

A SHORT MEMOIR OF

ANN GRIFFITHS

WITH A TRANSLATION OF
HER LETTERS AND HYMNS

by

Evan Richards

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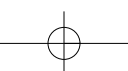
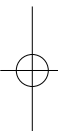
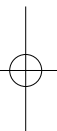
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FOREWORD

SOME AS YET UNKNOWN WELSHMAN



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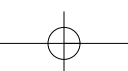
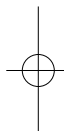
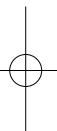
BY

EVAN RICHARDS

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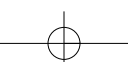
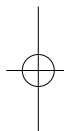
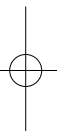


PREFACE

SOME of ANN GRIFFITHS's hymns are among the first that impressed me, and sank deep into my memory; they were taught me in the spring of my life, by my loving and pious mother; they are a comfort to me now, when the 'almond tree' is in blossom; by meditating on them I have seen some of their grandeur, and I have felt relief by giving vent to my feelings through her rhymes and beautiful diction. I have made an attempt to translate her letters and her hymns to the English language, so that those who do not understand the language in which they were composed might have some idea of their value, and thus be enabled to make use of them on the hearth, in the family circle, and in the Sanctuary of God. To attain this end I have done my best to convey the sublime thoughts of the gifted authoress of Dolwar Fechan, so that there may be more of her seen than of the translator. Should my efforts, to a certain degree, be crowned with success, my labour of love will not be in vain.

With a sincere desire that these Letters and Hymns in their English garb may cheer many a weary pilgrim on the rugged roads of life, as they have already done in Cambria's silvery tongue, I pray Cod's blessing may rest upon my humble effort.

EVAN RICHARDS



ANN GRIFFITHS

The story of the life of ANN GRIFFITHS, the eminent Hymn authoress, has been told in the Welsh Language by several well-known and able writers, namely: Rev. John Hughes, Pontrobert; Morris Davies, Esq., Bangor; Sir Owen M. Edwards, M.A.; Rev. Elfed Lewis, M.A., London; and Rev. Edward Griffith, Meifod; but, up to the present time, I am not aware that it has been written in English, in book form. She is, in fact, unknown to the English world.

That a Life so beautiful and full of interest should be hidden from view so long is much to be regretted. The long silence has induced me to make an effort to unveil this beautiful character, so well known in Welsh history, in order that other nations may have some knowledge of her Life, Letters, and Hymns. A translation of her Letters and Hymns, therefore, became necessary,—a task not easy to perform. To equal the original is impossible, but the attempt must be made. With a consciousness of inefficiency, I have sought to accomplish this object in the pages that follow this narrative.

Ann Griffiths was a daughter of John and Jane Thomas, of Dolwar Fechan, a small Farm in the Parish of Llanfihangel-yng-Ngwynfa, Montgomeryshire, North Wales. She was the youngest but one of five children—two sons and three daughters. Ann was born in the year 1776, and was baptized in the Parish Church on the 21st day of April of the same year. Her parents were members of the Established Church, in the fold of which she also was nurtured. She was brought up just in the same way as other farmers' children at that time. The means of education in those days were very inefficient, and the facilities inconvenient, but it is evident that she was taught early in life to read and write Welsh, and probably English as well. Being a clever girl, far above the average in intelligence, she undoubtedly

made the best use of her opportunities. She appears to have been of a cheerful disposition, humorous, and sometimes sarcastic. She was also fond of dancing and other amusements, and followed the merry meetings of her age called 'Gwylmabsant' (Festival of a Saint).

But, in the year 1797, when in the 21st or 22nd year of her age, an incident occurred which changed the whole tenor and trend of her life. One day she had business to transact in the little town of Llanfyllin, about seven miles from her home. Before reaching the town she met an old friend who informed her that a sermon was to be preached in the Congregational Chapel, called Penydfref, on that day, and cordially invited her to accompany her to the service, to which she consented. The preacher on the occasion was the Rev. Benjamin Jones of Pwllheli, and the young woman who invited her to the service afterwards became the Grandmother, on his Mother's side, to the Rev. Dr Owen Evans of Liverpool, formerly of London.

That meeting was the turning point in the life of Ann Thomas. She returned to her home a changed woman. Vanity passed out of her nature, and she opened her eyes on realities that she had not seen before.

Shortly afterwards she commenced to attend the services of the little flock of Calvinistic Methodists at Pontrobert, a village near her home, where they met to worship God, and soon she cast in her lot with them as a Church member, and thus severed her connection with the Established Church. Her eldest brother, John Thomas, had already joined the same people, and owing to his piety and abilities was made a deacon. Other members of the family followed.

Her mother died about three years previous to these incidents, and as her sisters had probably left their home, she became the mistress at Dolwar Fechan. She lived for only eight years after joining the little Church at Pontrobert. Her father died in February, 1804, and in the following October, Ann was married to Mr Thomas Griffiths, of Cefndu, Meifod, one of the best young men in that part of the country. He was a brother to the Rev. Evan Griffith, of Ceunant, Meifod. After ten months of married life Ann Griffiths gave birth to a daughter. The child died in a few days, followed shortly after by the mother. On the 12th day of August, 1805, in the 30th year of her age, this saintly and gifted young woman was laid to rest in the Churchyard of Llanfihangel-yng-Ngwynfa, where, in the year 1864, a

monument was erected to her memory by voluntary subscriptions. In 1904 her memory was further honoured by the erection of a handsome Chapel at Dolanog, a village close by, which is called 'The Ann Griffiths Memorial Chapel'.

The Monument and the Memorial Chapel are visible expressions of the appreciation and love of the people for one of the most beautiful characters in the history of our country.

HER LETTERS

Her letters, although only eight are on record, are of a remarkable character. Seven of them were written in answer to letters received from John Hughes, who afterwards became the Rev. John Hughes of Pontrobert. He was then a member of the same Church and preparing for the ministry. In those letters Ann Griffiths poured out her spiritual experiences, overflowing with love for the Saviour and devotion to his service. The eighth letter was written to Elizabeth Evans, Bwlch Aeddon. This is the only letter that has been found in her own handwriting, and now lies among the precious manuscripts at the Welsh National Library in Aberystwyth. Her letters are an introduction to her Hymns, and an explanation of them. The great theme of her letters and her hymns was the Person of Christ—his Divinity, his humanity, his sufferings, his atonement, his death, resurrection, ascension, and intercession on the right hand of God the Father, the fellowship of his suffering, and the Mystery of Godliness, &c. They are believed to have been written in the last four or five years of her maiden life.

HER HYMNS

Her hymns were composed chiefly when Ruth Evans was in her service at Dolwar Fechan, and who afterwards became the wife of the Rev. John Hughes, Pontrobert. Ruth Evans, being a religious young woman and possessing a good memory, became the medium through which the hymns composed by Ann Griffiths were preserved. It was the custom of Ann, after composing a hymn, to repeat it to Ruth, and in this way the hymns, one by one, became

treasured up in her memory. Mainly in this almost miraculous way, the rich heritage of the hymns of Ann Griffiths has been preserved for the use of the Church of God for all time—only a few of them having been written by her own hand.

When the Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala heard these hymns from the lips of Ruth Evans, he felt that they were of extraordinary high merit. They are so regarded by the best Welsh scholars, poets and divines, and are considered to be among the most deeply thoughtful and sublime in the Welsh language. Caledfryn (Rev. William Williams) who was one of the best critics of the 19th century, and who won the Bardic National Chair on more than one occasion, says that she composed some verses on a level no other author has reached.

It was not the beauties of nature that she painted, but the comeliness of our Great Redeemer, who was to her more beautiful than the Rose of Sharon, more precious than the choicest Rubies. She revelled in his love and glory, and without his fellowship and communion she was despondent.

Her knowledge of the holy Word of God was extensive and minute, and her insight into the mystic and spiritual meaning and teaching of the Word was clear. The language of her hymns is scriptural and her terms puritanical. She was a contemporary of some of the greatest hymn authors and preachers. She was born in the heat of the Methodist Revival, and heard some of those great reformers who, filled with the Holy Ghost, spoke with eloquence unexcelled since the days of the Apostles. Ann Griffiths would walk over hill and dale all the way from Dolwar Fechan to Bala—a distance of 20 miles—to hear those masters of the congregation preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, returning with her vessel full, and from memory she would write out the sermons which impressed her. While she meditated upon what she had heard and read, her muse would burst forth in hymns of praise to God and the Lamb.

The whole of the hymns which she composed number only 81 verses or stanzas, on eight different metres. They were published for the first time in 1806, the year immediately after her death, by the Rev. Thomas Charles, Bala. In 1807 an edition was brought out in Carmnartlien, and another in 1808 at Bala under the title of *Hymns of Praise to God and the Lamb*. Several other editions were brought out

from time to time during the following years, and in 1865 a full edition was brought out by Morris Davies, Esq., of Bangor, of 74 verses, together with a biography. In 1903 the most complete collection of her hymns was published by the Rev. Edward Griffiths, of Meifod, he having found, among manuscripts collected, seven additional verses, bringing the number up to 81. They are now to be found among the collections of every branch of the Christian Church in Wales, and are sung in every quarter of the globe,—wherever Welsh people gather together to worship God in their own language. The day will come when they will find their way into the English Hymn collections, and be used for the praise of God in the English language.

In the meantime I trust the Lord will bless my simple efforts to translate the beautiful hymns of Ann Griffiths into the English tongue, and to bring the English world into touch with her sublime thoughts.

THE LETTERS OF ANN GRIFFITHS

FIRST LETTER

DOLWAR FECHAN,

November 28th, 1800.

BELoved BROTHER,

I have taken this opportunity of sending you these few lilies, in order to show my readiness to receive and to answer your weighty letters. I verily believe that it is in the 'Field of Boaz' you have been gleaning those full and blessed 'ears' you sent me, with a charge to rub them and to feed upon them; and I think they have had such an effect upon my mind as to make me sigh for the 'Rock' (Psalm 61:2). You could not have sent anything more suitable to my condition; this no doubt was your aim, knowing as you do more of my history in all tribulation than anyone else. I am glad to hear about your continuing in meditation upon your spiritual condition and in the Word, and I desire your success in all. As for us in the Bont (Pontrobert) we are in bodily health as usual, and spiritually the 'Society' as a body is somewhat more awake, and the Ministry is generally owned of God. I have at present hardly anything to say about any persons in particular, but I should like to relate my own state of mind. I have had some sharp trials and tempestuous winds, until I almost lost my breath on the steeps, but I was brought to the crest of the hill with the two following chains:—

'An a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind,' etc. Isaiah 32:2.

'Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers ... hide thyself,' etc. (Isaiah 26:20).

It was calm and warm for a while. I had another trial in regard to the way I spent my time in the Church of God, deciding that my religion from the beginning was from false purposes, and thinking to give it up. I was held up in this way:—

‘Seeing, then, that we have a great High Priest,’ Hebrews 4:14.

At present I am rather hazy and doubtful about my matter, and my mind is troubled as to whether the good work has been begun in me or not (Philippians 1:6). But, in the face of everything, this I will say:—

‘Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him’ Job 13:16.

We had great and precious privileges lately, the Ordinance [Communion] twice, and a ‘sweet savour’ (Genesis 8:21). on the ‘breaking of the Bread’ (Luke 24:35).

Beloved brother, I was glad to hear the point with regard to the condition of the Church of God being manifested to those who profess religion, because I think this has not been entirely strange to my mind in these troubled days, when Zion is sifted (Amos 9:9). There are special obligations upon every Christian to be awake and to mourn at the sight of ‘the stones of the Sanctuary’ being ‘poured out in the top of every street’ (Lamentations 4:1), such as impurity, theft, and the like.

I desire you to take the Bride of the Lamb to the Throne of Grace (Revelation 21:2,9). Sigh for her restoration. Plead for her with her Beloved, because God will not cast away his people which he foreknew, as the Covenant was a Covenant by oath, although she had been unfaithful to him.

Two passages of Scripture have been especially upon my mind: one mentioned above, and the other is this:

‘For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full of mixture; and he poureth out of the same; but the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out, and drink them’ (Psalm 76:8).

It dawned upon my mind, that if one of these cups spoken of be poured out, the children shall only be purified because they are in the Father’s hand; but let its pray for help to suffer the treatment, however bitter it may be, to bring it to our place.

I will now close; this from your fellow pilgrim on our journey to eternity.

ANN THOMAS, Dolwar

SECOND LETTER

BELOVED BROTHER IN THE LORD,

February 11th, 1801.

I have taken this opportunity of sending you these few lines to make known to you that I have received your welcome letters, hoping the important things that are in them shall have place in my mind.

I am glad to hear of your concern in regard to your spiritual condition. As you say 'precious is a friend that sticketh' (Proverbs 18:24). A word fixed itself upon my mind that perhaps it would be well for me to mention:—

'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these' (St John 21:15).

I thought it necessary to pass by brethren and graces, and love the Giver above any gift. Another word seized upon my mind:—

'Buy the truth, and sell it not' (Proverbs 23:23).

It came to my mind that I was willing to give all I possessed—my virtues and my faults—for the Son, in bridal union. I think every idle word, and all frivolity of spirit, and every act that appears opposed to evangelical holiness, is a denial of our knowledge of Jesus Christ. But in face of all our misery, how precious is the thought of that word:—

'And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter' St Luke 22:61.

I am cheered by the thought that there is freedom for a sinner to speak much about Jesus Christ at the Throne of Grace—Heaven smiling and Hell trembling. Let us magnify our privilege of having known some of the purposes of the everlasting Covenant planned above. Oh! to remain under the drops of the Sanctuary until the evening, and to acknowledge that they are blood! This would bring sinners to the dust! O! to be by the feet of our God while we are in the world.

I will now give you a little of the history of the Society at the Bont. It is generally fairly dewy, and at present most of the members of the Church are wakeful. My belief is that the Church is not

strange to the wine that is distributed among the disciples here on their journey. Should I tell you of my own anxiety, I desire to speak well of God for remembering me in face of many doubts. I have never seen so much cause to cry for the Rock in all weathers (Psalm 61:2). If to die, or to live, this is my prayer, Oh! that I may be found
 ‘in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law’
 (Philippians 3:9).

I heard a story about a shopkeeper going to Chester to buy two hundred pounds worth of goods. The invoice came and was hung on the wall of the shop, with the name and amount of each item on it. Some one came in and asked for five shillings worth of the goods. The tradesman answered that he did not possess as much as one penny’s worth of them. So far it was only possession on paper. It is often so in the Church—a grand profession, but in the face of temptation you ask, where is their faith? Then the preacher shouted, ‘My dear children, pray that the wagon may come home—it is heavy laden with goods suitable to our needs’.

I will now close. This from one that earnestly desires the prosperity of Zion’s travellers.

ANN THOMAS, Dolwar.

THIRD LETTER

BELOVED BROTHER,

I have often been glad to write to you about my affairs. I have had much pleasure and a blessing by reading your letters, which is a strong inducement for me to urge you not to discontinue writing.

Dear Brother, the War is as hot now as ever—enemies from within—enemies from without. But of all, it is the sin of my mind that presses heaviest upon me. I was especially glad today to think of that word:—

And to Jesus, the Mediator of a new Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling (Hebrews 12:24).

I had a new light upon loving the doctrine of the cleansing. That word also has been upon my mind:—

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin (1 John 1:7).

I never had more longing to be pure. That word has also been on my mind:—

And the house when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither (1 Kings 6:7).

I have been thinking that I never need change my dress, but I have an intense desire to be pure in my dress. I should be very glad to be allowed to abide more in the Sanctuary, as you have so fully and well said (Psalm 15:1). I often expect some trying weather will meet me, although I know not what. That word is on my mind tonight:—

By this therefore shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged (Isaiah 27:9).

Oh! for help to dwell with God, whatever may meet me! Thanks for ever that the furnace and the fountain are so near each other! There is nothing more at present particularly on my mind, but remember about me often and hasten to write to me.

I am your unworthy sister, who loves your prosperity in body and spirit.

ANN THOMAS, Dolwar.

FOURTH LETTER.

BELOVED BROTHER,

I am writing to you at present because the trend of my mind, in face of trials of every nature, is to tell you my history, dear brother.

Dear brother, the most particular thing upon my mind is my great obligation to be thankful to the Lord, who has held me up in the face of the winds and floods. I can say that my thoughts have never been held by fear to the same degree as in these days; but in the face of all I intend hanging calmly by that precious promise:—

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee (Isaiah 43:22).

I think it is sufficient to hold me where two seas meet. Thanks for ever for a God that is full of his promises.

Dear Brother, what presses most on my mind is the sinfulness that anything seen should have preference in my mind. I reverently blush, and rejoice in wonder, when I think of him 'who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in Heaven', yet gave himself as an object

of love to such a poor creature as myself, who dishonours God by giving the first place to secondary things (Psalm 113:6).

This simply is my mind. If nature must be crushed, even unto death, owing to its weakness to bear the intense rays of the sun of temptations (Mark 4:6), I sometimes think rather that I could look joyfully upon being spoiled of my natural life (if needs be), than for the Glory of God to go under a cloud in consequence of nature, with its pomp, attaining its objects. That word is on my mind tonight:—

Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon, with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, an in the day of the gladness of his heart (Songs 3:2).

I think there is a particular and urgent call upon all the subjects of the Covenant to rise from their own 'cieled houses' (Haggai 1:4) to see their King wearing the crown and the purple robe. It is no wonder the sun hid its rays when its Creator was nailed to the cross (Luke 23:45). To my mind it is amazing, who was on the cross—He whose eyes are a flame of fire penetrating through heaven and earth, at the same moment unable to see his creatures, the work of his own hands! My mind is too much overwhelmed to say any more on the matter, but looking on the greatness of the Person, it is not surprising that that word is on record:—

The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake; he will magnify the law, and make it honourable (Isaiah 42:21).

Dear Brother, it is no wonder that that word is down:—

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry (Psalm 2:12).

Dear Brother, there is nothing further of importance at present on my mind, but this I will say in closing:—I desire that the remainder of my life may be a communion so intimate that it will not be for me evermore to say 'I will go and return' (Hosea 2:7). Methinks if I only have this. I will be at ease to meet Providence in its frown and its crosses.

I am particularly desirous of a shave in your prayers. Remember to write soon. I long for a letter.

I am, your dear Sister,

ANN THOMAS, Dolwar.

FIFTH LETTER

DOLWAR

BELOVED BROTHER,

I have found this opportunity of writing to you, hoping you are well, and to make known to you that I have received your valuable letter. I am wishful that you will not neglect sending things that are profitable to me, not noticing my neglect—for you know the cause—a lack of having anything of much value to send you.

Beloved Brother, I should have been glad to see you many a time when in perplexity of mind, and under the gnawing of doubts about the genuineness of the visitations, and to a certain degree, of the revelation of a Mediator, in the face of a condemned lost state. I am, although trying many roads, failing to attain my object, but in the Road of Meditation I had, a lesson from what Moses did, on the advice of his father-in-law, namely the choosing of a number of leaders to judge the people in ordinary simple things but leaving every great and difficult thing to Moses (Exodus 18:21). I thought it imperative in my embarrassed condition, that it should pass by the keepers of the walls and all, *to God alone*. It is a consolation to me to think of this when my spiritual state is darkest to me and my brethren—that it is light and clear in the court of the High Priest. Eternal praise for this!

I have derived much pleasure by meditating about the Shunammite woman setting aside a chamber for the man of God to rest when he passed by, putting in it a bed, a table, a stool and a candle stick (2 Kings 4:10). Possibly that good woman, longing for the prophet, frequently walked across the room in expectation of the man of God. However that may be, it is heartfelt consolation to a believer, in the absence of his Lord's face, that the furniture remains, for many reasons. For one thing it is a sign that lie has not been given up. Another thing it is too hot a lodging for the Devil.

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him (Isaiah 59:19).

He cannot as much as lift up his head in the temple of God without trembling, nor look at anything within but his own footprint,

without a shudder. Therefore, let us pray diligently for the Holy Spirit to make his home in our hearts.

Beloved Brother, it is rather dark at present with the Church at the Bont, under heavy blows from the world and backsliders. I derived pleasure one night in face of these things by thinking what the Holy Spirit says of her. Two passages of Scripture came to my mind

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God (Psalm 87:3).

The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty (Zephaniah 3:17).

This at present from your sister,

ANN THOMAS, Dolwar.

SIXTH LETTER

DOLWAR FECHAN,
April, 1802

BELOVED BROTHER AND FATHER IN THE LORD,

I received your letter yesterday, and was very pleased to have it, and hope the precious things it contained will be a blessing to me.

I was very glad of the passage of Scripture you remarked upon in my brother's letter; but let me go on to relate to you a little of my present inquietude of mind. It has for a considerable time been somewhat stormy. I continually have many disappointments in myself; but I must say this—that all trials, all storms, of every nature, work together in this way, namely by bringing me to see more of the misery of my natural state, and more of the Lord in his goodness and in his unchangeableness towards me. I have lately been exceptionably far in estrangement from the Lord, yet holding up in the face of the ministry as one that keepeth her home well (Titus 2:5), and remaining in the fellowship. But notwithstanding all my 'skill', the Lord in his goodness broke through to me in these words:—

If then I be a father, where is mine honour? and if I be a master, where is my fear? (Malachi 1:6)

Praise God for ever for the medicine of Heaven to take the sickness away. My spiritual appetite was so weak that I could not feed upon free mercy, in surveying my path, after I had departed from God—the 'fountain' of all substantial consolation—and 'hewed' out for myself

'broken cisterns' (Jeremiah 2:13). The following word lifted me again for a while upon my feet:

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want (Psalm 23:1).

I going astray—he a Shepherd. I too weak to return—he an Almighty Lord! O! Rock of our Salvation (Psalm 18:46), absolutely self-determining and self-sufficient in relation to the saving of the sinner. I desire to be for ever tinder the treatment, be it ever so bitter.

Another word that was to me a special blessing, when endeavouring to tell the Lord about the various things that were calling upon me to follow them, was:—

Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else (Isaiah 45:22).

As if God said:—'I know of every call that is made upon you, and that the calls are manifold, but I am calling. The world is only a world, flesh is but flesh, and the devil is only a devil.'

I am God and there is none else (Isaiah 45:22).

I am under obligation to be thankful for the Word in its unconquerable authority. I would desire from my heart to give all the praise to the God of the Word for bringing me and holding me until now, and that the time that is left may be spent in continual communion with God in his Son. I can never glorify him more than, nor so much as, by believing in and accepting his Son. May I have help from Heaven to do that, not from my own pleasure only, but out of reverence to him.

Beloved Brother, I have barely anything more on my mind to add, but I urge you to remember much of Zion throughout the world, and especially your mother Church at the Bont, which is almost covered by the shadows of the evening, and the white hairs spreading over her (Jeremiah 6:4; Hosea 7:9)—only, however, in small measure knowing this. This word is often on my mind, as well as on the minds of others, in beholding her feeble, awkward and despondent appearance.

Is this Naomi? (Ruth 1:19)

Let us struggle hard with the Lord in prayer on her behalf as a body of witnesses for God in the world, because his great Name is to a degree hidden by her in our backslidings.

Beloved Brother, I am very glad to hear your history in relation to your new work (namely your commencing to preach). Two passages of Scripture have on this matter been on my mind, one:—

Titus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour (Esther 6:11).

and the other:—

Surely the Lord's annointed is before him ... for the Lord seeth not as a man seeth 1 Samuel 16:6;

therefore it was necessary to 'fetch' David.

I will now close, wishing you to write to me soon. I am, your unworthy Sister, who is speedily running to the world of Eternity.

ANN THOMAS, Dolwar.

SEVENTH LETTER

DOLWAR FECHAN

BELOVED BROTHER,

I am sending these lines to you to let you know that I have received your kind letter with great delight; and I am glad to have an opportunity to make known to you my present state of mind.

Dear Brother, I have never been speaking to you, nor writing to you, with a more convinced view of my unworthiness than this time; and I feel ashamed when I think that I ever had a different view. This word came to my mind:—

I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name (Revelation 3:8).

Thanks for ever to the God of all grace for taking his precious word in his hand to test me; I reverently believe that such is the case, and that his weapons and blows are constantly at the root of the conceit which is so strong in my corrupt nature. More of my condemned condition has been revealed to me recently that in all the period of

my religions profession, and more of the Glory of God's wise plan to justify the ungodly, he

in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them (2 Corinthians 5:19).

I am often by the Throne of Grace wondering, thanking and praying; marvelling that the Word and the Holy Spirit have found a way of dealing with the state of such a corrupt and miserable object, full of every deceit, without putting me to death. Thanks for the lawfulness of the way of Salvation; and that it rewards its travellers. I pray that I may pass the remainder of my days in a life of fellowship with God in his Son Jesus Christ, the great Mediator between God and man. I should be very glad to be saved from venturing again to offer to the holy law of God anything but what has satisfied her; not that he will refuse anything else, but out of reverence for her. I never before felt so much reverence and love for the law; not *although* it curses, but *because* it curses, everywhere outside the Mediator; it is in that ay that its beauty and perfection are shown.

Beloved Brother, I was glad to read the letter you sent to my brother, also to S.G.,* and your exhortations to read and search the Scriptures; I think of whatever we have, or of the same nature, other than the 'Word', that we

Spend money for that which is not bread,
and our

Labour for that which satisfieth not (Isaiah 55:2),
because the appetite of the new nature does not agree with anything else; and all breezes bring disease except the breezes of the Sanctuary. The following words have been of great value and consolation to my soul of late, namely:—

Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men (Songs 4:4).

I am of myself but weak and unarmed to face enemies; but if I am privileged to turn into the Tower, I shall there be armed and have strength to run through the army.

The following words also have been of great comfort to me:—

* Sarah Griffiths, a pious young woman at Pontrobert.

For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell (Colossians 1:19);

and also these words,

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse (Songs 4:12).

I am under a great obligation to speak well of God, and to be thankful to him, for a measure of

The fellowship of the mystery (Ephesians 3:9).

But this is my grief—failing to abide—constantly departing. I realise my loss greatly because of this but the dishonour and disrespect upon God is more than that. O for help to abide! This word is often on my mind:—

Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them (1 Timothy 4:15).

I desire you to give me your view upon that word:—

But was in all points tempted like a we are, yet without sin (Hebrews 4:16).

The low state of God's Church in many places weighs heavily upon my mind. It is the duty of every wakeful soul to struggle hard with God in fervent prayer that he may send the winds to blow upon his withering garden:

That the spices thereof may flow out (Songs 4:16),

in order that Satan and all the subjects of his kingdom may lose their breath by the strength of the perfumes.

Now I must close by urging upon you to bear me in mind at the Throne of Grace, and also to send me a letter at the first opportunity. This from one who is rapidly travelling through a world of time to a world that will last for ever.

ANN THOMAS

EIGHTH LETTER

[As far as is known this is the only letter of Ann Griffiths that exists in her own handwriting; and the only one, therefore, we can be certain we have as it was written by her. The original copy is in the Library of the Welsh University College, Aberystwyth, and was presented by John Jones, Esq., J.P., Llanfyllin. At the close of the letter, as a postscript, there

are four lines of one of her hymns. As far as is known not a single line otherwise exists of her work in her own handwriting. The letter was addressed, if the handwriting is correctly deciphered, to Elizabeth Evans, Bwlch Aeddon.—E.U., Meifod.]

DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD,

It is in accordance with your desire that I have written these few lines to you, and I am very glad of an opportunity of acquainting you with my spiritual condition. Beloved Sister, the most particular subject now pressing upon my mind is in relation to grieving the Holy Spirit. That word came to my mind:—

Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you (1 Corinthians 6:19).

And in probing a little into the wonders of the Person, and that he dwells or abides in the believer, I think simply that I have never been in the same degree possessed by reverential fears of grieving Him; and in addition to that I was brought to see that one reason, and the chief reason, that the seriousness of this great sin has had so little impression on my mind is because of my unworthy and irreverent thoughts of so great a Person.

This was the flow of my thoughts about the Persons of the Trinity. I perceive my mind overtaken by shame, still constrained to speak out because of the injury of it. Thinking of the Persons of the Father and the Son as co-equal; but regarding the Person of the Holy Spirit as an official subordinate to them. What an erring thought, full of vain imagination concerning a Divine Person, omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent to carry on and finish the good work which he began according to the order of the free covenant and the council of three in one, on behalf of the objects of the everlasting love! O! for the privilege of being of their number.

Dear Sister, I feel a measure of thirst for growing more in the belief in the personal indwelling of the holy Spirit in my condition; and that by revelation, not in imagination, thinking to comprehend the mode and manner of this, which is idolatry. Dear Sister, in looking a little upon the real sinfulness of grieving the Holy Spirit, and on the other hand looking into the depths of the great fall and that I am completely dispossessed of all power for anything but to grieve him, it is truly oppressive. But this word is upon my mind—'Watch and

pray' (Matthew 13:33); as if the Lord said, 'Severe as the commandment is, and unable as thou art to fulfil one thing out of a thousand in thy present state of mind, come out, try thou the throne, for "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much"' (James 5:16); 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength shall be made perfect in weakness' (2 Corinthians 12:9).

Dear Sister, I would wish to say much about the efficacy of secret prayer, although you know more than I can say about it, but I am altogether of opinion that it excelleth much to face enemies upon an army of armed men. I know Ironi experience of being surrounded by enemies so that I had nothing else to do but 'give myself unto prayer' (Psalm 109:4); and that. answered time purpose of sending them backward to the ground. O! for the privilege of being under the exact dispensations of the Holy Spirit. I think simply that dispensations less exact than that word will never fit my condition:—

I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day (Isaiah 27:3).

Eternal praise for a Bible adapted to a condition which has sunk so low. Dear Sister, a great privilege it is that one's condition should be found in the face of God's word. O! to hold it before the holy mirror to the end of making use of a Mediator.

One thing in particular on my mind last night in respect of finding one's condition in the Word. R.J., preaching very preciously in point of matter, and I so dry, so far away in respect of my spiritual experience, neither law nor gospel had any effect upon me, and it was that that worked a measure of fear upon my mind, unable to conceive of finding my condition in the Word, inasmuch as law and gospel seemed to be ineffectual. That word came to my mind:—

Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock (Songs 1:8),
and I failing to see the footsteps of the flock in that circumstance. But that word came to my mind with light and warmth:—

Awake! O north wind, and come thou south (Songs 4:16).

Eternal praise for the rock of the Word to put one's foot upon to start, and the impossibility of starting without that.

Dear Sister, I see it more needful than ever to spend what remains of life daily and constantly giving myself, body and soul, to the care of him who

is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day
(2 Timothy 1:12).

Not giving myself once, but living to give myself, even until and when laying aside this tabernacle. Dear Sister, the thought of laying it aside is sometimes passing sweet, and it is this that cheers mo most of all things these days—not dying in itself, but the great gain secured through dying. Leaving behind every tendency contrary to the will of God, leaving behind all power to dishonour the law of God, every weakness swallowed up in strength, attaining to a complete conformity to the law, which is already upon our heart, and enjoying the image of God forever. Dear Sister, I am sometimes so swallowed up these, things that I entirely fail to stand in the way of my duty with regard to the things of time, but expecting the time when I shall depart and ‘be with Christ which is far better’ (Philippians 1:23), though it is very good here through a lattice, and that the Lord sometimes reveals as much of his glory ‘through a glass darkly’ (1 Corinthians 13:12) as my feeble faculties can bear.

Dear Sister, I am glad to say this as I close—and I would say it gratefully—in spite of all my sinfulness, and the wiles of hell, the world and its objects, I have not, through God’s goodness alone, changed the object of my love up to tonight, but rather I intend to heartily rest myself in his love and rejoice in him forever with song (Zephaniah 3:17), though I cannot have that even to the smallest extent on this side of death except by hard striving.

Dearly Beloved Sister, I particularly entreat you to send to me without delay; deny me not, I cannot but take it unkindly if you do. Ruth wishes to be kindly remembered to you. I have no other news than this to send you—there is a certain spirit of ‘hoping all things’ (1 Corinthians 13:7) to see signs of Rachel Pugh’s recovery. And this from your loving Sister, journeying speedily through this world of time into the great world that will last forever.

ANN THOMAS.

ALL against the trend of Nature is my labour in this world;
Yet I’ll calmly travel onward, ’neath thy smile and
cheering word;
Raise my cross—a crown I’ll deem it, in affliction
cheerful be,
Straightest road, though wild and rugged, to the
home I long to see.

HYMNS

Hymn 1

'THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS'

- 1 HERE'S God's meeting-place for sinners,
Here in blood our peace we've found,
Here's a refuge for the vilest,
Here's a balm for every wound;
Here's a place close to the Godhead
Where the sinner now can hide,
'Neath the smile of pure justice
He shall evermore abide.
- 2 To escape the wiles of Satan
Before time God planned a way;
And gave us a precious promise
Of the woman's seed some day;
This way justifies the ungodly
And restores to life time dead;
'Tis a lawful way for sinners
To find peace with God our head.
- 3 O! the depths of our Salvation!
Great the mystery, but clear,
In our flesh and human nature
The great God did once appear!
He's the person I see suffering,
Wrath o'erwhelming in our stead,
Justice found the fullest ransom
When he bowed his sacred head.

4 He's a brother born to help us
 In adversity and pain;
 True and faithful, full of mercy,
 Worthy of praise in sweetest strain;
 Liberator and great Healer,
 Straightest way to Zion fair;
 Crystal Fountain, life of mortals.
 And our Ark to hide from care.

Hymn 2

'THE DEPTHS OF SALVATION'

1 SWEET will be our meditations
 On God's covenant of grace;
 With eyes centred on the Saviour
 Of our fallen human race;
 When fulfilling the conditions,
 Unto death his soul was sad;
 All the heavenly hosts will utter
 Praise for this with voices glad.

2 When my thoughts dwell on the ransom,
 My sad soul is filled with glee,
 Seeing the law so highly honoured,
 And the sinner vile set free;
 Life's sole author was there given
 Unto death to bring in peace;
 The great resurrection buried,
 Heaven and earth are now at ease.

3 He's the person who once suffered
 On the cross the pangs of death;
 Those that nailed him on Golgotha,
 Drew from him their strength and breath;
 By atoning there for sinners,
 And by honouring the law,
 Justice shone in heavenly splendour,
 And the captive freedom saw.

4 See, my soul, the spot he lay on,
 King of kings and source of peace;
 In him moved the whole creation,
 When he rested there at ease;
 Life and portion of the ruined,
 Wonder of the angels fair;
 In the flesh they saw their Saviour,
 Then their music filled the air.

Hymn 3*'THE EFFECTS OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD IN CHRIST'*

- 1 O THAT I may grow in knowledge
Of the true and living God,
That my vain imaginations
Under foot may soon be trod;
In his written Word believing,
In his holy nature see
Death awaiting every sinner
Without Christ as surety.
- 2 God in Majesty and glory,
Though he be a God of love,
Is to me a wound and terror
While upon his throne above
But in Christ our Mediator,
He is full of peace and grace,
A God willing to accept us
Indicated in his face.
- 3 Here I find my sustentation,
My safe refuge and my rest,
Medicine and valued treasure
And stronghold the foe to breast;
My whole armour is there ready,
Now to fight the fiercest foe;
There my precious life is hidden
When I to the battle go.
- 4 Father, Refuge, Rock and Tower,
In my God are all combined,
In fierce fire and deep water,
Comfort I shall in him find;
For me he is all sufficient,
In his strength I'll armies dare,
But without him disappointment
Will be my eternal share.

Hymn 4*'A DESIRE FOR HOLINESS'*

- 1 ALL against the trend of nature
Is my labour in this world;
Yet I'll calmly travel onward,
'Neath thy smile and cheering word;
Raise my cross—a crown I'll deem it,
In affliction cheerful be,
Straightest road, though wild and rugged,
To the home I long to see.
- 2 Lord, adorn me with thine image,
Make me in thy hand a dread
To the gates of hell and sinners,
That in carnal ways are led;
May I have a close communion
With the blessed Saviour's name,
Which is like out-poured ointment
Scattering fragrance of sweet fame.
- 3 Rend the gloomy clouds that hideth
From my view thy loving face;
There's no pleasure that can cheer me,
But thy countenance and grace;
Like a swelling sea of mercy
Is thy great salvation free,
Filling and for ever flowing
'Neath the cross of Calvary.
- 4 My heart longeth to be severed
From my idols great and small,
Because on it is the image
Of the blessed Lord of all;
He is worthy of my worship
While I draw this fleeting breath,
Life came through his cross for myriads
Who were in the grip of death.

4 O that I could drink more freely
 Of Salvation's streams, until
 I have lost my thirst forever
 For each sinful worldly rill;
 Live and wait for my dear Saviour,
 Ready when he calls for me,
 With an open door of welcome,
 And forever like him be.

Hymn 5
 'BLESSED HOPE'

1 WHEN I'm called to face the river
 I have one who'll stem the flood.
 Jesus, my high priest, has ever
 Faithfully beside me stood;
 Through his blood the song of victory
 I will shout o'er death and hell,
 Without sin in his dear presence
 For eternity I'll dwell.

2 In exchange for this vile body,
 I shall with the host above,
 Penetrate salvation's wonders,
 Won for us through dying love;
 See the one that is invisible,
 He that died and liveth still,
 In true union and communion,
 In accordance with his will.

3 There I shall extol the person
 Whom God gave a ransom free,
 See him without veil or cover
 Ever on his image be;
 In communion with the mystery
 Once revealed through dying love,
 Worshipping the Son forever
 Who sits on his throne above.

Hymn 6

CHRIST EVERYTHING

- 1 Here on earth there is no object
That can fill in y precious soul;
In him find I all my pleasure,
He can comfort and console
His sweet countenance can sever
Me from everything below;
Fondest names of friends and kindred
For his sake I'll forfeit now.
- 2 My sweet spikenard giveth fragrance,
When I feast on his free love;
Against sin my zeal is fired,
My love burns to God above;
Eye and hand I will dispose of,
My proud look I will subdue;
He is worthy of my worship,
All the praise to him is due.
- 3 With the streams of God's salvation,
May I daily quench my thirst;
For the worthless things of nature,
May I never long nor lust;
Living, waiting for my Saviour,
When he cometh be awake;
With an open door of welcome,
Of his holiness partake.
- 4 When the hour comes I'll wonder
That my thoughts could go astray,
After empty toys and pleasures
From my God so far away;
Then I shall forever centre
On the person of my Lord,
And conform with all the precepts
Found within his written Word.

Hymn 7*'THE MERITS OF CHRIST SUFFICIENT FOR THE SINNER'*

- 1 I AM a polluted sinner,
Chief of those on earth who dwell;
Wondrous love—God planned a sanctum
Where my fears he'll calmly quell.
All the Law's demands are answered,
In the sacrifice of Peace,
The transgressor is now welcome
To enjoy a feast at ease.
- 2 Unto him through faith I'll venture,
Lo, he holdeth in his hand,
From his throne the golden sceptre,
To the vilest in the land;
Onward I will go confessing,
At his feet I'll prostrate fall,
For remission, for a cleansing,
In the blood that merits all.
- 3 All the wide extensive ocean
Cannot wash my sin away;
Neither could the deluge drown it,
It is here alive today;
But the blood that flowed so freely
From my Saviour's sacred side,
Is the sea wherein for ever
God has deigned my sin to hide.
- 4 Blessings run as living waters
From the holy house of God,
Filling and for ever flowing
In variety abroad;
Waters clearer than the crystal,
For the guilty and the weak,
Which will wash the darkest Ethiope
White, like snow on Salmon's peak.

Hymn 8

- 1 WHEN upon the field of battle,
I can see an open door,
Where my Saviour is now waiting
To supply his bounteous store;
Principalities and powers
He despoiled when on the tree,
He who then held men in bondage
Is now in captivity.
- 2 May my life be consecrated
To extol his holy name,
To his will live in subjection,
And his government the same;
Vow and pay my vows to Jesus,
Draw from him my strength and grace,
All I need in him is treasured
Ready when the foe I face.
- 3 Here my life by foes is troubled,
Bold and numerous is the band,
Every day I am surrounded,
How defiantly they stand;
Those who are of my own household,
Lead them onward in the fight,
Unto blood I'll strive and suffer
And I'll conquer by thy might.
- 4 Though I am so weak and sinful,
And inclined to drift away,
Yet I'm privileged and honour'd,
On thy holy mount to stay;
God will here destroy the coverings,
All the veils away he'll take;
Then the hungry ones will gladly
Of the gospel feast partake.

Hymn 9*'THE NEW AND LIVING WAY'*

1 'WONDERFUL', this name is given
 To the way ordained by God;
 The eternal and new highway
 Out from death to life's abode;
 'Tis a pleasant way for pilgrims,
 Straight into the better land.
 Through the veil 'twas consecrated.
 It leads up to God's right hand.

2 It has not been found by many,
 Though it is so plain to see;
 It is hidden and untrodden,
 But to those who trust in thee;
 'Tis a way for the ungodly
 Through faith to be justified,
 And a lawful way to favour,
 With God who is satisfied.

3 A way shown when it was needed
 In the woman's promised seed,
 A way planned before creation
 In God's thoughts too deep to read
 In the covenant eternal
 This way was a far seen plan;
 God in love is pleased and willing
 Now to cheer the heart of man.

Hymn 10*'THE CHRISTIAN RACE'*

I'LL slowly walk my weary way,
 Beneath the cross of Christ each day;
 The rugged race of life I'll run.
 And after running I will stand,
 To view salvation full and grand
 And rest when my short day is done.

Hymn II*'THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD TO HIS CHURCH'*

1 Lord, remember thy beloved,
 Leap towards her as the hart;
 Do not let those foes o'ercome her
 Who are aiming at her heart;
 O reveal to her the pillars
 Which by night so firmly stood—
 Promises without conditions,
 For the sake of Jesu's blood.

2 To survive the testing process,
 In the furnaces of pain,
 And come out as gold the purer—
 These are wonders which remain;
 Time for cleansing, day of sifting,
 Without fear I'll calmly stand;
 He that is for me a shelter,
 Holds the fan in his own hand.

3 Could I rise now from the desert,
 As the pillars of smoke ascend,
 Straightway to his throne in heaven,
 In his face I'd see a friend
 He is Alpha and Omega.
 Faithful to his word and plan;
 Now the glory of the Godhead
 Shines in saving mortal man.

Hymn 12*'THE CHURCH ACKNOWLEDGING HER FEEBLENESS'*

Do not look on me to falter,
 For the reason that I'm black;
 Nor because the sun hath scorched me
 When upon my daily track
 God will hide me
 'Neath time veils of Solomon.

Hymn 13*'THE FELLOWSHIP OF HIS SUFFERINGS'*

1 IN the flood thou art sufficient,
 And in raging flames of fire,
 Strength I need to cling more closely,
 That's my fainting heart's desire;
 In the desert of Arabia,
 Where my foes are strong and bold,
 Bless me with the sweet communion
 Of thy sufferings untold.

2 When my soul with true affection
 Burns with love to God on high,
 Even then his law I cannot
 Ever hope to satisfy;
 Help me, Lord, thy law to honour
 By accepting thy free grace,
 And by walking with thee daily
 In the light of thy dear face.

3 To be severed I am longing,
 Not from Israel and the Ark,
 But from sin and self that battle
 With my soul when in the dark;
 Longing for an invitation
 To the table of the King,
 Waiting there to be promoted,
 Humbly to his feet I'll cling.

Hymn 14*'THE BETTER LAND'*

A BETTER land to us assigned I see,
 With milk and honey flowing full and free;
 Sweet grapes in clusters to this desert come,
 A heavenly land its praise my speech o'ercome.

Hymn 15*'CHRIST ALTOGETHER COMELY'*

1 STANDING there amidst the myrtle,
 My beloved I can see;
 In appearance unassuming,
 Not as men of high degree;
 Hail the morning
 When no veil shah hide his face.

2 He is called the Rose of Sharon,
 White and ruddy, oh! how fair!
 None to him among ten thousand
 For one moment will compare;
 Friend of sinners,
 He'll protect me on the sea.

What have I to do with idols—
 This world's idols, great and small?
 Vouch I can that Jesu's friendship
 Will eclipse their glory all;
 May I ever
 Dwell in his amazing love.

Hymn 16

'A PRAYER FOR RESTORATION'

1 Must my zeal, which burned intensely
 For Thy glory in the past,
 Youthful lovingness grow colder.
 Unto thee, my God, at last?
 Thou, who dwellest in the highest,
 Show thy face to me in love,
 Till the whole of my affections
 Centre on the things above.

Hymn 17

'GOD IN THE FLESH'

1 To the angels 'twas amazing,
 And to faith a great surprise,
 That the author and sustainer
 Of all things, who is all wise,
 Should be found within a manger,
 Dressed in swaddling clothes so low,
 Yet the shining host of heaven
 Before him in worship bow.

2 Unto him I'll ever utter,
 Praises while I draw this breath,
 That I have an object worthy
 Of my love in life and death
 He was tempted in my nature
 Like the humblest of mankind,
 With our weaknesses surrounded,
 Yet in him our God we find.

3 When I see the smoke from Sinai,
 Hear the horn with thrilling sound,
 I shall feast beyond the border,
 Through the sacrifice that's found;
 In him dwelleth all the fulness,
 Full the gulf of our great loss;
 The wide breach between the parties,
 Was filled up by Jesu's cross.

Hymn 18

'THE COMELINESS OF CHRIST'

FOR ever wonder, comely bride,
 Who doth in thee his love confide;
 O. sing aloud, redeemèd race,
 Midst thousands he excels in grace.

Hymn 19

'INFINITE FITNESS OF THE SAVIOUR'

1 IN company with angels,
 May I have faith to see
 The glory of salvation,
 So full of mystery;
 Two natures in one person
 In him were clearly found
 The merits of his suffering
 Are glorious and profound.

2 Behold, my soul, this person,
 Who is divine, indeed
 Cast on him thy whole burden,
 he'll be thy strength in need
 True man is he by nature,
 To sympathize with thee,
 And God to reign forever
 O'er every enemy.

Hymn 20

'THE WATERS OF SALVATION'

1 THE pure waters of salvation
Have their healing powers still;
Their great virtues are effective
Now to every one that will
Those from Eden's fall who're ailing,
Utilise these waters free,
The great substance of Bethesda,
Will forever virtuous be.

2 In your weakest state remember
Waters here are ankle high;
But when yonder, without measure,
We'll have pleasure bye-and-bye;
Children of the resurrection,
In these waters we shall dive,
And gaze on the Saviour's glory,
Who once bled but now's alive.

Hymn 21

'THE DESIRED HAVEN'

1 SOON the royal seed will gently
Sail into their promised land.
From the hard Egyptian bondage,
There to reign on God's right hand;
Faith will there become a vision,
Hope a substance to enjoy;
Evermore the Lamb's sweet anthem
Will their hearts and tongues employ.

2 Pilgrim, when the storms are raging,
Lift thine eyes the dawn to see;
In his mediatorial office,
Serves the Lamb most gracefully,
Faithfulness his golden girdle,
Bells are hanging in his trail,
Free forgiveness for the sinner,
God accepts the surety's bail.

Hymn 22

'THE MESSENGERS OF PEACE'

- 1 JEHOVAH's name and he himself are one,
His promises are true, in streams they run;
He calls the Gentiles now and they respond,
Our narrow limits, grace goes far beyond.
- 2 The messengers of peace in accents sweet,
The heathen o'er the seas they hail and greet;
Barbarian tribes of darkest hue may come
To live with. God in his eternal home.

Hymn 23

'REMISSION AND PEACE THROUGH THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST'

- 1 THE bells are loudly ringing
In Jesu's graceful trail,
Sweet pomegranates give fragrance,
His mission cannot fail;
Remission for the sinner,
For him the Saviour died,
And in his death the Father
Was pleased and satisfied.
- 2 In this great sea of wonders,
My days I'll gladly spend,
A contrite, humble sinner,
On Christ I'll e'er depend;
And live in true obedience,
A captive to his will,
A steadfast, faithful witness,
Though I may suffer ill.

Hymn 24

'DELIGHTING IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST'

- 1 WORLDLY pleasures cannot ever
My affections win and fill,
Which were won and were expanded
When my God subdued lily will;
No one can give satisfaction
But the Saviour of my soul;
He's of all the greatest wonder,
He absorbs my heart, my whole.

2 To the praise of Jesu's merits
 May my life be given complete;
 Rest composed beneath his shadow,
 Live and die close to his feet;
 Take his cross and raise it daily,
 As he carried it before,
 Find my pleasure in his person,
 And for e'er my God adore.

Hymn 25

'A Prayer when in Spiritual Despondency!'

1 O! that my poor head were waters,
 That I may in sorrow weep
 Over Zion's bannered army,
 Courage it has failed to keep;
 In the vineyard the small foxes
 Often spoil the tender vine
 The shekinah now departeth,
 Of God's glory a true sign.

2 Lord, awake! reveal thy power,
 To thy covenant adhere;
 Thy great name is from us hidden,
 All thy faithful children fear
 Thou art the great resurrection,
 Speak to us now in the night,
 May thy new name's deep impressions
 Shine on them with glorious light.

Hymn 28

'A DESIRE TO BE FRUITFUL'

1 MAKE me, my God, thrive like a planted tree,
 An evergreen by living waters be,
 With spreading roots, and leaves which never fade,
 'Neath Calv'ry's showers bear fruit in sun and shade.

Hymn 27*'THE GOD OF PROVIDENCE'*

1 LORD God, thou mighty ruler,
 And Saviour of mankind,
 The universe is governed
 By thy infinite mind;
 Whatever hardships meet me,
 Or in my path may stand,
 Help me to hide in safety
 Within thy powerful hand.

2 Although the winds be boisterous,
 And wild the ocean's waves,
 The ruler's name is wisdom,
 The mighty one who saves;
 A deluge of corruption
 Or sin in any form,
 Can not prevent my rescue,
 God shelters in the storm.

Hymn 28*'MEDITATING IN THE WORD'*

1 FOLLOW in the fields the reapers,
 'Midst the sheaves make up thy loss;
 When the heat burns most intensely
 Wet thy morsel by the cross;
 Glean within the fields of scripture,
 Seek the fullest ears of corn;
 Richest covenantal blessings,
 Jesus to his saints has borne.

2 When Mount Sinai burned intensely,
 God proclaimed his holy law;
 Then the terrified transgressors,
 Trembling their great peril saw;
 In the mystery of thunder,
 And the consciousness of guilt,
 Beasts were offered—types of Jesus,
 On the altar they had built.

Hymn 29

'THE SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST'

1 BLESSED day, when in my portion
I shall rest for evermore,
'Mid an ocean wide of wonders,
Without bottom, without shore;
Welcomed to the triune regions,
As in the eternal plan;
Waters which can not be fathomed,
Man a God, and God a man.

2 Ever living in the shadow,
From the burning, scorching sun;
Without fear of death, for ever
Praising God's beloved Son;
Revelling in life's crystal river,
Peaceful with the Trinity,
Under Calvary's cloudless sunbeams,
Happy for eternity.

Hymn 30

'ASCENSION OF CHRIST'

HEAVENS gates were all uplifted,
When my Saviour did ascend.
The great work of our redemption,
Was for ever at an end;
Doors were opening, choir kneeling,
God in human flesh they praised;
Then the Father in true welcome
To the throne his Son he raised.

VERSES COMPOSED BY ANN GRIFFITHS,
WHICH HAVE NOT BEEN PUBLISHED BEFORE.

I

HE'S the precious forthpoured ointment,
On self he depends alone,
To win foes and make them worthy
Of the love which God has shown;
Hidden from him is repentance,
Backwards he will never go,
Till his labours are rewarded,
Which eternity will show.

2

When sin took the sole possession
Of man in his blissful state,
God, who is love, was bound by nature
Sin in every form to hate;
Yet he loved and saved the guilty
In a just and perfect way—
Worthy of his being and glory,
To the enemy's dismay.

3

With his left hand he upholds me
'Neath the pressing heat of day,
The rich blessings of his right hand
Cheer me on my weary way
I adjure you, nature's bouquets,
Which adorn the earth below,
That ye stir not up, nor waken,
My beloved, whom I know.

4

In this knowledge I've acquired,
My unworthiness I see
Man so frail, and so unholy,
God so full of majesty;
Christ as mediator serving
In his offices so high.
Fills my guilty soul with praises,
Unto him who came so nigh.

5

I long for a revelation
Of this privilege of mine,
Christ, the Tree of Life, sustains me,
In his righteousness I'll shine,
Claim him, Lord and stronghold,
No false hope can peace afford.

6

In the vale of tears I travel
Till his precious blood I see,
From the Rock, full like a river,
Myriads in it washed shall be;
Christ gives light, clear and bright,
In his robes I shall be white.

7

Jewish types could not atone
For the guilty,
They referred to Christ alone
The Great Surety;
On the glorious jubilee
The veil rendéd,
God's just law on Calvary
Was fulfilléd.

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