

Mrs. Mather,  
at Mr. A. Mather's,  
21, Sun Street,  
Bishopsgate,  
London.

Car<sup>d</sup>. by H. Threlwall Esq.

Oct. 6<sup>th</sup> - 1821  
Saturday Evening.

My dear Sister,

You wished me to write a few lines upon my arrival at Cambridge, and ~~as~~ a friend of mine going to London on Monday will convey them to you.

I had upon the whole an agreeable little journey with the exception of the first stage during the latter part of which I began to be excessive sick through riding with my back to the horses, but upon changing my place the sickness gradually subsided.

The biscuits with which you were kind enough to furnish me were rather too sweet.

My rooms I found ready for my reception, and everything as comfortable as I could have expected. I felt however very low last night, and part of today, and for some time the wretchedness and consciousness of my situation appeared intolerable, but I feel better this evening.

I am convinced this feeling which so often distresses me is only to be attributed to my nervous nature.

Mrs. Hornford has been very ill, but is now in a great measure restored. When in London, about two weeks ago she says she sought where I was to be found in vain.

The Farish's were rather shy with me (I mean the surgeon). I do not know for what reason, as I am not conscious to have offended them. They are grieved perhaps I call upon them so seldom. It is impossible to please everyone.

So many things pressing upon my mind when in London, I forgot to take a copy of my mother's inscription in the New Chapel yard. Perhaps you will have the kindness to get this done and send me a correct copy in your next letter. The names too of the children who have been buried in the grave with them their ages and the time of their death might be mentioned, but these also I do not know.

You will not fail I trust to write before you leave the shores of good old England, the land endeared to you by peculiar ties, not only because it is the land of your natural nativity, and wherein for that period for a series of years you have enjoyed the bounties of Providence; - it is the land also of your spiritual birth. The places and times will be ever dear to

you when the Holy Spirit descended upon you and filled your soul with light and life and liberty, when he shed around you a holy radiance and lifted up your almost desponding soul. Forget these times, you cannot. God however is everywhere the same. He is unchangeable, and also omnipresent. This will be your comfort, that though you leave your country you still possess your God. O! what a happiness it is to be a real Christian : he only can claim the rich promises of the Gospel. God is his help, and his refuge, and underneath him in the everlasting arms. He is calm and unruffled amidst the greatest difficulties and Troubles. If called to it he can willingly undergo persecution and martyrdom for the truth, because he has his inheritance in heaven.

Let us live more by faith upon the love of God. Let us sink deep into humility, but rise to all the life of God. Let that peace which passeth all understanding keep our hearts and minds and whatever we individually may be called to pass through. May we never given give up our confidence, and even if the furnace be "heated seven times more than it is wont to be heated". May this only increase our set resolution and firmness.

Let us above everything take care of like-warmness, one of the most odious sins in the sight of God. Whatever we have to do, may we do it with

all our night. Let us be watchful and  
ever vigilant for our adversary goeth about  
seeking whom he may devour. And when  
the Lord cometh, whether it be at midnight,  
or the morning, may he find us to have  
oil in our vessels and our lamps burning:  
and we like persons waiting for their Lord.

How I long to live the life  
of the Christian, then shall I die his death.

\* And when the soul's released from dull  
mortality,

~~The~~ <sup>she</sup> passes up in triumph through  
the skies,  
Where ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> is united to a glorious throng  
of Angels who with a celestial song  
congratulate her conquest as she flies along.  
Thee joy in full perfection flows  
And in endless circle moves,  
Thro' the vast round of beautiful love

From your ever affectionate Brother,

Sam<sup>e.</sup> Benson.