

**LETTERS,
ADDRESSED
TO A LADY**

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Letters, addressed to a lady by Ambrose Serle

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AMBROSE SERLE

**LETTERS,
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TO A LADY**

LETTERS.

BY

AMBROSE SERLE,

AUTHOR OF "HOURS SOLITARY," "THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCE,"
ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE following Letters were addressed many years ago by the gifted author of "The Christian Remembrancer," &c., to an eminent Christian Lady.

Their publication is now permitted, in the hope that the scriptural truth so purely expressed therein, may, through the Divine blessing, be made useful to those whose attention may be drawn to their perusal.

January 1861.



105

106

107

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109

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113

114

TRANSPORT OFFICE, 12th March 1795.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I intend to beg your acceptance, when I can get the two volumes, (for they are now out of the shops,) of Archbishop Leighton's Exposition upon St Peter, which, in my humble opinion, is one of the first books in the world upon experimental divinity. It is experimental divinity, indeed, which alone can comfort us at the last. Mere notions and opinions will administer but poor cordials when flesh and heart fail, and we feel the want of a portion for ever. I have been edified as well as pleased by the account which I have very lately received of the death of a pious lady, Mrs Meech of Poundsford Park, near Taunton in Somerset; and I have for years had the honour and pleasure of ranking her and her truly Christian husband among my most valued and valuable friends. Her sister, who is also an excellent person, is the author of what I shall transcribe respecting this additional testimony to the power and life of godliness:—

“ I was a constant and close attendant on my

dear sister from October to the 6th February, on the evening of which day she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. She had a great deal to contend with from increasing bodily infirmity, and at times complained of excruciating pain. Her nights were extremely oppressive, not being able to lie down, during which time she expressed a deep sense of her many mercies, and her entire reliance on her dear Redeemer for salvation.

“‘I venture,’ said she, ‘my life, my soul, my all, upon the Lord Jesus Christ.’ We were also much comforted by her full persuasion that the issue would be right, whether life or death was determined. The night preceding her death she had a conflict of fears, and expressed a dread of going to sleep, lest she should awake no more in this world. In the night a general spasm and insensibility took place, insomuch that the physician, who was in the house and called up, thought it was all over. In this state of torpor she continued till morning; when, unexpectedly, she was given back to us, in order to express what God had done for her in support and consolation. She ordered those with her to call me. After expressing her hopes and joys, she added, ‘I was afraid I should have been taken out of the world without telling you of this.’ In this frame of mind she continued to the end.” The rest of the letter breathes a sweet spirit of evangelical piety and

resignation, and shews what religion can do for resignation and duty in life, as well as for consolation in the hour of death. The whole family are remarkably serious and exemplary; and I reckon my acquaintance with it as one of the many mercies which God has been pleased to grant me. It is remarkable that the mother and mother's mother of Mrs Meech died thus happily. A memoir of the grandmother I have by me. Among other circumstances, upon her deathbed she had such expressions as these, "I admire, nay, I almost stand amazed, at that divine grace which took hold on me in my younger days. I was dug out of the same hole of the pit (as the prophet speaks) with others; but I am a brand plucked out of the burning." Again, "What should I do now if I had not a covenant God to fly to? 'My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'" One day, when she lay down afresh in her bed, she said, "Now I hope to lie down and sleep in Jesus. 'I desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.'" She was always remarkable for tender affections to her family, and the thought of leaving them used to give her anxiety; but now it was otherwise. "I have had," said she, "my heart glued to the creature; but now the Lord hath weaned me. I am willing to leave all to go to Jesus." When one men-