

Asbury Theological Seminary

ePLACE: preserving, learning, and creative exchange

Correspondence

Hannah Whital Smith

1983

Box 2_4 (Correspondence- Hartt, Mary E.-1877-1879)

ATS Special Collections and Archives

Follow this and additional works at: <https://place.asburyseminary.edu/hwscorrespondence>



Part of the [Christianity Commons](#)



Brooklyn Oct-30th 1877
102 Waverly Av.

Dearie Smith

How much I would love to see and talk with you to-night. I am sick at heart sometimes when I think of our work here, and the division in our board. I do wish Mrs Johnson could have stayed here and worked instead of going away as the Pres. Our Ex Comm meets to-morrow, she expects to be there and I do hope something will be done to bring up our

work, poor woman I expect - She
will be tried ~~to~~ with me for
I leave to-morr^{ow} with the
5 P. M Train for Hempstead L.I.
Mr Adams one of the reformed
Men of Philadelphia is working
there and they have been writing
for me to come, since last-week. I
should have gone to-day only
for the meeting to-morr^{ow}. The
Minister who writes for me, is an
old friend of ours, and has been
very much stirred in reading my
experience. Do pray for me dearie
that I may have just the right
words given me for him. I asked
Dear Heavenly Father to let-me
stay home for a long, long time
and not to send, or let-a call

come unless it-was His express
will. And now dearie all the cir-
cumstances connected with this
seems to be His will. And you
know I wrote, "His will be done
in me." And now dearie I am
coming to the place where I am
going to believe, ^{more than I have done} that hereafter every-
thing that comes to me, is permitted
and ordered by my Heavenly Father
Sink more fully into His keeping power
than ever before. This is a hard place
where I am going, very exacting people
and I so inefficient - only just-as my
Dear Jesus uses me. Oh that He
may use me mightily for His glory
is my prayer. I have not seen dearie
Bond since she returned, but I want
to tell you an experience that I had

last-Sunday night; Rev Mr Miller
Pastor of De Kalk An Church came
down here to-day that Mrs Mattie
McCleaman Brown was going to
preach for him and she wanted
to see me and he wanted me to come
up and offer prayer as he had such
a bad cold. I went; she preached
a very good sermon from the text-
"For me to live is Christ". She is a
Methodist-preachers wife. She had
on an immense gold chain which
went-around her neck and hung
down besides with several charms
on, and a large Cameo breast-pin
and a ring on her finger, and I thought
if you only had off that pin and
change ^{chain} how much more effectually
you might-preach Christ. She came

home with me, and I went up
with her to her room, and she wan-
ted to talk with me, we met at
Sea Cliff. I kept asking Jesus to open
the way for me to speak about the
chain. And it presented itself. And
I said what makes you wear that
heavy gold chain? "She said her
husband gave it her and she must
wear it for his sake. And then I
said, won't you when you preach
put it out of sight? I could not
help it. She said she would think
about it. Well, since that I have

and all my gold now is gone
except my watch
taken off my wedding ring, I like
Mrs Brown very much but I do
think, she would be very much
more influential as a preacher with
out that gold. I went to New York
to-day and in the stage I had
one of the most delightful seasons
with my Jesus. Such delightful
communion. His presence was so
real, daily He is more and more
precious. I long to know Him more
intimately, I want Him to be my con-
stant-companion. O the bliss of knowing
Jesus. Where are you dearie? Let me an-
swer, "In Christ and Christ in you"
you believe this if you don't realize
it as perfectly as you want to. I never
felt any dependence upon God more
than now, never felt like lying low
at His feet and being taught
alone by Him as now. And I can
see that my faith is growing more
simple and grasping. Dearie me
I shall never be satisfied until I
awake in His likeness. Do you know
that there is not one person I can
write and talk as freely with about
my inner-life as thee dear one,
I can't at all to Miss Hamilton,
or talk less and less,
Now good bye, do pray for me, I am
the poorest and weakest of God's
children, and yet He sends me
out; and if it were not that I
believe this I should never go.
When are you coming? for I want
to be home then. Yours in the forever

M. E. Hartt.