

## MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH RUSSELL,

(Formerly Elizabeth Smith.)

(Concluded from page 268.)

On Easter Monday, 1833, we were married in Tipton church, in the Darlaston circuit. After this I returned to the Wallingford mission in Shefford circuit, and at the end of about five weeks she left Darlaston, and joined me on that mission; and though on that mission the opposition appeared great, the success was considerable.

The same year the Conference stationed me in Birmingham circuit, where we spent two years.

In the year 1835, I was stationed to Prees circuit in Shropshire; and we were appointed to the Lane End or Longton branch, which is in the Staffordshire Potteries. And the first time she preached in this town the Lord awakened one soul. She was also appointed to raise a new class, in which she succeeded. She had also various calls to preach occasional sermons in neighbouring circuits. This work was a trial to her, but she went through with it.

This year the Longton branch was made into a separate circuit, and at the Conference of 1836, I was stationed in it.

In October, 1835, little Julia, our only daughter died of the small pox. This visitation was severe.

Saturday, November 21, 1835, my wife felt herself unwell. The day following she was worse, and soon a fever ensued; and in about a week the bowel complaint was so severe, that it was thought her affliction was the cholera.

I sent for her mother from Ludlow; and I constantly came home from my appointments, expecting every day to be her last. But after eight weeks, I had the satisfaction to see her walk out again; yet there appeared some symptoms of a consumption, but the doctor thought there did not seem much reason to doubt but that she would get better. After this she thought if she went to Ludlow (her native place) she should soon be better. One day I came in, and she said, "Praise God, I am glad to see thee... ." She several times led her class, and there appeared a prospect of her recovering; but her desire to go to Ludlow appeared to increase.

February 15, 1836, I accompanied her to Newcastle, where she set off for Ludlow; but I little thought this would be the last time I should see her alive.

At this time I was opening Stafford and other places as a mission. And on February 26, I received a letter to say that she was dead, My distress was great. But I hastened to Ludlow, hoping the letter might relate to some other person. But on arriving at the house of Brother Graham, our superintendant preacher in Ludlow, I found my dear wife was dead.

The following information I received in a letter from Brother Graham:—

*Dear Brother,*—I have felt much on your account through the loss you have sustained, by being bereaved of your dear partner; but your loss is her eternal gain.

Your dear partner joined our society first at Ludlow; and, from that time she has been much esteemed by all who knew her. She had to meet with much from her mother and friends for joining us; but she committed her cause to the Lord, and took in good part all blame cast upon her from those who opposed her. She walked humbly with God, and gave herself to much reading for the improvement of her mind. She lived part of her time at Mr. John Weaver's, where she very diligently laboured for her living at dress-making.

February 18, 1836, your dear partner came to Ludlow for the benefit of her health. And out of pure respect to you, I entertained her at our house, though it was very inconvenient, as my family were not recovered from a severe illness.

When she was sat down, she lifted up her eyes and hands towards heaven, and said, "Thank God, I have got into the tents of Jacob." But I little thought her stay was going to be so short with us here.

On the following day I had a close interview with her on the state of her mind; when she said, she was fully resigned, and was anxious to depart and be with Christ. While we were talking she received power to give up her husband into the hands of her heavenly Father; being assured her work was done. Here her strength failed, and she requested me to leave her for a little while.

On Saturday 20th, her soul was happy in God, and she longed to depart and be with her Jesus, where her precious Julia was gone. She frequently made enquiries after her husband, saying if he knew the state she was in, he would travel night and day in order to see her; and she requested me to write for him to come over forthwith.

Sunday, February 21, having my appointments far from home, I was obliged to leave early in the morning, so that I saw her no more alive. My wife was with her on the Sunday night, when she turned her pale face to the wall and said, "Come, Jesus, loose me and let me go." She said, "I see Jesus coming, and my Julia is with him. I see them. Praise God, I have the victory. If I had religion now to seek, it would be hard work; but I have found it, and have had it for years, and now I feel willing to depart."

Again she exclaimed, "Come, Jesus, Praise God, I have the victory." She again exclaimed, "I have had it for years. He is mine." And about eleven at night her happy spirit took its flight into the presence of its God, in the full triumph of faith, to receive the reward she had laboured for, and now amongst the blood-washed throng she is mingling her praises with them who have come through great tribulation.

On Monday, March 1, 1836, she was carried to her grave by six local preachers, and attended by a great many singers, who sung through the town, which produced a great and good effect.

From one thousand to fifteen hundred were present. The singing at the grave was solemn, as well as through the town.

On Sunday, April 10, I preached her funeral sermon in our new chapel at Ludlow, to an overflowing congregation. It was a powerful time; and from that time some started for heaven, who are now steady members of our society.

Also I preached her funeral sermon nearly through the circuit, from "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

I remain yours in the Lord,

JOHN GRAHAM.  
*Ludlow, June 3, 1836.*

The Lord has done his will, and though it is severe, yet I desire to say, "Thy will be done." Oh! may my last end be like hers.

THOMAS RUSSELL.

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References

*Primitive Methodist Magazine* 1837/336