

ROSE COTTAGE,
TRINITY, EDINBURGH.

3-3-1881.

My dearest George,

Thank you so much, for
your letter, received this morning.
It brought you so near: tho'
I could scarcely see to read it,
for tears. — I quite believe George,
that you can "trust for the future,
to the disposal of the past & present";
but I do so long for you to
know that One — God Himself.
It seems so natural that we
should have this inward longing
after God: but as it is utterly
impossible for us to get near enough
to know Him; He had come down
to us, in the only form which we

could fully understand. Christ's
life on earth, always seem to
me so Godlike, that we might
almost have known he was God,
even had he not told us so.

You don't take things on "trust",
in Science, George dear; there are
you, devoting your life to search-
ing out, & making sure for yourself
that certain things are so; but
who can by searching find out
God? unless, as he reveals himself
to us, in the person of the Lord
Jesus Christ. It seems so strange
that men should strive so to
know about everything, except
God. Of course they tell us, that
they are finding out all they
can about him too: but where
is the man, who ever got any

never a real knowledge of God;
except, by looking into the face
of Jesus? "Trudi" Certainly is our
truest wisdom, where nothing is
revealed, but when God tells us
that we may know: anything
short of full knowledge, seems
rather like want of trust: do
you not think so dearest?

I shall copy & enclose a few
lines, written by Mr. Hooper,
which express more fully what
I wish to say. If you only
knew darling, what light
Christ's love would bring
into your life: you wouldn't
wish them, to lay down the
burden a moment sooner than
He thought best for you.

Perhaps you wouldn't think so,
but I have often had that
feeling of utter weariness &
disengagement with life: I
have longed to lay it down,
when all the sunshine seemed
to have left it for ever,
along with those my love
had been centred on; but
a calm, trustful look at Jesus
always dispels such feelings.
Our little lives, occupy such
a short part of the whole plan,
that we are very apt to fancy
Sometimes, these things go on by
chance, they appear so meaningless;
but God who knows the end from
the beginning, must have a wise
purpose to serve, even by our troubles.

ROSE COTTAGE,
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I only wish there were any prospect of my visiting Canada.

The thought of the voyage wd. certainly be no deterrent, with the hope of seeing you at the end of it. If I had nobody's pleasure but my own to consult

I should start straight off as long as you are at home;

I should never care to come at ~~at~~ time when you were not there. — Many thanks

for your sympathy over the loss of my hair. I don't regret it in the least, however, as it was much more provoking to

See it slowly, but surely
getting thinner every day.
It is rather more than an
inch long now, and thick
as a doornail. It is just
past time, or I would write
more; George darling, you
will never be "past praying for"
as long as I live. It always
comforts me, when thinking how
clearly I love you, to remember
how much stronger Christ's love
must be, who died for you.

Your loving Cousin
Ella.



"For I know whom I have believed."

St. Paul.



We know in part:—in part alone we know;
yet we do know! O perfect calm of thought!
For while we ask if many things are so,
Our hearts a tender quietness have sought.

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Truth in all forms is great, but greater still
The truth that walks through life than rests on ^{page,}
Of He—the more than true—the Truth, can fill
Our longings, then attract'd widest self

||

Spoke not for those to whose dim eyes is shown
"The Light of Life, in these most gloomy words—
All that we know is, nothing can be known."
There is a strength in Him which still uprings,

||

And dwells with us even in our weakest words—
Him knowing, we know God,—the Good! the just!
And, for the rest—'mid rising mists upcurled—
Our highest understanding is to trust—



Elle

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