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Correspondence

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Box 1_12 (Correspondence- Fowell, Abby 1858-1868)

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From A. S. Folwell

3rd day - 8th mo 6th -

My very dear Hannah,

Ever since I heard of thy spending
some time at the sea side this summer I determined
to write to thee - and tell thee how much I do
love thee, and what cause also I have to love
thee - peculiarly befitting is it for me to tell
thee this, while thou art at the shore - for there
it was that thou awakened my sleeping, if
not extinct love - there thou showed me what
I had so long lost sight of - that gratitude^{or} love,
not duty, should be the constraining motive
of the child - there my eyes, were open, ^{to see,} as my
ears listened to thy words - how unworthy was
that servant, who thought his lord an austere
man - requiring great and bitter sacrifices,
laying heavy & oppressive burdens upon the
shoulders of his not willing, but obedient slaves.
when the truth is, that instead of thus serving
a hard master - we have a faithful Saviour,
Comforter, and High Priest, whose we are, and
whom we should serve - touched with the feeling
of our every infirmity - afflicted in all our afflictions.

Then did I see that because such an High Priest, Jesus, the Son of God, had entered into Heaven for me - therefore, I could come boldly unto the Throne of Grace - and obtain mercy ^{find} & grace to help in every time of need -

Yes, my dear friend I would say, "Thou art the man!" it was through thy blest instrumentality that the change in which I have rejoiced took place, and, though I have not perhaps always ~~seen~~ (when asked, the producing cause) traced it to that talk with thee - or rather, that listening to - that sermon from thee - I am persuaded now, that it was the means of my renewing, and perhaps more thorough awakening than ever before experienced - Since then, have I oftener known a being "joyful in the house of prayer" - would that I could say, "faithful in the field of offering" - one thing I believe, that what has been offered, has been accepted because of the merits of Christ, my Saviour! who is my only hope! and in whose glorious name it is now my privilege to plead with an hourly gracious, but merciful Father - not for any ^{real} fancied holiness or sanctity of my own - shall

I live - but because He lives I hope to live also
He working in me to will and to do of His
good pleasure - not that thereby I may save
my soul - but that I may thus bring glory
& honor to His name - adorning the doctrine of
God my Saviour - through the power of that
spirit which was in Christ, and came by
Him - Would that the watchword given
me by thee, since that lovely sea side com-
munion, might be realized - and agonized
for - Grow in grace! and in the knowledge
of thy Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ -
I trust it will be animating to thee, dear H.,
to be reassured of my grateful love, and to
know of how great good to my weary, discour-
aged soul thou wert the appointed messenger,
speak therefore still the word in season
to such - and though discouragement abound,
at times, in regard to thyself - remember in
watering, thou also shalt be refreshed, &
in the morning sow thy seed & in the evening
withhold not thy hands!

May the Lord's richest blessing rest
upon thee - teach thee of His ways, not
only make thee a burning & a shining
light, but make thee to know the appointed
place for thy candle to shed its light -

Dear Anna I claim my sympathy just now,
& find it difficult to understand the Providence
which has laid her on her task when her presence
seems especially needed by her increased family
she has hurt herself by over exertion and it pains
her very much to walk, tho' she tries for the sake of
Samuel & his mother & sister to keep down stairs.
Her attention being again taken from her out-
ward concerns - she is beginning to taste of the fruit
so bountifully offered to her last summer, when
so secluded - ~~she was in a state of great~~
~~affliction & sorrow~~ - she
has been looking over all her old by-gone letters
recalling the times when she called not Jesus
her Bridegroom, neither wrote of Him as such.
My own precious sister's deep earnest longings
for the blessed Truth as it is in Jesus, were often
poured out to her - and she answered not - because
she knew not - and if I held the pearl, the
precious pearl of gospel truth, I held it in
"a cold, dead hand" - having closed through
darkening darkening seas - & thought by the elting
out of my life I purchased it - Oh we talked
and wept this morning together, that when
she hungered, we gave her no satisfying food
we did not say - "Come to Jesus - and he will fill
all thy, even thy aching void" - what a noble

christian she would have made, had
 she but known that her Saviour loved her,
 and realized that he gave himself for her,
 this was, I verily believe, all revealed on her
 death bed, when only her perfectly radiant
 countenance spoke the new joy - while all
 her voice was capable of was to exclaim "Wonder
 wonder! wonder!" ^{she is now} Redeemed, safe forever!
 only think of the pure joy she might have
 tasted here - had she talked with thee, as
 thou art now ^{or such as this} - how eagerly she would have
 embraced the Gospel of light and salvation.
 Hast thou heard of a little book, Anna &
 I much enjoy - memoirs of the Bickersteth
 family - the title, "Doing & suffering" - it is
 so lovely to see how two sisters were prepared
 by nature and grace, to administer so
 sweetly to each other's necessities - one a
 timid suffering invalid, with a heavy cross
 daily to bear, leaning in her older brighter
 stronger sister, and she so tenderly cherishing
 her - so gently leading ^{her to,} or reminding her of the Rock
 that was higher than she - it is marvellous.

Thine brother wrote "Rock of Ages" a book, thou
hast no doubt seen - so valuable in its
confuting and satisfactorily settling the
doubts of Unitarians - he states, I believe,
that no one ever came to him as a minister,
with any perplexity or doubt of the Divinity
of Christ, but what he recognized it as
a former temptation of his own - even
after he was a full Believer, he was suffered
to pass through all this mental conflict, that
he might succor others in the same position
I must dear Friend, leave thee abruptly -
wishing thou would, if convenient, write to
dear Anna and let me hear from thee
through her - I would love to know if thou
art strong and well - my best respects
to thy dear Parents - most affectionately
thy friend, in the bonds of the Gospel - never,
we trust, to be less strong or broken -

A. S. Lowell.