

Pray for me. I have trials that none but God knows of, but I have started for eternal life and I cannot stop this side. I must see the inside of glory, stagger not at the promises, but believe. Faith, simple faith, is what we want, a firm reliance and trust in God. Faith will drive back the powers of darkness; only have faith and you will have a clear, sweet atmosphere to live and breathe in.--Letter 1, 1848, p. 3. (To Brother and Sister Hastings, May 29, 1848.) [Cf: 4MR269.01] p. 2, Para. 1, [1848MS].

We received your kind and sweet letter in due time. James was in New York when it came and my health was very poor at that time or I should have written you before his return. He came home last Tuesday, had a good time in western New York feeding the hungry sheep. We have been in a very tried state of late while we see the wrongs in Connecticut. My soul has carried the burden of distress for two weeks past. [Cf: 4MR322.01] p. 2, Para. 2, [1848MS].

Last Sabbath was a trying day to me. As soon as meeting commenced my burden grew heavier. My heart ached almost to bursting. I was obliged to leave the room and not come in again until meeting closed. I cried aloud for a long time, but tears would not relieve me. I thought I must leave Connecticut and made up my mind to go to western New York. Last Sunday we were at Brother Ralph's and we engaged in prayer for the special teachings of God how to move, whether to go to N.Y. or stay in Connecticut. The spirit came and we had a powerful season. Brother and Sister Ralph were both laid prostrate and remained helpless for some time. I was taken off in vision and saw concerning the state of some here and also saw there would be a conference at your place and that it was duty of my husband to attend and that a conference should be holden in Paris, Maine, and souls would be strengthened and comforted there. I then saw it was not duty to go to New York, but that we must tarry and abide where we were, so our minds are made up what to do, and may God give me strength to endure the trials I shall have to pass through here. [Cf: 4MR322.02] p. 2, Para. 3, [1848MS].

This morning we had a good time; my soul was taken into a sacred nearness to God. I could hold sweet communion with Him, my peace was as a river and my poor heart burned with love to God. Praise His holy name. My soul doth magnify the Lord for his tender kindness unto me. [Cf: 4MR323.01] p. 2, Para. 4, [1848MS].

I was rejoiced to hear of the good time you had at your house with Sister Gorham and Eastman. I should love to have been one of your company. I have not forgotten the good seasons we had together, neither have I forgotten your kindness to us. May the Lord reward you and your labors of love unto us. We have had sweet union together. Oh, may it last until Jesus comes. Let nothing cast you down but be encouraged and remember Jesus hath the watchful care over you. [Cf: 4MR323.02] p. 2, Para. 5, [1848MS].

Time is very short, deliverance is coming and Satan knows it and is working in great power. I can see the restraint is being taken off from the wicked, and very soon when Jesus steps out from between the Father and man it will be entirely gone. Now is the time we must watch on every hand, against the wiles of Satan and have steady, abiding faith in God, faith that will stand the trial, such faith as Elijah had when

he prayed for rain. He prayed once and sent his servant to see if there was any sign of his prayer being answered, and although there was none, outward appearance was against him, yet he did not give up in discouragement but bid his servant to go again yet seven times. Elijah had faith that holds on and that would stand the trials seven times. At last the cloud appeared and the heavens gave rain. [Cf: 4MR323.03] p. 2, Para. 6, [1848MS].

Bless God, the prayer of faith will bring the dew of heaven and our souls will be watered by it. Hold on to faith, let your feelings be what they will. Oh, how my soul feels for the flock of God. I long to be out among them. I often awake myself crying to God's people to get ready, get ready that the cloak of Almighty God may be thrown around them and they be hid in the time of trouble. [Cf: 4MR323.04] p. 3, Para. 1, [1848MS].

I shall be deprived of the privilege of meeting with you in conference. I feel the privation but the will of the Lord be done. My heart and mind will be there, and my prayers shall be for you that God would work among you. [Cf: 4MR324.01] p. 3, Para. 2, [1848MS].

How are the children? Do they feel their acceptance with God? Dear children, do not rest a moment if you do not, God loves to hear the prayers of the young. Call upon Him and make your peace with Him that you may stand in the day of slaughter. I do love you, children, and I want you to be saved in the kingdom and enjoy the beauty of the earth made new. Get ready, get ready, love not this world, love not the wicked, but God and those who have His image. [Cf: 4MR324.02] p. 3, Para. 3, [1848MS].

Tell Sister Gorham to be of good courage; tell her although she may be in the heated furnace the Lord will not leave her. Tell her to hold fast the truth whatever opposition she may have. It's better to serve God than man, His strength is sufficient for her. [Cf: 4MR324.03] p. 3, Para. 4, [1848MS].

Love to Sister Eastman and Brother Gardner. Should love to see you all. Pray for me. I have trials that none but God knows of, but I have started for eternal life and I cannot stop this side. I must see the inside of glory, stagger not at the promise but believe. Faith, simple faith is what we want, a firm reliance and trust in God. Faith will drive back the powers of darkness; only have faith and you will have a clear, sweet atmosphere to live and breathe in. [Cf: 4MR324.04] p. 3, Para. 5, [1848MS].

Kiss the little morsel for me, and do write us often as you can. This is a hasty line. Pray for me.--Letter 1, 1848 (To Brother and Sister Hastings, May 29, 1848.) [Cf: 4MR325.01] p. 3, Para. 6, [1848MS].

Last Wednesday about six o'clock p.m., a brother came from Portland, eleven miles from here, and wanted we should go and pray for his wife, for she was just alive, and that was all. She was taken so violent that they called in a physician. He tried to help her, but could do her no good, and said she must die. Another physician was consulted, who said he could do nothing. The last was the most celebrated physician in Middletown, Connecticut. [Cf: 5MR247.02] p. 3, Para. 7, [1848MS].

Sister Penfield told her husband to go for God's people, she sent for us. It was rather of a trial for me to start, it was rainy and I had been very weak all day, but I concluded to go. James felt he must go too. Brother and Sister Ralph also went according to her request. We prayed for her at ten o'clock that night and the Spirit began to settle. She had been in very great agony, but we anointed her with oil in the name of the Lord, and then our earnest cries went up to God for healing power. [Cf: 5MR247.03] p. 3, Para. 8, [1848MS].

God began to work, the pain ceased, but we did not get the full victory we wanted that night. She rested well that night, was free from pain. In the morn we united in prayer for her again. The power came down like a mighty, rushing wind, the room was filled with the glory of God, and I was swallowed up in the glory and was taken off in vision. I saw the willingness of God to heal the afflicted and distressed. . . . [Cf: 5MR248.01] p. 3, Para. 9, [1848MS].

The work of healing was done up well. She grew stronger in body and mind. . . . Sister Penfield is strong. Praise the Lord.--Letter 1, 1848, pp. 4, 5. (To Brother and Sister Hastings, May 29, 1848.) [Cf: 5MR248.02] p. 3, Para. 10, [1848MS].