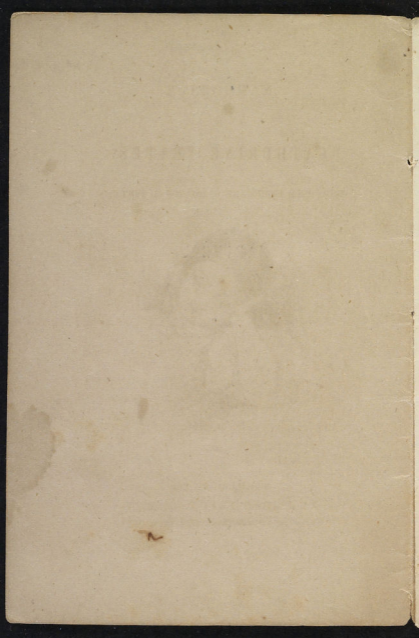


NARRATIVE  
OF  
CATHARINE YEATES.



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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.



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from Hannah

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WHO DIED FEBRUARY 8, 1803, AGED FIFTEEN.



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PUBLISHED BY THE  
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,  
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.



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WHEN my niece Catherine came from India, she was little more than six years old. I soon discovered marks of thoughtfulness in her, along with great sweetness and cheerfulness of disposition. The first request which she made to me was on the day after she landed, when in broken English she asked me, "You teach me to pray?"

One little girl on board our ship could say prayers, but I could not. I only try, and say at night, O Lord, carry me safe to Europe country, and make me good woman—then I fall asleep.”

She then said, “Why my sister A—— not here?” I answered, that she was dead—that God had taken her from this world. The recollection of the dear child I had so lately lost made me shed tears. She directly said, “Why you cry? You say God did take her; God can give good place for her.”

During her education, I found that such books or conversation as made her most acquainted with God, were most acceptable to her. I saw with thankfulness the pleasure she had in reading her Bible, in her private duties, and especially after she had the advantage of hearing the Rev. Mr. J. F——, which was during the last three and a half years of her life. During that time she regretted much when any thing prevented her being at church; and used to beg that I would bring her home as much of the sermon as I could. These, and other circumstances, gave me a hope that a work of grace was not only begun in her, but was gradually advancing.

During the sickness and death of her sister Margaret, she was mercifully supported, and by every means in her power showed her beloved

sister that she was willing to resign her to God. And she was enabled to do this, because she sought help and strength where she could not seek them in vain. When I thanked her for her behavior during so trying a scene, she said, "Not me, my aunt, not me: that God who supported Margaret, supported me."

About four months after the death of her sister, she was taken ill; and as soon as I was sure of the nature of her disorder, I acquainted her with it. She had seen her sister sustained in hope, peace, and cheerful resignation, to her last moments, and when she left the world, rejoicing in the prospect of heaven. Catherine did not feel the same assurance. Her hope for a time seemed taken away; and her mind was filled with doubts and terrors. "O," said she, "if I should be deceived in every thing at last; if when I die I should lift up my eyes in hell, when it is too late for repentance!" The promises, which she used to delight in, for a time lost their sweetness, and she could not appropriate them to herself.

Thus did God convince her that she had yet deeper work to learn. In much love and pity he showed her that she had relied too much on those duties which she had performed, and too little on *Him* to whom they were paid. But in tender mercy he soon drew aside the cloud that hung

over her, and enabled her to say, "I have carried all my fears and cares to God, and he has turned them all into peace and joy."

NOVEMBER 28, 1802.—If ever mind was in heaven, while the body was on earth, it is my Catherine's. The most edifying sight you can imagine is our dear niece, in this her hour of trial. It is delightful to me to be beside her. No murmur, no complaint escapes her lips. If I pity her, and say, "My love, your cough is very bad to-day;" she will answer, with a sweet smile, "Dear aunt, let us be thankful I have so little pain." She is, indeed, in the hands of mercy, and strongly she expresses her sense of it. Desirous of a full submission to the will of God, and of a strong dependence on his precious promises, one or other of which is almost constantly in her mouth, particularly, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow;" "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" "Casting all your care on God, for he careth for you;" "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" she will lift up her hand to me—which is reduced to mere skin and bone—and say, "My flesh and my heart fail; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

Yet with all this reliance on the promises of



God, she says she does not feel that strong and *abiding* assurance of the pardon of her sins which she desires ; but her trust in God's word increases daily. She often says to me, " O, my aunt, what a God is mine ! See how he comforts, strengthens, and supports *me*, a poor feeble creature. ' Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.' I wish *every* body would praise him ; but every one does not know what a God of mercy he is. With what patience and mercy he has borne with my fifteen years of sin. And even now, when he lays his hand upon me, with what gentleness he does it. But you know, aunt, *he carries the lambs in his bosom !*"

She said to me the other day, " O what a sinner have I been. How few have had such opportunities ; and how little have I profited by the means I have had. Yet in his mercy he spares me. He does not snatch me away by a violent, sudden death ; he blesses me with a long sickness, and sanctifies it to me in answer to my prayers ; and brings about me good and serious people, who greatly strengthen and assist me."

If any persons come in who introduce useless conversation, she regrets the loss of time, and will say, when they are gone, " My time is almost done, I have no minutes now to waste ; but I try to keep my heart and thoughts, while others are talking ;

for, what is the world to me now? It is the prayer and desire of my heart, that *all* my thoughts may be *of* God and *with* God. I wish to hear, or speak, of nothing else."

She has looked over all her little valuables, and given to each of her young friends, and to the servants, a pocketbook, or some little thing, as a token of her love.

She said to me last night, when suffering greatly, "O that my patience may last. What a sad thing it will be, if after all I have said to God of my desire to submit to him in all things, of my willingness to bear whatever he sees good to lay upon me, my wish that he should purge my heart from every thing that would oppose him—if, after all, I should be fretful and complain, what a dreadful thing would that be! But my prayer, my constant prayer, shall be, 'O suffer me not at last, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.'"

DECEMBER 3.—The last week has brought her a great way on her journey. She is very sensible of it, and points it out to me with the sweetest composure and resignation; but laments that she cannot apply the whole of the promises of God to herself more fully. She says, "The desire of my heart is firmly to rest on his word, and to live to him in all his ways and commands; and for the truth of that desire I can appeal to him. I feel

myself wholly resigned to his will ; and as that desire, and that resignation must be his gift, I trust his goodness will not stop there."

She sometimes uses an expression which will give you, in a few words, a clear idea of her state : "When I think of the greatness of God, and then of my own sinfulness, I seem to *hope against hope* ; but I endeavor to keep fast hold of the promises of God, and *grope my way to him*."

DECEMBER 18.—She has been carried up stairs in the servant's arms more than two months ; but the motion, however gentle, has latterly been near depriving her of breath. I could not ask her to have a bed put up in the parlor, where her beloved Margaret languished and died ; but I got the doctor to propose a bed in the drawing-room. She said to me, "My dear aunt, that will occasion you far too much trouble and fatigue. Let me have the same bed put up in the green parlor which Margaret had : I shall like *that* the best." How shall I describe to you the thankfulness with which she took possession of the same room and bed in which her sister so lately died.

Some time ago she was uneasy, that she did not feel more assurance of pardon and acceptance. I endeavored to convince her, that the promises are to those who believe, and commit themselves wholly to the Lord, and not *merely* to those who

are enabled to rejoice. This has been of much use to her; and I have now the comfort of seeing her dwell with delight upon the promises. Before I leave her room at midnight, she will call me back to her bedside, and say, "Now, aunt, repeat to me some of the precious promises before you leave me, that I may feed upon them when I cannot sleep."

DECEMBER 26.—Among the greatest of God's mercies she reckons her long sickness, now near eleven months. But what is become of her love of life, her uncommon dread of death? Let her own words answer. "O, my aunt, how God answers my prayers. I carried my fears and cares to him, and he has turned them all into peace and joy. I think, the weaker I grow in body, the more my faith increases. How often have I prayed for more faith; and see how my prayers are answered."

The other evening, when I had been upon my knees supporting her longer than usual, and found some difficulty in rising, she held out her hand to help me. I smiled at the offer, and said, I "wish, my love, you were able." She answered, "I wish I was—but oh, no, do not let me say that, for then, perhaps, I might not be in so good a way, and then I could not be happy." Soon after, she said, "What a mercy my death is! If I had re-

covered my health, perhaps I might have grown fond of the world again, and have forgotten all God's goodness to me."

Not only is her great dread of dying taken away, but she is enabled to look upon death as a blessing, and does not even venture to wish for return of health, lest it should not be good for her. "What an honor," she said to me the other night, as I supported her in bed, "what an honor, for a poor thing like me to be taken to heaven, out of the way of sin and sorrow—to be clothed with my Redeemer's righteousness, for I have none of my own."

She often speaks of the comfort of prayer. "How refreshed I feel when I enjoy a little time in prayer, and carry all my cares to God."

DECEMBER 30.—About ten days ago, she said, "Oh, how shall I be thankful enough for all the mercies of God to me! Had I been brought up in reading novels and plays, without the knowledge of a Saviour, what should I have done now? O that I could persuade my young friends. But I have been very remiss to them. They have come to see me day after day, and I have never told them of the great goodness of God to me. Aunt, I have done very wrong. Had I told them with what tender mercy he deals with me, and how he comforts and supports me on my dying

bed, it would have induced them to seek him. They will believe a dying friend."

Since that, she has taken every opportunity of speaking to them. She has given to each some little thing for a keepsake. To one she gave some artificial flowers, and said, "Wear them for my sake, but remember my advice: do not wear them as ornaments to make you fine, and to attract the notice of the world. One fit of sickness will make the world of no value to you. When you are on your death-bed, it will give you no comfort to think how fine you have been; but if you have made your Saviour your friend, O then you will be happy indeed."

To each of her companions she has given a charge, not to mind the sneers of the world, which she tells them they must expect to meet, if they will not follow its vanities; "But," she says, "try to secure that Friend who will never leave you nor forsake you."

I often hear her repeating to herself in bed,

"Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is staid,  
All my help from thee I bring  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing

DECEMBER 31.—She this day wrote the following letter to her brother:

“MY DEAR THOMAS—I thank you for your kind letter. You think this illness is a great misery; but, indeed, it is to me one of the greatest blessings. For, do you not think it both a blessing and an honor to be taken to heaven so early in life? because I can then no more offend my great, and merciful, and long-suffering God. For, my dear Thomas, I can tell you a great truth, that he has been merciful to me, one of the greatest of sinners. I know what you will say, but you do not know my heart; what I say, I earnestly think. And then the great gentleness with which God deals with me! I have hardly any pain, and that is a great mercy. And though my illness has been long, yet as God was leading me, he also was showing me a Saviour, a Redeemer, waiting to comfort and support me; telling me he died for sinners, and that he will receive every one that believes on him; and that those who come to him, he will not turn away.

“My brother, I *have* gone to him, and laid all my complaints before him; and he, in great mercy, heard my prayers, and answered them. So trust yourself, Thomas, on him, and believe, and love him more and more. Pray for more faith; and though you think you are not heard, yet still pray on, and never cease.

“I send you a book—Doddridge’s Rise and

Progress—which I beg you will read over and over again for my sake. Do not look for my recovery, but be resigned to the will of God.

“Give my love to my uncles and aunts, and may God bless them and you, my dear brother; so prays your affectionate sister,

“CATHERINE Y.”

JANUARY 26, 1803.—I read to her to-day the 8th and 9th verses of the 7th chapter of Micah. “When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.” She observed, that this passage particularly suited her. I said, “I hope, my love, you do not sit in darkness.” She replied, “In one sense I may say I do; but then the Lord is a light unto me. You do not find me, for some nights past, rejoicing that I have been able to pray and think upon God, and have passed the hours sweetly, though I have not slept. My recollection is almost gone. Before I can repeat one verse of a hymn, or say one prayer, my thoughts wander, and I lose myself; so I may say, *I sit in darkness*. But then the Lord is a light unto me, for he keeps my mind in perfect peace. And though I am often tempted with very evil thoughts, yet I am kept from the *power of the temptation*. I rest upon God’s word. He knows my weakness, and he knows my heart.”

JANUARY 31.—On my trying to soothe and com-



fort her this morning, when she was very ill, she said, "My comfort must come from heaven. I am *very* ill; but I say it not to complain. I must not expect to slip away without pain or suffering. I am mercifully dealt with, and I trust and pray it may be so to the last; and that in God's good time I shall be happy. I trust my sins are washed away in my Redeemer's blood, and that I shall stand in his righteousness. O, my aunt, what it is to have a Saviour!"

FEBRUARY 14.—From the day on which I last wrote, my dear Catherine grew too weak to speak much, but her sweet, affectionate smile, her happy, placid countenance spoke comfort to my heart whenever I saw her. Her sufferings, at times, were extreme, but no murmur was heard from her. Her patience never failed—her comfortable hope—her sense of mercy. Her delight in thankfulness and praise, when she was able to express it, seemed to increase with her increasing sufferings.

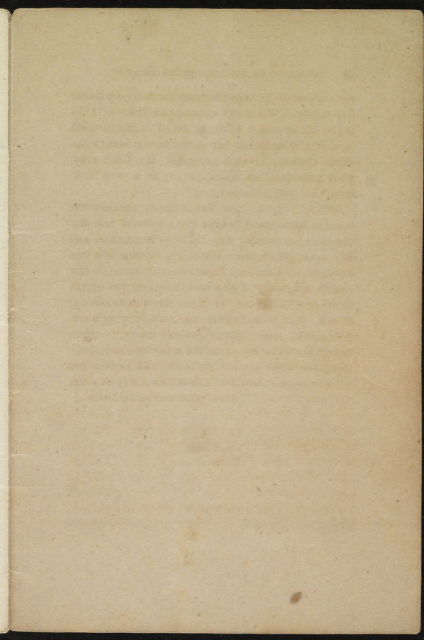
On the morning of the 8th, after having been very ill through the night, she desired to see the Rev. Mr. F. Before he came she fell asleep. When she awoke, and saw him sitting by her bed, she smiled, and made signs to him to pray; and looking at him with earnestness, said, "Patience." He understood her meaning; and while he prayed

for support in her approaching conflict, she again fell asleep. When she awoke, she desired to be taken out of bed. She was lifted to the fireside in a chair, and then her struggle for breath became violent. I said to her, "My Catherine, your sufferings are nearly over; in a very little time you will be in heaven."

While I spoke she leaned back against the servant who stood behind her: I could not distinguish her words; but her lips, her hands, and her eyes, which were lifted up, showed she was engaged in prayer. Presently the struggle for breath returned. I had been kneeling before her to support her, from the time she was taken out of bed. She looked at me, and said, "O, my aunt, I thought I was slipping sweetly away." Then fixing her eyes upon me for a few moments, she flung her arms around my neck, and laying her head upon my shoulder, almost instantly expired.

From the London Christian Observer.

THE END.



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