

**MEMORIES OF A  
CONCECRATED LIFE; OR,  
A MEMORIAL SKETCH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649393862

Memories of a Concecated Life; or, a Memorial Sketch by Kate M'Clellan

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**KATE M'CLELLAN**

**MEMORIES OF A  
CONCECRATED LIFE; OR,  
A MEMORIAL SKETCH**



**Memories**  
OF A  
**CONSECRATED LIFE;**  
OR, A  
**Memorial Sketch**  
OF  
**KATE M'CLELLAN.**

---

New-York:  
NO. 3 BIBLE HOUSE.  
1855.

**Memories**  
OF A  
**CONSECRATED LIFE.**

---

"THE things we have lived for--  
Let them be our story,  
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done."

THE following sketch is a tribute of grateful affection to the memory of a dear Christian friend.

It is not proposed to give any connected biography, however interesting it might be, of the person whose early removal has filled so many hearts with sadness. The life of Miss McClellan was a quiet one, spent for the most part among her immediate relations and friends. It was marked by no specially important or

striking events, such as naturally awaken and fix the attention of the community. Indeed, there was an absence of those external circumstances which give notoriety to individual life and character. And yet quiet and unobtrusive as her life was it was filled with activities and controlled by a spirit which imparted great beauty and made it most effective for good. It was, in a true and noble sense, a **CONSECRATED LIFE.**

In contemplating a career so brief and yet so useful, it is natural to inquire what were the traits, habits, and gifts which characterized it and made it an example worthy of imitation.

To present and illustrate some of the features of this beautifully consistent and useful life is the object of this memorial.

Those who were intimately acquainted with Miss M'Clellan need nothing, perhaps, to recall to their minds the varied gifts and graces which gave such a charm to her presence, and clothed her words and actions with an almost irresist-

tible power. And yet even they will be glad to have by them some simple memorial which shall not only remind them of the departed, but serve to keep alive and perpetuate a more vivid remembrance of her worth and usefulness. Amid the manifold changes and cares of passing years, the most sacred associations are wont to fade from human memory; and even those most tenderly loved, who have been taken away, are too easily forgotten. It is well, as far as we may, to prevent this. But, aside from these considerations, there was that in the life and character of Miss McClellan which deserves this tribute of respect, and which may well be placed on record for the instruction and encouragement of those who remain. It rarely happens that one in the ordinary circumstances of life accomplishes so much of real and lasting good as did this servant of Christ.

KATE MCCLELLAN, only daughter of Dr. C.



R. McClellan and Eloise M. McClellan, was born in the city of Brooklyn on the 31st of July, 1842.

At a very early day, while yet a little child, she exhibited many of those traits which so distinctly marked her after life. She had a profound reverence and affection for her parents, and never questioned their authority or judgment. Such was her confidence that she rendered a prompt and full-hearted obedience to all their wishes. She was well trained in the precepts and principles of religion, the results of which were very manifest. At school she was noted for her promptness and regularity, and for the accuracy with which she accomplished her task. Her advantages were such as other girls of her age enjoyed—nothing more; and yet by her systematic perseverance she became an exceedingly well-educated person. In her own family and among her associates she maintained the most perfect truthfulness, never allowing herself to indulge

in those exaggerations and small deceptions which are so common among children, and even grown persons. This was a distinguishing characteristic of her whole life. Nobody ever doubted her word, or was ever misled by her statements.

The first great trial she experienced was in the sickness and death of her mother. For years they had been inseparable companions, and were devotedly attached to each other. During all her mother's protracted illness she ministered to her with unwonted care and tenderness. It was a discipline which thoroughly tried her principles, and developed and strengthened her character. It was her first acquaintance with sickness and her first association with death. Hitherto the world had been full of brightness, and life one continued pleasure. But now came a great sorrow which was to change all her plans, and leave its impress upon her whole future life. Through these scenes she bore herself with quiet sub-

mission, never repining at the dealings of her Heavenly Father, and never seeking to escape the responsibilities which were brought upon her.

The following extracts from her journal show the state of her feelings during this trying period :

" *January 10, 1863.*—For the first time since her illness, mother remained in bed all day ; and for the first time, told me she would not be here long. I had feared, but oh ! I had never heard it told till then, and my heart seemed breaking through the day. I tried to keep the tears from coming, for father's sake and for hers ; but they would come, and I knew not what to do.

" *Jan. 12.*—Oh ! it is beautiful to see a child so ready to go home to God as mother is—talking calmly of what had best be done after her soul has left us ; thinking of what would most promote the happiness of those left upon earth ; and never trembling at the thought of dying—for it is only going home.

" *Jan. 13.*—The last day upon earth ! It seems as if months were in that day. Need I write what mother told me ? No ; my heart has every word engraven on it as it were upon a stone, and it is sacred there. I had