

**MEMOIR OF MISS
MARGARET
MERCER**

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Memoir of Miss Margaret Mercer by Caspar Morris

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CASPAR MORRIS

**MEMOIR OF MISS
MARGARET
MERCER**



LAVINIA JONES



MEMOIR

OF



MISS MARGARET MERCER,

BY

CASPAR MORRIS, M. D.

Nihil humani a me silentem puto.

SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

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PREFACE

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THE SECOND EDITION.

THE rapid sale of the first edition of this little work exhausting it within a few weeks, and the demand for the second, has afforded the most gratifying evidence to the editor, that he did not over estimate the worth of Miss Mercer, nor place an undue value upon the amount of good influence he hoped would result from the dissemination of the knowledge of the traits of sanctified character displayed in her letters, and the few incidents it was in his power to collect. As the contemplation of things beautiful and pure, not only enkindles in every bosom the wish to attain to beauty and purity, but produces the actual accomplishment of the desire it excites, it is important to present constantly to the minds of the young especially, such subjects as shall draw out aspirations after that "holiness, without

which no man shall see the Lord."—Piety could not be presented with a more attractive aspect, than that it wore in the character of Miss Mercer.

When the author first undertook the grateful task he has now accomplished, it was with the almost certain expectation, that abundant material would be furnished from the correspondence she was known to have maintained, with friends of congenial spirit, and pupils to whom she was attached with the warmest affection. In this he has been disappointed. Numerous letters he found had been destroyed at her own request. In other cases the persons to whom they were addressed, felt themselves restrained from furnishing them for publication by her known reluctance to subject her letters to the eyes of others, than those to whom they had been addressed. Some indeed that would have been especially interesting were destroyed by her own hand. Many still in existence are scattered in remote positions, inaccessible to the editor. The purity of her thought, the graceful ease, yet dignity of her style, render her letters even upon common subjects, interesting. But when she touches the keys which cause the deeper cords of the soul to vibrate, she brings forth such harmony as fills the heart with sensations kindred at least to

those we shall know in that higher state of existence to which she was ever tending with a steady flight. The following letter, taken from a packet received after the last sheet had gone to press, contains so much of the pure gold of consolation for the bereaved believer, wrought with a skill so exquisite, that the temptation to present it even here is irresistible. It was written while she was at Mrs. Gannett's school, at a time when the waves of affliction had passed heavily over her own soul, and was addressed to a relative suffering under a severe bereavement.

“How much, my precious cousin, have I wished, in your present affliction, that I could make it consistent with my engagements to be with you. How truly *have* I been with you in *spirit!* for I know that trusting perfectly, as you do, in the wisdom and goodness of our Father, yet, for the time, this expression of His will must be a grievous trial. I am consoled for your sufferings by the reflection that such events (in those who have true faith) always lead to a closer walk with God; and that you, whose thoughts have so long been employed in realizing the nature of our future Canaan and its dear delights will look upon your sainted Juliet as merely travel-

ling a stage before you, and being already watching anxiously for your arrival. Blessed land of promise! how joyful should be our pilgrimage here, after we have come within view of the shrine, and see the beloved spirits which are worshipping around it! Even now I behold a circle of my dearest earthly treasures, my best beloved friends, seated, like Mary, at the feet of Jesus—receiving the full tide of infinite and eternal wisdom from his lips.

But not like poor Mary's are the spiritual minds to which the blessed things of that third heaven are addressed. No veil of flesh clouds the perceptions of truth: and your dear Juliet, doubtless, looks back with unalloyed gratitude, to see that even the tears which now dim your eyes,—the pangs which now shake your feeble frame, are all means of purification, and are all completing the glorious work of sanctification which must be wrought in the children of the resurrection before they go hence.

Rejoice in suffering—how foolish, how enthusiastic to the worldling is this idea—and yet how clearly defined, how well founded, how rational, how honourable to God and consistent with long experience, is the Christian's profession of rejoicing in suffering,—seeing that the 'Captain of our salvation was per-