

Sarah Jane Scott

Transcription of Obituary In the [Primitive Methodist Magazine](#)

SARAH JANE, the beloved wife of the Rev. Jonathan SCOTT, was born in the town of Cambridge, August 1st, 1821, and departed this life at Downham Market, in the county of Norfolk, November 15th, 1866. From early childhood she was the subject of religious influences, arising from the pious solicitude of her brother and Sabbath school instruction. To these agencies she often gratefully referred in after life as the means, under God, of leading her to Jesus the Saviour.

At the age of twelve years, so evident was her piety that she was permitted to partake of the Lord's Supper in the church of the parish in which she resided. This gave umbrage to certain old professors, who objected to the clergyman's allowing such a child to be a communicant. He replied, "I would to God that all those who partake of the Holy Communion were as worthy as this young disciple." From a child she knew and loved the Holy Scripture, and was a sincere and ardent follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Thus she happily escaped those vices and vanities which so frequently captivate the young, and she grew up in "the fear and love of God."

In the year 1850 she became united in marriage to him who now mourns her loss, and came to reside at Downham, her first home, as an itinerant preacher's wife. Her genial spirit and cheerful disposition soon obtained for her many sincere and lasting friends. As a wife she diligently followed every good work, was industrious, frugal, and most affectionate; in her house she was a pattern of cleanliness and order, and was a hearty despiser of pride, affectation, and slothfulness. She studied to make her home comfortable, anticipating the wants of her husband and children, and of all who came beneath her roof. It was her greatest delight to make others happy at whatever sacrifice to herself. She often used to say "I always try to make somebody happy every day I live."

The society and friendship of the preachers, both local and travelling, she highly prized, and they always found her a hearty friend who welcomed them with a smile, administered to their temporal wants hospitably, rejoiced in their successes, sympathized in their sorrows, and encouraged them in their "work of faith and labour of love." Her place in the house of God was never vacant except through affliction; the aged poor in our congregations were never slighted by her, but found in her a true-hearted friend; and little children shared much of her attention. As a mother, she was particularly anxious to train her children in the fear of the Lord, and she used every means to implant right principles in their minds and hearts, both by precept and example. There was a holy ardour in all she did; her duties were not done by constraint, but willingly, cheerfully, and reverently - as an act of worship to God. Whether she was conducting the affairs of the family, entertaining friends, attending the means of grace, or whatever she did, all was done "heartily as unto the Lord." For more than two years she suffered from an internal disease. Her affliction was endured with exemplary patience and fortitude. Every available means to effect a cure was tried, but in vain. Such was, however, her cheerful mien, that those most intimate with her had no idea that her malady was of so inveterate and painful a nature.

On Thursday, November 8th, on returning from my appointment, I found her completely prostrate from inflammation, attended with violent sickness and hiccough. Her medical attendant succeeded in reducing the inflammation somewhat, and on Saturday the 10th, after a careful examination of the parts affected, said, "I can account for all your sufferings now, Mrs. Scott; your disease is cancer

in the lower part of the bowels; and there is no hope for you." "Indeed?" she replied. "None at all," said he. A few minutes after he had left, she said to me. "My dear. I will try and get up and do all I can for you, and the children before I die; God's will be done. What a mercy I did not know the nature of my disease before, how unhappy I should have been, and what a mercy I did not put off religion till now. Oh! my dear, God only knows how much suffering I have passed through; scores of nights I have wept and prayed to God for relief, and he always sent it till now; I felt sure my end was near." She did get up, and came down stairs, and nearly completed the making of a garment for one of the children, talking constantly of her approaching end, and giving counsel and direction for our welfare after her departure.

On Tuesday evening, the 13th, she underwent a most painful and torturous operation which lasted more than two hours. This was followed by a night of excruciating and terrible anguish, under which she gradually sank. In the morning her pains abated, and she conversed freely on good things to come, praising God for mercies past, and praying for grace to endure to the end. She said, "My dear, the old enemy is very busy, but I'm on the Rock; I'm safe on the Rock.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee," &c.

I rest on the atonement of Jesus, no merit of my own, Jesus is my Saviour." I said, "Your sufferings have been very great, my dear." "Yes," she replied, "they have - awfully so; but I was thinking what a happy life ours has been, unusually so; and 'shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' "

"I know that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives.
He lives, he lives who once was dead
He lives my everlasting head," &c.

To those who came to see her during the day, she administered wise, and pious counsel; it was a consolation to us, that she retained the full use of her mental powers to the last. In the evening I conducted domestic worship in her bed room, in which she fervently joined. Most of the members of her family and a few friends being present, we had a solemn time, and one never to be forgotten by us. At the conclusion she repeated the last two verses of the 390th hymn, —

"I find thy every promise sweet,
Thy love my fainting spirit cheers," &c.

In this sweet frame of mind she continued till the noon of the next day, Thursday the 15th, when the last conflict commenced. She had taken an affectionate leave of the two children at home, and also earnestly prayed that God would bless her absent boy who was at school at York, and her brother, sisters, and aged mother, with all the family. As she was now fast sinking, I said, "My dear, you are now on the banks of Jordan," to which she immediately replied, "I'm on the Rock, it's all bright." For two hours and a half the mortal struggle continued; then her happy soul took its flight to join the "great multitude who came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; and so "to be ever with the Lord."

Devout men carried her to her burial; more than a hundred members and friends joined in the funeral procession dressed in mourning attire. Her mortal remains lie interred in the cemetery of the town, in which she became a minister's wife, "Resting in hope of a joyful resurrection."

“Lo! the pain of life is past,
All her warfare now is o’er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.’

JONATHAN SCOTT

References

Primitive Methodist Magazine 1868/50