

Larington. Nov. 27. 1848.

The most blessed cure of self-consciousness  
is to forget ourselves in the Presence of God.  
But this is the state of Angels, & of Saints  
greatly advanced in spiritual perfection.  
Still this must be our aim.

The more habitually we can have  
kept our eyes the Heavenly Court &  
in the midst of it our B. Lord the  
less we shall remember ourselves.

Isaiah vi. & Rev. iv. will be a help to  
us.

There is however a lower & less blessed  
remedy, which taken alone is an evil,  
but may be united with the highest.  
We see active, earnest-minded so in-  
tuit on a waking subject of study  
as science, literature & the like

that they forget themselves, become  
absent, slovenly, and absorbed.

This shows the benefit of constant  
healthy employment: abounding reading,  
work for the poor, above all love of  
souls.

The more you can resist for yourself  
to do the more you will be helped  
to forget yourself.

Box of good heart. Everything bad in  
a has been tried at some time as you  
are. And it will be all deaden-  
ed & overcome in you.

By this time next year, please  
God, you will find a change.

Mean while don't chafe, a fret.  
There has indeed been no last year:  
but one full of both endings & begin-  
nings the end & reward of which

shall be in eternity.

You are now on your last path  
in which you shall go 'unfalter-  
ing': stopping short of nothing  
but a perfect immersion of your  
whole heart to God. This is my  
earnest for myself. May I never  
halt till every affection, thought,  
desire is centred intently in  
God. And may this be yours,  
as it shall be. He has caught  
you up & lifted you over ridges  
and deeps. Between what you  
were, & what you are there is  
a great gulf fixed.

God knows I would help you  
if I could; I will if I can. It is  
& shall be with my thought &

prayer. Be among Christ's poor.  
In them see Him. Do it home  
things for them: pray for a love  
of souls: overcome every hardness,  
slowness, reluctance in striving  
to win them to Him. Speak for  
Him. If you feel dumb pray till  
your tongue be loosed & you speak  
plain. Only never give way to  
difficulty. Let "I cannot" be un-  
heard & unknown when there is  
a hope a chance of helping  
a soul for whom He died. And  
as you water you shall be watered  
yourself. He will bless you, guide,  
enlighten, deepen all love, contrit-  
ion, self-denial, self-centred as you  
would, outside you are working for Him.  
His love be with you always, my Child.

Sadness is one of the Fowlers nets.  
Do not be cast down. Besides  
the many reasons why we keep  
Tears with such slow hearts  
you have mentioned two which  
would be enough to account  
for what you felt yesterday.

One is you had been look-  
ing forward to it. This I have  
always found to end in dis-  
appointment. Our anticipations  
exceed the reality as light  
outreaches our arm. It is easy  
to figure to ourselves in imagin-  
ation a Feast day, its object

vividly apprehended, and its op-  
fers devoutly entered into. But  
when the day comes, & the thing  
is to be done, the vividness, &  
devotion fall down from us.  
We fall below the  
real standard; & then fall, for  
the most part, below it. The  
first fall is a disappointment, &  
brings on a sense of effort dif-  
ficulty & vexation. (See P.S.)

The other cause is your offer-  
ing. Somehow there is a sadness  
in a thing being ended, done.  
It has become part of ourselves  
and seems taken away.  
And we find after all

that we have been but work-  
ing: & then the work stands:  
& unseen things seem as far  
above out of our sight, & ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~reach~~ <sup>reach</sup>.  
Our work seems to leave us re-  
lated to them. And the work  
is with the last and creates  
a further feeling of disappoint-  
ment.

But besides this there is per-  
haps no day in the year in  
which such feelings are so like-  
ly to occur. At Xmas. &  
Easter there is a clear un-  
doubled object of faith. The  
Parable our end by which

we are called out of ourselves.  
All saints day throws us in upon  
ourselves. The object is multitudi-  
nous, dimly revealed, full of depths.  
Also it has many memories  
& affections and sits in us,  
too much human feeling  
which is peculiarly liable to  
break down & to hinder the  
higher & more passive per-  
ception of truth.

And what then is of certain-  
ty in the day, namely the  
holiness of saints comes so  
very home to us as to be  
in one way depressing, because  
so directly convicting.