

**'FAITHFUL IN A VERY LITTLE'. A
LOVING MEMORIAL OF B.
HARRISON'FAITHFUL IN A VERY
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HARRISON, BY A SORROWING SISTER**

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'Faithful in a very little'. A loving memorial of B. Harrison 'faithful in a Very Little'. a Loving Memorial of B. Harrison, by a Sorrowing Sister by Bessie Harrison

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BESSIE HARRISON

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EDITED BY
CATHERINE VAUGHAN.

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1874.



'FAITHFUL IN A VERY LITTLE.'

It was on the 8th of October 1872 that our dear Bessie came—a happy bride—to sojourn for a brief period, as an angel amongst us.

It was a day of great joy to us. We had long loved her as a friend, and now she had married into our family, and was to live only a short distance from our own doors. We had all been busy preparing her new home for her—little thinking how soon she was to exchange it for the Eternal Mansions! Hardly more than six months had passed before those who had so fondly welcomed her had to stand, bitterly weeping, round her grave.

It had been a short companionship—and

yet, so deep was the impression she had made upon our hearts and minds, that even in the midst of our tears it seemed to us that we had scarcely lost her,—that her presence would still linger in the midst of us, in the memory of its sweet influence, and that the light she had shed over our circle would not fade away as long as we lived.

Those who knew what she had been to us have urged us to preserve some little record of her, in the hope that it may encourage others to walk in the same ways of pleasantness and the same paths of peace.

There is nothing extraordinary in what we have to tell. What this dearly loved sister was, we all may be. She was not by nature gifted with anything that made her conspicuous above others. She had no brilliant attractions or wonderful powers. The ornaments and treasures which made her so lovely in the eyes of those who knew her were found where *all* may find them—at the feet of that Good

Master who pours unmeasured wealth into the hands of His true servants. There, at His feet, she had taken up her abode ; and there it was that she gained that sweet serenity and peace, that touching love for others, that self-forgetfulness and deep humility which made her life such a happiness to herself and such a blessing to all around her.

She was indeed a 'helper of our joy.' She drew us nearer to one another, and nearer to our God. Our home was richer for having had her—richer in the best of riches. We all felt when she was gone that our lives had become more earnest, and that we had learned to look more stedfastly towards the Everlasting Hills. No one could be much with her without being drawn into the atmosphere of love and holiness in which she lived. 'She seemed,' said one who saw her daily during her last illness, 'always to realize her heavenly Father's presence.' And this was true, not only in her days of sick-

ness, but in her days of health. She did everything as one who remembered that she was *in the sight of God*. Her life was, as a consequence of this constant remembrance, one of intense earnestness, even in its minutest details. She was always studying to have a 'conscience void of offence.' If she saw anything in her conduct which she thought wrong, she would say: 'That was not right; I shall not do it again; no, not again.' And from these decisions she never swerved. Every little fault was to her a sin, needing new pardon and renewed peace, and sending her again to the foot of the Cross to have it washed away. Her path was indeed 'as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' It was ever getting brighter and clearer from human infirmity. Her 'delight was in the law of the Lord, and in that law did she exercise herself day and night.' And as she grew in holiness, the sense of her own imperfection

and shortcoming grew deeper also. She had none of that self-complacency which is often so great a disfigurement in even truly Christian characters.

'A poor little sinner' was generally the expression she used when speaking of herself. Few things made her more indignant than to take up a book, whether of fiction or biography, in which the characters were represented as perfect. Such a book she would gently put from her, saying, 'It may be very beautiful, but it won't help a poor little sinner like me.'

In November 1871 she writes: 'I am so far from what I ought to be—sometimes I am almost in despair with myself—I feel as if I were going back instead of forward; and I am so frightened lest easy, careless feelings should come over me.' And again in February 1872: 'I feel almost frightened with all the loving praise you send me. You do not know how little I deserve it. I am so

far from what is right. I do not know how to make you understand that I am anything but what you think me.' And these were not mere *words*, as such expressions too often are; it was what she really believed and felt. She could not understand how any one could look far down into their own hearts and lives, and continue to think highly of themselves. Not only in the days of her childhood, but through all the days of her life, she ordered herself 'lowly and reverently' as 'towards her betters.' She always regarded herself as the last of all, and the least of all. Even with her most familiar friends she was always *deferential*. 'May I come?' she would say, or 'Can you do with me?' 'No one could help loving her,' said one who had learnt to know her just before her marriage, 'she was so sweet, and so *gentle*.'

She always said she had a hasty temper to subdue, but the only sign she ever gave of