

Diary of Hope

Strong expressions of faith gleaned from the diary of one going through severe physical trials in July of 1892.

July 6, 1892. I am so thankful that I can tell the Lord all my fears and perplexities. I feel that I am under the shield of His wings. An infidel once asked a God-fearing youth, "How great is the God you worship?" **"So great," was the reply, "that He fills immensity, and yet so small that He dwells in every sanctified heart."**

O precious Saviour, I long for Thy salvation! "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after Thee" (Ps. 42:1). **I long for a clearer view of Jesus. I love to think of His spotless life, to meditate upon His lessons.** How many times I repeat the words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28).

Much of the time my body is full of pain, but **I will not by complaining become unworthy of the name "Christian."** I am assured that this lesson of suffering will be to the glory of God, and a means of warning others to avoid continuous labor under circumstances so unfavorable to health of the body.

July 7, 1892. The Lord strengthens me by His grace to write important letters. . . I feel a strong assurance that this tedious affliction is for the glory of the Lord. **I will not murmur, for when I wake in the night it seems that Jesus is looking upon me.** The fifty-first chapter of Isaiah is exceedingly precious to me. He bears all our burdens. I read this chapter with assurance and hope.

July 9, 1892. Last night I

was not able to sleep after twelve o'clock. It was my thoughts more than pain of body that troubled me. **There are some trials that it is not best to dwell upon, because there seems no clear way out of them.** I try to cast my burden upon the Lord, but I do not always leave it there. I take it up again when I should leave it with the Saviour. . .

July 10, 1892. I thank the Lord that I had a better night's rest than usual. **My wakeful hours I employ in prayer and meditation.** The question forces itself upon me, Why do I not receive the blessing of restoration to health? Shall I interpret these long months of sickness as evidence of the displeasure of God? I answer decidedly, No, I dare not do this.

I think of this, and the mist and fog gathers about me. But the Lord speaks to me saying, "Come up higher. Breathe the pure atmosphere of faith." As I look to Jesus, the darkness flees away, and I am happy in Christ. How exceedingly precious is the promise, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee" (Isa. 60:1). . .

The blessed assurance is given me that Jesus is mine and that I am His child. The darkness is dispelled by the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness. **Who can understand the pain I suffer but the One who is afflicted in all our afflictions? To whom can I speak but to Him who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who knows how to succor those who are tempted?**

When I pray earnestly for restoration, and it seems that the Lord does not answer, my spirit almost faints within me. Then it is that the

dear Saviour makes me mindful of His presence. He says to me, "Can not you trust Him who has purchased you with His own blood? I have graven thee on the palms of My hands." Then my soul is nourished with the divine Presence. I am lifted out of myself, as it were, into the presence of God.

July 11, 1892. I did not sleep very well last night. I was urged to ride out in the afternoon, because the sun shone so beautifully. I did so, but it was too much of a tax on my strength.

July 13, 1892. I feel great comfort in the thought that the Lord has a watchcare over me. I must assure all that the truth lived and practiced will have a convincing power over all who come under its influence.

July 14, 1892. I was very nervous last night. The chills that I had on Monday and Tuesday resulted in very lame, painful shoulders and hips. I have done much earnest praying to the Lord for the presence of His Spirit. We must learn to live by faith. Then my dark and painful hours will be the brightest. **Faith is not sight. It is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.** I have no hope except in Christ. Salvation is of grace through faith it is the gift of God.

My heart longs after the Lord. I want to be led by His counsel every hour. I dare not trust my own Judgment. I praise my Redeemer for His sustaining grace. I praise Him because He has not allowed the enemy to touch my head. My entire body--bone, muscle, and nerves--has been afflicted. but my head has been clear, my memory good. I have suffered much pain in my arms and across my shoulders,

making it impossible for me to dress or undress myself. For months I was unable to get on or off the bed without assistance. But my health is certainly improving. After arranging my position so as not to bring any strain on arms or shoulders, I go to work at my writing, asking the Lord to bless that which I write. I know that He helps me. During each month of my sickness, I have written nearly two hundred pages of letter paper.

I am now writing on the life of Christ. I know that the enemy will make every possible effort to hinder me, but I shall cling to Jesus, for He is my dependence.

During my wakeful hours I have sought the Lord most earnestly, asking Him to join my weakness to His strength, my ignorance to His wisdom, my unworthiness to His merit, my frailty to His enduring might, my poverty to His boundless wealth.

When the affliction under which I have been suffering for several months came upon me, I was surprised that it was not removed at once in answer to prayer. **But the promise, "My grace is sufficient," has been fulfilled in my case. There can be no doubt on my part. My hours of pain have been hours of prayer; for I have known to whom to take my sorrows.** I have the privilege of reinforcing my feeble strength by laying hold upon infinite power. By day and night I stand on the solid rock of God's promises.

My heart goes out to Jesus in loving trust. He knows what is best for me. My nights would be lonely did I not claim the promise, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me" (Ps. 50:15).

July 15, 1892. The Lord has brought me through another night. I did not sleep well. . . I praise the Lord because I feel a nearness to my Saviour. **My faith feeds on the rich promises of God, which are**

full of comfort and hope.

"Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly,

While the billows near me roll, while the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide! Till the storm of life is past.

Safe into the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none; hangs my helpless soul on Thee;

Leave, Oh, leave me not alone! Still support and comfort me,

All my trust on Thee is stayed, all my help from Thee I bring.

Cover my defenseless head with the shadow of Thy wing."

My whole being longs after the Lord. **I am not content to be satisfied with occasional flashes of light. I must have more.** "If any man thirst," Christ said, "let him come unto Me, and drink" [John 7:37]. "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John 4:14).

July 16, 1892. Another night has passed. I slept and rested more than I thought I should when I went to bed. The weather has been cold and boisterous, and the chills that I have had for two days have made me suffer much pain. I cannot move without pain, but I am not cast down. **I am of good courage in the Lord. God is pleased when we keep our faces turned toward the Sun of Righteousness.** On this Sabbath day I wish to bear the testimony that the Lord is good, and that His mercy endureth forever. When we are in trouble and pressed down with anxieties, the Lord is near, and He bids us cast all our care upon Him, because He cares for us.

During my sickness I have experienced the love of God in large measure. **He comes to all His children in their affliction. In time of danger He is their refuge. In sorrow He offers them joy and**

consolation. Shall we turn from the Redeemer, the fountain of living water, to hew out for ourselves broken cisterns, which can hold no water? **When danger approaches, shall we seek for help from those as weak as ourselves, or shall we flee to Him who is mighty to save?** His arms are open wide, and He utters the gracious invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28).

The Saviour is our Comforter. This I have proved Him to be. I do not understand why I am so afflicted. At first I tried to reason out why I did not have strength to bear my testimony. **But I try no longer. I have given my way and my will into the hands of God; for He knows what is best for me.** It is not the manifestation of His great and awful majesty and unparalleled power that will leave us without excuse if we refuse Him our love and obedience. It is the love, the compassion, the patience, the longsuffering that He has shown which will witness against those who do not offer Him the willing service of their lives.

Those who turn to God with heart and soul and mind will find in Him peaceful security.

July 17, 1892. I thank the Lord that the long, painful night has passed. Today I am suffering more than usual. I am almost helpless with weakness and pain, yet I am trusting in my Helper. **He never fails me. He makes me feel young in heart, cheerful in spirit, and thankful, so thankful, for His grace. I have much pain, but I have peace and comfort also.**

July 18, 1892. I had a very trying night. I was very weary, but was unable to rest because my body was full of pain. I longed for the morning, so that I might sit up. In these trying times I look to Jesus, for I know that He is touched with the feeling of my infirmities. In His humanity He was made perfect

through suffering. He knows just what we need, just what we can bear, and He will give us grace to endure every trial and test that He brings upon us.

My constant prayer is for a greater nearness to God. I long for deeper spirituality, for more vigor in the Christian life. I want to be lifted above all earthliness into a purer, holier atmosphere. **I find that self must be kept in subjection. My words must be well chosen, my spirit constantly guarded, lest the heart shall not be pure and holy.** Satan is ever trying to lead our thoughts in a wrong direction, and I must guard every avenue of the soul, lest he gain the victory over me.

I praise God this morning for the peace of Christ. I prize every token of favor from heaven. I long to be clothed with the righteousness of Christ.

July 19, 1892. I slept little during the night, but though I suffer much pain I am not discouraged. How weak is humanity! How little we can do by depending on self. **But when enlightened by the Spirit of God, the believer beholds the perfection of Jesus, and, beholding this perfection, he rejoices with joy unspeakable.** In self he sees sin and helplessness; in the Redeemer, sinlessness and infinite power. The sacrifice that Christ made in order that He might impart to us His righteousness--this is a theme upon which we may dwell with deeper and still deeper enthusiasm. Self is nothing; Jesus is everything to me. My prayer is, "Be Thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort."

July 20, 1892. During the past night I slept but little, but I am not going to look on the dark side. I turn my face to the Sun of Righteousness, and dwell with pleasure upon the Saviour's willingness to pardon my sins and sanctify my soul. It is by beholding that we may reflect Christ's image. The transforming

power of grace can make me a partaker of the divine nature. On Christ the glory of God has shone, and by looking upon Christ, contemplating His self-sacrifice, remembering that in Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, the believer is drawn closer and closer to the Source of power. His love in our hearts leads us to seek for lost sheep. **By working to win souls to Christ, believers give evidence of their love for Him. The path that He trod is the one in which His children will choose to follow.**

July 21, 1892. During the past night I slept but little. My heart longs for more of the presence of Jesus. My constant prayer is that I may be uplifted into a purer, holier atmosphere. I am pleading with God to remove my suffering. **And although I continue to suffer, I am comforted by the thought that Jesus knows, and that He will help me. I shall see light in His light.** My right arm is free from pain, and for this blessing I thank the Lord. The dear Saviour will not leave nor forsake us. I will praise Him because in all our afflictions He encourages and enables me to rejoice in His great mercies.

July 22, 1892. My nights are filled with pain and restlessness, but I will not complain. I will not let unbelief take possession of my heart. I will talk faith; I will praise God for His wonderful goodness to the children of men.

July 23, 1892. The nights are long and painful, but Jesus is my Comforter and my Hope. Today I have been able to sit up very little. I receive no encouragement from my neighbors, who are unbelievers. They say that I will certainly be a cripple for life; but I know that they do not know. **They do not realize that the truth obeyed binds our hearts up with God. We have a Saviour who can heal.** David was one who made the Most High his habitation. And although David

was rebuked and punished by God for his departing from righteousness, yet the Lord, seeing him penitent and humble, forgave his sins and took him into covenant relation with Himself.

July 24, 1892. I passed a very restless night, and feel somewhat depressed. **But I will not yield to despondency. I will not look on the dark side.**

July 25, 1892. Last night I spent many wakeful hours in prayer. I am resolved to cast myself, body, soul, and spirit, upon the Lord. I cannot take drugs. They do me no good, but harm. I long for the blessing of the Lord. My heart goes out after God. I tremble at His word. I am encouraged as I look to Jesus and recount His lovingkindnesses: "In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: He heard my voice out of His temple, and my cry came before Him, even into His ears." "He brought me forth also into a large place; He delivered me, because He delighted in me" (Ps. 18:6, 19). **"I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications" (Ps. 116:1). This has been my experience day and night during my sickness.**

July 26, 1892. I thank the Lord that I am His child, that I can cry, Abba Father. **Although I am in pain day and night, yet the grace of Christ sustains me. If I had not hope in Jesus, how lonely I should be! I have a Saviour who is the light of life.** How precious to me is the sight that I catch of Jesus during my long, wakeful hours. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2:14).

How essential that we have the enlightenment of the Spirit of God; for thus only can we see the glory of Christ, and by beholding become changed from character to character in and through faith in Christ.

We turn from the picture of our shortcomings to behold the atonement made for us, and we rejoice as we know that we may be clothed with Christ's righteousness. In Him all fulness dwells. He has grace and pardon for every soul. **As by faith we look to Jesus, our faith pierces the shadow, and we adore God for His wondrous love in giving Jesus the Comforter.**

July 27, 1892. I desire that Jesus shall be in my thoughts continually. I pray most earnestly that my will may be completely submerged in the will of God. I pray for the restoring power of Jesus, that I may bear a message to the people of this country. **I long to present the simplicity of true godliness, to show that before we enter the kingdom of heaven we must become as little children. We must be as trustful as a child, believing every word that God speaks to us.** I am sorry to see that many who are preaching the Word of God have not themselves been refreshed by drinking of the pure water of life. Jesus is not in them a well of water springing up into everlasting life. They are losing much that they might have, and are failing to answer the prayer of Christ, because they do not sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him.

July 28, 1892. Last night I

obtained some rest, for which I thank my heavenly **Father. I am cheered and blessed as I contemplate the life and mission of Christ on this earth. He was in a world which He had created, but He was unrecognized and unhonored by the many.** "Foxes have holes," He said, "and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head" [Matt. 8:20]. He came to show man the way to the haven of eternal rest.

The sinner may become a child of God, an heir of heaven. He may rise from the dust, and stand forth arrayed in garments of light. Transformed by beholding Jesus, he becomes a partaker of the divine nature. At every step of advance, he sees new beauties in Christ, and becomes more like Him in character. "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Cor. 3:18). Amen and amen.

July 29, 1892. I praise the Lord that in my affliction I may have the light and love of Jesus. His presence is everything to me—comfort, hope, and soothing balm. Sometimes perplexing thoughts crowd upon mind, but I will not cherish these thoughts.

Jesus will take my troubles if I bring them to Him and ask Him to carry them for me. It is not always easy to have trusting faith. **We must behold Jesus by faith as an ever-present help in time of need. We must drink deep of the water of salvation if we would be spiritually refreshed.** The Lord is good and merciful. He is my Saviour, my joy and my crown of rejoicing. I will magnify His name.

July 30, 1892. I praise the Lord this morning for His goodness and mercy. In the night season He reveals Himself to me as full of tender compassion. He encourages me with His sympathy to trust in His love. **I know that He does all things well, and that I must be patient and wait for His salvation.** The Lord is good. His praise shall be in my heart and on my lips.

July 31, 1892. Another month has nearly gone. It has passed quickly, although I have suffered so very much pain.

The spiritual darkness that covers the earth is the result of a separation from God. Christ is the light and life of the world.

This lady shortly after this time was restored to good health and activity and her testimony lives on that our weakness can be transformed into victory in Jesus Christ our Lord!

For More Information

MINISTRY OF HEALING—Health of body, healing of disease, peace of heart - through simple, natural remedies combined with trust in divine power. 360 pp.

DESIRE OF AGES—The gripping story of Christ's life, from the manger to Calvary - and how it can help your life today. 856 pp.

SHELTER IN THE STORM—An outstanding handbook on Christian living; one you will come to value. All the steps to Christ are carefully explained, plus much more. 216 pp.