In looking on an MS. Book today, I found what you wrote the night before I left London last July. And I remember that I was so taken up that night that I was not able to do what you asked, without thanking you for your kindness. It was not that I did not feel it, and so I do not as thinking it necessary, or that you could think so. But you may have thought that I did not think you for all part. If it, which I do especially for what you desired to write with me.

First, I could think that I had done what you say. Nothing is to me so acceptable as the thought of "working together with God," in the Communion of the Saints. Does indeed see an "everywhere and always," even in their present life. But I feel that you need no evidence, I can give you, so I trust you are not growing to any depression or discouragement about yourself. All in this gift. The Father gave the Son, the Son gave Himself. God gave the Spirit; it was and is "exalted to give repentance" and every thing we have from our redemption to our remission in this gift: not my great gifts, but the least: the grace of pardon, and the gentleness which can receive a charmed. Don't you feel it, ask, but, follow as the women of Canaan. If the more as not The day is near, it is to give you the love of comfort, the love, when, before the help of peace in the head, to give you the softest prayer, or sense of want, or perseverance, or comfort,
I should like my beloved, a Christian love, to be given to Mrs. Despost, and to Miss Nellie, Mrs. D. G. Graysmarsh, and to little Elizabeth Hughes.

And now I commend you to those who in "The Prince of Peace," and Peace Himself: "Our Peace," both with God, and in ourselves. May the good you have seen in the way of Peace continue to the end.

N. E. M.

Mrs. B. G.


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