

Asbury Theological Seminary

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Correspondence

Hannah Whitall Smith

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1983

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

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7 of 8<sup>th</sup> month

My Motherless  
Friend Abby—  
Precious Friend

While to Adina. I know that you long as she does long for a letter as in answer to—hurry & let her know from the pen dear self—

I had not needed my heart's affections stirred up towards thee by the hearing of thy sweet letter to "Mother Smith"—for several days I had been thinking of thee, and wanting to write, nevertheless it was a real treat to hear thy nursery song of thanksgiving, over thy nest, and precious brood—it came to me in my deserted nest—deserted of its mother bird—wherever, only now and then, goes up the song of thanks, where oftener I sit alone, and "mourn as a dove". I would not stop thy note of thanksgiving, and praise, but rather learn its tune, and magnify the Lord with thee <sup>that we</sup> may praise His name together—

I'll tell <sup>thee</sup> what my affliction has  
taught me to know full well, that  
all the <sup>real</sup> <sup>weeping</sup> trouble arises from having  
a willaverse to God's will, if we  
were only on God's side instead of  
our own - oh that is what thou  
hast lately experienced, is it?  
a leap over the line of thy own  
will on to God's side - what a  
blessed rest - oh Hannah, I have  
often so much perplexity and  
trouble and worryment - just  
for want of quiet trust in Him -  
Pray that having put my hand  
in His, I may not draw it away -  
in the times of trial or danger - do  
pray I may be filled with love,  
Divine love, how easy to move in  
it - if it was filling the heart -  
My will often rebels against the  
loss I have sustained of that  
sweet, that exquisite companionship  
which was God's best gift to me

Thou knowest I mean earthly gift -  
Just the way thou lovest thy children  
so she loved me, only intensified  
by years of daily and most loving  
intercourse - is it any wonder I  
idolized her? I find I did, and  
now solemnly comes the sentence  
"he that loveth Father and Mother  
more than Me, is not worthy of  
Me - Whenever I think of my  
Saviour, I think too of my lovely  
Mother - nobody knows, Hannah  
how sweet she was - Suppose the  
Lord should come! what an ending  
that would be to my apprehensions  
for the lovely future - my mourning  
for the "tender grace of a day that  
is gone" - which will never come back  
to me - till He comes!

There is a great deal in what  
thou says - Jesus! the conscious  
presence of Jesus, instead of habits  
of Grace - we need only to realize

this, at the time and hour of  
action or temptation - oh a will  
ever resting quietly in His -

I have heard what a powerful  
Manifestation there has been  
at Vilaand, and how Robert  
and his fellow workmen were  
blest. Means of Grace, how  
powerful the lever to raise from  
death to life - in the hand of  
the Mighty Spirit -

Is not dear Alice pleased with  
her little namesake? tho' she cannot  
now see her - Aunt Alice - she was  
<sup>been</sup> discouraged in spirit lately - I think  
the origin of it was some friend going  
there and telling her she would have  
to pass through dark seasons and  
proving and baptism and feelings  
of desertion & just as if anticipation of  
such would help her to bear the trial  
if it should be meted out - in her  
weak state it was very affecting  
when to be told this - the friend, it  
is probable, did not understand  
her rest & peace in leaning on Jesus  
with simple trust - Dear Hannah,  
love me still, and help me with thy  
spirit, and oh! if thou has any room  
may for the conversion of my poor brother  
for his sake & my sake - for Jesus' sake -