. In this view let us bless God for the art of writing ; we, who possess it, have an additional talent to account for, let us occupy it to his glory.

I rejoice, my dear young friend, and bless God with you, for all he has done for your soul, for humbling, self-abasing, emptying grace. I pray for an humble and contrite spirit, in all who are dear to me. They who walk humbly, walk safely. I rejoice with you also in the confidence you have in the pardoning mercy, and supporting grace of your Saviour ; for when you are weak, then are you strong. Yes, my young friend, you say truly, that of yourself you can do nothing, flesh and blood hath not taught you this, but the Father of your spirit, that he might make you to prove that you can do all things through Christ strengthening you. Christ is not only the end of the law for righteousness, but he works in us, to will and to do of his good pleasure, “ who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.” He is the way, the truth, and the life ; and the more we dwell upon these comforting truths, solace our souls

with them, delight ourselves in God, triumph in our portion, assure our hearts before God that he will perfect what concerns us, that nothing shall separate us from his love, that our life is hid with Christ in God, and because he lives we shall live also—the more we thus exult in our great Saviour, Prophet, Priest, and King, the more we are fitted to run in the way of his commandments. This is eating his flesh and drinking his blood, by which we have life and virtue from our blessed Head. See the beautiful exhortation in the 1st chapter of Peter's second epistle to all who have obtained like precious faith through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. It is through the knowledge of God, and Jesus Christ, that grace and peace are multiplied unto us, "according as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him who hath called us to glory and virtue: whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these we might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

It is by embracing these promises, by feasting on

Christ, in whom they are all yea and amen, that we are animated and enabled to “add to our faith virtue ; and to virtue knowledge ; and to knowledge temperance ; and to temperance patience ; and to patience godliness ; and to godliness brotherly kindness ; and to brotherly kindness charity.” That these things being in us, and abounding, we may be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Christ. These are the blessed fruits ; and we are called, in the faith of these promises, to give all diligence to make our calling and election sure, that so, in the full triumph of faith, evidenced by these fruits, our entrance into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ may be abundant. By what follows it seems to me, that though a redeemed soul cannot be lost, the christian may lose much comfort both in life and in death. The means, as well as the end, are of God’s appointing ; the last is his own work, which he will bring to pass according to the purpose and counsel of his own will : how far he hath given to his creatures natural or renewed powers to exercise the first, is not to me distinctly revealed, nor, perhaps, is it necessary ; let it suffice us to know, that without



him we can do nothing, that in his strength we can do all things, and like the poor man with the withered hand, believe and exert our endeavours.

Let the first chapter of the Second Epistle of Peter be read at your next meeting, and remember me as present in spirit with you; and the Lord Jesus be with you. Grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied unto you. Love to all the family, and to dear Mrs. M——. If you see my dear Mrs. C——, give my love to her. Oh! neglect not this poor lamb among you, and feed it for the Shepherd's sake. "*Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my lambs.*"

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER LII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO HER DAUGHTER, MRS. B——, THEN  
IN SCOTLAND.

*August, 1801.*

MY DEAR J——,

LAST evening our dear pastor bid us an affectionate adieu.\* I spent the night writing letters to go with him, and have little time left to address those nearest my heart.

Dear Mr. Mason! Oh, how many hearts he carries with him. He avoided softening us, on his own account, last Sabbath; scarcely alluded to his leaving, in his sermon, and what he said, was not with such pathos as he is master of.

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\* Doctor J. M. Mason visited Britain to procure funds and books for the seminary of the Associate Reformed Church in America.

After prayer and singing, he told us that in less than two days he expected to leave us, on his Master's business, according to a more particular intimation given two Sabbaths previous. That he had three requests to make. The first, that we would pray for him, that he might have a prosperous journey, and be restored to us with multiplied blessings. Second, that we would carefully avoid harsh constructions of the measures which required this separation,—if we could not reconcile it to our own views, to judge at least charitably of the motives, and be silent. And lastly, that we would keep together in a body, and faithfully attend on the ministry which God had provided for us, and not to lay stress on earthen vessels, which could, of themselves, afford us nothing. He conjured us, if we loved him, to comply with this request, and not wound the feelings and weaken the hands of the faithful ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ; and then added—

“No doubt, my friends, no doubt, much infirmity, much corruption, very much sin, have accompanied my ministrations among you; but, in respect to the truths I have preached, I take you to witness, I am free from the blood of all men,

delivering, so far as I knew, the very truth of God's word, not regarding the opinions of men." He then spoke a few words to his aged fathers in Christ, acknowledging his obligations to their counsels, support, and consolation, and to their kind and tender dealings with him, and their forbearance. To the young members, his joy and rejoicing in the Lord—to the children, the hope of the church, when we shall be gathered to our fathers: he finished with a blessing from Scripture, and, "I bid you all an affectionate adieu."

By this time he was nearly blind with weeping. And now he goes to you, and other dear friends in Britain. I am consoled, that your spirits will be refreshed. I hope our dear D. B—— will be made a help-mate to him, and that you will return together in the same vessel, piloted by the Master himself. The Lord, the Chief Shepherd, go with him, be with you, and remain with us, to bless and make blessings.

Your affectionate Mother,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER LIII.

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FROM DIVIE BETHUNE TO MRS. GRAHAM.

*London, October 8, 1801.*

MY EVER DEAR MOTHER,

How much you have increased our obligations to you, by the kind, and uncommonly attentive, correspondence with my beloved J——. We both regret that our return to it was so imperfect at Liverpool. They do not, as in New-York, put up bags in the coffee-house, and Mr. F—— and I trusted our letters to the care of our friends, who, it would appear by your receipt of them, had not been so judicious as they might have been, in the manner of forwarding them. It was great cause of thankfulness that our dear J—— got safe to the house and care of those who, though they cannot fully supply your place, are devoted, in their attention and interest, to her safety and

ease. The fears and anxieties I experienced on our journey from Liverpool to Dingwall, I cannot describe; but it has just been, as all my life has been, a manifest proof of the riches, of the grace, and tender mercy of a faithful and compassionate God, against my unbelief, against my desert, and above the glimmering hope even of my boldest exercises of faith. Oh, how undeserving am I! how full of grace is He! Every day, every scene, every experience of my life, confirms me more and more in the belief of that word of truth that dropped from the lips of the Word of life,

“*Without me ye can do nothing.*” Nay, not all the grace that all the people of God have ever received, can keep a Christian, the living Christian, for one day, fresh for every duty that he ought to be.

The fountain must be ever flowing; the manna ever falling in this dry and parched wilderness; treasured up, the manna rots; laid at rest in the cistern, the water of life stagnates; every new duty must have new grace from Heaven for its due performance. “For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.”

I have had many sweet and precious exercises of filial confidence of faith since my arrival in Britain. Seasons, I trust, of refreshing from before the presence of the Lord, much communion with Christian brethren, and oh, what unmerited testimonies of attention and esteem from them; yet I have had seasons too, that almost broke my heart, of a worldly undevoted spirit—of attention to the backsliding suggestions of a deceiving heart—a tendency to too much conformity with the world. These exercises have taught me how necessary to live for every duty, for every moment, on that dear Redeemer who has condescended to make himself my strength and my stay; who has stooped, oh wonderful exercise of pardoning mercy, to receive, with open arms, a rebel to his authority, a breaker of his vows, a sinner against such unspeakable love.

My situation here is trying to Christian sensibilities; obliged to be constantly among men of the world, I want much of the talent which you possess, of being in friendship with the amiable but irreligious world, and yet preserving true Christian dignity, and circumspection of conduct, in all this intercourse. I have only just seen Mr. New-

ton. A pious merchant called on me, by direction of the Rev. Mr. Bogue, of Gosport, with whom I got acquainted at Glasgow and Edinburgh. I hope this will be a comfort to me ; but this is such a world of itself, that to see all the merchants to whom I have letters would of itself take two or three weeks. This makes me love Edinburgh. There I had not much business, and there I gave myself wholly to Christian society. Oh, I love Edinburgh. Here there are as many Christians, but my situation is not so eligible to improve their acquaintance. I meet the directors of the Missionary Society next Monday.

I spent some pleasant days with our dear Mr. Mason. Providence favours him, and I trust his voyage will be made a blessing to America.

How it rejoiced our hearts to hear of our beloved friend Miss B——'s coming out so decidedly. She has made a wise choice. The Lord will comfort her. Let her trust him largely, He is a great God and great Saviour. He is a shield to them that trust in him. Oh that her example may be blessed to our young men! Speak to J—— and W—— for me. Tell them I bear them on my mind ; that to make them merchants



is nothing to making them Christians ; you know how to address them. The Lord give efficacy to the means of grace. Remember me also to my young friend G—— G——, who, though not immediately under my care, I am also anxious about.

May our covenant God be with our people in the absence of their pastor. Remember me most affectionately to all our Christian friends, and kindly to all acquaintances. My blessing on my child, love to all with you, from,

My dear Mother,

Your affectionate Son,

DIVIE BETHUNE.

## LETTER LIV.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO HER DAUGHTER WHEN IN SCOTLAND.

*New-York, January 23, 1802.*

MY DEAR J——,

I SUPPOSE by this time Mr. B—— has informed you, that it has pleased God to separate the loving cousins, and taken to himself I. S——. The trial to me, you may suppose, is not small; the circumstances that endeared the lovely pair, so peculiarly pleasing to me, are well known to you.\* Old people's temporal comforts are generally limited: many things that were pleasing, and innocently so, in youth, lose their charms in age. The few that remain, too often take stronger

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\* They were born within a few days of each other, were baptized at the same time, and both received the name of Isabella Graham.

hold than when the affections were more divided; parental love is among the foremost. It is generally thought to be stronger in the grand-parent, than in the parent's own breast. I would not wish it so, and thought to guard against it; but the calls of duty drew this in connection. Be it so,—were it not needful that my heart should suffer still more, it would not be exercised by it. I have full confidence in the wisdom, power, and goodness of our covenant God. He has done, he now does, and he will do, all things well.

Into thy hand, my heavenly Father, my Redeemer, and my Sanctifier, I commit all my personal concerns, all the concerns of my children, and children's children. I ask one thing—it is a great boon—that to the latest generation my natural offspring may be thy spiritual seed; this only I ask with importunity, and put a blank into thy hand for every thing beside. \* \* \*

You write in heroics of the beauties of Scotland, especially of Ross-shire. Yes, Scotia, thou art a lovely land, and thy kind hearts are congenial with my own. Soon the lark and the thrush will tune their throats, with many other sweet cho-risters, which might tempt even me to quit my bed of sloth,

Dear native land ! may every blessing from above and beneath be thine—serenity of sky—salubrity of air—fertility of soil—and pure and undefiled religion, inspire thy sons and thy daughters with grateful hearts, love to God and one another.

The season is at hand, though I shall not see it with these eyes of flesh and blood ; but a still better country awaits me, a happier clime, fairer flowers, sweeter music, more exalted friendship, purer, extatic, yet eternal joys. There the redeemed, from every country, shall meet and mingle in pure affection—Christ the bond of union and love. \* \* \* \*

## LETTER LV.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. W——.

*New-York, July 27, 1802.*

MY dear Mrs. W——'s letter of the 12th lies before me. I received another since, but have left it, through mistake, in the other house.\* I am now so rich in homes, that, like all other riches, my cares are increased by them, and my poor remains of memory sometimes burdened. Next to the intelligence of your own and family's health, and comfort, for which I join my thanks with yours to the God of all grace, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, and every comfort spiritual and temporal, I notice the place my dear minister holds in your judgment,

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\* Mrs. Graham lived alternately with her children after declining business.

and (for his Master's sake) affections. I love, I honour, I esteem him highly, for his work's sake. I obey him as having charge of my soul, and watching over me, as one who must give account ; he is faithful, and will render that account with joy, and not with grief. I also love his person, for his own sake, with the love of friendship ; after all, he is not my God, nor is he my Bible ; neither is he Lord over my judgment, in matters not decided by any revelation. I make little doubt but he kept my letter from views of prudence, to prevent the accounts from Kentucky being circulated.\* I desire not to censure him, and others ; for the most part of the christians here who are esteemed men of sense and discernment, adopt the same conduct with Gamaliel on a former occasion ; others pronounce it enthusiasm, infection, and some spare not to pronounce it delusion ;

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\* This conjecture was correct. Her pastor was aware of the powerful prejudices existing against the religious excitements in the West. Many pious persons, remote from the region, who, from the incidents attending it, suspected the genuineness of the revival, were afterwards convinced that it was the work of God. That Mrs. Graham, circumstanced as she was, should at that early period have formed so correct an opinion, proves the clearness of her judgment, and the liberality of her views.

while some of the weaker sort, among whom class your friend, have formed different views, or other hopes of it. If upon Gamaliel-supposition this matter will come to nought, I must stand among the most credulous and most foolish of the fools, as my mind is nearly, though not decidedly, made up. One reason why these religious impressions gain *no*, or *small*, credit, as the work of God is, that the Methodists are the principal agents, as means, and they are by all other sects esteemed an enthusiastic people: this, in my mind, proves nothing: be it so, that men have much against them; be it, that God has, where is there perfection? Of the seven churches of Asia, six were reprehended; yet among them were some who had not defiled their garments, and they walked with Christ in white. These indefatigable, laborious men have suffered all manner of hardships, the extremes of heat and cold, hunger, fatigue, contempt. In Virginia, near to the sea, where supported by the fertility of the soil, the labour of slaves and traffic, pride, luxury, and dissipation, hold their seat among a people of education; here there is no temple to the known or unknown God. Here and there, perhaps, once in thirty or forty miles,

stands the ruins of a methodist hovel for the worship of the true God, even these could not be kept in repair; yet even *there*, there are those who, in confused expressions, speak gospel truths; the depravity of nature is felt and lamented, the grace of God, the blood of Christ, the price of pardon, and acceptance, and gospel precepts, are in some measure understood, and deniedness to the world, and self practised. These are the fruits of methodist preaching, in the back settlements; among the mountains, there are many more who live to God, and acknowledge them their spiritual fathers. There are a few presbyterian churches in these parts, the ministers of which acknowledge that God has done much good by the methodists, both among black and white.

It is now five years since these extraordinary appearances began, first among the methodists. I have it, from undoubted authority, that individuals, known personally to my informers, were the subjects of these violent agitations of body and mind, in the season, of what appeared to them, conversion, who have since given good evidence of it by their walk and conversation. These agitations have not, for two years, been confined to metho-



dists : the very same appearances have accompanied the religious impressions, made on the minds of vast numbers under the preaching of presbyterian, and baptist ministers, all of whom are satisfied that it is the outpouring of the spirit on thousands, whatever agency or contrary spirit may be permitted in making counterfeits. Finding that the Lord honoured these men, that the harvest was great, and the labourers few, they have united their exertions, and are in those great gatherings in full communion. I have heard several letters read from the most esteemed among them, which all speak the same things ; who dare despise whom God delights to honour ? God said to his ancient people, that he would provoke them to jealousy by a people which were not a people, and by a foolish nation he would anger them ; has he not, in effect, said the same to back-sliding corrupted churches, when about to remove their candlestick ? Has he not said something like it to the church of Scotland, in the countenance he has given to this new sect ? Has he not been shaking all things, dignities, properties, churches, and states ? Has he not run his providences entirely above and contrary to the

views of the wisest of the wise, with the prophecies in their hands? Who shall say that he shall not step out of his ordinary course in overturning the kingdom of Satan, in a place where he seemed to reign, not only over willing slaves, but over the most daring avowed opposers of Zion's King? and in days when a nation is to be born at once, are we sure that the time is circumscribed, when he shall pour out his spirit upon all flesh, and young men shall dream dreams, and old men see visions? Is the extent of that Scripture confined to such a degree of conviction, as shall leave the members of the body at rest? "Thine arrows are sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies, whereby the people fall under thee." Is there not a spiritual meaning to the cviiith Psalm. "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." And how do they find rest? When the Lord maketh the storm a calm, and stilleth the waves, then are they glad, and he bringeth them to their desired haven—to peace and rest. Is all prophecy understood? By the multitude of camels, the dromedaries, the flocks of Kedar, the rams of Nebaioth, are understood the nations where these

are natural to the soil and climate. Little has yet been discovered of this great continent, and its numerous inhabitants, yet are they, and it, the subject of prophecy, however concealed from the past and present generations. Perhaps we are the sons of strangers mentioned in the tenth verse of the same chapter, lxth of Isaiah, but I speak as a fool.\*

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\* This letter closes the correspondence of these dear friends. Mrs. Walker entered her rest October 19, 1802. A sketch of her life and happy death may be found in the second volume of the *Memoirs of Eminently Pious Women*.

“Next to her family and friends she interested herself in those whom, in the sense of the instructive parable of the Samaritan, she found *neighbours*. For the needy, the young, and the ignorant, her purse, her exertions, her instructions, were ever ready. The interests of the church of God were her interests, and she took a warm interest in missionary exertions. Her mind was deeply impressed with public affairs; strong was her love for her country; her daily prayers were offered up for it and her king.” She was one of the few pious friends who took Mrs. Graham by the hand, when desolate and neglected; interested herself in her establishment at Edinburgh, and continued her unwearied friend through life.

## LETTER LVI.

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EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MRS. GRAHAM TO MR.  
AND MRS. B——, BALLSTON SPRINGS.

*New-York, August, 1806.*

MY BELOVED CHILDREN,

A HUSBAND, wife, and child, make a family, and God ought to be acknowledged by them as such. I am anxious that you should meet in your room for that purpose some time every morning.

If it cannot be accomplished at an early hour, redeem that time in a later, and also before going to rest in the evening. The Lord has honoured your family worship with genuine fruits, follow it up in all places. Like Abraham of old, where ever you pitch your tent, for a longer or shorter period, there raise an altar to the Lord—to that God who has fed you all your life, carried you as on eagle's wings, and will carry you to old age and gray hairs.

## LETTER LVII.

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FROM THE LATE DOCTOR MORRISON TO MRS. GRAHAM.

*At sea long. 39°, north west lat. 36°. Lord's day,  
May 24, 1807. On board the Trident.*

MY EVER DEAR MOTHER GRAHAM,

I THINK you were led by the special inter-  
ference of our gracious Lord, to put into my  
hands the work which you did, accompanied by  
the edifying and comforting letter which you  
wrote me.

I thank you for telling me what God did for  
your soul, and join with you in ascribing to the  
Lord, salvation and honour. I had, my mother,  
from the time of leaving my dear relations and  
friends, passed through waters deep as the fathom-  
less ocean which I crossed; but with the Lord  
there is mercy; with him is "plenteous redemp-  
tion." "He is ready to forgive." He has re-

stored to me, in some measure, “ the joy of his salvation,” and will not, I trust, take his holy spirit from me. This is my prayer.

To-day he enabled me, on board of this vessel, to open my lips to teach transgressors his way. O, that sinners may be converted unto him ! I had not made myself plain, in what might drop from me, relative to “ looking to the pit.” Unquestionably we are not to forget “ the pit whence we are taken.” Are we not to look at it, and admire the power and grace that delivers from it ? Look at it, and cleave closer to Jesus. Lean more and more upon his arm ?

*Straits of Bania, August 17, 1807.*

I have now read over, to my comfort and edification, the letter you so kindly wrote to me, on leaving New-York. I could not help opening my papers to mention it to you, that God may be glorified by manifold thanksgivings to him.

Last Friday I was ashore at Anger Roads, in the Island of Java. The post received a letter from me to Mr. Bethune. The poor naked Malays on Java, as well as on the other islands, and the peninsula of Malacca, are duped by the

impositions of the man Mahomed. I was desirous of seeing their mosque, but was not permitted to enter it. Supposing there was no person in it, I looked in at the window, and unexpectedly saw a Malay sitting cross-legged, with his face toward Mecca, mumbling, in a plaintive tone, his devotions.

*Canton, September 18.*

We had, in sailing through the Chinese seas, a rather tedious passage, and, on making the coast of China, the wind, for two days, headed us off the track that leads to Canton: however, in due time, the Lord brought me in safety to the place, whither the prayers of God's people followed me. On the 6th inst. we took a Chinese pilot on board, at the mouth of the Tigris, perhaps forty miles below Canton. It was the Sabbath, but very far from being a day of rest to me. Two days before I had been on shore at Macoa, and had seen two of the persons to whom I had introductory letters from Europe: they gave me very little encouragement to hope that I should be able to continue, and hence I was all anxiety, though striving to roll all my cares on our Lord.

I am now with Messrs. Milnor, to whom I had letters from Mr. Wolcott. At present I have an apartment in their factory, and hope I shall be able to continue.

The Chinese wonder why I came, when they come to me and find that I neither have to sell, nor wish to buy. I, indeed, have to propose to their acceptance "the pearl of great price," but dare not yet mention it. The Lord has, in his good providence, thrown in my way, unsought for, a young Chinese, John Consequence, who was two years at Yale College, with Mr. Dwight. John does not seem to possess much talent, but he may be very useful to me. He offered to teach me Chinese, a circumstance which I by no means anticipated.

Bless the Lord in my behalf, my dear mother, and sometimes remember, at a throne of grace, the voluntary exile,

Yours, in the faith of Jesus,

ROBT. MORRISON.



## LETTER LVIII.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. C——.

*Greenwich, February 1, 1811.*

WHAT infatuation is this? I was writing to my dear child before she left New-York, and was delighted with the idea, that among the first objects that would meet her eye, on entering her solitary dwelling, would be a letter from Mother Graham. It was dictated and ready for the pen, but alas! alas! that pen has never reached the paper till this minute, nearly a month, instead of one day, after parting with my friend. I lost the first stimulus, at which I was very glad, for next day Mr. B—— told me, by the winds you had been favoured with, you might be in your own dwelling in forty-eight hours. Then my imagination began another letter with, “O, thou, of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?”

The principal part of the first was the circumstances which took place after you left us, and the conversation, which I know would have gratified you much. I will only say that your dear self, family, present circumstances, and future prospects only, found room, till the glad news came that you had reached home the following evening.

We were highly gratified to hear from the pulpit, "The prayers of this congregation are requested for a family gone to sea." We, and all interested in you through us, addressed our prayers to him whom winds and seas obey, in your behalf. I now occupy your room, and am reconciled to it; the girls have taken up their quarters in my little niche. I find the Lord's presence the same here as there: this is my only solace, and it is enough. I have, as you know, enjoyed much in life, enjoyed its dearest, sweetest comforts, love and friendship, with a heart tremblingly alive to both. Lover, and friends of youth, are long since gone, other friendships I have formed, and have been happy even in these; now I am shut up with ails and aches. The world (properly so called) is a dead blank to me; yet I do think I never enjoyed life more. I would

not exchange my present happiness for the most transporting moments of my life, (of which I have had a large share,) though thousands of years were added to enjoy them. I do not mean barely that happiness which consists in the anticipation of pleasure beyond the grave, that is indeed delightful; but I enjoy life now. Books of taste are mine no more: still less those of science and history; but my dear Bible! precious subjects! my dear Saviour! The height, the depth, the breadth, the length, of the glorious plan of redemption, open to my delighted perception more and more, and the spirit witnesseth with my spirit, that I have my part in it by the gift of *faith*. I believe the record, that God giveth to us eternal life, and I put in my claim as a sinner. I account it a “faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.” I still enjoy the ordinances of the gospel: my memory, as you know, is much impaired: I recollect very little of the sermons I hear; but, I think, I never heard with so much attention. I am delighted, instructed, and fed, at the time, and the subjects open to me without my being able to recollect the

order or the words of the speaker. O, let me recommend this dear Lord to your heart and confidence; commit all your concerns to him; mistrust no part of his providential dealings with you; his wisdom shall manage for you, and you shall one day say, "He hath done all things well." Ask of him grace in the time of need, strength according to your day, and go forward in the path of duty, caring for nothing else, so as to be cumbered. "Stretch out thy hand," said Christ to the man with the withered hand. He stretched it out. Strength was given in the attempt. "Go show yourselves to the priests," said Christ to the lepers, and "as they went they were cleansed." "Rise, take up thy bed and walk," was a common command of our blessed Master to the impotent.

Do not, my dear, give way to Satan by abstaining from prayer, by supposed or real unfitness. When ruffled by temper, or cumbered with care, or in whatever trouble, flee to the hiding-place, cast yourself on your knees, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner"—"Lord, help me." Confess your depravity and helplessness: utterance, most probably, will be given; but, if not, go again and

again, and wait and watch in hope. Do not be discouraged because you have little heart exercise, only be humble, and lie low in the dust before God. When conscience charges you with sin, whether in former or later times, give way to the charge, and to all its aggravations. Confess, and lay your hand upon the head of the sacrifice, the lamb of God, who taketh away sin. I think my highest comforts have been preceded by such deep contrition.

We were comforted by knowing that you had taken your servant with you. We had a severe snow-storm after you left us, with wind and rain. Has not the Lord been good to prepare your way, and “carry you on eagle’s wings?”

My love to E—— and F——, and all the dear group.

Yours,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER LIX.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MISS W——, EDINBURGH.

*New-York, 1812.*

MY dear Miss W—— I think is in my debt, but that is no reason why I may not inquire after her health and welfare, and through her of that of her brother, sister, and other dear friends, yet in their pilgrimage. My dear, dear Mrs. W—— lives in my affections, and surely what concerns her children can never be to me a matter of indifference. Your dear brother's persevering kindness, and tried friendship, have written gratitude in indelible characters on my heart. "A friend in need is a friend indeed"—and such was he. I trust the Lord has rewarded and will reward him. I have still in my possession many dear remembrances of your

worthy mother; her sensible pious letters, some of which have proved prophetic, are among my treasures. What a lovely group presses upon my memory at this moment, united to Jesus and to one another on earth, and the union is now perfected in heaven. Your dear Mother, Mrs. Brown, dear Mrs. Randall, and Lady Glenorchy, all zealous for the welfare of the widow and orphans, whose way lay peculiarly through *Vanity Fair*, and whose spirits were too much assimilated to the wares there exhibited, and most unworthy of all the care and pains they bestowed upon her. Tell my *then* dear pastor the pilgrim is not lost: he will find her in the xviii<sup>th</sup> chapter of Ezekiel: he may remember that he and dear Doctor Erskine gave me over to the Lord when leaving Edinburgh. Well has He kept the charge, though I have not my part, after all the chastisements and charges received. But he is the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.

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\* The late Doctor Davidson, of Muirhouse.

I am now a happy Mary, enjoying the full sense of pardon, and the light of his countenance in the mean time, and the full prospect of being soon with him, made like him, and capacitated to praise him.

I. GRAHAM.



## LETTER LX.

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SUBSTANCE OF A LETTER FROM MRS. GRAHAM TO  
MISS M——, ONE OF HER FORMER PUPILS.

*New-York, April 4, 1814.*

You have reason, my dear, to mourn over your worldly mindedness, your coldness, your deadness, in the concerns of your immortal soul. Christ says, “one thing is needful,” Luke x. 42. “What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” Matthew xvi. 26. “How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?” Heb. ii. 3. It is proper that you should be serious and in earnest on a subject so important. An interest in Christ ought not only to be your highest wish, but till you have at least obtained a good hope, you

ought not to rest ; at the same time you may err in the speediest way of obtaining that hope.

With regard to the degree of sorrow for sin, there is no rule in Scripture : we find the apostles of Christ, as soon as they found sinners, seeking salvation, directing their views to the Saviour. “ What must I do to be saved ?” said the jailer. “ Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ,” said Paul and Silas, “ and they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in the house, and he believed, and was baptized, he and all his house ;” and he gave evidence that he had received a new nature, for, in spite of consequences from the rulers, he washed the stripes of the apostles, and set meat before them.

The Jews when charged with the guilt of murdering Christ, “ were pricked in their heart, and said to Peter and the rest of the apostles, men and brethren, what shall we do ? Then Peter said unto them, repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost ? and the same day there were added to the church about three thousand souls,” Acts ii. 37—41. “ What doth hinder me to be baptized ?” said

the Ethiopian eunuch. “If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest,” said Philip, Acts viii. 36, 37.

You say, “I did not give up my heart, I kept it back.” Alas! it is too much the case with many; it was my own case for a long time; it is but partially the Lord’s still. It is your duty to strive to give up your heart, and while you strive God will give the power; but he will give that power only in the order of his own appointment. Let me, my dear, lead you to my dear Saviour, he shall teach you.

Take your Bible in your hand, sit down with your Saviour, and a crowd of gainsaying Jews, John vi. 28. “Then, said they unto him, what shall we do, that we might work the works of God?” Jesus said unto them, “This is the work of God, that ye believe in him whom he hath sent.” What are these Jews to believe? turn back with me to the first chapter. Who does John say received power to become the sons of God? The answer is in the 12th verse, “But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.” Now the third chapter.

Think, my dear, for what purpose was the serpent raised upon a pole? For a like purpose Jesus was lifted up upon the cross. Sinners are diseased, they cannot heal themselves. Christ says, Look unto me, and believe that I will heal you. Try this, and the like exercises.

I wrote to you largely on this subject in my last; but, my dear, it is your first business. What induced God to send his Son into the world, and for what purpose? Answer, chap. iii. 17. "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world, through him, might be saved." Are not you a worldling? Did God then love you, and send his Son to save you? Believe it. Who are they that are not condemned? verse 18, "he that believeth on him is not condemned." Believe it. Who are they that are condemned? same verse. "But he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the only begotten Son of God."

For what are they condemned? Unbelief, my dear, that is the cause. Could you believe that God is in earnest when he says, he will save you in believing, I think you would try to credit

him, and say, as in Mark ix. 23, 24, Jesus said, "All things are possible to him that believeth." The person answered, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." I rather think I went over this subject, at great length, in my last, and promised to speak of good works in this ; but, some how, I cannot get at it ; because, till the soul be united to Christ, it is incapable of obedience. Union takes place on believing that God is reconciled. Turn with me to the 3rd chapter of 2nd Corinthians, begin at the 14th verse, and read to the end. Do you believe verse 16th, "nevertheless when it (the heart) shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away." What answer will you give to verse 17 ? "Now the Lord is that spirit : and where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." If you believe this, and many other passages to the same purpose, you shall soon find the love of God constraining you to love Him who first loved you ; then shall you be enabled to give your heart to God. Follow up the subject in another place, 1st Epistle of John, iii. 9, 10. Do you believe verse 9th ? "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Will you rest your soul's salvation upon it? Now chapter v. 1st verse, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God." Observe what God says of them that believe. "They are born of God." Read the witness of God, verse 9th, "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater: for this is the witness of God, which he hath testified of his Son." 10th, "He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself." Have you the witness in yourself that you do believe? or will you make God a liar, by refusing to believe his testimony? Look at "the record," verse 11th, "God hath given to us" (to you M—— M——) "eternal life, and this life is in his Son." Christ himself is the first gift to sinners, and those that accept him, are his children, made "heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ," Romans viii. 17. "These things have I written unto you," (M—— M——) "that believe on the name of the Son of God; that you may know that you have eternal life, and that you may believe on the name of the Son of God," 1st John v. 13. Verse 14, "And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us." Now, my

dear, ask God for grace to enable you to give him your heart.

What is grace? In a general sense, it is free unmerited favour. When we ask grace, in order to the performance of any duty, or the exercise of any holy affection, we ask, that the holy spirit may propose to our souls such strong excitements, as shall engage the whole bent of our mind to that duty, or produce in us that holy affection.

Now, in my own words, the substance of the whole is this : faith is God's appointed mean on the part of the sinner, by which He (God) communicates to him spiritual *life*. *Regeneration*, or the *new birth* (synonymous terms) takes place in the moment of believing. The sinner was not regenerated before believing, but he is, in the act of receiving Christ, the Saviour, as he is offered in the gospel, and resting and relying upon him for the salvation of his soul. The law of God has no more hold of him, so as to condemn him. He is *Christ's* freeman, 1 Cor. vii. 22. The Father is reconciled ; owns him as his adopted child ; the Holy Ghost is given to him to renew him after the image of God ; he is made a partaker of Christ ; of his holy human nature, and progresses

in holiness. Among those who hold to the form of sound words in the Scriptures of truth, there is some difference of opinion. Truth is ever the same, and all error is contrary to truth; but, as perfection of practice is not on this side Heaven, perhaps there are few who deduce largely from Scripture, who do not, more or less, "spoil it" of its intrinsic purity.

God's revealed truth must not stand at the bar of man's benighted reason. God has convinced the world that human wisdom "could not by searching find out God;" and there are facts revealed which are above the investigation of human reason, and which men have darkened by wisdom. Scripture is the best key to Scripture, and such parts as cannot be unlocked by Scripture, are (in my opinion) better left as subjects of adoration or submission.

All things necessary to salvation, to life, and to godliness, are revealed so plainly, that the most ordinary capacity may understand.

But this is the condemnation, that men will not come to the light that they may be saved. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for



reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." 2nd Timothy, iii. and 16. Infallible for this reason, that both in substance and in language it is the production of the Holy Ghost, and all human deductions and assertions must be tested by that unerring rule.

It was one of the evidences which Christ gave to the disciples of John, who were sent to him, to know if he was the Messiah, that "to the poor the gospel is preached," Luke vii. 22, and all are commanded to search the Scriptures.

Preaching is an ordinance of God, yea, a principal and reasonable ordinance: men acquainted with the circumstances of the times, and the language in which the Scriptures were originally written, are best qualified to elucidate them, and they have the promise of God to be with them, and to lead them to all truth. God commended the Bereans, that they "searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things (which he preached) were so." Acts xvii. 11. So must you, my darling girl. You stand between a cold carnal unrenewed episcopalian, a warm pious Hopkinsonian, and a Scotch presbyterian colonist: much need have you to search the Scriptures for yourself. All of us hold to the form of sound words

in the language of inspiration. The truth is in your church, your Prayer Book, your Homilies, but some of your ministers leave it out of their preaching: blessed be God, not all. And there are millions around the throne, from that church,\* who have earnestly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints; and with them join in the song of Moses and the lamb, that noble army of presbyterians from Scotland, Switzerland, Germany, &c., and the origin of them all, the noble army of martyrs, the Waldenses. The angel flying through Heaven with the everlasting gospel. The chief of the witnesses slain for the word of God. (Bishop Newton.) There too sings with them the pious Hopkins, who now finds that none have the lot of glorifying God in Hell, who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and rested on him for salvation as he did. There too, many of his followers have obtained the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls, 1st Peter, 1 and 9th, and many are now on their way to the sacred company of believers, where they shall see as they are seen.

Though even there, they shall not be able to

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\* The Episcopal Church.

search into, so as to comprehend, “The breadth and length, and height, and depth, of Christ, (for) it passeth knowledge.” “The unsearchable riches of Christ.” “Into which the angels desire to look,” and learn from the church the manifold wisdom of God. Ephesians, iii. 10.

REDEMPTION, is the song of saints and angels in Heaven.

REDEEMER, the favourite name of the Son of God.

The Lion of the tribe of Judah, the root and offspring of David, appears on the throne of God, “a lamb as it had been slain,” and is the subject of the new song, first by the church in Heaven, then join the angels, then all in Heaven, earth, and sea, Rev. v. O, is not this subject enough for sinners? the objects redeemed! Does God require us, or desire us, to look above this? and seek to glorify him in any way unconnected with this? to love him for what he is in *himself*, unconnected with what he is to us. Do we know any thing at all of God but by Christ? Who being the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our

sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." Hebrews i. 3.

What does God talk to us about? Is it not about the salvation of our souls. My dear, is it not so? God requires us to love him with all our heart, soul, strength, and mind, and what are the inducements? O, they are strong. HE first loved us, and gave his only begotten son to be the propitiation, the atonement for the sin of our enmity. It is his love that overcomes the sinner's enmity. Nothing else but a firm faith in the love of God will do it. "No man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son shall reveal him." Does he hold this of his Father, that we should be willing to be separated from him for ever? I know no where in Scripture where Christ uses such strange language, but the reverse. John xvii. 24. "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Also 25th and 26th verses.

O, the condescension of our God! that he should commune with, and manifest himself to, all that hold the Head.

Salvation IN, BY, and THROUGH, CHRIST.  
“ The wages of sin is death : but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.” Rom. viii. 1. Paul can speak of nothing else.

How I have run on. I fear I am wrong. You love Mr. F——. Love him, my dear. If he bears his Master's image, he is his. Perhaps I should not meddle between you. You may go to Heaven with him. God will bless the truth which he holds, and he will pardon his errors. Of all the seven churches in Asia, to only one Christ said, “ Hold fast that which thou hast :” to one more, “ Be faithful till I come.” He had something against all the others, and perhaps he has something against mine.

I live chiefly in my Bible. The deep things of God I leave in his own infinity. I stand in awe of Scripture words ; I read ; I believe ; but upon some parts I will not reason ; I cannot comprehend what God can. He can reconcile what I cannot.

I “ wait the great teacher DEATH,  
And God adore.”

I know not what to say to your leaving the church. I rather think you had better wait a little longer. Go and hear where you receive the most benefit. I charge you, my dear, be in earnest with God. It is his commandment that you believe in his Son. The duty is yours, the power his. It is his ordinary way to give the command, and while the sinner aims the power is given.

Observe this in almost all the miracles which he wrought. I cannot, my dear M——, part with you. I am, if the Lord give grace, willing to travail, as in birth, till Christ be formed in your soul. *Read, pray, watch*, try to trust in Christ. “So shall you know if you follow on to know the Lord.” Have you “Doddridge’s Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul?” I know no one book that has been so much blest. It was my own guide along with my Bible: it is itself half Scripture. If you have it not, do, my dear, get it; begin even with the Introduction, and read with prayer. He was a most laborious minister and guide of youth.

Write me all that is in your heart, even if your views differ from mine, it will not lessen my love.

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER LXI.

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MRS. GRAHAM TO MRS. C——.

*Greenwich, June 5, 1814.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DID not expect to hear from you in a letter addressed to myself, or to any of my children sooner, for all the reasons which you enumerate; many of which I knew, and others I could suppose. Neither did I think of writing to you of the change which has taken place, or rather has been brought to a crisis in your daughter J——'s mind, till I could make some further observations. She, herself, has written, and I hesitate no longer to follow her example. I think, notwithstanding what I believe of the deceitfulness of the human heart, I may congratulate you on the second birth, of your second child. She has had a hard conflict, but that makes the result appear more

decided. The Lord himself has dealt with her, first, and last. I confess I felt great difficulty and responsibility. I durst not depart an inch from God's own word, and in the very language of inspiration. I advised her to purchase Doddridge's *Rise and Progress, &c.*, which she did, and the Lord blessed it to her. She is now resting on her Saviour, but in such a way, that she dreads to let him out of her sight for one minute. She has a view of God's salvation as all planned and finished, as to justification by himself. She looks to the great atonement for pardon and peace—other foundation she has none. She has a right to lay hold on Christ's strength, and to believe that he will sustain her; and this she does, though the fear of drawing back, quivers, as it were, about her heart. As to her peculiar situation towards those around her, the Lord has led her in that too, better than either you or I would have advised. I did advise her not to volunteer suffering, but said the Lord would no doubt call for sacrifice in the course of his providence, in the daily intercourse with the world, which would eventually draw forth her principles, and form her profession.



This you see he has already done. She requires of me no secrecy. I asked her if I was at liberty to gladden the hearts of any of God's people, she answered that she had no wish to hide her views, as she had no desire to return to the world. Thus she sets out, and God will lead her, guide her, and honour himself by her. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. B—— have any doubt of the genuineness of her exercises. In her open profession she sets an example to her mother, who, I think, had she owned her Lord and his people more, would have enjoyed more of his presence, and have made greater advances in religious knowledge, and have enjoyed more stable comfort.

I now wish to hear particularly about yourself, as respects your temporal and spiritual interests. I am sorry to hear that F—— continues so delicate. Does L—— continue as attentive to religious duties as she used to be? J—— has given me a very pleasant account of her. I pray it may be according to your prayers and hopes. If the Lord give to you and yours the blessings of his new covenant, he will make you content with small things of a worldly kind. "Seek ye first the

kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.”

We have now been a month at Greenwich, in the midst of sweets. I enjoy much ease, but am feeble—waiting my dismissal with patience—every earthly good is gathered into my cup, and I have also no inconsiderable share of the Lord’s presence. Yet sin is in this heart, and I long to be delivered.

“ To be where thou, my Saviour, art,  
To see and be conformed to thee ;  
Perfect in holiness this heart,  
This, this, is heaven itself to me.”

Give my love to your children, and also to Mrs. G——, who will share in your joy.

I am, as ever, your affectionate Friend,

I. GRAHAM.

## LETTER LXII.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF THE LATE  
DIVIE BETHUNE, MRS. GRAHAM'S SON-IN-LAW.

*Sabbath Evening, July 31, 1814.*

IT is now my duty to record an event, afflicting, yet consoling to my soul. The decease, and translation to heaven, of my beloved and precious mother, Isabella Graham. Her soul has passed into glory, and her body rests in the grave, until the resurrection—precious dust of a precious soul!

On Thursday, the 19th of this month, my beloved mother was attacked by cholera morbus; on the 22d it assumed a more serious character; on the 23d she expressed a wish to see her dear friend, Mrs. Mary Christie, between whom and herself a reciprocal engagement existed, that one

should attend the dying bed of the other, as the Lord might be pleased to call either of them first. A lethargic state, allied to stupor, succeeded the cholera morbus, and our dear mother took little notice of what was passing. On Sabbath morning, the 24th, she roused on seeing me; and calling me to her embrace, she, in the most affectionate manner, declared to me her expectation that she was going home to her Lord, and, with much contrition for her sins, expressed the sweetest and strongest assurance that she would go to her Saviour.

My dear Mrs. B—— having sent a line requesting prayers for an aged believer to three churches, the Rev. Dr. Mason called to see my beloved mother, between sermons, conversed and prayed with her. She received him with affection and satisfaction. The Rev. Mr. R—— prayed with her on the 25th, and she expressed her firm hope, through faith, in her dear Redeemer, in answer to some of his questions.

After this she held no regular conversation, and took but little notice of those around her, excepting to ask me to pray with her, and at different times, by short sentences, expressing to Mrs.

B—— her hope, her safety, and her joy, at the immediate prospect of entering on her heavenly REST.

Surrounded by her children and children's children, as well as many weeping friends, she resigned her spirit to her Lord in the most peaceful manner, without a struggle or unpleasant look : her end was emphatically PEACE.

She breathed her last at fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock, (midnight) Thursday, 26th July, or, as it may be reckoned, early on the morning of the 27th July.

On the two Sabbath days preceding the Tuesday on which her complaint attacked her, she had joined in communion at the Lord's table. On the 10th, at the village church, and on the 17th at our own church in Cedar-street. On each week preceding these two seasons, she attended three evenings on religious exercises. On Thursdays at the Orphan Asylum ; on Saturday evenings at the prayer meetings of our church ; and on Friday evenings the preparatory sermons.

She appeared lively, and expressed her comfort in those religious seasons, and continued actively useful until the very day on which her illness com-

menced. On Monday the 18th, she appeared in perfect health, visited and gave religious instruction to the orphans in the Asylum; and on the Sabbath, the morning of the 17th, she attended her Sabbath school, along with her daughter and grand-children. Thus the Lord was pleased to direct that she should lead her children's children, J—— and I——, into the walks of usefulness, before she took her flight to heaven; thus imposing a pleasing obligation on them that they should follow her steps.

O Lord, my blessed and covenant God, my soul delights to praise thee for thy rich goodness to my beloved mother in life and death! But a fortnight ago, she trod this vale of tears, seeing but through a glass darkly, a pilgrim like myself; but now she is before the throne, clothed in a white garment, and a palm in her hand. The lamb in the midst of the throne, the blessed Jesus, whom she loved, now leads her to the fountain of living waters, and Thou hast wiped all tears from her eyes. Thanks and praises be to our blessed Lord for such rich salvation!

O, my heavenly Father, bless me and mine with grace and strength to travel all the road, in holi-

ness and faith, till we also enter through the gates into the heavenly city. Especially, be pleased to pour down a spirit of grace and supplication, that we may pray unto thee more frequently and fervently than ever; for thou knowest, O our God, that much praying breath hath now left our habitation; who knows but our praying mother brought a blessing upon us as thine ark did to the house of Obed Edom. O thou, who hast taken our beloved mother to glory, do not forget us, thy children, who are left behind! Let thy blessing yet continue with us, for the Redeemer's sake; make us a family whom thou hast blessed! And may ardent piety, evangelical obedience, and extensive usefulness, be granted to us, out of the rich supplies treasured up for us in our covenant head and divine Saviour! Amen.

BEFORE closing this volume, it may be permitted to the daughter of Mrs. Graham to say, that never was there stronger affection between a mother and a son than subsisted between her and her son-in-law, Divie Bethune. The evening previous to that illness, which terminated in her death, she remarked, incidentally, that she had lived fourteen years in his family, and he had never once wounded her feelings.

The following tribute to his character, by the beloved mother, he so faithfully cherished, is extracted from a letter addressed to a friend, and not delivered until after her decease :

“ According to knowledge, observation, and even investigation, Divie Bethune stands, in my mind, in temper, conduct, and conversation, the nearest to the gospel standard, of any man or woman, I ever knew as intimately. Devoted to his God, to his church, to his family, to all to whom he may have opportunity of doing good, duty is his governing principle ; cast upon his care, under God he nourishes me with kindness,” &c.

They have both entered their rest. One sepulchre contains their sleeping dust, and one monument



reared by the survivor of a happy *trio*, who, for many years, "took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company," bears the following tribute to their memory :

S A C R E D  
 TO THE MEMORY OF  
**DIVIE BETHUNE,**  
 MERCHANT OF THIS CITY,  
 WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 18, 1824 ;  
 AGED 53 YEARS.  
 and of  
**ISABELLA GRAHAM,**  
 HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW,  
 WHO DIED JULY 27, 1814,  
 AGED 72 YEARS.

THEY WERE BOTH NATIVES OF SCOTLAND.

### THIS MONUMENT

Is reared by his bereaved Widow, and her orphan Daughter,  
 As a testimonial of two servants of JESUS CHRIST ;  
 The one a ruling Elder in his Church, the other a Mother in Israel,  
 Who, like Enoch, walked with God,  
 Like Abraham, obtained the righteousness of Faith,  
 And, like Paul, finished their course with joy.  
 They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and they rest here together  
 in their graves.

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon them; and they caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." --*Job* xxix. 13.

"Oh! how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men." --*Psalms* xxxi. 19.