

A large wooden cross stands against a bright blue sky filled with wispy white clouds. The cross is made of two thick, weathered wooden beams. The background is a vibrant blue sky with scattered white clouds, creating a serene and spiritual atmosphere.

***MATILDA  
DARROCH  
KNOWLES,  
JAMES  
KNOWLES***

***GATHERING  
JEWELS***

**Matilda Darroch Knowles, James Knowles**

# **Gathering Jewels**

**The Secret of a Beautiful Life: In Memoriam of Mr. & Mrs. James Knowles. Selected from Their Diaries**

EAN 8596547349150

DigiCat, 2022

Contact: [DigiCat@okpublishing.info](mailto:DigiCat@okpublishing.info)



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

[PREFACE.](#)

[In Memoriam.](#)

[GATHERING JEWELS](#)

**NEW YORK:  
WILLIAM KNOWLES,  
104 EAST THIRTEENTH STREET.  
1887.**

---

**PREFACE.**

[Table of Contents](#)

The present volume is a purely pastoral attempt, emanating from a fraternal affection for two of God's honored saints, and an increasingly growing desire for the glory of God in the salvation of souls.

In presenting the following pages to the friends, acquaintances, and co-laborers of our departed brother and sister I desire to record my appreciation of the good achieved by two whose example among us was as beneficial as that of the angel at the pool of Siloam, stirring up the sluggish waters to fresh life and utility, and teaching us that

Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

While a proper and very natural sentiment demands that the memoirs of the beloved ones should not appear until some time has passed away, it is also proper that their publication should not be put off till all trace of the facts recorded and the impressions there from made have been

forgotten. During the preparation of these memoirs nothing has been more clearly manifest to me than the steady recurrence, throughout their lives, of a deep and earnest unison of feeling between man and wife, in such unflinching sweetness as to find its way at once to our hearts and clothe it with the freshness of a living, loving presence.

The subjects whose earthly career we are about to delineate, were whole-souled enough to elicit the respect of all who knew them, hence they made lasting friends, whilst to their own immediate family their loss is irreparable, and it is hard to realize that they are no more; for who is there among us who does not know what it is to be united by a fond and passionate affection to those who are no longer with us—ever to think of the beloved ones, and to feel ourselves constantly under the influence of the vanished presence?

It cannot be claimed for James Knowles that he was a great man, a learned scholar, or one possessed of extraordinary intellectual culture above his fellows, but, as Hamerton says: "It is not erudition that makes the intellectual man, but a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful thinking, just as moral virtue delights in vigorous and beautiful conduct." So it was with our brother, he made the most of the talents God endowed him with, and whatever he undertook to do, he did with might and main; hence his success in any undertaking, or any cause he espoused, for he seemed to realize that success in a *good* cause is undoubtedly better than failure, while the result in any case is not to be regarded so much as the aim and effort, and the striving with which worthy objects are

pursued. Although the Elder may have been less than a Huss, a Calvin, or a Knox in public fame, he had emulated them in self-contemplation and humility.

As for Matilda Knowles, our missionary, she was more than a Dorcas, and equally vigorous in spirit with a Lydia; hence we speak of her in the sphere in which it pleased God for her to labor. Those who will carefully read the chapters devoted to her work, will at once perceive that little is left for me to speak of in words of praise.

Let our Bible women study the pages of this book containing the record of her toil in the vineyard, and note the fruits thereof for over a quarter of a century; for no work purely imaginative in its character ever outrivalled it in intensity of interest, especially to those who have the salvation of the unregenerate at heart. To our children and co-workers and successors we earnestly commend it; praying that the Divine blessing may accompany its circulation and perusal in our own and other lands until He shall come whose right it is to reign.

With these few prefatory remarks, with no claim to literary excellence, and a prayer for the blessing of the Holy Spirit, I commit this imperfect production to the perusal of all co-workers in the vineyard of the Lord.

I also sincerely trust that it will be acceptable to every evangelical denomination, where the love of the Great Creator, and the advancing perfection of human life predominates over all forms of sin and superstition.

Duncan M. Young.

New York, August 18, 1887.

---

## **JAMES KNOWLES.**

PAGE.

### **CHAPTER I.**

Brief Sketch of the Life of James Knowles,15

### **CHAPTER II.**

Correspondence and Covenants,24

### **CHAPTER III.**

Scripture Texts,29

### **CHAPTER IV.**

The Last Hours,38

### **CHAPTER V.**

The Dead Who Die in the Lord,46

### **CHAPTER VI.**

A Brief Historical Sketch of the Allen Street Presbyterian Church,70

## **MATILDA KNOWLES.**

PAGE.

### **CHAPTER VII.**

Brief Memoir of Matilda Knowles,85

### **CHAPTER VIII.**

The Value of Prayer,89

### **CHAPTER IX.**

The Story of William the Consumptive,94

### **CHAPTER X.**

Sowing and Reaping,105

### **CHAPTER XI.**

Daily Missionary Work,113

### **CHAPTER XII.**

Destitution and Reformation,120

CHAPTER XIII.

Her Faithfulness in Little Things,125

CHAPTER XIV.

The Power of Influence,132

CHAPTER XV.

Miscellaneous Extracts from Her Diary,136

CHAPTER XVI.

Struggles and Triumphs,149

CHAPTER XVII.

Leading Souls To Christ,156

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Dying Mother and the Intemperate Husband,159

CHAPTER XIX.

Help and Loving Kindness,163

CHAPTER XX.

Reaching the Heart,166

CHAPTER XXI.

Winter Life and Scenes,171

CHAPTER XXII.

Circulating the Scriptures,175

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Ninety and Nine,178

CHAPTER XXIV.

Answered Prayer,185

CHAPTER XXV.

The Sin of Idolatry,192

CHAPTER XXVI.

Peace Through Believing,197

CHAPTER XXVII.



Drawn by the Cords of Love,202

[CHAPTER XXVIII.](#)

Love for the Hebrews,206

[CHAPTER XXIX.](#)

Thankfulness to God,211

[CHAPTER XXX.](#)

Lost, but Found,214

[CHAPTER XXXI.](#)

Sea-Side Excursions for Mothers and Children,219

[CHAPTER XXXII.](#)

The Intemperate Wife,223

[CHAPTER XXXIII.](#)

Her Love of Children and of Praying,226

[CHAPTER XXXIV.](#)

The Conversion of Children,231

[CHAPTER XXXV.](#)

Asleep in Jesus,235

[CHAPTER XXXVI.](#)

Testimonials and Letters of Condolence,264

[CHAPTER XXXVII.](#)

Conclusion,278

---

## **Dedication.**

[Table of Contents](#)

To the Pastors, Elders, Sabbath-School Workers, and  
the New York Female Bible Readers' Society,  
who were Intimately Associated  
with the deceased  
in Winning Souls to Christ,

# These Memoirs are Affectionately Dedicated

[Table of Contents](#)

By the Editor.

---

## In Memoriam.

[Table of Contents](#)

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES  
KNOWLES.

They died within a week of each other, after a married  
life of forty-seven years, and each at the age of seventy-  
five.

Ever faithful to the cause of their Master, they died as  
they had lived—in triumphant faith.

Hand in hand, together they trod  
Through years twoscore and seven;  
Their only staff was the Word of God,  
Their path was the way to heaven.

Hand in hand, e'er the burning sun  
Had drunk up the morning dew,  
They started their earthly journey to run,  
While the heavens were fair and blue.

But life's path lies not through a grassy  
dell,  
In the cool of the morning's shade;

There are scorching sands, and torrents  
that swell,  
As well as the flowery glade.

There are crags to climb in the mountains  
fast,  
There are gorges, and canyons deep,  
And the blinding snow, and the wintry blast  
Must over the landscape sweep.

And the shoulders must bear a wearisome  
load,  
Whether o'er mountain or moor,  
Or through forest, or dusty highway, lay the  
road,  
Or the feet be bleeding and sore.

But hand in hand we see them still,  
When the sun had drunk up the dew;  
They were toiling steadfastly up the hill,  
Ever keeping the end in view.

They scaled the crags of the mountain  
steep  
When the noontide sun was high;  
And they forded the flood of the canyon  
deep,  
When the sun lay low in the sky.

But their tired feet are no longer as light  
As in days of the long, long past,

And their youthful tresses have turned to  
white  
With the snows, and the wintry blast.

Now hand in hand, they stand by the shore  
Of a river dark and wide;  
And the songs which the seraphs are  
wafting o'er,  
They catch from the other side.

And their faces beam with unearthly light,  
In the rays of the setting sun,  
As their eyes peer far beyond mortals'  
sight,  
And they learn that life's journey is done.

Hand in hand by the river, they stray  
Where the dark waves wash the shore;  
And they hear the splash, and the feathery  
spray,  
As the ferryman dips his oar.

Now the father waves a loving adieu,  
As he looses his clasped hand;  
And the ferryman plies his oar anew,  
Till he reaches the golden strand.

By the silent waves of the river of death,  
The mother is waiting still,  
With eager eye and with bated breath,  
The call of the Master's will.

Now her face is illumed by a heavenly light  
As sweet as angels' breath;  
For she knows that the unclasped hands  
will unite,  
Across the river of death.

George F. Sargent.  
New York, February 17, 1887.



JAMES KNOWLES

**GATHERING JEWELS**

## Table of Contents

## CHAPTER I.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JAMES KNOWLES.

"God bless thee, bairn—my bonnie bairn,"

She said, an' straikit doon his hair;

"O may the widow's God be thine,

And mak' thee His peculiar care!"

James Knowles was born at sea, December 5, 1811, his father, the previous day, having been swept overboard and lost. Unfortunately no record of the misfortune was kept to be available for the present purpose; hence we are unable to give either the name of the ship, or the latitude and longitude it was in when his birth occurred. Picture to yourself the deck of a vessel in mid-ocean, where the widow of a day becomes a mother the next, the subject of this sketch being the infant presented to her bosom, and you have a glimpse of the situation—though it be unconnected with either a cottage, a mansion, or a palace.

The mother returned with the infant to the home of her father at Ballymena, Ireland, where her relatives then undertook the care of the fatherless babe, which eventually grew into healthy boyhood of the most affectionate character.

As a youth he made rapid progress in the elementary branches of education, often surprising his teachers with the patience and care he exhibited in keeping in advance of his fellow-students—for he was almost always at the head of his class. He was noted for his quiet, unobtrusive disposition, underlying which was an internal force, which made him prompt in action, and to the point in word, when the display

of such characteristics was sometimes necessary to establish his individual superiority with more than usual power among his fellow-schoolmates.

In 1826 he commenced his apprenticeship as a compositor, under the care of Mr. Dugan, in the city of Belfast, Ireland, where he continued until the expiration of the time of his indentures.

In 1832, after an ocean passage of sixty days in a sailing vessel, he arrived in Philadelphia, Pa.

During this long and tedious voyage across the Atlantic, he and the captain of the ship became very intimately attached to each other, and he was frequently invited to dine with the officers.

After a brief stay in Philadelphia, he came to New York City, where he found employment. Immediately after his arrival in this city, he became a member of the Rev. Dr. McLeod's Reformed Presbyterian Church, in Chambers Street, and continued with this church until after they had removed to Prince Street.

In 1835 he became an employé in the office of the *Journal of Commerce*. He frequently recalled that fearful night during the great fire in New York, when the greater part of the lower portion of the city was totally destroyed, and some of the large buildings had to be blown up with gunpowder, to stop the ravages of the flames; he took an active part in carrying the printing "forms" to a place of safety.

In 1839 he was married to Miss Matilda Darroch, who was a member of Dr. McCarthy's Canal Street Presbyterian Church and a teacher in the Sabbath-school.



As a Christian man, at this time, we find him teaching a large Bible-class for young men in the above church, and to the end of his earthly career he was constantly engaged in the Sabbath-school.

In 1849 the Prince Street Church property was sold to erect a new building on Twelfth Street, where he continued to attend the services until the year 1850, when some of the members, being anxious to enlarge their borders, and continue the work in the lower part of the city, formed the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church. They organized, and called the Rev. Spencer L. Finney to the pastorate, who commenced to hold services in the hall of the Apprentices' Library, No. 472 Broadway, where they worshipped for one year, and then secured more ample accommodations in which to worship God, in the rooms of the Medical College, Crosby Street, near Spring.

In 1850 he was carefully examined, and when found qualified for the sacred office, was duly ordained a ruling elder in the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church.

During the year 1854 the Church purchased the building in Mulberry Street, near Grand, belonging to the Lutheran body.

At this time he continued to reside on the west side of the city, and attended two sessions of the Sabbath-school morning and afternoon, with two preaching services, and one prayer-meeting in the evening.

As soon as the congregation were permanently settled in a church building, he removed from the west to the east side of the city, to the Tenth Ward, in order to be in close proximity to his church work.

He continued to worship with the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church, under the pastorate of the Rev. S. L. Finney, who, in 1863, was called to Princeton, N.J.

The Rev. Geo. S. Chambers was subsequently called to take the pastoral charge. Eventually, it was found essential to change their ecclesiastical relations from the Reformed Presbyterian Church to the Old School, from which time (the two religious bodies having become united), the congregation became known as the Ebenezer Presbyterian Church.

In due course it united with the Fortieth Street Presbyterian Church, afterward called the Murray Hill Presbyterian Church, because at the time, though in possession of a church building, they had no pastor. Mr. Knowles continued to attend regularly until the imperative demands of age and time called for change, when he became united with the Allen Street Church.

In 1870 he accepted an invitation from his uncle to visit his native place; and he frequently afterward remarked that the scenes of his boyhood's days had materially changed as much as he had; realizing that change, progress, and decay were written upon all things terrestrial.

During this visit to Europe, he greatly enjoyed rambles over the country roads, admiring the beauties of the surrounding scenery.

On one occasion, while passing the school-house of his boyhood days, he was found by an old friend, wistfully gazing at the building, who said, "What are you looking at?" And upon entering into conversation, he discovered that he

and the gentleman who addressed him had been former schoolmates together.

We find recorded in his diary the following:

"I now commence filling this book, which I brought with me from New York, in the steamship Italia. I am now in Fenagh, Ireland."

From the record of this journey, we notice that he was very careful in watching the signs of the times, and the changing moods of the weather. For example, he writes thus:

*Sabbath, January 4, 1874.*—When I rose this morning, I found the ground covered with snow; the first fall of the season, and like the little captive Syrian maid, though far from home and friends and among comparative strangers, I do not forget God or the sanctuary.

*Monday, January 5th.*—A fine day, but cold, and snow on the ground.

*Tuesday, January 6th.*—A fine day, and a fine thaw, which resulted in the removal of the snow which had fallen a short time previously.

*Wednesday, January 7th (morning).*—A fine day. Afternoon, clouds gathering; lightning and thunder; came on to rain.

*Thursday, January 8th.*—A fine day of the season.

*Friday, January 9th.*—A fair day.

*Saturday, January 10th.*—A fine day. I went into Ballymena myself, and called at several places, and upon Mr. White, the printer, who did not know me, or remember anything about me. I called also on Mrs. McQuitty, who treated me in a very kindly manner. I also called on Mr.

Kilpatrick's, but I only saw two of his daughters, and a little child. On the same day I bought McComb's almanac in Ballymena; paid two pence for it. I also bought the *Ballymena Observer* from Mr. White. I walked into Ballymena, and also returned in like manner, only that in returning I took a circuitous route, that I might see a portion of the country that I had not seen for a length of time before my departure for America, in June, 1832.

*Sabbath, January 11th* (forenoon).—I heard Mr. Moody lecture from the 16th chapter of John, and 16th verse.

*Afternoon.*—Nehemiah, 9th chapter and 19th verse: "Yet Thou in Thy manifold mercy, forsookest them not in the wilderness; the pillar of the cloud departed not from them by day, to lead them in the way; neither the pillar of fire by night, to show them light, and the way wherein they should go."

*Monday, January 12th.*—A cold day. I received a letter from my son, William Knowles, in New York City.

*Wednesday, May 19, 1875.*—A fine day. I went to Belfast in an excursion train, and called at several places, and in the evening took a cabin passage for Glasgow, Scotland. I went from Greenock to Glasgow in the train; I arrived on Thursday morning in Glasgow, about six o'clock, and went to my brother-in-law's, Mr. William Darroch. The day is cold, blowing, and showers.

*Glasgow, Sabbath morning, May 23d.*—Heard the Rev. Mr. Douglass lecture from the 6th chapter of Matthew.

*Afternoon.*—A lovely day. Heard another minister preach in the same church, from the 3d chapter of Philippians, and

8th verse: "Yea doubtless, and I count all things but lost for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord."

*Tuesday, May 25th.*—I went with Mrs. Darroch and her daughter, Maggie, to Edinburgh, and after visiting the castle, and a number of other places of interest, returned to Glasgow the same day.

*Saturday, May 29th.*—Returned to Belfast.

*Sabbath morning, May 30th.*—A beautiful day. Heard Dr. Houston, pastor of my boyhood, lecture from the 13th chapter of John; then preach from 1st Thessalonians, 3d chapter, 12th and 13th verses. Lecture in the evening, from the 6th and 7th chapter of Revelations. I took dinner and tea with Rev. Dr. Houston and his family. A fine day throughout.

Before returning to this country he expressed his love and unfeigned gratitude to the memory of his sainted mother (who early taught him the ways of God) by erecting a substantial monument over her grave to perpetuate her revered name.

After spending two years in Europe he returned to New York, and was elected an Elder in the Allen Street Church.

On Easter Sabbath, April, 1877, he was regularly installed into office as a Ruling Elder.

So I ask Thee, Lord, to give me grace  
My little place to fill,  
That I may ever walk with Thee,  
And ever do Thy will,  
And in each duty, great or small;  
I may be faithful still.

Of course, the life-work of such a man as we are contemplating was full of little peculiarities (eccentricities, society calls them), which even his most intimate relations with the world does not divulge to the inquisitive of his day. It is only after such men pass away and their relatives are permitted to look into the "private jewel-box," as it were, that we come across the brilliant diamonds of thought, the glowing rubies of expressed gratitude and, may be, some softly-tinted pearls of faith, hope and charity, all lying together in the receptacle which, even if humble in workmanship, is full of priceless treasures.

The Bible of our friend was very often used for over forty years, until it showed that it was never allowed to preserve a dainty appearance through a want of use, nor the dust to accumulate on cover or edge by reason of its owner's non-usage of the sacred pages. It was a useful Reference Bible, and, no doubt, of immense value and comfort to him, for the pages are pretty well worn, even where no marks are made indicative of favorite passages, etc.

Next among the eccentricities of our friend was the disposition to keep a quiet order of memorandums, and a diary extending back for many years, from which had we the space to spare in this book we would place before the world some of the gems found in his jewel-box, as indicative of the man's industry and the Christian's freedom from ostentatious display.

Help each step upon the way,  
Strength sufficient for the day,  
All things easy in Thy might,  
Work for thee a felt delight.

Courage, patience, grace supplied,  
All things needful—at Thy side;  
Such my happy lot will be,  
Working, dearest Lord, with thee.

Agreeably with the spirit of our labor, we will take an impartial view of our friend as a Christian, in the eyes of the world, and among laymen generally. That he was no drone in the Christian hive, all the world could see; that he was active and unusually laborious for Christ and the Church, no one who follows the spirit of the sermon eulogizing his memory, or who reads this work, can deny; as an Elder of the Church, he was faithful in anything he was requested to perform, especially in public prayer-meeting, individual devotional study, and self-contemplation.

His sympathy for suffering humanity in any form, was, indeed, very large, in fact so easily moved, that he would habitually visit the sick members of the Church after being relieved from such duties. To him all men and women were brothers and sisters, the distance of relationship (if very strained and far between in some instances), he would claim, was closer, more congenial, and intimate in others.

As a builder among the builders, a workman among the workmen of the temple; or as a brother among brethren of the same house, he was meekness itself; his spirit of patience never failing him in instances where "to wait was gain," either for God, the Church, or himself.

His acquiescence in the decision of his brethren, when they at last decided upon changing the location of their place of worship, was secured at the price of sacrificing his own preferences in the matter—and all for the sake of

peace, harmony, and continued brotherly love. In this he was a "light shining upon a hill-top."

The interest he always displayed and the anxiety he expressed for the continued welfare of the Church, manifesting the same in the labors performed or duties undertaken, was always profound, as it embraced among other items of care the temporal welfare and spiritual prosperity of the various clergymen with whom he had labored.

In his demeanor he was never in a hurry to do to-day what he should have done yesterday, because having no faith in procrastination, he left nothing undone to-day to be performed on the morrow, if by any means it could be accomplished, or the duty performed at once. In going to the House of God, he left all worry about the world on the outside of it, the moment he entered the porch; the drudgery of every-day life did not go with him into the pew; the prejudices of an ambiguous man troubled him not, while the disposition to "take things easy," while others bore the burden, was never fostered by him.

But he did carry something into the house every time he entered! He took in with him his Bible, his sweetest temper, his most charitable disposition, a vigorous condition of soul-life, a sensible care of the temporal body, and also the continued desire to be always walking with God, as well as the desire for larger acquisitions of intuitive spiritual knowledge—very proper things to take into the House of God with you at all times; and our departed brother had enough of these, and to spare.



But to cease from reflection, we close this chapter with one of our friend's favorite little gems of poetry, believing that when you have read it, you will agree with us that James Knowles was a man to be beloved, indeed; for through these few lines his spirit breathes back again to us from the great beyond:

If you cannot be a leader  
In the crowd that pours along,  
Raise the fallen, lying prostrate  
Under foot, amid the throng.

Though your work be never mentioned,  
Though your name may not appear,  
Speak one word for "Jesus only,"  
And the Lord, at least, will hear.

## CHAPTER II.

### CORRESPONDENCE AND COVENANTS.

The following letter was written to his mother while an apprentice as a printer in the city of Belfast, Ireland:

Belfast, January 15, 1829.

Dear Mother:—I write this letter to you for the purpose of letting you know how I am doing. I am devoting the most of my leisure hours to reading and improving my mind, some way or other. Indeed, it is not much time I have to devote to things of that nature; but all the time I have I am busy. I meet with a good many advantages in every respect, where I am now. I have the advantage of having a room to apply my time to whatever study I resolve to persevere in. If I had time, I would give you a more correct account of my transactions through the day; but if I have time to meditate a little, I hope I will be enabled to give you some account of the sermons that I hear, as I think it would be greatly to my own interest, for if I pry into that part of information, there is no danger but that I will have success in whatever situation I am placed in life. I may be thankful that I have a room to read my Bible in on Sabbath days. I have none to speak to me or give me annoyance of any sort whatever. I hope the next letter I write you, that it will be in a more correct sense. I hope you will write me by Johnny, when he is coming back to town, and let me know how you are succeeding in work, and how Jane is succeeding in the business of the shop. I send my love to all my friends (everyone in particular), I hope you will let me know how they are all doing; but I have nothing more to say at present. But I trust you will write me

in the beginning of the week. I must conclude, as it is now too late for me to say anything more. All here are well, but Mrs. L——, who is in a bad state of health.

James Knowles.

---

The following letter is a sample of many to his old pastors, showing his strong attachment to those who labored with him in word and doctrine:

New York, March 26, 1883.

Mr. Phelps—Reverend and dear friend and Christian brother: It has been my purpose for some time to write to you and yours, even if it should be but a few lines, to assure you that you are not forgotten by us; for although you are absent from us, yet your faithful and earnest appeals still live in our remembrance, and I have no doubt will continue to do so; and while I may not be able to recall much of the many sermons which I have heard you deliver, yet the impressions made upon my mind while sitting under them are retained. I might, however, state here, that I was sorry to part with you and your family, and to feel that your pastoral relationship with us would soon be broken up; I had made up my mind to stay by the Church while you remained, if I lived, as I was attached to you and your family as to personal friends.... My wife and I unite in love to you and Mrs. Phelps and your son.

James Knowles.

---

COVENANTS WITH GOD.

"Dear Lord, and shall Thy Spirit rest

In such a wretched heart as mine?  
Unworthy dwelling! Glorious Guest!  
Favor astonishing, Divine!"

---

The following acts of consecration will, no doubt, be of interest to the reader:

New York, Thursday, June 21, 1860.

I do solemnly resolve from this day onward to endeavor, relying on thy Holy Spirit, to serve *Thee* better. This is my covenant, and I would ask Thee to own and bless me with peace and joy in believing.

---

New York, Saturday, October 6, 1860.

I now promise, as I have formerly promised to do, from this day onward, to serve God better than I have been doing; depending on God's spirit for assistance; and will now ask to be prospered as God may see good for me.

James Knowles.

---

New York, Friday, October 18, 1861.

I resolved to serve God with renewed efforts, determining to look alone to God for help.<sup>[1]</sup>

James Knowles.

---

New York, Thursday, April 9, 1863.

Entered into an agreement with my Heavenly Father that, through the strength of His divine grace, I will live more for the glory of God than I have ever done.

James Knowles.

---

New York, Saturday afternoon, April 22, 1865.

I renewed my covenant with God in the City Hall Park while standing there, which I some years ago made, and now I again renew it, that I would serve God better than formerly.

James Knowles.

---

New York, Thursday, April 19, 1866.

Renewed my engagement with the Lord to serve Him better than I had done before, after having prayed to Him to

be justified through faith in the righteousness of Christ; and asked for other blessings which I felt satisfied I would receive, for I feel my great need of these, as I felt very helpless in myself, but that there was abundant fulness in Christ.

I write this and the above on this Saturday night, the 22d of April, 1866.

James Knowles.

---

New York, Wednesday, December 5, 1866.

My birth-day, and a fine day.

I resolved on this day to endeavor to serve the Lord better, and renewed my covenant with the Lord, which I formerly made, and have again and again sought or attempted to renew. May the Lord aid me in the future.

And thus, from these few specimens of his constantly self-convicted weakness and appeals for more spiritual strength, we get a look at the inner life of a practical Christian worker which it is rare to find among us in these days. He could not stand alone; his last self-examination always found him short, though it consisted of but a few questions put by the spirit to the flesh at the end of every devotional service incidental to the life and work of each day, thus:

Did I this morn devoutly pray  
For God's assistance through the day?  
And did I read His sacred Word,  
To make my life therewith accord?  
Did I for any purpose try