

**SELECTIONS FROM PRIVATE
MEMORANDA & LETTERS
OF LOUISA PEASE, WHO
DIED AUGUST 12, 1861**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649348886

Selections from private memoranda & letters of Louisa Pease, who died August 12, 1861 by
Louisa Pease

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AUGUST 12, 1861.

LONDON:

Printed by

RICHARD BARRETT, 13, MARK LANE.

1862.

P R E F A C E .

THE following writings will speak for themselves, without much comment from another pen. Simple as the writer herself, and with nothing to recommend them in the light of learning or literature, the object of collecting extracts from them in this style, is, that they may serve as a little memento of one, whose earthly course being run, some may love to contemplate it in its more hidden and lovely recesses; also, the desire that they may stimulate others in the path which leads to Christ, and that some may be induced the more earnestly to follow Him, as she, in her simplicity, endeavoured to do.

Without any parade of religion it was easy to see on whose side she walked; indeed, so free was she from all spiritual pride, and so tenderly did she shrink from revealing the innermost secrets of her heart-communion with her God, that it was not until after her death that her Sabbath Journal was discovered—and that, too, seemed to have been but partially kept because of her fear of self-deception; still it was a delight to her, in her own quiet way, to “take sweet counsel together” with those who, she felt, could sympathise with and understand her, and to pour forth the troubles and doubts and difficulties that sometimes assail the Christian’s path.

The fragments that follow are mostly, too, of that private nature which shrinks from public gaze; still where duty was involved, where love prompted, where conscience said Give, where she felt she could lend a helping-hand, speak a word of encouragement, or a word of warning, she would not withhold; and many are the sweet remembrances which those nearly united to her can treasure of her faithfulness and love. But it was not

without strong conflicts she arrived at this state: the "natural man" shrinks from that profession which Christ's sacrifice for us demands.

After her marriage her Sabbath Journal seemed to have been discontinued; but in its place she had substituted other memoranda, under the title of "Jottings of a Young Wife." They comprise a review of her life during her short sojourn in her northern home. Very few extracts are given, because of the difficulty of selecting from that which has acquired a sacredness on account of its private character.

When we think of her short stay amongst us, the sigh will sometimes involuntarily escape—

"Oh! for the touch of the vanished hand,
And the sound of the voice that is still."

But, then, the gentle delineations of her character as so unostentatiously shadowed forth herein; so full of love, and yearning for the best interests of others; showing her as the true wife, as well, we would fain hope, as the true Christian, clothed in a kind of unconscious humility, make one almost rejoice in the trustful belief of the final and beautiful consummation of that which at best is but imperfect here.

And so, too soon for those who still walk below, the course of her young life ran away. Suddenly the call came; suddenly the fading flower of earth was culled to blossom in the unfading purity of the heavenly atmosphere.

May we, as we cannot doubt it was permitted unto her, through that undying love which is beyond all price, in the dying hour,

"Feel Thee near when our feet
Are slipping over the brink;"

and so to each of us may her death be a reminder that

"It may be we're nearer home;
Nearer now than we think."

MEMORANDA AND LETTERS

OF

LOUISA PEASE.

SELECTIONS FROM SABBATH JOURNAL.

25th of Sixth Month, 1854.—This day I am twenty-one. It seems formidable to put it on paper ; but I am induced to do so from the inclination I have had for many, many months past of sometimes noting down my feelings on paper, thinking some benefit may accrue therefrom. So frequently have I formed a resolution on this point, and so frequently broken it, that I determined this should be a crisis to my determinations. I think there are advantages and disadvantages in this plan of talking with yourself; perhaps the former predominate; I imagine so from J. J. Gurney's strongly recommending it; but I trust I may not fall into the way of putting down more than I *really* feel. How much I have to be thankful for when I look at the past twenty-one years; few, I believe, have such a favoured home. I often pray for a grateful appreciating heart; but I am very far from what I should be, though I know *being* or *doing* will not save us. We have only *one* hope of salvation. I wish I could *feel* all that I *know*; but I often fear mine is more a religion of the head than of the heart. I hope this is a right step, and that I shall continue it, for I think it will sometimes be a comfort to me.

3rd of Twelfth Month, 1854.—First-day afternoon.—Let me here record very humbly (for I scarcely dare do it) what appears to me to have been something of an answer to prayer. Before meeting I prayed that, if consistent with the Divine Will, I might hear from the mouth of a faithful servant of the Lord (as I doubt not J. Y. is) something that might tend to my encouragement and edification; and surely I never heard a sweeter or more encouraging sermon than he was permitted to preach: it raised a song of thanksgiving in my heart, and I felt melted; it has sent me on my way rejoicing. I think these things should not pass unnoticed, though it seemed almost too good for me to think it was an answer to my prayer. But why not? He has promised, and, I doubt not, will perform, though I ill deserve it. Oh! may I be among the “ransomed ones who shall return to Zion with songs and everlasting joys upon their heads;” there shall I indeed obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—L. A.

Christmas-day, 1854.—I trust I hail this day with a thankful spirit in remembrance of the blessed event which causes its observance; and, secondly, that we are still spared—a happy loving family. I long that I may be enabled to act my part in the circle faithfully; that by my example and precept, weak though it may be, I may endeavour to extend a wholesome influence over each dear member, especially my brothers. I consider it a mark of God's good providence to me that I am spared till this hour; that I am still on “praying ground;” that so many blessed opportunities are still held out to me; and I think I earnestly desire not to slight them.

New Year's Eve, 1854.—Perhaps, more for the sake of noting down once more, in this old year, than anything else, am I induced to pen these lines; though, I trust, I thankfully wish to acknowledge the many mercies that have been showered on me during the past year; and I hope I can truthfully say, that, if

spared during the coming year, I may be more devoted as a Christian, and that God's will may be my will; in short, I long to say earnestly, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine," in all things, "be done." It has been a sweet Sabbath-day and evening.

First-day afternoon.—Last Sixth-day, Fifth Month, 1st, 1855, at 8 o'clock, p.m., the spirit of our dear Uncle Charles took flight, as we humbly believe, through the merits of a crucified Saviour, to its heavenly rest. Happy transition! Unspeakably happy New Year! and though we sorrow, yet it is not as those who have no hope. His death was calm and peaceful as an infant's sleep; and his dear family have much to console them in this hour of affliction.

Another Sabbath-day come round. Since the last, the mortal remains of our dear uncle have been consigned to the silent tomb. That day was more one of joy than sorrow, so faithfully was the true gospel preached by devoted servants of the Lord, and so much of comfort and consolation held out to the mourners, and encouragement handed to *all*. I say joy, but there was something of sacredness in it; not the joy that the world affords—no! it was something more pure and lasting in its effects, and something to be desired. Last 2nd day we went to see the remains of our dear uncle; and as he lay looking so calm and peaceful in his narrow bed, I longed in my heart "that my last end might be like his." This morning was a much sweeter and more favoured meeting to me than usual; it was my desire that it might be such, and I may gratefully acknowledge that I was helped. Not having been out the last two weeks it came upon me more as a time of refreshing; and I think I may faithfully say I experienced something of the sweetness of waiting silently on the Lord.

4th of Third Month, 1855.—*First-day afternoon.*—These are times I look upon as my own; when I am alone with my books,