

**A FEW WEEKS NEAR THE
COAST, OR,
CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN
EMILY AND MARIA**

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A few weeks near the coast, or, Conversations between Emily and Maria by Emily & Maria

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EMILY & MARIA

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A FEW WEEKS NEAR THE COAST.

MARIA was the youngest daughter of a pretty large family, and had been for some months the companion of her aged grandfather, whose residence was near the village of ——. Her sister Emily had been sojourning for a few weeks with beloved relatives in one of the northern sea-ports, and having paid a passing visit to her home, hastened to supply Maria's place, whose stay in the country had been unusually protracted. We pretend not to detail the various minute inquiries after the endeared home-circle, and other friends; but proceed at once to relate the subsequent conversation of the young people.

CONVERSATION I.

Maria. WELL, Emily, I am glad you have come, it is so long since we met; and now the time for our being together is so very short, that we must make the most of it. I suppose

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you will have much to tell me that has transpired while I have been in this sequestered spot, and also about your wanderings in the North.

Emily. I gave you many sketches in my notes, the filling up of which I am prepared to supply, whenever you are disposed to require it. But, first, do you remember the day of our last parting?

Maria. O yes, that I do: nor will it be hastily forgotten. Was it not profitable to hear that aged pilgrim tell us how, while passing through the floods, the Lord kept his head above the waters? And like him, when called to endure tribulation, would I desire *greatly* to praise the Lord.

Emily. It was indeed a fine lesson for us, to be pondered in bright days, and practised in dark ones. And there was something else that afternoon on which I wrote a *nota bene*;—an observation of the Minister with whom we had a short interview.

You will recollect that some recent instances were mentioned in which we had seen the grace of God: and then, speaking of the efforts made by the church to diffuse the knowledge of Christ, while rejoicing in their increased amount, he remarked: "The Christian activities

of the present day are not sufficiently devotional : there is too much external excitement, and too little prayer."

I have often thought of this observation. It is indeed true that there are too many who say, with Jehu, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord of Hosts;" and too few marked on the forehead, because they sigh and cry for the abominations of the land. The tendencies of the present age are to unceasing motion : everything around us is busy ; and it behoves Christians, as such, to be untiringly active too ; their efforts should be sanctified by devotion. If we would be extensively useful, we must have such a measure of divine influence as can only be obtained in answer to fervent, believing supplication. It is awfully possible to be outwardly diligent in seeking to spread the Gospel of our salvation, and yet neglect with strong crying and tears to urge the petition, "Thy kingdom come." When the church gives itself continually to prayer, then shall we have the dawning of the day when God shall say, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Maria. You gave me a brief outline of a
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touching incident related at the Missionary-Meeting in ————. I should be glad to hear further details.

Emily. Most cheerfully will I comply with your request, to the best of my recollection. The scene was, if I mistake not, the blood-stained city of Kumasi. The Rev. George Chapman was standing by the sick-bed of a converted Ashanti Chief. "Massa," said the suffering man, "you one day tell us there is no sickness in heaven." "I did," replied the Missionary; "for the Book says so; and if you, as a sinner saved by grace, are so happy as to get there, you will suffer no more." He lay still awhile, and then said, "I feel my disease strong upon me; I know I must die; but O what a glad thought, when I get to heaven I shall be sick no more!" Again he remained silent for a few minutes, and then observed, "Massa, you once tell us we should know our friends in heaven." "I said so," replied Mr. C.; "for I believe that such will be the case." Again there was a pause: and then the dying believer, addressing his beloved Minister, said, "Massa, when I get to heaven, I will go first to where Jesus Christ is, and having seen him, come back to the door of the