

Asbury Theological Seminary

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Correspondence

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Answered

U.S.A.

Charleston S.C.

June 28, 1890.

Mrs Marshall Smith

Dear Madam.

Surely you will pardon the liberty a stranger takes in addressing you, when it is on a subject so near the heart of us both.

I have just read your book, "The Christian's secret of a happy life," and frankly say, I wish I had had that privilege years ago, if its influence over me would have been then, what

it now is. In my early youth
while at boarding school, I
connected myself with the
Episcopal Church; from then
to now, my religious life has
been constant fighting, success
failure & victory. If you will
turn to the 2^d. chap. in your book,
"The Scripturalness of this life," near
its commencement a paragraph
begins with these words. "For sure
I am, that every converted soul will
ending with these, "Beginning again
only to fail again, & again to repent."
that page describes so accurately
my spiritual life, for years past
that no words of mine could reveal

it more clearly. I hope and believe
our Heavenly Father has sent a
blessing into my soul, through
your book, though I hardly feel
as if I had emerged into the light,
so often, oh! so often I grope in dark-
ness. I have given myself as un-
reservedly to my God, as I know how
believe truly, He has accepted my
consecration, that "He is mine, and
I am His," my redemption assured,
through His atoning blood, and
the Holy Spirit dwells in my heart.
But it is a great distress, and trial
to me, that whether on my knees
or at my daily duties, I cannot
keep my wandering thoughts,

(perhaps idle fancies fill my mind)
on Heavenly things, my earnest
prayers, that the Holy Spirit, will
bring all things to my remembrance
that He has said, making me
live in constant recollection of our
dear Saviour, & His teaching, seem to
fail, for in Miss Haevergall's words
"I go from faith to forgetfulness"—
but through all, if I know my own
heart, my Will is fixed on God, &
I try patiently to wait His time—
but how I long to love Him more
and realize more truly His
wonderful love for me, who for so
many long years, have been one of
His careless, ungrateful children.