

Rome. Feast of the Circumcision 1848

In looking over an MS Book today, I found what you wrote the night before I left Livingston last July. And I remember that I was so taken up that night that I was unable to do what you asked, without thanking you for what you said. It was not that I did not feel it. Nor do I do so now as thinking it necessary, or that you could think so. But you may have thought that I did not thank you for all parts of it, which I do: especially for what you seemed to write with misgiving.

I wish I could think that I had condoned what you say. Nothing is to me so above all price as the thought of "working together with God," in the Communion of His Saints. It does indeed give "an hundred fold 'betterment & blessing' even in this present life." But I feel that you need no guidance I can give you, & I trust you are not going way to any depression or discouragement about yourself. All is His Gift. The Father gave His Son, the Son gave Himself, & both gave the Spirit: & our Lord is exalted to give repentance: and every thing we have from our regeneration to our Resurrection is His gift: not my great gifts but the least: the grace of Sacraments, and the gentleness which can be silent & cheerful. Don't give over to ask, but follow as the woman of Canaan. If she make as tho' she doth not hear, it is to give you the box of ointment, & the vessel, before the kiss of peace & the bread - to give you the gift of prayer, or sense of want, or perseverance, or wisdom.

I should like my blessing, & Christian love to be given to Sir
Cott & to Mrs Mills wife, to Molly Graysmark, and to little
Elizabeth Hughes.

And now I commend you to Him who is "The Prince of
Peace", and Peace Himself: "our Peace": both with God, &
in ourselves. May He guide you & keep you in "the way
of Peace" unto the end.

H. E. M.

Mrs
Pyle

ness of being poor & blind. In His Name I forbid you to fear
or complain. I wish they could have reached you at Abroad,
but I must content myself with writing it at this day; which re-
calls me to my altar in a way which almost makes me pre-
sent. I trust & believe that I was not forgotten when day
began to come in upon the altar light.