

**LEANING ON HER  
BELOVED: S.S. VIII. 5;  
EXTRACTS FROM THE  
DIARY OF LUCY GREGORY**

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Leaning on Her Beloved: S.S. viii. 5; Extracts from the Diary of Lucy Gregory by Lucy Gregory

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**LUCY GREGORY**

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LEANING  
ON HER BELOVED.

S. S. viii. 5.

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*Extracts from the Diary of Lucy Gregory.*

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"Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms,  
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink ;  
I feel the everlasting arms—  
I cannot sink."

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## "LEANING ON HER BELOVED."

S. S. viii. 5.

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LUCY GREGORY was born 9 mo. 22, 1803, and was the daughter of Robert and Ann Gregory, of Claverham, Somerset. Much is not known of her early life, but her educational advantages were few. Her mother died when she was only three years old. In 1822, she went to reside in John Barclay's family, and took charge of their little boy. While living in Cornwall, she met with an accident which was followed by serious illness, and to which was attributed much of the suffering in the head, accompanied by severe spasm,—often referred to in her diary. She was removed to Evesham in 1823, and there found a home with her elder brother, James Gregory; his sister, Elizabeth, being his housekeeper. At this time a younger sister, Rebecca, was also in a very precarious state of health, so that it seemed uncertain which of the two sisters might be taken first. L. G. gradually improved in health, though she remained subject to frequent attacks of illness. On two other occasions

she was the subject of severe and distressing accidents, through which her life was mercifully preserved,\* and it is instructive and encouraging to mark how graciously she was sustained, and enabled even to rejoice in tribulation. The diary commences in 1829, and is a record containing very little reference to the incidents of her outward life, except as they bore upon that life hid with Christ in God, which, in a striking degree, was developed and perfected in the midst of much physical suffering. The first record refers to the effect upon her mind of an address from a minister of the Society of Friends—of which she was a member—which came to her as a message from God, and produced permanent results. In after years she was very much cut off from the help of such ministrations, —delicate health often preventing her attendance of public worship; and for many years, what she styles the “very exercising trial of deafness,” not only debarred her from the enjoyment of much social intercourse, but entirely precluded her from sharing in the vocal services of public worship—causing all the meetings she attended to be silent ones. But she had been trained to listen for, and to discern the Lord's voice, as He drew near and spoke by His Spirit in her inmost soul; and truly she was taught of the Lord, and great was her peace in Him. She could not be restrained from availing herself of what she felt to be a blessed privilege, thus to assemble with

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\* See entry under 6 mo. 26, 1845.



her friends for public worship; and, to the close of her life, perseveringly attended Meeting, even when her feebleness of body was such that it seemed hardly prudent for her to venture. She often realized the presence of the Lord, to her comfort and instruction; and at seasons it was even as entering His banqueting house, and knowing that His banner over her was—love! In the privacy of her own room, there was the same reverent waiting upon God, day by day, for the renewing of her strength, and with what results, these records bear witness. They show, unequivocally, the soundness of her faith in the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, which she delighted to peruse and ponder upon. She was "a sinner, saved by grace," and her faith was clear and unwavering in the Lord Jesus Christ, as her only and Almighty Saviour; whose precious blood, shed for her sins, fully absolved her from all their guilt and penalty. The 53rd chapter of Isaiah was especially precious to her, as we find in one of her memoranda, of extracts from which, this little memoir will principally consist.

1829, 7 mo. 19.—Surely a day so memorable as the present, ought not to pass by unnoticed; a day wherein my heart has been, I trust, more impressed with a sense of its utter depravity than I ever remember to have been the case before. We had the company of dear Elizabeth Robson at Meeting. Soon after taking my seat, a solemn feeling was spread over me, and continued for some time, when she rose, with the

words,—“Let there be no halting, as between two opinions, but a full surrender of the whole heart to the Lord;” and added, that her mind had been brought into deep exercise for some individuals present, who, she believed, had often been invited to “Come, taste and see how good the Lord is,” but that they had again and again turned aside. To describe how sensibly her words met the witness in my breast, would be impossible,—as such has indeed been lamentably the case with me; and, but for the mercy of a long-suffering God, I should have been lost for ever. But, blessed be His Name, He is still covering me as with the cloak of His love!

26th.—Thankfully do I acknowledge, that during the time devoted to retirement this morning, I was permitted to enjoy a portion of that peace which the world can neither give, nor take away. My hungry soul seemed, indeed, to be nourished with a little crumb of Heavenly bread; and I was comforted in the hope that a kind Providence would even now be pleased to bless my feeble efforts to dedicate myself more to Him.

28th.—I do desire, feelingly to sympathize with my dearly beloved sister, Rebecca, whose lot it has been to suffer, under the hand of sickness, for many years. Oh that I was more like her! And with such an example always before me, it ought to fill me with shame that I do not profit more by her patient resignation and submission, under every privation; but my natural disposition is such, that it often seems impossible

to check the irritability of temper, which shows itself, to a painful degree, when I meet with anything like provocation. I do trust that strength beyond my own will be granted me, in time to overcome this easily besetting sin.

30th.—“As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!” This language has revived, many times during the day, as I have secretly longed to enjoy more of the Divine presence; and I have been encouraged this evening, by the remembrance of another part of the same Psalm,—“Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God!”

8 mo. 3rd.—Prevented from getting a few quiet moments this evening, from a multiplicity of engagements. How I regret that the things of time should occupy so much of my attention. After reclining my head on my pillow I felt condemnation, as, I believe if an effort had been made, on my part, at an earlier time, I may have enjoyed a time of retirement; but, from my not being exertive enough then, another opportunity was not afforded, as a circumstance occurred which entirely precluded the possibility of accomplishing my wish.—Delays are indeed dangerous!

9 mo. 20th.—How is it, my soul, that thou art thus stifling conviction, in omitting, day after day, to perform what thy peace depends so much upon,—even