

**MEMOIRS OF  
FANNY NEWELL**

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Memoirs of Fanny Newell by Fanny Newell

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**FANNY NEWELL**

**MEMOIRS OF  
FANNY NEWELL**



MEMOIRS  
OF  
**FANNY NEWELL;**

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

AND PUBLISHED

AT HER PARTICULAR REQUEST, AND THE DESIRE  
OF NUMEROUS FRIENDS.

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“And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit  
doth rejoice in God my Saviour.”—*Luke, l. 46, 47.*

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SECOND EDITION,  
*With Corrections and Improvements.*

TO WHICH ARE NOW ADDED, NUMEROUS INTERESTING LET-  
TERS, AND A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF HER  
LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH.

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Published by O. SCOTT and E. F. NEWELL.

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**Springfield :**  
MERRIAM, LITTLE & CO.....PRINTERS.

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1832.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year  
1924, by ERENEZER F. NEWELL, in the Clerk's Office of  
the District Court of Maine.

ADVERTISEMENT  
TO THE  
SECOND EDITION.

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THE first edition of these Memoirs was put to press in the Spring of 1824. Mrs. Newell died on the 17th of April; between which time and the first of June, her Memoirs were printed. In consequence of the great haste in which this edition was printed, (that it might be out before the next session of the New England Conference,) it was imperfect in two respects:—first, all her letters, and a considerable part of her journal toward the close, were necessarily excluded, by fixing the plan of the book too small in the beginning; and secondly, what was published was put to press in a very imperfect state. The edition, however, imperfect as it was, consisting of two thousand copies, was soon sold off, and the work has been several years out of print. Numerous and pressing calls from all parts of the country, have led the publishers to resolve on printing another edition. The present edition contains at least *one quarter* more matter than the first, and

the old matter is in an improved state. The new matter in this edition consists of numerous interesting letters, several pages of the closing part of her journal, together with a particular account of her last sickness and death. The whole has been carefully revised and prepared for the press, by *an experienced hand*.

Wholesale purchasers will be supplied on very liberal terms.

THE PUBLISHERS.

*Springfield, April 17, 1832.*



## MEMOIRS, & c.

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June 10th, 1818.

COME near, all ye who fear God, and I will declare unto you what the Lord has done for my soul.

It is the *love* of my great Redeemer, that constrains me to write. All glory be given to the Lord in the highest.

“*Salvation!* O the joyful sound,  
“What pleasure to our ears!  
“A sovereign balm for every wound,  
“A cordial for our fears.”

I was born in Sidney, in the county of Kennebec, State of Maine, May 12th, 1793.

At a very early period of my life I was drawn to seek the living God. But alas! I rejected the many calls of this most merciful God, putting off the day of *repentance*, time after time, and still chose to run with the giddy multitude.

But having now obtained a feeling hope, and evangelical trust and confidence in God my Saviour, I for my own satisfaction sit down to write a true history of my past experience. When quite young I can well remember my being awakened times without number; and at so very early a period of my life, that I, like young Samuel of old, did not know that it was the Lord.

At the early age of five, I was brought to think on *death*, by seeing one of my little companions dead, and laid by the side of the wall of the house. After attending the funeral of the child, I was afraid to go any where alone in the dark, or to be left alone, for fear I should see the corpse.

One day as I was alone, it came into my mind with great weight and power, You must pray or be *damm'd*. Although I had but little idea of *prayer*, yet without hesitating I arose from my amusement, and went to a window in the chamber where I was, and kneeled down and prayed, but how or for what I know not; but this one thing I well know, I wept much, and thought it would be a dreadful thing to die unprepared. When I arose from my humble attitude, I felt calm, serene, easy and quiet in my mind for some time, and nothing seemed to cross me. One thing I remember, that when any of the children cried, I wondered how they could do so. But these tender impressions and comfortable feelings soon wore away, and I had a relish for childlike plays, and grew up in pride and vanity, for which I now mourn and lament.

At the age of between nine and ten my careless mind was again awakened by dreams, and many other ways; some of which I think proper to mention. I went to the funeral of an aunt, who was peculiarly dear—a favorite friend of mine. I highly valued her. Hearing that she was dead affected me very much, but when I came to see her *corpse*, I was so struck, that my poor body shook and trembled, whilst tears were rolling down, and fast falling from my eyes; and death, ghastly death appeared so terrifying to me that I wished I had never been born. My kind father tenderly endeavored to as-

suage my grief and told me not to cry so bitterly ; nevertheless his parental affection was insufficient to remove the terrors of death, that had sunk so deep into my youthful mind ; nor were they ever fully erased, until the Lord forgave my sins. And although lightness and vanity possessed my heart, yet these thoughts would often rush into my mind, and sink down into my heart, You must die and come to judgment. As I was returning from the funeral, I thought If my mother should die (who was then sick) what should I do ?

On my arrival at my father's house, I immediately retired to a secret place, and with a heart big with sorrow, said to myself, to-day I have been gazing on a spectacle, which is a complete looking-glass, in which I may look and see what I must shortly be. I viewed myself as on the brink of ruin, and I was filled with all the horrors of a guilty conscience, and was afraid to stay in the barn.

I then made many promises to amend my life, and began to reflect how, or in what manner I might reform ; and had some resolution to begin that very day. First, I thought I must be more obedient to my parents, and more loving to my brothers and sisters ; but alas, my goodness was like the morning cloud and the early dew, which soon vanishes away.

I wiped off my tears, and conviction soon left me, and by breaking off my good resolutions, I of course, ran deeper into sin, and became more than ever filled with lightness, vanity, and sins of many descriptions. Yet the good Spirit of the Lord did not leave me, but still strove with me time after time. I had the unspeakable privilege of hearing many powerful sermons, and enjoying many religious