

In Memoriam:

Jessie M. Farlane



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In Memoriam.

JESSIE M^cFARLANE

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

BY

H. I. G.

WITH PREFACE BY

REV. M. BAXTER.

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but also to all those that love his appearing."—2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. xii. 3.

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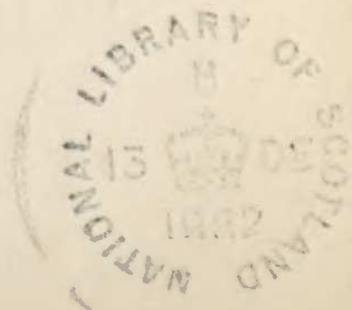
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NOTE.

THIS Memoir is published to meet the desire of a wide circle of attached friends, though the position occupied by Miss M'Farlane, during her short but active career, justifies the expectation that it may not be uninteresting to the general Christian public.

It is written by one who knew her well and loved her much, with the earnest prayer that these short, simple annals may be owned of the Lord, and many constrained to follow dear Jessie, as she followed Jesus.

"She being dead, yet speaketh."



P R E F A C E.

It is a fundamental principle in the Divine economy, that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence."

The days in which our lot is cast exemplify in a very forcible manner this unalterable law of God's working. The "wise men after the flesh, the mighty and the noble," must stand aside, and see the untaught mechanic, or the feeble woman, used, in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, in the conversion of hundreds of souls.

A child was called to the prophetic office, and a shepherd boy to the throne in Israel of old, that the same great truth might be demonstrated, "not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Everything around us bears witness that a crisis is at hand in the world, and also among professing Christians; and ere the great harvest time arrives, when the wheat and the tares shall be separated, both ordinary and extraordinary means must be pressed into the service of the great Lord of the harvest, that "the gospel may be preached in all nations as a witness, and *then shall the end come.*"

Whilst the mass of professing Christians are either delud-

ing themselves into a false belief of their personal safety, or if themselves saved, are charitably hoping that the majority of those around them are equally safe, there are some faithful enough to look things fairly in the face, and testify for Jesus, lest the blood of souls should be required at their hands. Their own experience of the love of Christ is an irresistibly constraining power, which impels them to seek the souls of others. A common humanity and every spiritual instinct prompts them to seek the lost, in company with the Good Shepherd, that they may share His gladness in bringing the strayed ones back upon His shoulders rejoicing. And such as do not sin against this strongest instinct of the spiritual life, be they men or women, learned or ignorant, old or young, speak from their hearts Paul's language, "Woe unto me if I preach not the gospel." As with Amos, all hindering considerations of expediency are met by the unanswerable argument that the call and authority is of God.

Time is too precious to waste in meeting the objections of those who know not the burden of the Lord. "Is there not a cause?" is a reply of irresistible weight with all who are alive to the awful danger of the multitudes who are perishing for lack of a saving knowledge of God.

The following pages tell of a simple loving young lady who "hath done what she could." In obedience to the voice of God, notwithstanding the reproach which a life of such Christian activity often entails, she went forth as a reaper in the gospel harvest-field, and the conversion of many souls was the result of her ministry.

The Word of the living God the storehouse of her knowledge, His Spirit her teacher, personal love to Jesus the constraining influence of her life, she lived not unto herself,

but unto Him who loved her and gave Himself for her. With great sweetness and winning persuasiveness of manner, and a voice, though not powerful, yet gentle and melodious, her efforts to lead souls to Jesus were very fruitful, and hers were the beautiful feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

Her work on earth is done, but "she being dead yet speaketh." Not to every woman, unless similarly gifted, does God give a call to a like public ministry, but a kindred spirit of zeal for souls may find its congenial sphere of action in Sunday-school teaching, district visiting, tract distribution, and personal conversation with individuals about the interests of their souls and the preciousness of the Saviour. She embodied in her life the characteristics of the great Revival of Religion of 1859-63 in Ireland and Scotland, of which she, as well as Miss Graham, Miss Armstrong, and other lady preachers, were the fruits. In that outpouring of the Holy Spirit, an earnest and foretaste was vouchsafed of the Pentecostal effusions promised in this latter day era—"It shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy . . . and also upon the servants and the handmaidens in those days will I pour out of the Spirit." We may be gladdened by the reflection that other similar outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and even much more extensive, are indicated in the Prophecies to be destined in all probability to descend during the next few years upon the Christian Church. The midnight cry and last warning message to a cold and slumbering Church—"Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet Him," yet remains to be proclaimed during an eventful interval preceding the advent of Christ, so that ALL Christians, foolish as well as

wise, will be stirred up to seek for the needed oil of preparation, and the accomplishment of this will cause an unparalleled spiritual movement throughout the Christian Church. (Matt. xxv. 1-10.) The Prosperous Rider has yet to go forth throughout the earth, as represented in the first seal, to win bloodless gospel victories, and his arrows to be sharper than heretofore in the hearts of the King's enemies. It is also at this appointed season of final warning, before the three sore judgments of war, famine, and pestilence follow in succession, that the angel having the everlasting gospel will go to all nations, crying in a loud voice, "Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come." (Rev. vi., xiv. 7.) We have ample assurances in God's Word that, in the midst of approaching judgments, there will be unprecedented revivals of religion, exceeding those of 1859-63.

The subject of this memoir was a firm believer in the speedy personal coming of Christ, to translate to heaven His waiting people who are looking for Him, and who love His appearing, that they may escape the final infliction of vengeance which closes this dispensation. This prospect constitutes the truest consolation in the midst of bereavements and deaths. For soon it will be triumphantly exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" and death shall be swallowed up in victory, when ere long the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with the glorified spirits of all deceased saints, "with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17; 1 Cor. xv. 51.) M. B.

In Memoriam

JESSIE M^cFARLANE.

JESSIE M^cFARLANE was born in Edinburgh, January 20, 1843. Her early Presbyterian education, and the happy influence of a godly uncle, to whom she was warmly attached, laid the foundation of the life work by which she was known. Miss M^cFarlane, "the lady preacher," having once proclaimed publicly the truth as it is in Jesus, became the subject of public and private criticism, loving affection, and open dislike; but having counted the cost, she steadily continued to be a faithful witness for Christ through good report and evil report.

It is not my intention in this short sketch to trouble my readers with arguments upon woman's *right* to preach, but simply to avow that *I* sympathise with the lady preachers, and see sufficient *Scripture* warrant for each and all openly to resolve—

“ Now will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
 And say, ‘ Behold the way to God ! ’ ”

Those with minds lovingly open to the truth, though having no sympathy with female preaching, will, I believe, after reading Miss M'Farlane's answer to the question, “ How did you think of beginning to preach ? ” admit that the Lord taught her, set her apart for the work, led her into it step by step, accepted, and blessed her labours abundantly. It is my privilege to give to the public Miss M'Farlane's own account of how she was led to devote herself to the work of preaching. The manuscript I copy is written by her own hand. It was found, after her decease, quite unexpectedly, among papers which had not been looked at for several years, and she had made no reference to its existence to those nearest and dearest to her. Those who knew and loved her will easily recognise that she herself is speaking.

“ Very often has the question been put to me by those who love the Lord and His work, ‘ How did you think of beginning to preach ? ’ Truly I can say, I never of my own will would have thought of such a thing. No, if any one had told me, about seven or eight years ago, that I should preach the gospel to thousands, I could

not have believed it. But the Lord has said, 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways.' So I have found in all His dealings with me. He has led me in ways I could never have thought of, and given me fresh reason to praise His name. If this short account of the Lord's leading be any help to some dear believer, or the means of leading some poor wanderer to the fold of the Good Shepherd, to His name be all the glory. I do not remember the time when I had no thought about the salvation of my soul: from my earliest years I was told about Jesus, who died for sinners, and opened heaven to all who believed in His name. I knew that all who went to heaven were pure and holy, but how they became so I did not understand. I was often told that if I was good I should get to heaven, because God loved good children. How soon and surely the seeds of error are thus sown in the minds of the young! What a mistake it is to think that children cannot understand God's way of justifying the sinner, and so they must just be told to be good! Is not this the secret of so much self-righteousness, and of the great difficulty of convincing religious people that 'except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven?' Often we sung hymns with such sentiments as this,

‘ We thank the Lord for Christian birth,’

and so I thought I was born a Christian; still I was afraid to think much of God and eternity, and the fear of being lost at last often made me weep when no one but God was near. Once, when about ten years of age, listening to my uncle preach from the text, ‘Thou God seest me,’ I became very uneasy. I thought of God seeing my heart, and knowing my thoughts, and I felt there was much there that must be displeasing to Him who was so holy. I prayed to God to make me holy, and fit me for heaven, but I knew nothing of the love of God to *sinners*. I thought if we only did our best to please God, by reading the Bible, saying prayers, going to church, &c., the death of Christ would make up for what we could not do. I knew that there was a higher kind of Christianity than this, and thought that some who attained to great holiness of life had full assurance of salvation. I knew some who had this assurance, and had read of many more, and my hope was one day to be like them. As I grew a little older, I began to love the pleasures of the world more, and often wished I could enjoy them as I saw others do; still I wished to be a follower of Jesus. Oh, the blindness of the natural heart!

“I think it was in the year 1859 that the Lord’s honoured servant, Mr Brownlow North, visited

Edinburgh, and preached in Free St Luke's Church. After hearing a great deal about his preaching, I went to hear him, and truly the word was with power. Then for the first time I knew I was a *lost sinner in God's sight*, that there was nothing good about me, that praying and church going could not save me, and that all I did was *sin*. Oh, what a discovery was this! I felt for the first time in real danger of hell. At the close of the first meeting Mr North invited all who were anxious to remain after the others were gone, and he would speak further to them of the matter. I remained among the rest, and with my head leaning on the book-board sat weeping, and could scarcely listen to what Mr North said in his address. I went home that night determined to forsake all and follow Jesus, but still I did not know the ground of peace with God. For a little while I was very anxious to be sure of salvation, but opened my mind to no one. I would not let any one know that I felt I deserved hell, and so I struggled against conviction. I am sure those who knew me at that time must have thought I was only a light-hearted, merry, thoughtless girl; but if they had known the inward struggle between pride, and the fear of being *lost*, they would have understood that often the laugh was put on to hide a troubled mind. At night, when all were asleep, I have been

in sore distress, often wishing I had never heard the gospel, never known about God, and then I might have been happy, as I thought others were. Then I would get alarmed at my own thoughts, and pray to be forgiven, and when my thoughts and actions were to myself satisfactory I had peace of mind for a time. About this time my dear sister Mary (now in glory) was converted. An awakening commenced among the girls of a Bible-class of which she was a member, several of them were led to Jesus, and she among the number; after a fortnight of great anxiety about her soul, she found such sweet rest and peace in Jesus. Being so young, and naturally very timid, I could not but wonder to see how decided she was for the Saviour, how she could tell of His love, and that *now* she *knew* He was her Saviour. I felt glad that she was safe, but began to think there was no hope for me. I gradually became more anxious, and often had no sleep at night. I was afraid to sleep, for these words ever seemed to come to me in the night—‘One shall be taken, and the other shall be left.’ I thought that might apply to my case; that my sister would be taken, and that I should be left to suffer the judgment of God. Even then I saw there was much in the Bible about the sudden appearing of Christ. What terror the thought of the coming of the Lord sends to the soul of the unsaved!

that which is the 'blessed hope' of the believer is the terror of the worldling, and no wonder! for their treasure is on earth, and is doomed to destruction. What a wonder of grace it is that the Lord does not for ever give up those who are so determined to get peace in their own way, surely He is long suffering!

"In September 1860, having heard of the work of God going on at the Carrubber's Close Mission, I went one night in great distress of soul. I heard there of many who were rejoicing in Jesus, and in the after meeting saw many weeping and anxious. I thought no one had such a hard heart as mine. Oh! if I could feel more, I said to myself, if I had one spark of love to Jesus; but the heart felt hard as ever. One of the brethren spoke to me, I do not remember his words, I felt so much at the time, but God's word was carried home by the power of the Spirit, passage after passage went through my mind. 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' What, I thought, *HATH* everlasting life? Oh, what meaning there must be in that little word *hath*! The passage I had known since I could read, but it never appeared as it did now. Was I really to be put in possession of everlasting life, through simply believing in the word of God? then, I thought, His word cannot fail. It is true

that Jesus bore my sins, I will trust the word of God. These thoughts passed through my mind while sitting alone on a seat near the door in Whitfield Chapel. And while the Lord was thus dealing with my soul, some one rising on the platform gave out the hymn—

‘ Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid’st me come to thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come.’

Then indeed from the heart I sang, ‘ Oh, Lamb of God, I come.’ Yes, I came with my hard heart just as it was, and I found that sweet rest which comes to every soul who ceases to look at self, and trust the God who cannot lie. Calmly I slept that night resting on the sure foundation. Next day, when I thought of the long-suffering of God, and how long I had resisted His Spirit, and still He had not cast me out, my voice was filled with praise and joyfulness; then came the wish, Oh ! that all dear to my heart only knew this sweet resting-place.

“ At first I thought I had only to go and tell how simple was the glorious plan of salvation, and all would believe, but when I thought of my own unbelief, and remembered their hearts were just like mine, I felt I could only cry to One who could move hearts, and feeling that the work was the

Lord's, took courage to tell my friends what great things He had done for my soul. But I would not wish it to be thought that there was no struggle, that I had no fear of man. Oh ! no, I was still very much bound with fear ; I have trembled when I came to the door of a friend, and I felt that *now* I must confess Christ, and warn that one of danger. I felt very anxious about my young companions, and told them I should pray for them until they were converted, and very soon all my most intimate young friends were rejoicing in the same Saviour. About a month after my conversion a great work was going on in Edinburgh. Mr Radcliffe, Mr Weaver, and many other evangelists, visited this city ; there were many hundreds of souls awakened at that time. I went to all the meetings, and how I wished I could go and tell poor burdened souls of the love of God to sinners ; but then I did not speak to any of the anxious at the meetings, I had spoken only to those I knew well. One night, when sitting praying that fear might be taken away (this was in a large meeting in the Assembly Hall), Mr Radcliffe came forward, and in his gentle way took my hand, and led me to the side of a woman who was weeping in great anxiety about her soul. ' There,' said he, ' tell that poor woman how the Lord saved your soul.' Oh ! I thought if it had

been a girl, but one so much older than myself, what can I do? I looked up for strength, but I remember while I spoke my lips trembled and their words failed. I could only sit weeping and praying in silence. This was my first attempt to speak to a stranger about Jesus, and I mention it because many say, 'I have tried, and I cannot speak to a stranger in a meeting, my feelings will not allow me;' but, dear friend, will God not bless *one* word spoken from love to the soul more than *many* words spoken for mere sake of speaking? Yes, just a portion of Scripture repeated in simple dependence upon God, has often brought peace to the soul when *many* words failed to clear away the doubts from the mind of the anxious one. Although I suffered so much from timidity and fear in my first attempt, I went on in the strength of the Lord; and when I saw the word blessed to burdened souls, I took courage, and many I saw set free from the bondage of Satan, and rejoicing in the liberty of the gospel; many of the Edinburgh friends will long remember those glorious times of refreshing through the winter of 1860-61. Our loving heavenly Father sees it to be good for us while here in the wilderness, to mingle our joy with sorrow, not that we may not rejoice, but that our joy may be in Him alone, that we may feel that this is not our home,

that the home treasures and affections of the Christian are to be above, where Jesus is. My dear sister before mentioned, who had been very delicate for some time, now became very ill, and it was very clear to us and her that she was going home ; this was a great grief : now that we were one in Jesus she was dearer to me than ever. I sometimes thought I could not do without her, for although she was two years younger, she had been like a teacher to me since my conversion. I shall never forget her counsel. Sometimes when I had been out a great deal, and came in telling her of the good work going on, she would listen with such attention, look so happy, and then with her sweet smile say, ' But, Jessie, you must be much alone with God ; remember Jesus, when the multitude was with him through the day, went alone at night to Mount Olivet to pray to His Father, and we need such times for our souls too.' Ah, yes ! the Lord taught her much in a short time. One day she thought she was going home (she was indeed very ill), her mind was troubled that she had done so little to prove her love to the Saviour. (She had only been converted twelve months when she was taken home, and all that time she had been weak and suffering.) I was trying to comfort her by telling her that she had done what she could, and that

Jesus required no more ; never shall I forget her earnest look and the way she grasped my hand, when she said, ‘Jessie, while you have strength will you work for Jesus?’ ‘Yes, Mary,’ I said, ‘by His strength I will.’ Little did I think in what way, but my prayer was, ‘Lord, lead me.’ My dear sister was not taken from us at that time, she lingered on for nearly ten months ; every day she grew in likeness to Jesus. Two nights before her departure, she received such a sight of the glory she was about to enter ; although her voice had been very weak all day, strength came to her all in a moment, and she sang sweetly of Jesus and glory. After entreating all around her bed to come to Jesus, that they might meet her in glory, she sang again in a voice clear and firm, ‘Come to Jesus just now.’ On the Lord’s day, January 6th, 1861, she fell asleep, breathing the precious name of Jesus,—that name which had been so dear to her was the last upon her lips. Kneeling by that bed, I felt as if every tie that bound me to earth was broken, save *one*, and that the words of my sister which were ringing in my ears, ‘While you have strength, will you work for Jesus?’ Yes, I resolved to work for Jesus, at whatever cost and in any way He pleased. On the 11th of January my dear sister was buried. Deep, indeed, was the grief

I felt at being separated from one I loved so well. Still, the thought that she was happy with Jesus, knowing that separation would not be very long, and her words ever before my mind, 'Work for Jesus,' kept me from sitting down in idleness to mourn. The thought that many were passing out of this world without the prospect of being with Jesus, seemed to say to me, 'Go, work to-day.'

"On the following Lord's day I went to Mr Jenkinson's female Bible-class for young converts, which I had attended since my conversion, feeling sure of finding comfort in the society of so many bright young Christians. I had not been at the class during my sister's illness, and in my absence I heard that some of the members had begun a meeting for women. At that time every gospel meeting was crowded in Edinburgh, and after the class was dismissed, the room filled with women who came to hear of the love of Jesus from the lips of those young Christians who had found Him to be such a precious Saviour to their souls. On the evening of which I write, the time seemed to be very solemn, Mr Jenkinson prayed that all present might be as happy when called to leave this world as dear Mary was, and that we might all work for Jesus while here. I felt a great desire to remain to the gospel meeting after the close of the Bible-class,

wondering how a few young girls could conduct a meeting, never having seen anything of the kind before.

“ When all had quietly taken their seats, solemn stillness prevailing, a young sister (now in glory) rising, said, ‘ Let us pray.’ The touching words of that prayer I shall never forget, then in her own sweet, gentle way she began to tell of the love of Jesus to sinners. Then she read that hymn, ‘ Come to Jesus just now.’ When the singing commenced, I seemed anew to hear the voice of my sister, two nights before her departure, ‘ Work for Jesus.’ What a striving began in my soul ! The Spirit seemed to say, ‘ Warn those precious souls of their danger, tell them of the love of Jesus.’ The flesh seemed to say, ‘ You *cannot*, you will fail.’ I trembled at the thought of disobeying God and resisting His Spirit. ‘ Oh ! no,’ I said, ‘ I cannot disobey thee, Lord, strengthen me !’ I touched the arm of the sister before referred to while the people were singing the hymn, and whispered, ‘ May I say a few words ?’ ‘ Of course you may,’ she replied, and immediately I took her seat. For a moment I wished I could call back my words, my legs trembled, I held by the little desk for support. My prayer was, ‘ Lord, speak through me to the people,’ and then I opened my mouth to speak for

Jesus for the first time publicly in this meeting. How the words came I know not; I can only say they came as fast as I could speak them. Never did eternity appear so real to my soul as it did that night; never did the love of Jesus seem so great, and His blood so powerful to cleanse from sin. I think I spoke for about half an hour. Many in the meeting were in tears, and when the anxious were invited to remain, many stayed and gave us reason to believe 'there was joy in the presence of the angels of God,' that night, over sinners repenting and turning to God, through faith in the blood of Jesus.

"I continued taking part in these meetings with other sisters, *twice* every week, till the month of March, when the Lord called me to another part of the field."

From the month of March to the autumn of 1861, Miss M'Farlane was engaged in gospel work in the neighbourhood of Ayr, in connection with the Carrubber's Close Mission. This was her first engagement from home, but she has left no written record of her work in the different towns and villages she visited. All available information as to her loving labours throughout the long period of her public ministry has been collected from personal friends, who bear faithful witness of her life being

“hid with Christ in God.” Towards the close of the year 1861 Miss M’Farlane visited Kelso. At this time the town was in a wretched condition spiritually,—lukewarmness, complete inertness prevailed, life to old and young was a mere routine of nothingness and gossiping. Entering upon a scene of such worldliness and enmity to God, Jessie often repeated the words of St Paul, “My soul is stirred within me to see the town wholly given to idolatry.” “I *must* preach Jesus to them ere they die.” To labour in *such* a place, with hindrances and difficulties on all sides, was sufficient to make stouter hearts quail, but Jessie, fired with love to souls, and the irrepressible desire to snatch them from the power and consequences of sin, went into the thickest of the battle, relying only on Divine power and strength to become the honoured instrument of winning many souls for Jesus. The Rev. Horatius Bonar sympathised heartily with Miss M’Farlane in her work, and undertook the arrangements of meetings for her—all at this time exclusively for females. A few workrooms in the town were thrown open to her where girls were employed. This friendly intercourse gave her great power, many were persuaded to attend her meetings, and she had the joy of knowing several were brought to the Lord. Miss M’Farlane visited the villages

around Kelso preaching the truth, both in public and private, persuading the people to be reconciled to God. In Heiton, Gallawlaw, Sunlaws, Roxburgh, Smailholm, and other places, she laboured faithfully ; but she spent the greater portion of her time in Heiton. This village is about three miles distant from Kelso. A great interest was awakened, and the largest room in the place was crowded night after night for several weeks, many expressing deep concern about their souls, and “hungering and thirsting after righteousness.”

Time would fail to give every individual case of blessing, but a few may strengthen the hands of some working for the Master who know what it is to be weary *in* the work (the Lord mercifully prevents His children being weary *of* it). A whole family living some two miles distant from Heiton attended the meetings. The father and mother were awakened, they felt their need of salvation, and pleaded earnestly for power to accept God’s great gift to perishing sinners. The daughter at first felt inclined to laugh at her parents’ distress of mind : the mother asked Miss M’Farlane to pray for her ; she did so gladly, but the daughter sat still unmoved, apparently evincing no interest whatever. After the prayer, Miss M’Farlane appealed to the daughter, asking, in her simple way, “Do you not feel anxious

about your soul?" She answered in a haughty tone, "No." Jessie then put the truth before her, and said, as she left, "I mean to make you the subject of special prayer to night."

It was a touching scene in their home that night. The father pleading for himself, the mother for herself, and the daughter also for herself. The next evening all three were at the meeting, when Jessie spoke to the daughter again. But such a change had taken place; the Spirit of God had been showing her herself, and the burden of her heart was, when entreated to trust in Jesus for salvation, "Oh! I am such a sinner, I don't believe there is a blacker in the hall." The answer was, "Jesus is a great Saviour, and His blood cleanseth us from all sin." The light seemed to dawn upon her instantly, and from that hour until now, she adorns the religion of Jesus. When she heard of our dear friend's death, she said with much feeling, "Dear Jessie! and she is home! I can only say I shall ever look upon her as the instrument in God's hand of my salvation."

It was the custom in Heiton to celebrate the commencement of a New Year by a ball on a very grand scale, which was felt to be a great curse to the village by those friends interested in the spiritual welfare of the people. Miss M'Farlane and her

co-workers felt they must bear witness against the soul-destroying custom, by preaching Jesus in season and out of season, exalting Him—believing in His power to draw all men unto Himself. Great excitement prevailed in Heiton the night before the ball. Counter attractions were offered: on the one hand, a band was engaged to play lively music, to give a favourable impression of the coming festivities; on the other hand, Miss M. and her friends arranged for an open air service, determined to make known to the numbers gathered together the glad news of salvation. The service was commenced by singing a well-known hymn, which was no sooner heard, than the band ceased to play, and instantly dispersed, many turning from the music to join in the service. The presence of God was so manifestly felt that the bitterest enemies were silenced. The crowd listened most attentively to the gospel message, and many were constrained to give up the pleasures of sin for a season, for the enduring riches offered them in Christ Jesus. This year, on the night of the ball, a large number of the old faces were missing, and for the first time the wisdom of having such an entertainment to usher in the New Year was questioned. The work continued steadily for some time, until Miss M'Farlane was called to Gallalaw, a small village in the neighbour-

hood of Heiton. Her labours in this place were so graciously owned and blessed, that after her visit the testimony concerning it was, "The whole of the people seem converted, few unsaved souls left." As in days gone by, it pleased God, "by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe." In the house where the meetings were held latterly, an aged woman was living, quite bedridden, and over eighty years of age, extremely ignorant of the truth. Jessie visited her, and was enabled to show her her great danger in living so many years without Christ, and having for so long a time rejected the gift of God's love. She received the truth as a little child, and rejoiced in the Saviour, who looked upon her in the last hours, and made her willing to be united to Him by faith in His all-atoning sacrifice.

Miss M'Farlane's zeal to do her Master's work was not dependent upon weather. On some occasions she walked four or five miles in the snow and rain to be present at the meetings; and when remonstrated with for thus exposing herself to danger, she would laughingly say, "Oh! well, if I do not come home you all know where to find me. But I know the Lord will keep me from all ill, for He has a work for me to do in those places; for you know Christ gets souls every night I am engaged, and *that* pays for all the rest."

About this time, after much study and meditation over the Word of God, and earnest prayer to be led by the Spirit, Miss M'Farlane embraced the doctrine of believers' baptism, and hastened at once, in spite of strong opposition, to carry out her convictions. In the month of April 1862, she was baptized in the Baptist Chapel, Bristo Street, Edinburgh, thus witnessing before the world her union with Christ. In looking back upon this step in her life, she says, "My experience was, the Master was taking me more entirely under His protection, to give me that higher sanctification of the Spirit which would bring me into closer communion with Himself, 'until the hour of seeing my Saviour face to face.'"

Towards the end of 1862, Miss M'Farlane went to Gullane, and for some months laboured all round that district. Aberlady, Belhaven, and Dunbar were visited, but the greater part of the time was spent in Gullane. In this place Miss M. was compelled to settle a question that had often weighed upon her mind. Hitherto she had spoken only to women, but the opportunity for increased usefulness was given her. Being fully persuaded in her own mind that her work of preaching was acceptable in the sight of God, and conscious of her labours being owned and blessed, by seeing sinners converted and believers waking up to their privileges, she worked

on for more than twelve months in the way first made plain for her, speaking to women exclusively. Several times she had been asked the question, "Why she did not admit men to her meetings?" her answer was, "I cannot yet see that the Lord would have me to do so." However, in Gullane the desire to hear the gospel was so strong on the part of the men, that they surrounded the windows of the room in which she was speaking, and begged to be allowed to hear. This audience outside consisted principally of post-boys, horse-trainers, &c. Their earnestness was indeed well tested ; but when reminded that the souls of the men were as precious in the sight of God as those of the women, Miss M'Farlane could not longer accept the responsibility of *refusing* them the opportunity of hearing the truth.

From this time her meetings were thrown open. The work grew mightily,—men and women, old and young, were gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and an abundant reaping-time was the result of earnest prayer and self-denying labour.

In the summer of 1863, Miss M'Farlane preached in the City Hall of Glasgow. The people gathered in such large numbers that hundreds were turned away, although the hall, when packed, will hold from 3000 to 4000 persons ; many who professedly

went from curiosity, and the novelty of hearing a lady preach, felt the power of the message, and left the meeting convinced of sin, resolving to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." A Christian worker, who had the privilege of helping in these meetings, bears testimony that in many instances these holy resolves led to the presenting of living sacrifices unto God. Miss M. also held some few meetings in Rothesay, and then returned to Edinburgh. In February 1864, through Mr Gordon Forlong's influence and kind help, the large Music Hall in Edinburgh was engaged for a series of meetings. Mr Forlong, who knew her intimately, says of her at this time—"It was no joyous boastful spirit that enabled her to come forth, for she entered on public work under a very heavy cross. One to whom she was engaged threatened to withdraw altogether if she ventured on public work, and he did withdraw. Few in that great crowd could guess the self-denial that lay under the fervid spirit-stirring words the Lord gave her to utter. And as her rich full voice led in hymns the thousands who filled that hall, one could hear how the songs of Zion can raise notes of joy even in the soul that is cast down." Mr Forlong makes one statement about Miss M'Farlane, which all who knew her in her work can testify was true,

and no small commendation truly, "Although she was before the public for many years, I cannot lay my hand on one public mistake she ever made. Surely she must have lived in close fellowship with Jesus to be so kept from falling. Her faithfulness often offended, but her exaltation of Christ drew sinners to her meetings. Jessie M. was one who gathered truth for her own soul as well as evangelised, and her addresses were replete with deep Scripture knowledge and *spiritual teaching*." Mr Forlong further says, "No lady preacher I ever knew had more Scripture knowledge, or could weave more teaching into her most emphatic addresses. Her early Presbyterian education was certainly in her favour, but she read and studied also for her own soul's growth. Jessie M'Farlane had, as regards voice and manner, many outward advantages, but, in the Lord's work, these are no advantages to a lady evangelist—they are snares and dangers; and perhaps many who opposed her first appearance in public, did so wisely and prudently, according to their knowledge. They knew not the self-denial, they knew not the deep, earnest piety of the speaker, and they knew not that, under that bright and often sparkling manner there lay a deep vein of godly wisdom and prudence. I believe I was the first to draw her out into a wider sphere of usefulness ;

and never had I cause to regret it, although many good Christian preachers laid the rod heavily upon me for thus introducing daughters who should prophesy." For eight Sabbath evenings Miss M'Farlane preached in the large Music Hall; on some occasions the doors were obliged to be closed before the hour of commencing the service, shutting out hundreds who were addressed by friends outside. In March, Miss M. went to Peterhead, just after the great ingathering of souls as the result of Miss Graham's work in that place. Some three hundred persons had professed to receive the truth: the need of keeping such numbers together, and building them up in the faith, was all important. Earnest prayer ascended to God, that He would send some one into their midst fired with love to souls, and filled with the Spirit of Christ, who would be an "example in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." For this work Miss M'Farlane was eminently fitted. She had great power in setting forth the joy and privileges of the Christian's holy calling in Christ, not simply the being saved from the consequences of sin, but brought into the immediate enjoyment and blessing of life, having been made new in Christ, "old things passed away," and the power of "an endless life" commenced.

A Bible-reading was determined upon as the best means of instruction, and the Gospel of St John was the portion selected for study. Miss M. was so taught, and helped to make known the riches of God manifested in Christ, that the converts in all the freshness of their first love went on from strength to strength, growing daily in the Divine life. Such lessons were learnt, and so much real teaching received on all hands, and the habit of searching into the word of God enforced, that the blessing which attended her labours cannot be estimated. An eye-witness of her work, especially in connection with the meetings held in Princes' Street Hall, Peterhead, speaks of Miss M'Farlane's faith in preaching the gospel to sinners. She simply expected God to bless His own word, "according to thy faith be it unto thee." One evening after preaching, she gave out the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," &c. In reading the verse (often appended)—

" I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed his blood,
From sin to set me free."

She stopped and pleaded with those who were anxious about their souls to accept the great truth—Jesus died for them,—impressing the need of believing

this with the heart. After the verse had been read and sung the third time, Miss M'Farlane said, "*I know* some one has rested on Jesus ;" and each night, to my knowledge, when the verse was sung the third time, a soul believed in Jesus ; in this way, she pressed home the gospel, and won the hearts of many. Her addresses on Naaman the Syrian, and on "One thing thou lackest," are still fresh in the memory of many.

In the month of May Miss M'Farlane returned to Edinburgh for rest. After thoroughly recruiting her strength, she visited Glasgow a second time, and through July and August held meetings in the City Hall, speaking constantly to crowded audiences, composed of all classes of society, pressing upon each the necessity of a personal interest in Christ ; she was listened to with profound attention, and many were not only almost persuaded to be Christians, but boldly came forward declaring themselves on the Lord's side. From September to the following May, 1865, Miss M'Farlane was again in the north of Scotland (Aberdeenshire), holding meetings at Fraserburgh, New Deer, Peterhead, Pitlurg, Burnhaven, and Buchanhaven. This region was one of the coldest in Scotland: the professing Church was asleep; formalism and indifference prevailed, and the condition of the people merited the reproof

given to the Churches of Sardis and Laodicea—"Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead;" "I would thou wert cold or hot." Miss M'Farlane, in the strength of the Lord, and in the power of His might, "shunned not to declare *all* the counsel of God," and a great awakening ensued; many were converted; the mere professor learnt the worthlessness of his profession, and dissatisfied with the shadow, sought the living Saviour, and became a possessor of the joy of "iniquities forgiven, and sins covered." "The few who were found faithful and had not denied the name of Jesus" were quickened, and brought into fuller liberty during this "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The work was of God, and grew mightily; a cheering thought for all engaged in Christian ministry—an earthly vessel was chosen to be the means of extending the Redeemer's kingdom.

One writes from New Deer,—“The name and memory of the dear departed is truly fragrant to many of us here and elsewhere in Aberdeenshire. She was especially owned of God at Pitlurg and New Deer.”

One mature Christian states,—“I may date my knowledge of Church principles and of the Divine word first of all to my making acquaintance with her here, seven years ago. I may say that till then

I understood very little, and even now do not know much. I had no idea of Church government, and the requirements of a Christian, until that time. I believe I may say that she was the first in this district who advanced the principles of Brethren, and from her labours has sprung the little gathering which now meets here on each Lord's day. I often look back with pleasure to the meetings that were held in the Hall, and have often longed to hear her sweet voice leading the praise of Jesus."

It was while residing at New Deer that the little tract, on "The Scripture Warrant for Women to Preach the Gospel" was published. It has been since out of print. She did not even retain a copy of it in her own hands. Many have long wished to have it, and by the kindness of a friend who recovered a copy in the north, we are enabled now to present it. It will be accepted as an early effort of her pen, for many will recognise that the subject is not treated so fully as she would have done it under her more extended experience in her later days. Especially did she recognise the interest attached to the improved translation of the "those" in verse 11 of Psalm lxviii., which on good authority should be rendered "the *female proclaimers*;" and the prominence given, to the *daughters* who prophesy, under the rebuke of the Prophet Ezekiel, chap. xiii. 17.

They were evidently held *equally worthy* of rebuke with the prophets under their failure in duty. The subject was too constantly thrust upon her notice to allow her to overlook any Scripture bearing on her position.

After this nine months' evangelistic tour, Miss M'Farlane came back again to Edinburgh. No details of any public work during the remainder of the year can be authentically supplied; the simple fact of her preaching in the Calton Convening Rooms, on one or two occasions, is all that can be ascertained.

Early in the year 1866 Miss M'Farlane was laid aside from all active service by a severe attack of pleurisy. Her extreme weakness and prostration were so great that those watching around her dared scarcely hope that her life would be spared to them; but "the Lord had still need of her," and in answer to prayer, after many weeks of patient suffering, He graciously raised her up again. Referring to this season, some months afterwards, Jessie owned that at the time she felt a little disappointment that it was not the Lord's will *then* to take her to Himself. The irresistible longing to be *with* Jesus cost her an inward struggle to make God's will her will, but grace enabled her to triumph, and the language of her heart was well expressed in one of her favourite hymns—

“ Now in a song of grateful praise
To Thee, blest Lord, my voice I'll raise,
With all Thy saints I'll join to tell—
My Jesus has done all things well.”

She came forth from the Refiner's hands reflecting the *image of Christ* more brightly and clearly, and with renewed love and zeal to spend and be spent for Him.

Miss M'Farlane remained at home five months. She regained her strength very slowly, but in July was sufficiently recovered to be able to go to the seaside for thorough change and quietude. Largs, on the west coast, was decided upon as the resting-place for a season. There she found that God had indeed led her into a quiet resting-place to give her an experience rarely felt. Shut out from the world, she seemed apart with God, and submitting to His will she learned largely of His doctrines. Miss M. speaks of being drawn into very close communion with God, and simple dependence upon Him alone, her love for His word so increased, and such wondrous things were revealed to her out of His law, that her whole soul was absorbed in Christ and with His work. The knowledge, power, and growth gained by this unbroken communion with God hallowed and sanctified her future course, and this brief period of seclusion was productive of much

fruit-bearing. While at Largs, she read and re-read the Epistle to the Romans, without note or comment, simply depending upon the Spirit of God to interpret "the things of God;" and in this way she made the truth her own, that she might meet inquirers and cavillers also with the words, "It is written." Her special desire to apprehend clearly this Epistle was, to answer upon scriptural grounds opponents to the truth, who were unwilling to receive the doctrines of "man's total depravity," "justification by faith," and "reconciliation by Christ."

Miss M'Farlane soon sought out the companionship of some Christian friends, who met daily for prayer at the house of a good woman in the village. At one of these meetings Miss M. offered prayer with great power and earnestness, those present unmistakably recognising God was speaking through her. Jessie often spoke of these times as a means of great refreshing to her own soul, and rejoiced that at the sea-side the opportunity was given for meeting for prayer thus frequently. Surely many may learn from this the lesson of "redeeming the time," Too often at the sea-side, means of grace are neglected, and the soul's welfare lost sight of. Christians are in danger of leaving their religion at home, at the same time expecting *God's care and protection over them to be unceasing.*

During Miss M'Farlane's visit to Largs she formed a friendship with a Christian worker, whose influence and position were the means of introducing her into a fresh sphere of labour. She returned with this friend to Glasgow, and held several drawing-room meetings, at each of which there was a regular service, attended by a class of persons seldom brought under the sound of the truth. Miss M.'s lady-like bearing and winning manners ensured her a kind reception, and in all faithfulness the gospel was preached, and "the common salvation" offered to many who knew not their need of a Saviour, or the greatness of redeeming love. One gay, thoughtless, worldly woman at the first meeting received lasting good ; two years afterwards she died, expressing her hope to be in Jesus, and told her nurse on her death-bed that she had been brought to the truth through hearing Miss M'Farlane. After the second and third readings many professed themselves deeply interested, and thankful for the privilege afforded them of hearing of the way of salvation, and learning that the gain of the whole world would not profit them if they refused to accept "God's unspeakable gift."

At this time also Jessie gave two addresses in the Abercorn Rooms, Paisley, to women alone ; about five hundred were assembled on these occasions to

listen to the heart-stirring appeals to flee from the wrath to come, and be at peace with God in His own appointed way.

In December Miss M'Farlane returned home. She had received an invitation from the Rev. Michael Baxter to visit the South of England, with the view at once of securing a more extended sphere for her evangelistic labours, and of aiding in the confirmation of her still enfeebled health. The fame of her successful labours in various parts of Scotland had reached Mr Baxter, and he undertook the responsibility of carrying her into the more trying arena of the metropolis. On learning the opinion of her medical adviser that London would suit her health better in the winter than Edinburgh, she complied with the request, and arrangements were made for her first service to take place in the Polytechnic in Regent Street, on Sunday, December 30th.

On her way to London, at the invitation of a Christian friend, she halted for a short time at Manchester. On this occasion she addressed several meetings, and received a warm welcome from several other Christian friends, who continued to the end deeply interested in her movements. It was in Manchester that she first fully realised the blessedness of trusting only in the Lord for the supply of all her wants. Long after the event, she mentioned that

at that time she had left Edinburgh—where she had many friends who would have gladly contributed to her need, on the journey to London—with only as much money in her purse as paid her fare to Manchester, leaving her, after reaching her friend's house, with just sixpence over. An Edinburgh friend, who thought himself slighted by such an oversight, gently upbraided her for her want of confidence in his liberality and sympathy, but she assured him that she had never asked assistance from any one. He whom she served had ever proved faithful, and had never allowed her to lack any good thing. She literally carried JEHOVAH-JIREH in her purse, and she rejoiced in His abundance. In writing to friends in the West of Scotland of this anticipated new sphere of work, she pleads for an interest in their prayers, adding, “I do feel rather nervous at the thought of going, but I trust in the Lord to give me such dependence upon Himself that I shall have no fear.”

The reader is indebted to the editor of “The Christian World” for a very faithful and most interesting account of these services. Miss M'Farlane's personal appearance, manner, style, and naturalness, are truthfully portrayed, and her most intimate friends gratefully acknowledge the justice of the critique in all its details. No apology is required for presenting it just as it appears in the Paper.

The notice is inserted under the heading—

“ Another Lady Evangelist.

“ ‘ Tell ’ee its clain wrang, t’ wummun oughtna ’spake in pooblick !’ ‘ Who says so ?’ ‘ T’ ’postle.’ ‘ Oh ! indeed !’ ‘ Hush !’

“ The discussion might have proceeded further and waxed a little angrier, last Sunday afternoon, in the large theatre of the Polytechnic, but for the entrance of Miss M’Farlane, whose youthful and lady-like appearance attracted the attention of the disputants, and stilled their wrangle. The body of the room was filled with a numerous company, as was also the deep gallery above, the majority of the audience being women. Conveniently the place could not have accommodated any more, although the afternoon was intensely cold and cheerless. Miss M’Farlane, with a small pocket Bible in her hand, was escorted to the platform by a gentleman, and there left by herself, ‘ acutely feeling her position,’ as the newspapers sometimes say. Evidently so, by the nervous twitching of a most expressive face, the resolute closing of the lips, and the locking of hands together. A moment of silent prayer, and she rose from her seat and gave a most searching glance all round her audience, ungloving hands meanwhile, on which glistened not a solitary

ring. She was simply dressed in black with a bonnet. A certain grace and elegance marked all her movements, even to the taking up of a hymn-book, or the pouring out of a glass of water. 'We will sing,' she said, 'the hymn on such a page.' The voice was Scotch, but not 'intensely' so, musically so rather, with just enough of the northern accent to give it strength and point without coarseness. What distance would Lord Chesterfield have gone to hear George Whitfield simply say 'Mesopotamia?' I forget, but I would have gone twice the distance, whatever it was, only to hear this lady read the simple hymn—

' I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.'

Into the personal experience of this hymn, if I may so say, she threw an amount of thrilling heart power that cannot be described.

' I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,'

was said with a simple truth, and naturalness, and pathos, which Sheridan Knowles never had in his much-talked-of rendering of Isaiah liii. Having read the hymn through, Miss M'Farlane, with a wave of her hand, said, 'Stand up, and sing it through, after I have read the verse.' She set the tune herself, and

the hymn was well sung. When the hymn was finished—all nervousness and timidity gone now—Miss M'Farlane left the table before which she was standing, and advancing to the front of the platform, knelt down, having first asked the audience to join with her in prayer. The prayer was the beautiful hymn paraphrased. In great simplicity and earnestness the speaker thanked God for all present who were at rest in Christ, for all whose thirst had been quenched by the living water, for all who, amid the darkness of the present, were taking Jesus as their star and sun; then, with quivering voice, the suppliant besought mercy and guidance on behalf of 'dear, poor souls who were still weary, and worn, and sad.' The prayer was very brief, but it was very earnest, and left the heart praying long after the voice of the speaker was still. A portion of Scripture was read after the prayer was concluded—the latter part of Matt. xi. read—I must say again with a vivid emphasis that, in these days of ritualistic drawling and Latinising of good Saxon, was very refreshing. No text was taken, but the address was founded on the Saviour's invitation, 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I shall not attempt to give the sermon which these words suggested, for it was nearly an hour in length. I may

say, however, that the speaker addressed chiefly those who had not found rest in Christ. There was nothing remarkable in the line of thought pursued, but (and I say it in a sense very different from that in which the expression is frequently used) it was a woman's thinking about Christ—a woman's appeal to the unconverted—a woman's earnestness in saving souls, especially those of her own sex. Such considerations lifted her address far above the level of ordinary addresses and sermons. There was not an atom of rant or cant throughout the whole; there was no extravagance in thought, word, or gesture; and her address was as 'sound' in doctrine as it was in English. At times she did not hesitate to illustrate or to enforce her meaning by reference to her own experience, but always with the most perfect good taste and naturalness. She did not mind repeating frequently, 'before my conversion,' or 'after my conversion,' but this she did without ostentation, and as if referring to plain facts. She had been for years seeking rest, striving after it, in short, ever since she was ten years old, but not until many years afterwards was the secret of life revealed to her. It came to her as she read the words, 'He that believeth *hath* everlasting life.' This text she repeated four times, emphasising the '*hath*' as if she found an endless source of music in it. Towards

the close of her address she became more impassioned, and her speech and gestures became more animated. This was especially the case when she described the reason why the sinner did not feel his burden. 'Poor soul! why did he not feel it? Because, walking with him as his constant companion, was the devil, whose work it was not to let the burden press too heavily upon the deluded traveller in this life. Whenever the burden galled, the devil "eased it a little," and, walking along with the poor traveller, kept ever and anon lifting it a little, and this he did until life's end. But then?'—a stamp with the foot and a sharp blow on the table preceded the answer—'down the burden was allowed to fall with all its terrible weight, and the sinner lay beneath it, crushed in hell.' The service ended with another hymn being sung, and another prayer being offered. Into the question, Whether it is a woman's place thus to appear in 'pooblic?' you do not expect me to enter; but if it be Miss M'Farlane's 'mission,' may God bless her in it, and give her always to speak with the same wisdom, simplicity, and tenderness, as on last Sunday afternoon."

The Polytechnic could only be engaged for an afternoon service three Sundays in succession, but the use of other large halls and public buildings

was obtained, which enabled Miss M'Farlane to continue her work. Towards the close of the month (January 1860) she went to Bedford, introduced by her friend Mr Baxter, who had arranged for a series of meetings. The first were held in the Working-Men's Institute and the Castle Rooms, but these were soon found too small for the large audiences which flocked to hear her. The Assembly Rooms were then taken, and were crowded night after night by people of all classes anxious to hear the youthful "lady preacher." The story of the cross was told with so much power and tenderness, that the realisation of the fact, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," was manifestly seen. A great shaking was felt amongst the dry bones; the Spirit of the Lord breathed the breath of life into them, and an era of great spiritual revival commenced. Each service was followed by an after meeting, when all who were impressed were separately conversed with. Miss M'Farlane had a wonderful gift of reading the individual heart and conscience, and this personal dealing with souls was a means of great blessing. In every meeting many were "stricken down" under a sense of their guilt, while some were brought into the enjoyment of peace and trust in the finished work of Christ. Many interesting cases of conversion occurred; a

goodly number of the converts have from that time *continued* to walk in happy fellowship with the Lord and His people; witnessing a good confession to the truth they received *first* from the lips of Miss M'Farlane. She continued to preach in Bedford and the villages adjacent (with occasional services in London on Sunday evenings) until April. An interesting portion of her labours was the drawing-room readings and Bible-classes for ladies, always well attended and much owned of God. These meetings were especially for believers, and the subjects more generally discussed were the believer's newness of life, conversation, and daily walk, and what Miss M'Farlane believed to be the hope of the Church, "The glorious appearing of Christ" at His second coming. The joy and reality of this "blessed hope" was to *her* a living power, and characterised all her teaching. Although Miss M. professed to hold no distinct creed, she associated in Christian fellowship with friends, usually known as "*Brethren*," and united with them in "the breaking of bread" every Lord's day morning. As one result of her teaching, many who were converted through her instrumentality joined the "gathering" with whom she worshipped. Miss M'Farlane's health at this time was very feeble, but her energy and devotion to her work, notwithstanding, was unceasing.

In the spring and autumn of 1868, Miss M. revisited Bedford, and again in 1869, just before her marriage. Of this visit she herself writes—"It is most cheering, after two years, to see so many of my children walking in the truth." She was able to say with the Apostle Paul, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming? For ye are our glory and joy."

Miss M'Farlane received much direct personal kindness from Mr Baxter and his family, and he continued to encourage her in her labours, as one of a band in whom he was specially interested. In a note at p. 445 of his book, "Coming Wonders," he refers to her among many other lady preachers, several of whom have passed away, like our dear friend, to their reward. "They rest from their labours." *

* Mr B. says—"It is an observable sign of the times, that not only have many gentlemen been raised up as revival preachers in Great Britain during the last few years—from 1857 to 1865—but also many ladies, who address large audiences with spiritual power and effectiveness, and among whom the most noticeable are—Mrs Booth, Mrs Palmer, Mrs Thistlethwaite, Mrs Bell, Mrs Haslam, Mrs Daniel, and the Misses Isabella Armstrong, Marianne Graham, Jessie M'Farlane, Geraldine Hooper, Augusta Mason, Anne Drury, Foster, Jury, Bonnycastle, Raymond, &c. This

About the end of April 1867 Miss M. went to Manchester. In speaking of that visit she said, "It was a glorious time, sinners were brought to know our precious Jesus, and believers quickened." One friend, at whose house she stayed, writes, "I look back with thankfulness to her sojourn amongst us; she was made a blessing to many, and to some of *our own household*. Her work in Manchester, which she visited at least on three occasions, was varied, — public preaching, holding drawing-room meetings, both for believers and also for the unconverted, and visitation." We know from her own account, and also from her friend's, that her labour was not in vain, but it is a matter of great regret that very few particulars of Miss M.'s evangelistic

seems to be a commencing fulfilment of Joel's prediction— 'It shall come to pass in the last days, (saith God,) I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy [or preach] . . . and on my servants and on my handmaidens, I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy.' (Acts ii. 17, 18; Joel ii. 28.) The word *prophesy* not only signifies *expounding the prophecies*, but also preaching the gospel, as in 1 Cor. xiv. 3— 'He that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification, and exhortation, and comfort.' Fervent prayer should be offered up for the Divine blessing on their gospel ministrations, and that the Lord may raise up many like-minded labourers to work in His vineyard, for the harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few."

efforts in so important a city can be obtained. In the summer Miss M'Farlane was invited to preach at Woodford in Essex. The minister of the Wesleyan Free Church sympathised most heartily with her in her work, and received her into his home. She often spoke with deep affection and gratitude of the unvarying kindness of himself, his wife, and family ; death alone has interrupted this friendship for a time, to be renewed and perfected in heaven. Mr Burnett says, " Miss M'Farlane's ministry was truly attractive, because of its great usefulness ; her sermons gave evidence that the hand of the Lord was in them. At her first service the chapel was densely crowded with persons of all classes, from the richest to the poorest, to many of whom the *word* preached was ' the savour of life unto life ;' the very hymns produced a great impression. As the congregation were leaving, she gave out in her clear, persuasive voice, ' Shall we meet beyond the river ?' and the solemn question resulted in the salvation of one soul, who is now a consistent member of the Church. During the time of Miss M.'s visit several more decided for the Lord, and continue happy and useful Christians." In July 1869 the friends at Woodford opened a new schoolroom, occupying the whole area under the new church, which a few weeks afterwards was opened by Mr Spurgeon. By special desire, Miss

M'Farlane preached on that occasion. In the morning she chose for her text, "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free;" and in the evening, "Son, remember!" Her searching and faithful appeals, under the Divine blessing, led to the conversion of one who afterwards united himself with the people of God, whilst others were impressed with the realities of eternity, and recognised their responsibility to accept or refuse everlasting life. The morning address at Woodford was the only opportunity of hearing her speak in public afforded to one with whom she was subsequently brought into close and endearing relationship. The occasion was peculiarly interesting and impressive, and the anticipation was long cherished that he might be privileged to stand by her side when similarly engaged, for she was expressly recognised as still and always at the Master's call. But the *call* to "come up higher" has closed all such anticipations.

Later on Mr Burnett had the joy of knowing the good seed sown was still bearing fruit. A young Christian said to him, "Miss M'Farlane promised she would pray for the conversion of three of us, and now her prayer is answered, for I, the last of the three, have been brought to the Lord." Mr B. adds, "They are three simple-minded, humble young men, who

are likely one day to be of service in the Church, one of them has already offered himself to the Missionary Committee to go to the heathen with the gospel message, whilst the other two are engaged in Christian work at home." Miss M'Farlane when in Woodford did not speak exclusively in the Wesleyan chapel and schoolroom, the opportunity was given her of visiting some of the wealthy inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who, in consequence of the beautiful weather, made arrangements for several meetings to be held on their lawns; hundreds were gathered together who listened eagerly to Miss M.'s loving and forcible presentation of the gospel.

Towards the end of July 1867 Miss M'Farlane first visited Ipswich. Mr R. Smith had the privilege of introducing her into the town, and of welcoming her to his house; through his influence the use of Salem Chapel, with which he was then connected, was placed at her disposal. The "Suffolk Chronicle," one of the leading papers of the county, published an admirable sketch of her first service, which, through their kind courtesy, we are able to give to the reader:—

"Miss M'Farlane preached in Salem Chapel, St George's Street, on Sunday evening, July 28, 1867, to a very large congregation. Persons came in early

and late—that is, late, if a service is fixed for half-past six, and they come crowding in with a determination to get a seat at twenty minutes to seven. The place was packed: stools, little four-legged and long four-legged; and chairs, various, were brought into requisition; the pulpit stairs were also occupied, and the entire building made the most of. A platform in front of the pulpit had been arranged, on which were a chair and a small table, a decanter, and glass. Miss M'Farlane ascended it with quiet dignity and ease. She was dressed *very neatly*, but fashionably, in a neat white bonnet, black silk jacket, and a silver-grey dress. In conducting the service Miss M. maintained a wonderful self-possession, clearly not due to any coercive effort over herself, but the natural result of a conviction that she had a work to do, and must do it. Her *naturalness* is a great feature in her public ministrations, and her demeanour is exceedingly lady-like. She speaks with a slight northern accent, in a most fluent and easy style. Miss M'Farlane was generally scrutinised when she appeared on the platform, but *she* seemed to be the least interested or disturbed in that large congregation, of whom, by-the-by, gentlemen formed a considerable part. Her opening prayer was solemn and comprehensive; and in reading part of the 19th chapter of St Luke, arriving at the 34th

verse, she broke off into a comparatively lengthy commentary, not entirely expository, but combining exposition, exhortation, and encouragement to believers. The text was the 41st and 42d verses of the above-quoted chapter: 'And when Jesus was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.' In the course of her sermon, Miss M'Farlane severely reproved the formalism and hypocrisy of the present day, the want of sincerity in public worship, and also remarked upon the ease with which people, in these days of profession, professed the name of Jesus, living under the awful delusion that they could slip from church membership into the kingdom of heaven; and she said, she 'believed Satan got more souls down to hell through "religion"—that is, through the semblance of religion—than he did through any other way.' She reminded her hearers, with much affectionate earnestness, that if they had not God in their hearts, they were at enmity with Him; they were *not* at peace—they had not considered the things which belonged to their peace. Some might be satisfied with themselves—wonderfully satisfied with themselves, perhaps—but she asked them, if theirs was a peace which would stand

the test of a dying hour. If not, it was a false peace. They might say their prayers, but they did not like it. They did not worship God, they had no communion with Him. How, without Jesus, did they hope to make peace with God? Oh, that she could show them their sins in the light of God's truth! Did they intend to atone for their sins? God could not look upon sin. She did not come there to speak to them how they were to make their peace—she came to tell them of a peace already made. ‘That peace is made; that even I proclaim to *you*, poor hypocrite, to *you*, poor rebellious sinner,—I proclaim God's peace upon God's own terms. He offers you peace, and this gospel of His grace is the declaration of that peace already made upon Calvary's cross. Blessed be His holy name, *it is* a peace settled, and so may be a peace proclaimed.’ And concluding a very powerful appeal, she said, ‘God has visited us with wondrous mercy, and the time is coming when He will visit us with wondrous judgment.’ Miss M'Farlane must have spoken for upwards of an hour, and that too without wanting a word. With no attempt at eloquence, using only the eloquence of the heart, she spoke with wonderful power and effect. There is nothing of the professional either in her matter or manner; occasionally she bends forward, or walks to the edge of the plat-

form, as though she had singled out some hearer, and was speaking to him alone from the very depths of her soul, and being driven to it by an irrepressible anxiety for his welfare. These are our impressions of Sunday night's service; and to all this we may add, the last hymn, 'Nothing either great or small,' &c., was sung to the sweet little melody of 'Annie Lisle.' Miss M. started it, leading it throughout, and beating time, by which means the congregation were enabled to follow her. The beauty and pathos of her voice touched every heart, and moved many to tears."

Owing to Miss M'Farlane's impaired health, she only held four services during this visit, all at Salem Chapel, leaving with the promise to many friends, if health were re-established, and the Lord directed her again to Ipswich, she would gladly speak anywhere and everywhere, as the way might open. From this time the writer of this brief memoir became personally acquainted with Miss M'Farlane, and would here acknowledge with gratitude the blessing to her own soul from her friendship and intercourse with her. The occasion of this introduction was the desire that Miss M. should preach in a mission-room, in which the writer is deeply interested; failure of health, and strength was the reason given for the inability to comply with the

request, but a promise of help in the future was obtained. An expression of disappointment could not be restrained, to which Miss M. replied in her characteristic manner, "Do you not think if I had the *strength* I would *always* be speaking for Jesus?" Soon after this, Miss M'Farlane was at Farningham in Kent, with Mr and Mrs Moore, friends always willing to "receive strangers in the name of the Lord," who often realised, as in this case, "they entertained angels unawares." When somewhat stronger and able partially to resume work, Miss M. commenced a series of services in the village. One address will long be remembered, from the verse in 2 Chron. xx. 37,—"Because thou hast joined thyself with Ahaziah, the Lord hath broken thy works. And the ships were broken, that they were not able to go to Tarshish." On these words she founded a most forcible argument against Christians expecting prosperity if they entered into any partnership, either commercial or social, with unbelievers. This truth, in its commercial bearings, came home with so much power to one present, that the great danger of the snare was realised, and measures taken to escape from it.

Mrs Moore writes—"The novelty of a lady preaching brought such numbers together that the chapel was found too small for the concourse of

people determined to hear her, therefore a factory close by was kindly lent to meet the emergency. One evening when she was giving out the verse 'Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,' &c., she stopped, saying, she did not wish any to sing who could not say, 'Jesus Christ is MY Redeemer.' The following week she received a letter from a young man, who wished her to know, 'he entered the room that night a careless sinner, but left able to say with sincerity, Jesus Christ is MY Redeemer.' What proved to be her last sermon was preached in the same place about three weeks before her marriage, from these apparently prophetic words, 'The Lord hath need of thee.' The season was solemn indeed, and many received impressions which I doubt not will result in their eternal salvation. 'The day shall declare it.'"

About this time Miss M. visited Cardiff, where she met also with dear Christian friends, and she continued for some time labouring in her usual way with much acceptance and evident blessing. She there met for the first and only time Miss Geraldine Hooper, now Mrs Dening, a lady evangelist, who is still privileged to continue her witness for the Lord, an occasion to which she often referred with much pleasure.

Miss M'Farlane's second visit to Ipswich took

place in the month of January 1868. She again accepted Mr R. Smith's hearty hospitality, and, as before, made his house her home. This year, it was thought desirable by the friends who arranged her meetings, to engage the Lecture Hall for a few Sabbath evening services, anticipating the increased accommodation this building afforded, and assembling upon purely unsectarian ground, would give many more the opportunity of hearing her. These expectations were more than realised, for at the first meeting, January 19th, the hall was well filled, the platform and every available space being appropriated. Miss M. gave an expository address on the first chapter of Jonah, and for about an hour and a quarter rivetted the attention of *all*, by her fervour and eloquence, not so much gratifying the intellect, as moving the heart, arousing the conscience, and showing Christians how faintly they understood their position as "*redeemed ones*," if their life was the criterion of their perceptions. It was her custom to divide the service, by speaking the first half hour exclusively to believers, then singing a hymn, devoting the remainder of the time to preaching to the unconverted. At the close of each meeting she invited any who were anxious or impressed to remain for personal conversation after the congregation had been dismissed. "The Master" so

approved of her work, that night after night He gave her the joy of hearing many ask, "What must I do to be saved?" The awakening that commenced was strengthened by the converts having the opportunity of meeting with Miss M'Farlane during the week, at Mr Smith's house, which was thrown open at all hours, for *any* and *every one* earnestly seeking salvation, or desirous of spiritual counsel. One marked feature of the usefulness of her work in Ipswich, was the profit to several young men, who, already sensitive to the claims of the gospel, had not hitherto made it manifest to the world that Christ ruled in their hearts; her happy and persuasive influence was the means used by God to enable them to give themselves wholly to the Lord and His service, and to this day they continue faithful labourers in the vineyard.

Miss M'Farlane fulfilled several of her promises to preach in the villages around, at Witnesham, Brainford, &c.; and in the Tanner's Lane Mission Room glorious meetings were held, sinners were saved, and the children of God refreshed. Her visit was unexpectedly shortened by severe illness at home; at the close of her last service in the Lecture Hall she touchingly said to the people, "I am going to ask you to do something for me, I have often done it for you; my little sister Bessie lies at

the point of death, will you pray that if it be the will of God, I may see her again alive, to hear from her *own* lips she is trusting in Jesus." This desire was granted; about six hours after Miss M. reached home, little Bessie died, giving evidence that she had been gathered unto the "fold of the Good Shepherd." In answer to my letter of sympathy with her in this great trouble, she replies—"I assure you it was very sweet and cheering to my soul, amidst all the trial and sorrow, to know that not only the heart of the 'Great High Priest' was touched, but also that some of the saints on earth were having fellowship in the suffering. Truly it is *not death* but *glory* that is the hope of the believer; it is the thought of the glorious meeting time that is the sunbeam in this cloud." Miss M. was so entirely consecrated to the service of the Lord, and lived in such close dependence upon Him, that with child-like faith seldom witnessed, she *expected* Him to supply all temporal necessities, satisfied with the fact, "My heavenly Father knoweth what I have need of." A few of the friends in Ipswich, who appreciated her worth and labours, forwarded her a small token of their esteem and affection, anxious to share in the pecuniary need necessarily arising out of her work, which she gratefully acknowledges—"I cannot tell you all I felt on

receiving such an unexpected token of care and affection from those who, though so far away, are yet so near and dear to my heart, I could but say, 'Father, this is like thyself; so true to all Thy promises, ever showing the bright sunshine of Thy tenderness in the midst of every dark cloud.' Oh! what sweet joy there is in having communion with each other in either joy or sorrow! I was reading the 4th chapter of Philippians, and when I came to the end, I thought in a measure I could have sympathy with Paul when he wrote that letter, and spoke of his desire that the fruit might abound to *their* account. The prayer of my heart is, that both you and those dear ones who had fellowship with you in sending this gift of love, may be richly rewarded at 'THAT DAY.'" Miss M. remained at home for some time, her own health somewhat shattered, and the care of her invalid mother, who, after Bessie's death, needed every thought and attention, resting upon her. She writes of herself, "I am pretty well, not very strong, but getting sufficient for the daily need—surely that is plenty with the grace that is promised for every day. What strength there is to be found when we lean upon the strong arm of Jesus; when in this position truly we may say, '*I can do all things.*'"

Again she was ordered by the physician not to

spend the winter in Edinburgh, consequently returned to London towards the end of the year, and on the morning of Christmas day she gave an address in Kilburn Hall. Mr Russell Hurditch, a staunch friend and co-worker, in a paragraph which appeared in the "Latter Rain" of Sept. 15, 1871, announcing her death, testifies that here also the seed sown yielded a rich harvest. "Well do we know how deep and sincere a sorrow will be felt by many in Kilburn Hall, where she went in and out during her stay in London, and where she afterwards held a series of meetings during a whole month on Sunday afternoons, which the Lord blessed to the conversion of many souls, some of whom have been called home before her, for though she was extensively known in many parts of England and Scotland, and had been greatly blessed of the Lord in her various spheres of service, her visits to Kilburn will long be remembered with deepest interest and thankfulness" Mr H. further remarks—"Personally, we did not as a rule sympathise with female preaching, not seeing sufficient Scripture warrant for it; but, as, of old, God raised up women to deliver Israel in times of failure, so has the Lord again and again taken up such sisters as Jessie M'Farlane, and mightily used them in the ingathering of souls, and it was the evident power and

blessing with which the Lord accompanied this sister's testimony that carried us with her in heartiest sympathy in her labours amongst us ; and greatly should we rejoice if the Lord were to let a double portion of His Spirit rest upon other like-minded handmaids in these days of failure in the Church's testimony and service."

In April 1869, Miss M'Farlane visited Ipswich for the *third*, and what proved to be the last, time. Mr R. Smith again received her as his guest, greatly to the delight of the whole household. The first six services were held in Salem Chapel, the Lecture Hall being occupied. These meetings were so crowded that it became necessary to provide somewhere greater accommodation. Since Miss M.'s previous visit to the town, a large hall, then in the course of erection, had been completed, capable of seating from 1500 to 2000 persons ; but the faith of friends generally was not strong enough to entertain the idea of hiring so large a place. However, the faith of *one* was stronger than the many, and the hall was engaged, with the belief that God would fill it, and give His servant special power in uplifting the cross for the first time in the new building. On Sunday evening, May 2, the first service was held, and, as is always the case, God was better than our fears. He had indeed heard

and answered prayer. The hall was well filled, by certainly the largest number of people ever gathered together in Ipswich for the purpose of hearing Christ preached. The text was taken from the 18th chapter of Acts and 23d verse—"To THE UNKNOWN GOD, Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." The presence and power of the Holy Spirit was manifestly felt; even those whose scruples made them doubt the propriety of worshipping in a hall built for secular purposes, afterwards admitted it was "none other but the house of God—the gate of heaven." These services were continued three successive Sunday evenings, bringing under the sound of the truth very many who had never entered a place of worship.

After spending the first month with her friends, Mr and Mrs R. Smith, Miss M'Farlane accepted an invitation to stay at Norton House, the residence of Mr and Mrs Grimwade. This gave us the opportunity of knowing her intimately and loving her more. Mr Grimwade being deeply interested in all evangelistic efforts, and always ready to help forward the cause of Christ, with his characteristic zeal entered heart and soul into her work, and enabled her to extend the sphere of her labours, by Bible-readings in his own house, and also by the facilities he was able to secure for her preaching at the various "village

stations" in the neighbourhood. Every one who came in contact with her was charmed with the cheerfulness and brightness of her character. She contradicted by her every-day life the opinion too prevalent, that religion makes one gloomy, showing how a soul stayed upon God can be always rejoicing. She believed the "joy of the Lord to be her strength," and accounted for the poverty and weakness of the life of Christians generally through their failing to realise the *power* of this joy; the strength of it made *her* life one song of praise, morn, noon, and night. She not only "made melody in her heart unto the Lord," but her sweet expressive voice was often heard singing of Jesus and His love in the words of some of her favourite hymns, such as—"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb," "We'll sing of the Shepherd that died," "Awake my soul in joyful lays," "I would commune with Thee, my God," "Thou hidden love of God, whose height, whose depth unfathom'd no man knows," &c. Those who knew her best will appreciate the hymns appended to this Memoir, all of them associated with her either in public, private, or in her later home life. Several of them have an especial interest, as being chosen by her, and used for the *edification* of the simple ones of her household, in whose growth in grace she was so earnestly interested.

Through these hymns, to this day, by their own express testimony, she "being dead, yet speaketh." Their striking and affecting appropriateness also, as expressing much of her own personal experience during her many months of weakness and suffering, adds much to their interest. Miss M'Farlane's intense naturalness, if I may so call it, greatly attracted me. She spoke out unhesitatingly exactly what she thought, never supposing she could possibly offend by so doing. Glossing over the failings of others was to her a far greater moral injury than the risk of her faithfulness wounding. This it rarely did, as she possessed and used with peculiar grace the unusual gift "of speaking the truth in love." She was also very apt in dropping "the good seed" in the midst of any common-place conversation with perfect good taste, and apparently as a word in season. For instance, a gentleman, entering the room one day, said, "A poor woman has just left me, asking for assistance. I could not help her, and I scarcely know if I ought to pity her, as her trouble is the result of her own folly." Miss M. quickly rejoined, "I know nothing about your power to *help*, but surely you will not refuse your *pity*. Where should we have been if the Lord had not *pitied* us and helped us also?" Again, a gentleman making an apology to her for not attending her

meetings, on the ground of Ritualistic preferences, saying, "I belong to the High Church," she instantly answered, "*so do I*,—my church is so *high*, it reaches the throne of God; so *low*, it receives the vilest sinner; so *broad*, it embraces all mankind."

I am able to state with authority the marvellous fact, that almost without an exception, in every house, in all the many large towns and villages, both in England and Scotland, where Miss M'Farlane lived, her visit was blessed to the household, either in the conversion of souls, or the quickening of Christians into vigorous spiritual life. We must one and all render thanks to God for the riches of His grace so fully manifested in the gifts and graces of His dear servant.

The letters of Christian friends, old and young, overflow with grateful appreciation of her love and faithfulness, and with gratitude to God for the blessing she had proved to so many households and individual souls. By the young converts especially she was greatly beloved, and she recognised the importance of encouraging their confidence and aiding in their "nurture in the Lord" in every way. With young men and women who had come to the knowledge of the truth under her ministry she kept up a frequent and most loving correspondence. The

following extract from one note will show the happy influence she possessed in this direction:—"I look back to the few delightful days thou spent here, and feel what a great blessing thou hast been to my soul. I am now enjoying great peace, and know the reason too. It was because I was trying to hold a little back, and not give myself wholly to the Lord, that I felt cold and indifferent; but how merciful and long-suffering He has been with me, in now drawing me to His footstool by His love. I don't wish to boast or to glory, except in Jesus. I now feel more desire for the salvation of my fellow-men, especially for the young, of whom I am very fond. Thou wilt excuse my being so plain and simple, but thou canst enter so kindly into the changes and feelings of young believers. Do pray, dear friend, that I may be kept from looking back, and getting self-satisfied. My daily prayer is that thou and thy work may be richly blessed."

In a little pencil jotting there is a short list of young converts who had evidently been the subject of special interest:—"A. F., 13 years of age, converted September 13; H. L., 14 years, converted three Sundays ago, 20th September; W. G., 12 years, converted three weeks ago, on Sunday evening; and his brother F., three days after, on Wednesday; A. E. G., 12 years, converted two

months ago; and her sister S. J., 10 years, converted yesterday fortnight; their brother T., 8 years, converted last Friday week; H. D., 10 years, converted two weeks ago, on Sunday." These jottings undoubtedly had been the result of her direct personal knowledge of the individuals. She was a faithful witness, and was not prone to take too much for granted.

While at Norton House, Miss M'Farlane was called to pass through another severe trial. Mrs R. Smith, her first friend in Ipswich, always true and good to her, died very suddenly, after a few hours' illness. "She slept one evening peacefully, and woke in everlasting life." When Miss M. heard the sad intelligence, her first exclamation was, "Death is an enemy to those left behind. No sorrow on her account; she is in glory." Jessie's grief, like her joy, was intense; but feeling acutely the necessity of "working while it was day," alone enabled her to overcome the physical weakness occasioned by the shock to her nervous system, which threatened to prevent her from fulfilling an engagement to preach at Waldringfield the following evening. However, strength was given to her according to her need, for she spoke with unusual power, realising the nearness of eternity; also the next Sunday night, at the Public Hall, referring to

the painful event still uppermost in her mind, she took for her text, "Prepare to meet thy God," pressing home with much solemnity the danger of being *unprepared*.

It is impossible for me to give details of all the services Miss M'Farlane held; I will merely mention that she preached at Witnesham, Grundisburgh, Stowmarket, Woodbridge, and in Friars Street Chapel, Ipswich, and the St Clement's Mission Room. In the district some of the strictest Baptist and Congregational chapels were opened to her. The Divine blessing rested upon her labours, and many who were awakened made a public profession of their faith in Jesus. One meeting of a purely exceptional character must be referred to. A large company of women, employed in a sack manufactory, were gathered together in the warehouse to hear Miss M. preach. She had never before spoken to so low a class, but knowing their souls were precious in the sight of God, she had a word of encouragement for them, telling them *they* were included in the free invitation, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Many were weeping over the love of God to sinners, and will have to praise Him through all eternity for bringing them under the sound of the truth that night. Several Bible readings were arranged for,

those in the morning held in Pearce's Room, and in the evening chiefly at Norton House. One held at the house of Mrs Faning will never be forgotten. The chapter selected was the 15th of John ; Christ, the true Vine, and the purging of the branches, was the theme for consideration. The need of the purging, and the love and wisdom of the husbandman, were so powerfully depicted, that all present felt that an "angel with a live coal from off the altar had touched her lips," causing each one to say with the disciples of old, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while *she* opened to us the Scriptures?" The evenings at Norton House were seasons of special enjoyment—"times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." At the last meeting, after speaking with heartfelt earnestness on the "second coming of Christ," Miss M'Farlane gave as a parting word the prayer contained in the 17th and 18th verses of the 1st chapter of Ephesians, with the desire it might be fulfilled in the experience of each : "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him : the eyes of your understanding being enlightened ; that ye may know *what is the hope of his calling*, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." She concluded by requesting all present, *who could*

do so, to unite with her in singing the following beautiful verse:—

“ I’m waiting for the coming
Of the Lord who died for me ;
Those words have thrilled my spirit—
‘ I will come again for thee.’
I can almost hear His footstep
On the threshold of the door,
And my heart, my heart is longing
To be with Him evermore.”

Miss M’Farlane left Ipswich, June 12th, for St Osyth, where she held a few meetings, of which I have no account to give, beyond hearing indirectly that they were well attended, and some amount of good effected. While here she wrote a simple letter of thanks to the Ipswich friends, for a second token of their love and thoughtfulness for her temporal need:—“ I do not know how to thank you enough for the gift I received just as I was leaving. May it be as fruit which shall abound to your account when Jesus comes. These tokens of the Master’s care for the servant who looks to Him *alone* are very cheering; and then I praise Him for raising up so many dear friends who love not in word only, but in deed and in truth. I need not tell you that I shall never forget to pray for you all, and that I do hope to be remembered by you all. I do require your prayers *very, very much*, the great enemy is so

anxious to get those who are used of God to forget the secret of power, and so make them weak. May we all be kept at the feet of Jesus, the only place of real power! May the Lord keep, lead, and teach you by His own Spirit, till He comes in the glory, to make us what we should be, and take us where we would be!" Miss M.'s public ministry ceased with her labours at St Osyth.

One reflection we must offer in connection with Miss M'Farlane's labours in the long continued public character of an evangelist. Need it be said that she never accepted the position of working for wages. She was always in the hands of dear Christian friends, who guarded her as their own child, and she thus entirely escaped those risks to which a sensitive mind is necessarily exposed, when so prominently before the public. She never lost her gentleness and delicacy of feeling, and retained the liveliest appreciation of the privacy of home privileges. She had time afforded also to give full proof of her remarkable fitness for all the duties of a peculiarly onerous position in a large household, among whom her influence for good was most happily felt all through her long continued weakness and suffering.

On her way to Scotland for a period of relaxation from long continued labours, Miss M'Farlane visited Manchester, where she enjoyed the kind hospitality

of Mr Walter Caddell. Obvious blessing again followed her labours, of which, however, few particulars can be recalled. She preached in the Walton Street place of meeting, and in the Co-operative Hall; at Pendleton also, in the neighbourhood, one Sunday evening. As on former visits, much interest was attached to the drawing-room meetings.

In August 1869, Miss M'Farlane again spent two weeks at Largs, the scene of much of her early discipline and preparation for her more active labours. There, at this time, she preached twice in the Bath Hall to attentive and interested audiences.

Miss M'Farlane was married on the 31st October 1869, to Dr Brodie of Liberton, Edinburgh, a devoted Christian man. She always spoke of her married life as a very happy one. Dr Brodie writes in a letter, "Jessie entered on her new relationship with the full understanding that she was still at her Master's call; but engrossing domestic duties in the first instance, and failure of her health, altogether prevented any further public efforts; but the desire and purpose to labour as of old were long fondly cherished, and indeed she was never out of harness, for up to and beyond her power she continued to minister with remarkable efficiency, strictly in the highest sense, to a company of young imbeciles under my care, and on these, the least of the little

ones of the kingdom, the impress of her loving heart now rests. Here one phase of her self-denying spirit is to be recognised, but she knew who had said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,' and thus she continued to work for the Master, and diffused joy around her to the last." She who had addressed expectant and appreciative audiences of thousands accepted the lowly place of ministering to these simple ones, and here again her peculiar power of adaptation to her subject showed itself. One little incident is worthy of record. She was deeply impressed, as appears from her account of her own early spiritual experience, with the importance of the minds of the young not being misled by erroneous teaching especially on the subject of God's love for the erring. This truth, as may be supposed, she had sufficiently frequent occasions to bring before the minds of her "little ones," and, as it proved, with such effect that, altogether at their own instance, the evident grasp of the truth was thus manifested. One of the boys, naturally rather too much disposed to exhort his companions, and who had got hold of the too generally prevalent teaching, had stated to one, as he judged, of his erring companions, that God did not love him when he was naughty, when another more reflective in

his tendencies, said, No, for Mrs Brodie had told them that God did love them when they were naughty, but *He did not love the naughty*. This was no mere echo, for the dear boy had evidently, to Mrs B.'s comfort, got a hold of the truth. Her ability to adapt her teaching and general influence to the very varied intellectual condition of these youths was very remarkable, and was only to be explained by the strong loving nature of her affections, which seemed most satisfied when the need of the object was the greatest. The mamma of a very dear child, long the sunbeam of the household, says in a letter subsequent to Mrs Brodie's death, "I came upon your dear wife's only letter to me, in which she says she had asked darling Jimmy if he would go to Jesus ; he clung to her, and made her understand that he would go when she went, but not yet ! How deeply affecting to us is this now !" This dear child passed away only two months before her, and they had been for many months in closely contiguous apartments, gradually nearing the confines of their heavenly home. In the same letter this lady says, "I have just had a letter from one of my earliest Indian friends, who had made a visit to Scotland a few years ago, met and made the acquaintance of your dear wife, to which she refers with much pleasure." In this connection it may be

mentioned also that a Christian lady in the neighbourhood, shortly before Mrs Brodie's death, told her of having received a letter from a dear friend in India, in which he stated that he had known Mrs B. in England, and that he had quite recently heard from a correspondent of the great blessing she had derived from her public ministry, a piece of information from a far land sufficiently cheering to the dear sufferer on her bed of languishing.

It was my privilege, in May 1871, to visit her in her new home, and witness the love and care by which she was surrounded. Humanly speaking, every wish was gratified, though restoration to health was for some wise purpose denied. I was deeply grieved to see her so weak and prostrate, the old self scarcely recognisable, but the same loving, gentle spirit unchanged. I accompanied her to the west coast; it had been a long cherished desire of her heart that we should visit Largs together. Having more than once derived great benefit from a stay in that place, she had a strong hope that the change might again do her good; but it was the will of God to take her to himself. Day by day she grew weaker, and at the end of the month, when I was obliged to leave her, we both knew we should not meet again upon earth. In the midst of her

weakness and suffering she often said, "*It is very mysterious, but it is all right. My Jesus hath done all things well.*"

Notices of Mrs Brodie's death, which occurred on the 18th August 1871, appeared in "The Christian" of the 14th, and in the "Latter Rain" of the 15th Sept. The former, from the pen of Mr Gordon Forlong, has been already almost wholly quoted. From the latter we present a letter from Dr Brodie:—

"My dear wife was able to sustain very little epistolary correspondence during her illness, or I am sure she would have given you some evidence of her continued interest in her work. The "Latter Rain" was always welcome. She was very much impressed by the death of Mr Howard Johnston. She did not till the last give up her hope of doing something for the Lord in her new sphere, and very many purposes were discussed, which were never realised. She had not more than three months of good health since she came home, and all her powers were given with good-will to gladden and bless my company of young imbeciles. She loved them dearly, and they clung to her as to a little mother. Her influence among them, especially through her sacred songs, will not soon be forgotten. You knew her of old, and you can conceive what she would be. Verily

up to and beyond her powers, she did what she could for these the least in the kingdom. Her protracted illness, from repeated internal abscess, was very prostrating, and for some months past the disease of the lungs, which carried her off, led on to the extremest exhaustion ; but all through her confidence in her Father's love and her patience never failed. I wish I could do justice to her loving and lovely experience ; but I am too much engrossed with my own loss to be able to enlarge on any topic. For fully four days the exhaustion was so extreme, that we scarcely knew what hour she might pass away. Some slight indications of mental incoherence were mercifully restrained, and she was perfectly conscious to the last. It was truly sad to see the utter prostration of the mind so recently bright and powerful. She gave us the text—2 Tim. iv. 7, 8, which has now its own special associations with the dear departed one.

“I wish it had been possible for me to have given you a fuller account of the later days of my dear wife ; but it had been a long weary time of weakness and suffering, through which the dear soul clung to the desire and hope of renewed usefulness, in however quiet a way. She had very many reasons for desiring to stay a little longer ; but the nurture and ripening for glory were going on. The

hymns she sung and taught the children tell to us now how surely she was anticipating her departure : — ‘He leadeth me,’ ‘Abide with me,’ ‘He leads us on,’ &c., &c. Her song was her life. I now much regret that I did not note down some of the more eventful items of her experience and labours. A more convenient season was always hoped for ; and she was not at all concerned to have any record kept. Strange it is that she has not preserved a single record of the notices which appeared of her labours. I would thankfully recover them ; but the endeavour seems hopeless.”

From her Bible, the dear friend, to whom it was presented, was requested to transcribe the *few* texts which the dear departed one had underlined ; and in forwarding them, she remarks, “They do indeed bring our beloved Jessie very near in spirit to us ; one seems, as it were, to read her mind in them—Christ the hope of the Church. The coming glory, and promised crown, seem to me to be the topics that chiefly occupied her mind, and surely she is even now enjoying a foretaste of the promised inheritance. It did seem so mysterious to me that she, the gifted and useful one, should be so soon gathered home. But her work on earth was done, her crown ready, and ere long she will hear the Master’s voice saying, ‘Well done, *good* and *faithful*

servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' She had in her life followed the Master closely, and was it not of such Jesus said, 'Father, I *will* that they also be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.' It was HIS WILL, which we ought to worship and bow to in submission."

Her remains now rest in the Grange Cemetery, beside "kindred dust." She is laid in the same grave with the dear ~~Precious~~ little one who wished to go *with* his "Mamma Brodie" to Jesus, and who had so very shortly preceded her. Over her resting-place is inscribed the text, which had evidently long been a favourite with her, and to which she gave a special significance, as "her own text," and which to her is so peculiarly appropriate, 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing;" and to this was added, as equally appropriate—Dan. xii. 3, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

A few sentences from the letters of sympathising friends may fitly close this very imperfect record

of a life of peculiar loveliness and precious activity :—

“ For Jessie it is a blessed change—

‘ Far from this world of sin and strife
She’s present with the Lord,’—

but for the Church and the world I mourn for her as ‘a great one fallen,’ and to our weak faith it would seem as if the world could ill spare such a champion for the truth. You can hardly estimate how we loved her, and how much we owe the Master through her. *Her* simple faith in the great verities of the gospel, *her* warm and earnest love for poor sinners, and *her* deep anxiety to make known that which she had handled, and tasted, and felt of the preciousness of Christ, and her sense of deep indebtedness to Him for delivering her from the hole of the pit and the miry clay to the firm standing upon the Rock of Ages—all made life a reality to her ; for her to ‘live was Christ,’ and for her to ‘die is gain.’ The mention of her death this morning in our chapel moistened many an eye. To me and to the Church it is inscrutable why God should so long lay by from labour, and then remove ‘such an one.’”

“ For dear Jessie it is all joy. She ‘has entered into rest,’ and sees face to face Jesus whom she so

loved, and 'knows even as she is known.' I need not tell you how I loved her, and many will have to bear loving testimony of lasting good through her influence. By her witness for Christ, power was given to many, very many, to pass from death unto life.

"Truly she was a burning and shining light, and by her means, through God's grace, many were led to walk in the light of life, and many yet on the pilgrimage will be her glory and joy in the day of the Lord Jesus."

"We have lost one of the most delightful and dearest of friends, who will be for ever endeared in our memory. For her we could not possibly sorrow, but would only praise the Lord that she is happily released from all her sufferings, and is now blessed by and for ever with Him whom she so remarkably loved and served here."

"Dear Jessie, she did much for Him the short time that she had after she was made His by believing in Jesus; and we know that she did not labour in vain, for many, many received the truth from her lips, and they will be to her a 'joy and crown of rejoicing in that day.'

"Several of our members who were converted through the ministry of 'dear Jessie' (as she is called among us) are full of sorrow."

“The dear one just removed was very precious to each of us. A pang comes over my heart when I remember her bright useful life so early closed. The many weeks she spent with us here endeared her to us all.”

“I feel that earth has lost a treasure indeed, but yet think of her as of one who is now gazing with rapture on the Lord she so ardently loved, and whose coming to our earth she so fondly and eagerly awaited. I had reason to love her, for she was the means of what I might call my reconversion, for although a Christian before I heard her, I was half-asleep, and throughout eternity I shall never cease to thank God for her faithful teaching. From each interview I had with her I came away more than ever impressed with the importance and reality of eternal things, catching, as it were by a sacred contagion, something of her earnest loving spirit. I only wish, for my part, that the events of so Christ-like a life could be written and thus preserved in a tangible form. But she, I know, rather disliked memoirs.”

“Our heavenly Father never makes any mistakes, it must be well when He does it. She was one of my dearest friends, a true sister, and a wise counsellor, and a sweet comforter. But her Lord loved her much, and needed her above. The dear little ones

will mourn for her, and so will many who knew and loved her for her love to Christ."

"Another of the Lord's Ruth's has been taken home, one that often gathered sheaves behind the Master. Your dear wife was a true hearted lover of the Lord, and was privileged to do not a small work for her Master. She moved dead waters in many places, and there are waves rolling now that she was allowed to send forth on their endless task, bringing glory to God."

That the Lord may use this memorial of His dear child, so much beloved and honoured as His own chosen channel of blessing to many souls, to the stirring up of many of His handmaidens, to emulate her as a dedicated one in her meekness and power in Jesus, has been the one aim and desire in its compilation.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

The following beautiful lines are so strikingly appropriate, that we are sure all the friends of our dear departed sister will welcome its presentation in this connection. We are kindly permitted to do so by C. Caswell, of Birmingham, of whom it may be had as a leaflet:—

“SHE IS NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPETH.”

“But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are *asleep* that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which *sleep in Jesus* will God bring with Him.”

Oh! call it not death—it is life begun,
For the waters are pass'd, the home is won;
The ransomed spirit hath reach'd the shore,
Where they weep, and suffer, and sin no more,
She is safe in her Father's house above,
In the place prepar'd by her Saviour's love;
To depart from a world of sin and strife,
And to be with Jesus—yes,—this is *life*.

Oh! call it not death—'tis a holy sleep,
And the precious dust the Lord doth keep;
She shall wake again—and how satisfied!
With the likeness of Him, for her who died.
As He rose again, she shall also rise,
From the quiet bed, where now safe she lies;
Then cheer ye, fond mourners, who sadly weep,
For happy are they who in Jesus *sleep*.

Oh! call it not death—'tis a glorious rest,
“Yea,” saith the Spirit, for all such are blest;
“They rest from their labours,” their work is done,
The goal is attain'd, the weary race run.
The battle is fought—the struggle is o'er,
The crown now replaces the cross they bore.
The pilgrimage path shall no more be trod,
“A *rest* remains to the people of GOD.”

Oh ! call it not death—it is true indeed,
 The soul from the shackles of earth is freed,
 'Tis true that dissolv'd is the house of clay,
 And the spirit unchain'd hath pass'd away
 'Tis true, too, the lov'd one hath gone before,
 The home how darken'd, that knows her no more !
 He chides not your grief, for Jesus too wept,
 O'er the grave where His friend, a Laz'rus *slept*.

But call it not death—a few short days o'er,
 Ye shall meet her in glory, to part no more,
 What a “blessed hope,” lo ! Christ shall appear,
 For “the restitution of all things ” here,
 Then (if not till then), ye'll see her again.
 When brought by the Lord with His glorious train,
 Those “*sleeping in Jesus*,” shall be restor'd,
 And so shall we “ever be with the LORD.”

E. E. H.

SCRIPTURAL WARRANT FOR WOMEN TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

(*Tract published in 1864.*)

Having been asked by the Lord's people, in different places, what scriptural grounds I had for preaching the gospel, after laying the matter before the Lord, I thought it best to write a little tract on the subject, especially for the benefit of Christians who wish to look at it in the light of God's Word. No one ever doubts that, under the former dispensation, there were prophetesses as well as prophets, and that *their* mission also was to both men and women. The Lord spoke through them to the people,—they were sent to instruct and to warn,—they spake as the Spirit gave them utterance. When Israel

was sorely oppressed by their enemies, the Lord raised up a woman to take a prominent part in their deliverance (Judges iv.) Then in Luke ii. 36, 38, we find the aged Anna waiting and looking for the Saviour who was promised. When she beheld the Babe, she thanked God, and then carried the glad tidings to all the expecting ones in Israel. Now, we know that there were both men and women looking for redemption in Israel. Then we find that dear Saviour himself, when wearied with His journey, sitting down on Jacob's well, near by the city of Sychar, and revealing Himself to a poor simple woman of that place, and filling her heart with a knowledge of salvation. She is sent forth a successful preacher of the good news to her fellow-citizens (John iv. 1-42). Again, after His resurrection, He appears to the women who had kept close by Him in sorrow and suffering, and gives them the glorious message to carry to His disciples, that now He, who had been delivered to death for our offences, was no longer held by its power, but raised again for our justification: Luke xxiv. 1, 12.

The question then is, Did the Lord mean that, under the gospel dispensation, there were to be no prophetesses? When the Comforter was to come, the Spirit to be poured out upon the Church, were no gifts to be given to the handmaids? Were none of the daughters to proclaim the good news? What saith the Lord? See Joel ii. 28, 29. Does He not there tell us, that when the Spirit is to be poured out on all flesh, that the *daughters*, as well as the sons, are to prophecy? And does the promise of the Lord fail? No. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. In the

second chapter of Acts we read, that when the disciples were all in one place, this promise was fulfilled, and they were *all* filled with the Holy Ghost. Yes, men and women were filled alike ; for in the first chapter, verse 14, the women are especially noticed among the disciples. And Peter, standing up to address the astonished multitude, declared that this was the promise fulfilled, this was the beginning of the glorious gospel dispensation, when gifts were to be given to the Church.

Were these gifts only to be given for a time ? No ; we are told in Ephesians iv. 11-13, that the gifts were “for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, *till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.*” Also, we find in the early Church women having the gift of prophecy—“the *best* gift,” which the apostle exhorted the converts to covet. Philip, the Evangelist, had four daughters who “did prophecy.” Here were four young women in one house who had this gift (Acts xxi. 9).

Some may say, that it might only have been in private, or to women that they preached ; but this we are nowhere told. On the contrary, we have reason to believe that *they* exercised their gifts in public ; for the apostle, in writing to the Church at Corinth, gives directions how the women are to dress, when they pray or prophesy, forbidding them to do so with their heads uncovered : 1 Cor. xi. 5. Now, they would never think of covering their heads in private. Then, in the 10th verse of the same chapter, we read that they were to have “power [or

a covering] on their heads, because of the angels," [or messengers] whom we believe to be the messengers of the churches, who, of course, were men.

That there were women labourers in the gospel in the days of the apostles, we have no doubt, for the Apostle Paul entreats the brethren to help those women who laboured with him in the gospel (Phil. iv. 3).

But some may bring forward an objection, and say, "Is not this the command of the apostle—'Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak?'" * True; but God's word does not contradict itself. Read over 1 Cor. xiv., and you will see that this has no reference to the exercising of the gift of the Spirit. In the 33d verse of that chapter we read—"God is not the author of confusion [or tumult or unquietness] but of peace." The word *speak* here used refers only to confused talking or chattering. They seem to have been asking questions at their husbands in the Church, for they are told if they wish to learn anything to ask them at home. The apostle was correcting the disorderly talking that was practised in the Church.

Paul, again, in writing to Timothy, says, "I suffer not a woman to teach nor usurp authority over the man" (1 Tim. ii. 12). Any one looking at this carefully, will see that it refers exclusively to domestic matters. The wife is not to teach, nor usurp authority over her husband, but

* The Greek verb *laleo* means to speak or talk in general, and here evidently refers to keeping up a conversation in the church, and does not comprehend the exercise of the gift of prophecy.—G. S.

to be in subjection. Mark, it is *the man** or *the husband* whom she is commanded not to teach, nor usurp authority over.

Now, dear reader, you see that the apostle in giving directions how the women are to prophesy, and then telling them not to *speak* or *chatter* in the Church, and not to usurp authority over the husband, does not contradict himself; for, although they might exercise the gift of prophecy, they did not require either to chatter in the church or to usurp the authority forbidden. Priscilla did not violate the apostle's command when *she*, along with her husband, expounded to Apollos the way of God more perfectly.

The question then arises—What is *prophecy*? Let scripture be its own interpreter. In 1 Cor. xiv. 3, we read, “He that prophesieth speaketh unto men, to edification, and exhortation, and comfort.” And again, in Rev. xix. 10, we read, “The testimony of Jesus is the *spirit of prophecy*.” And what are the “sons and daughters” doing when they preach from the written revelation of God, when they preach the word of life? When the preacher is fitted by the Spirit, and filled with the word of God, are the saints not edified. Are sinners not exhorted to repentance, and saints to greater likeness to Jesus? Is there not comfort to the soul who receives the good news? Surely, then, the Lord has fulfilled His promise. Those who preach the gospel, taught by the

* The Greek noun *aner*, Latin *maritus*, here translated “the man,” signifies exclusively “a married man” or “husband.”—G. S.

Spirit, are the “prophets” and “prophetesses” of the last days.

May God help them to feel their responsibility, and enable them to declare the whole counsel of God, and not be afraid of the faces of the people, lest the Lord speak of them as He did of the prophets who prophesied “a false vision in divination, and a thing of nought, and the deceit of their hearts” (Jer. xiv. 13, 16). May they be kept from speaking according to their own imaginations, and, while taking their place at the feet of Jesus, may they be filled with His Spirit and with the word of life. May many be raised up to testify of Jesus, to tell of His love to the perishing and the lost. My prayer is, that the Lord may send many of His sons and daughters, prepared by Himself, as labourers into His vineyard. Truly the harvest is great, and the labourers are few. My prayer to God shall be the prayer of His servant Moses—“Would to God that *all* the Lord’s people were prophets, and that the Lord might put His Spirit upon them!” Numb. xi. 29. And may they have one aim,—and that the glory of God in the salvation of souls. The writer here would ask the prayers of the children of God who may read this little tract, that she may be kept very humble, and so be fitted more and more for the work of preaching the gospel.

May God bless you, dear reader, and enable you to work for Him, if you are His; and if you cannot say in truth that you are a child of God, oh! will you *now* receive the good news that Jesus loves you,—do take Him *now* to be your Friend, and you will never regret your choice.

FAVOURITE HYMNS.

SINGING FOR JESUS.

Singing for Jesus, singing for Jesus,
Trying to serve Him wherever I go ;
Pointing the lost to the way of salvation—
This be my mission, a pilgrim below.
When in the strains of my country I mingle,
When to exalt her my voice I would raise ;
'Tis for His glory whose arm is her refuge,
Him would I honour, His name would I praise, His
name would I praise.

Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love ;
Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,
Telling of rest in the mansions above.
Music may soften where language would fail us,
Feelings long buried 'twill often restore.
Tones that were breathed from the lips of departed,
How we revere them when they are no more !

Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for Thee I will sing ;
When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
Still with Thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend ;
Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

PRAISE THE SAVIOUR.

Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him,
Think, oh think, how much we owe Him ;
Gladly let us render to Him
All we are and have.

Jesus is the name that charms us,
He for conflict fits and arms us ;
Nothing moves and nothing harms us,
When we trust in Him.

Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever,
 He is faithful, changing never ;
 Neither force nor guile can sever
 Those He loves from Him.

Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving
 To Thyself—and still believing,
 Till the time of our receiving
 Promised joys in heaven.

Then we shall be where we would be ;
 Then we shall be what we should be ;
 Things that are not now, nor could be,
 Soon shall be our own.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

We praise Thee, O God ! for the Son of Thy love,
 For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
 Hallelujah ! Thine the glory. Hallelujah ! Amen.
 Hallelujah ! Thine the glory. Revive us again.

We praise Thee, O God ! for Thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scatter'd our night.—
 Hallelujah, etc.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd every stain.—
 Hallelujah, etc.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us and sought us, and guided our ways.—
 Hallelujah, etc.

Revive us again ; fill each heart with Thy love—
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—
 Hallelujah, etc.

Revive us again ; rouse the dead from their tomb—
 May they now come to Jesus, while yet there is room.—
 Hallelujah, etc.

GLAD TIDINGS.

Hark! hark! hear the glad tidings,
 Soon, soon Jesus will come,
 Robed, robed in honour and glory,
 To gather His ransom'd ones home.
 Yes, yes, oh yes, to gather His ransom'd ones home.

Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,
 Sing, sing, Glory to God,
 Soon, soon Jesus is coming;
 Publish the tidings abroad.
 Yes, yes, oh yes, publish the tidings abroad.

Bright, bright, seraphs attending,
 Shouts, shouts filling the air,
 Down, down swiftly from heaven,
 Jesus our Lord will appear.
 Yes, yes, oh yes, Jesus our Lord will appear.

Now, now, through a glass darkly,
 Shine, shine visions to come.
 Soon, soon we shall behold Him,
 Cloudless and bright in our home.
 Yes, yes, oh yes, cloudless and bright in our home

Long, long have we been waiting,
 Who, who love His blest name;
 Now, now we are delighting,
 "Jesus is near," to proclaim.
 Yes, yes, oh yes, "Jesus is near," to proclaim.

Still, still rest on the promise,
 Cling, cling fast to His word,
 Wait, wait; if He should tarry,
 We'll patiently wait for the Lord.
 Yes, yes, oh yes, we'll patiently wait for the Lord.

NOTHING EITHER GREAT OR SMALL.

Nothing, either great or small,
 Nothing, sinner, no ;
 Jesus did it, did it all,
 Long, long ago.

When He from His lofty throne
 Stoop'd to do and die
 Everything was fully done ;
 Hearken to His cry :—

“ It is finished ! ” Yes, indeed,
 Finished every jot ;
 Sinner, this is all you need,
 Tell me, Is it not ?

Weary, working, plodding one,
 Why toil you so ?
 Cease your doing ; all was done
 Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling
 By a simple faith,
 “ Doing ” is a deadly thing,
 “ Doing ” ends in death.

Cast your deadly “ doing ” down,
 Down at Jesus' feet ;
 Stand in Him, in Him alone,
 Gloriously complete !

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me ! fast falls the even-tide :
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see :
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
 But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free ;
 Come not to sojourn, but abide with me !

I need Thy Presence every passing hour—
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

OH, WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Oh, what is heaven ? I want to know.
 Are children playing there ?
 And do they thirst and hunger now,
 And need a parent's care ?
 No, never do they hunger there,
 Nor precious moments waste ;
 But beauteous as the angels are,
 With Christ's own image graced.

Oh, what is heaven ? I want to know
 If field-flowers bloom on high :
 And in meadows green, like those below,
 Do birds and insects fly ?

I cannot tell, my dearest boy,
 If aught like these there be ;
 But every one is full of joy,
 And loveliest sights they see.

But where is heaven ? oh, is it far
 Above the ground I tread ?
 Or is it fixed in yonder star,
 Whose beams shine mildly red ?
 No : 'tis the Saviour's smiling face
 That makes the heaven above ;
 And would we reach that happy place,
 We here His name must love.

'Tis in His word that we are told
 Of bliss beyond the sky,
 And how to gain a crown of gold
 All glorious when we die.
 Dear Jesus, may I now be Thine,
 And have my sins forgiven ;
 Along with saints and angels shine
 With Thee—for that is heaven !

LAST WORDS OF SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

Glory—glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.
 The sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of Heaven breaks,
 The summer morn I've sighed for,
 The fair sweet morn awakes:
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
 But day-spring is at hand,
 And glory—glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

Oh ! Christ He is the fountain,
 The deep sweet well of love !
 The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above :

There to an ocean fulness,
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory—glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
 My web of time He wove,
 And aye, the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted with His love;—
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that plann'd,
 When throned where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land.

Oh! I am my Beloved's,
 And my Beloved is mine!
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into His "house of wine:"
 I stand upon His merit,
 I know no safer stand,
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of Grace—
 Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His pierced hand
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Immanuel's land.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

I am far frae my hame, and I'm weary often-whiles
 For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's wel-
 come smiles;
 I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my e'en do see
 The gowden gates o' Heaven, an' my ain countree

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony tinted, fresh, and
 gay,
 The birdies warble blythely, for my Father made them
 sae ;
 But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be
 to me,
 When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've His gude word of promise, that some gladsome day
 the King
 To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring ;
 Wi' een an wi' hearts running owre we shall see
 'The King in His beauty,' an' our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be remember'd mair :
His Bluid hath made me white, *His* hand shall dry
 mine ee,
 When he brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

Like a bairnie to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
 I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast ;
 For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless, lambs
 like me,
 An' carries them Himself to his ain countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, He'll surely come
 again,
 He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken ;
 But he bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be
 To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching aye an' singing o' my Hame as I wait,
 For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden
 gate ;
 God gie His grace to ilka ane wha listens noo to me,
 That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

DRAW ME TO THEE.

Draw me to Thee when fondly dreaming
 That a vain world my spirit can cheer ;
 Bright morning star, so mildly beaming,
 Shine on my path when all 's dark and drear.

Let me no longer idols cherish,
 Let every thought of my heart rise to Thee ;
 I know at Thy cross I never can perish,
 For there has my Saviour suffered for me.
*Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,
 Keep my heart clinging for ever to thee.*

Draw me to Thee when sad and lonely,
 Thou art my light in the dark cloudy day ;
 Make me to feel I love Thee only,
 And wander no more in sin's flowery way.

Years have gone by since Thy vows were upon me,
 False has this heart been, and cold, cold to Thee ;
 But Lord Thou hast sought me, Lord, Thou hast
 won me,
 And changeless Thy love has been ever to me.
*Keep thou my heart where'er I may be,
 For changeless Thy love has been ever to me.*

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

There 's a light in the window for thee, brother,
 There 's a light in the window for thee :
 A dear one has gone to the mansions above,
 There 's a light in the window for thee.

*A mansion in heaven we see,
 And a light in the window for thee,
 A mansion in heaven we see,
 And a light in the window for thee.*

There 's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
 When from toil and from care thou art free ;
 The Saviour has gone to prepare thee a home,
 There 's a light in the window for thee.

Oh, watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
 All thy journey o'er life's troubled sea ;
 Though afflictions assail thee, and storms beat severe,
 There 's a light in the window for thee.

Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
 Till from conflict and suffering free :
 Bright angels now beckon thee over the stream,
 There 's a light in the window for thee.

THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Oh, have you not heard of a beautiful stream
 That flows through our Father's land ?
 Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,
 And ripple o'er golden sand.

*Oh, seek that beautiful stream,
 Oh, seek that beautiful stream ;
 Its waters so free are flowing for thee,
 Oh, seek that beautiful stream.*

Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
 And sweet to the weary soul ;
 It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone,
 Oh, come where its bright waves roll.

This beautiful stream is the river of life,
 It flows for all nations free ;
 A balm for each wound in its water is found,
 Oh sinner, it flows for thee.

Oh, will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
 And dwell on its peaceful shore ?
 The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones, home,
 And wander in sin no more."

THE LIFE-LOOK.

There is life for a LOOK at the Crucified One,
 There is life at this moment for thee ;
 Then look, sinner, look unto Him and he saved,
 Unto Him who was nailed to the Tree.

It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
 But the Blood that atones for the soul :
 On Him, then, who shed it thou mayest at once
 Thy weight of iniquities roll.

We are heal'd by His stripes,—wouldst thou add to the
 word ?
 And He is our righteousness made :
 The best robe of heaven He hids thee put on :
 O, could'st thou be better array'd ?

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
 There remaineth no more to be done—
 That once in the end of the world He appear'd,
 And completed the work He begun.

But take, with rejoicing, from JESUS at once
 The life everlasting He gives ;
 And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
 Since JESUS thy righteousness lives.

There is life for a LOOK at the Crucified One ;
 There is life at this moment for thee ;
 Then look, sinner, look unto Him and he saved,
 And know thyself spotless as He.

 THERE IS A NAME I LOVE TO HEAR.

There is a name I love to hear ;
 I love to sing its worth ;
 It sounds like music in mine ear,
 The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
 Who died to set me free;
 It tells me of his precious blood,
 The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me what my Father hath
 In store for every day,
 And though I tread a darksome path,
 Yields sunshine all the way.

It tells of One whose loving heart
 Can feel my smallest woe,
 Who in each sorrow bears a part
 That none can bear below.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
 And dries each rising tear;
 And now I'll praise with heart and voice
 Jesus my Saviour dear.

Jesus! the name I love so well,
 The name I love to hear!
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
 And dries each rising tear;
 It tells me in a "still small voice,"
 To trust and not to fear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
 Along this thorny road,
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
 That leads me up to God.

And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
 From sin and sorrow free,
 I'll sing the new, eternal song
 Of Jesu's love to me.

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

There's a beautiful land on high;
 To its glories I fain would fly
 When by sorrows pressed down I long for my crown
 In that beautiful land on high.
 In that beautiful land I'll be
 From earth and its cares set free;
 My Jesus is there, he's gone to prepare
 A place in that land for me.

There's a beautiful land on high,
 I shall enter it by and by;
 There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand
 In that beautiful land on high.
 In that beautiful land, &c.

There's a beautiful land on high,
 Then why should I fear to die,
 When death is the way to the realms of day
 In that beautiful land on high?
 In that beautiful land on high, &c.

There's a beautiful land on high,
 And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
 And methinks I now see them waiting for me
 In that beautiful land on high.
 In that beautiful land on high, &c.

There's a beautiful land on high,
 Where I never shall weep or sigh,
 For my Father hath said no tear shall be shed
 In that beautiful land on high.
 In that beautiful land, &c.

There's a beautiful land on high,
 Where we never shall say "Good-bye;"
 Where the righteous will sing, and their chorus will ring
 In that beautiful land on high.
 In that beautiful land, &c.

HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on by paths we did not know,
 Upwards he leads us, though our steps are slow,
 Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
 Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day.

But when the clouds are gone
 We know he leads us on.
 He leads us on, he leads us on.

He leads us on through all the trying years,
 Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears
 He guides our steps through all the tangled maze,
 In paths of peace, and wisdom's pleasant ways,
 But when the clouds, &c.

And he at last, after the weary strife,
 Will lead us home to everlasting life!
 No parting there, or pain on that bright shore,
 We'll meet dear friends, and sing for evermore.
 But when the clouds, &c.

 HE LEADETH ME.

He leadeth me! oh blessed thought!
 Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught!
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
 He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
 By his own hand he leadeth me;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
 Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
 He leadeth me! &c.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur or repine—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
 He leadeth me! &c.

And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
 He leadeth me! &c.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet;
 You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchored yet within the bay,
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
 Up the mountain steep and high,
 You can stand within the valley,
 While the multitudes go by;
 You can chant in happy measure,
 As they slowly pass along;
 Though they may forget the singer,
 They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
 Ever ready at command;
 If you cannot to the needy
 Reach an ever open hand,
 You can visit the afflicted—
 O'er the erring you can weep;
 You can be a true disciple
 Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest
 Garner up the richest sheaves,
 Many a grain both ripe and golden
 Will the careless reapers leave:
 Go and glean among the briers,
 Growing rank against the wall,
 For it may be that their shadow
 Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
 Prove yourself a soldier true—
 If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
 There's no work for you to do;
 When the battle-field is silent,
 You can go with careful tread,
 You can bear away the wounded,
 You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
 For some greater work to do;
 Oh, improve each passing moment,
 For these moments may be few.
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare;
 If you want a field of labour,
 You can find it anywhere.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

One sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 I'm nearer my home to-day
 Than ever I've been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be;
 Nearer my Saviour's throne;
 Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
 To lay my burden down;
 Nearer giving up my cross;
 Nearer wearing my crown.

For even now my feet
 May stand on Jordan's brink;
 It may be I'm nearer home,
 Nearer now than I think.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

For ever with the Lord,
 Amen! so let it be:
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
 A day's march nearer home.

Jerusalem on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear.

'Tis then my spirit faints,
 To reach the home I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.

And though there intervene,
 Rough roads and stormy skies,
 Faith will not suffer aught to screen
 Thy glory from mine eyes.

Then shall all clouds depart,
 The wilderness shall cease;
 And sweetly shall each gladdened heart
 Enjoy eternal peace.

REST.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest :
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.



