

**THE MASTER'S HOME-
CALL; OR, BRIEF
MEMORIALS OF ALICE
FRANCES BICKERSTETH**

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The Master's Home-call; or, Brief Memorials of Alice Frances Bickersteth by E. H. Bickersteth

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E. H. BICKERSTETH

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FRANCES BICKERSTETH**

THE
MASTER'S HOME-CALL;

OR,

Brief Memorials of Alice Frances Bickersteth.

BY HER FATHER,

THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A.

*Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, and Chaplain to the
Bishop of Ripon.*

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

"As soon as she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto
Him."

Third Edition.



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SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, LOW, & SEARLE.

1872.

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GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS IN AGE
OF MY CHILD.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

IT was for your sakes especially, as I have stated in the following Sermon, that I ventured, though with much trembling, to speak of my child to my flock. Indeed those, who do not and cannot know all the tender sympathies which the love of my people has woven betwixt our home-sorrow and themselves during the last few months, might easily blame me for having said so much.

But true deep Christian love is its own apology, and makes that natural to the household of faith, which must seem strange to those who are themselves strangers to the intimate kinship that binds together the whole family in heaven and earth.

But having said what I have said of my child from the pulpit, and having been urged by many members of my congregation whose wishes have a sacred compulsion for me at this time to print my Sermon, I think that you and they will like to be put in possession of a few additional facts, which shed light upon her holy peace when the Master came and called for her, and of a few little poems written by her during the last two years, of which we are continually asked to allow copies to be made. It has at least been a soothing and delightful occupation to myself in the quiet rest which our Heavenly Father has provided for us here on the banks of the Clyde through the thoughtful brotherly kind-

ness of a friend, to group together a few more of her spoken and written thoughts. You will find them in the Postscript appended to the Sermon.

There are two ways of dealing with sorrow. You may shrink with a tender sensitiveness from every thing that expressly and openly recalls the name which is graven on your very heart; or you may welcome and cherish any memorial that reminds you of the beloved form, and of the life that is now doubly hidden with Christ in God. We cannot altogether overcome the first instinct of seclusion with our grief and with our God; and this is well; for it is in such solitude we hold secret fellowship with Him, "With whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord." And yet a pastorate of nearly twenty-five years has deeply convinced me that they, who in sorrow pass and repass continually from the communion of saints to communion with God, from the

Holy place to the Most Holy, are those into whose hearts the promised Comforter pours the softest and most healing balm. How can it be otherwise, when all the disciples of Jesus are not only one with Him, their crucified and risen Lord, but one also with all the members in heaven and earth of His mystical body the Church?

If, therefore, in the following Sermon and postscript I ask you to watch with me for a little while by the patient couch, or to stand by the scarcely sealed grave of your friend and companion in years, it is I humbly hope from the same feeling that prompted the apostle to write to the sympathizing Christians at Corinth, "And whether we be afflicted it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer; or whether we be comforted it is for your consolation and salvation."

That the Lord may grant us and you to be

followers of all those, who by faith and patience inherit the exceeding great and precious promises of His Gospel, is the prayer of your attached friend and pastor,

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

FAIRLIEBURNE, FAIRLIE ON THE CLYDE,
9th October, 1872.

NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

Since my child, to whom these pages chiefly refer, entered into rest, the Good Shepherd has come again to my home and taken her infant sister to His heavenly fold. I have ventured in the lines, added pp. 81—86, to allude to their meeting in His presence.

CHRIST CHURCH VICARAGE, HAMPSTEAD,
29th November, 1871.