

A Memorial.

**MEMORIAL**  
**OF**  
**HENRIETTA MARIA PEEL**  
**CRAG COTTAGE,**  
**WINDHILL**

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**MDCCCLXIV.**

THE FOLLOWING BRIEF MEMOIR OF  
HENRIETTA MARIA,  
THE BELOVED DAUGHTER OF WM. PEEL, ESQ.,  
CRAG COTTAGE, WINDHILL,  
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO HER  
BEREAVED FATHER AND FRIENDS.

WINDHILL CRAG,  
*August, 1864.*

## In Memoriam.

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**I**T is with mingled feelings of sadness and pleasure, that the writer attempts to delineate the life and character of one who has been known and familiar to her from her earliest recollections, and with whom it has been her privilege and happiness to be on intimate terms of warm friendship through life. Though possessing a frail constitution from childhood, Henrietta was gifted with an amiable disposition, and gentleness of demeanour which endeared her to her youthful companions, and gained for her a large share of their love and friendship. She received the rudiments of education, in Mr. C—'s school, near to her own home, and being gifted with a capacity for acquiring knowledge, made rapid advances in the early stages; and gained the warm approbation and lasting esteem of her teacher, who, in after years, when solicited by Henrietta to write in her Album, composed for the purpose of piece of poetry, in which the following line occurs,

John Clough, headmaster, Fulneck School
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**"My former pupil, now my valued friend."**

It was one of Miss Peel's characteristics, that she was capable of a life-long friendship; the friends of her youth were also those of her riper years.

Having been early bereaved of a Mother's watchful care, she was, at ten years of age, placed as a pupil in the Moravian School at Fulneck; here her thirsting mind and soul drank in untold and lasting treasures, combined with rapid progress in literary attainments, refinement of

manners, and Christian principles, which rendered her an ornament to society in after life, and endeared her to all who knew her, in a more especial degree to those who were privileged to enjoy her friendship. On leaving Fulneck, her Father engaged a lady to be her governess, under whose supervision she continued to improve in many useful branches of education; and by her dutiful conduct, and gentle disposition secured for herself the good opinion and lasting esteem of Miss D—th, with whom she continued to correspond to the end of her life. When Henrietta had completed her education she undertook the management of her Father's house and there became a pattern of neatness and good order; being methodical in her domestic arrangements, she economised her time, and was thus enabled to perform her daily duties in a quiet and regular manner, with comparative ease to herself and those who served her, to whom she was always kind and considerate.

In the year 1846, she commenced a diary, in which she continued to note down almost daily, the state of the weather, her chief occupations for the day, the names of the friends from whom she received letters, and to whom she wrote, together with incidents of local interest, or relating to her friends. The following extracts are selected from each yearly diary, and may perhaps be interesting to those friends into whose hands this little memoir may come, as specimens of the bent of her mind, and occupation of her time.

1846, January 4th. Very bad cold. Much shocked to see a poor man, who had been taken out of the canal drowned, carried upon a ladder to the King's Arms Inn. Another victim of intemperance.

Peter Cowling,  
drowned 4 Jan 1846  
aged 31

1847, February 8th. Fine frosty morning; called upon Mrs. D—n. In the afternoon called to see the Misses S—m, talked about the intended Bazaar; made a pair of watchpockets in the evening; received three pair of baby's shoes from R. S. for the Bazaar.

Mrs Dawson?

1848, March 30th. Showery; Rev. Mr. Hodgkinson died this morning; my Aunt called at the T—'s to see my friend Mrs. R—e, found her much worse. An invitation from Miss W. to see her married.

Edmund Hodgkinson,  
Incumbent of Baildon,  
died just after his new  
church was consecrated

Teal's?

Sarah Reaney? dau of  
James Ambler, died  
5 Aug 1848 aged 29 at  
Manningham

1848, August 6th. Heard this morning of the death of my dearest friend Mrs. R—e, as I was just going to start

for Church, much troubled, but consoled by thinking \_"  
She sleeps in Jesus."

1849, June 7th. Fine; a letter from Mrs. W—m.  
Mr. D. and Mr. B. called; got their autographs.

1850, April 21st. Fine; went to Church in the  
morning; Chapel in the evening; spent the afternoon with  
Miss C—h, a letter from Mrs. W—m.

1851, May 23rd. Lovely day; went to the Baptist  
Chapel to see Mrs. H. interred by the Revs. Mr. S. and Mr.  
J. My Aunt sent Cousin R—r a mourning card in memory  
of my Cousin G—e; spent the evening with Miss C—h;  
was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. H—n.

1852, June 25th. Fine; not very well; heard my  
dear friend Mrs. B—r was dead; went over to T—'s to see  
her dear remains; she looked most beautiful and placid;  
the last of those four dear sisters now gone. Called to see  
Mrs. C—tt; wrote to Miss D—n informing her of the  
mournful event.

1853, July 26th. Showers; went with my dear  
Father to Leeds; had Mr. H—s in the carriage; saw  
through the Academy of Paintings; much pleased with the  
Exhibition; returned by the three o'clock train.

1854, August 3rd. Charming day. Spent the day  
with Miss D—n; called upon Mrs. G—d; went through  
Mr. F—'s house: spent a very pleasant day.

1855, September 27th. Beautiful day; went with  
my Father to see Martin's Pictures of "The Plains of  
Heaven," "The Great Day of His Wrath," and "The Last  
Judgement," which are masterpieces of imagination; took  
a cab to the Cemetery, walked back through Bolton and  
Undercliffe.

1856, October 29th. Thick fog; called upon Miss  
T—l, Miss D—n, from Yeadon, there. Mr. F. T—'s  
workpeople struck work, and attempted to set fire to the  
mill, broke the windows, refusing to work on the two-loom  
system.

1857, November 8th. Very pleasant day; went to  
Chapel morning and evening; in the afternoon went to the  
Moravian Chapel, Baildon, the Rev. Mr. W—y, from  
Fulneck, preached from the words, "There is a friend that  
sticketh closer than a brother," much pleased to hear  
him, not having seen him since I was a girl and he a boy  
at school.

Martha Clough,  
Schoolteacher, b 1817

Mary, widow of James  
Hepper of Shipley,  
died 16 May 1851  
aged 50

Matthew & Sarah  
Horn(e), local Grocer?

Mrs Cockshott  
Martha Dawson?

Martha Dawson?

Miss Teal?

Roger Peel b 1793  
George Peel b 1814,  
died 15 May 1851

Susannah Branter dau  
of James Ambler,  
died 23 June 1852  
aged 27 at Trees  
House, Manningham

Mrs Greenwood?

all painted by  
John Martin from  
1851 to 1853

Fred Taylor – perhaps  
of C F Taylor's Lower  
Holme Mill, Baildon

Rev. George? Wray

Mrs Fletcher's dau  
born 28 Nov 1858  
Her son Wilfred  
born 1850 in Dorset  
His father John was a  
Weslevan Minister

Light music by  
John Blockley

'Life of Charlotte  
Bronte' by Elizabeth  
Gaskell

The Incredulity of  
Thomas

Mrs Alice Jackson?

Miss Dawson?

4 Ambler girls

Miss Teal?

Miss Horn?

Mrs Jane Keighley?

Miss Ambler  
Miss Dawson?  
Martha Clough

Mrs Ann Halliday?

Isabella Wright?

1858, December 10th. Fine and mild; went to see Mrs. F—r, found her and baby doing well, but Wilfrid very poorly. My friend Mrs. C—s confined of a fine boy.

1859, January 7th. High wind; went to see Mrs. C—tt, took Miss C—tt a piece of music called "The Flowers of Home." Mrs. J. W—d came during my stay.

1860, Feb 24th. Mild; wrote to Miss D—n asking her to come next Wednesday or Thursday; called on Mrs. F—'s, Miss H—s called with the "Life of C. Bronte," asked me to lend it to Mrs. B.W.

1861, March 22nd. Fine; Mr. and Mrs. H—y came to see West's picture; walked up to see Mrs. C—e, called upon Mrs. B. and Mrs. J.; saw Mrs. J—'s boy, a very fine one.

1862, April 22nd. Showers; Miss D—n and I went to the Manningham Schools' Bazaar; bought a work-basket &c., at the Misses A.'s stall; a very elegant bazaar! Called upon Dr. M—k; returned by the three o'clock train; a note from Miss T—l.

1862, August 27th. Fine; received letters from Miss D—n and Miss H—n; wrote to Miss D—n, called upon Mrs. K—y. My Father had the vault opened and the lead coffins placed there.

1863, January 1st. A very wet and boisterous day; received letters from Miss A—r and Miss D—n; had Miss C—h to tea, spent a pleasant evening.

1863, February 23rd. Wet day; wrote to order a *carte* of my father; my dear Lizzie W—n died this evening, at half-past eight o'clock, aged fifteen years.

1863, March 10th. Snow showers; the Prince of Wales married; processions and dinners, flags and illuminations, a general holiday, a dinner for old women at the Sun Hotel, Shipley; and for the scholars of the Church School.

1863, April 21st. High wind and showers; called upon Mrs. H—y; wrote to Mrs. W—t enclosing my Father's *carte* for Miss W—t; wrote to Mrs. N—r, enclosing my *carte* for J—y.

1863, May 24th. Dull; went with my dear Father to Keighley, had a cab to the Cemetery, and then drove to Goose-eye to see the stream where he used to fish when a boy, and where he had not been for sixty years; came back through Oakworth, took tea at the Devonshire Inn,

Mrs Coultas's son  
Thomas born 1858 in  
Roundhay,

Miss Cockshott

Joseph & Ann  
Halliday? - Henrietta's  
uncle & aunt

Tomb at St Paul's,  
Shipley

Elizabeth Wilkinson,  
dau of Rebecca Peel,  
b 1848, d 23 Feb 1863

Mrs Mary Burgess or  
Nobler?

Goose Eye, 2 miles W  
of Keighley

returned by the half-past four train. Mrs, H—y came on in the evening.

Mrs Ann Halliday?

Josephine Denby, a local Dressmaker?

1863, June 17th. My Aunt very poorly; called upon Mrs. J. D—y gave her my *carte* ; Mrs. H—y called in the evening; wrote to Mrs. W—t.

Mrs Wright?

Sarah Lee, of Bolton

1863, July 8th. Lovely morning; a letter from Miss D—n; Miss C—h and I had a delightful walk in the evening by Bolton, called to see D—a, the Quakeress, and Mrs. L—e, who is in her ninetieth year.

1863, August 26th. Fine; attended the funeral of my dear Aunt Peel, placed a wreath of evergreens upon her coffin.

Elizabeth Peel  
nee Bateson,  
died 22 Aug 1863

1863, September 9th. Charming day; Miss C—h and I spent a very pleasant day with Miss D—n, gave her “Memorials of the late Prince Consort.”

1863, October 23rd. Lovely day; walked; over to see Mrs. T. A—r, called at Oakfield, Mr. and Mrs. T. A—r and two Misses A—r at Scarbro’, old Mrs. A—r not in, saw Miss M—a; Miss T—l called.

Mr & Mrs Thomas  
Ambler of Oakfield,  
Manningham

Martha Ambler b 1788

Misses Ann, Clara or  
Hannah Ambler

Miss Matilda Ambler?

Martha Clough

1863, October 25th. Splendid day; went with Miss C—h to the Moravian chapel, Mr. H—e preached; Mrs. S—d and Mrs. H—e invited us to stay tea, but declined; returned by Baildon Green.

Mr Hasse, a preacher

Mrs Ellen Crabtree?

1863, November 12th. Charming day; walked up to see Mrs. C—e, read Mrs. F—’s letter to her, found her very weak.

1863, November 13th. Still fine; called upon Mrs. J. H—l previous to their removal to Bradford.

Sarah Hall b 1832,  
wife of John Hall?

1863, November 14th. Beautiful day; received fifteen photographs of my Father, Aunt and myself. My father received a note from Mr. R—; very poorly to-day, a bad cold; a note from Miss T—l.

Miss Teal?

1863, November 15th. Lovely warm morning; poorly with my cold; at home all day; Miss C—h called to see me.

Martha Clough

1863, November 16th. Fine; still very poorly; T. —R died, aged fifty-five years.

Thomas Rycroft:  
buried 18 Nov aged 55

Mrs James (Martha)  
Ambler b 1788

1863, November 17th. Wet day; rather better; sent Mrs. J. A—r my *carte* and my Father's; sent Mrs. H—y my Father's.

Mrs Ann Halliday?

Mrs Thomas Clough?

1863, November 18th. Fine; rather better; a letter from Miss D—n; sent my Aunt's *carte* to cousin J—, and one of myself to Mrs. T. C—h, also one of my Father's to

John Peel, b 1829

Mrs. C—e.

1863, November 19th. Fine; my Father went to Bradford; sent cousin H. B—tt my Aunt's likeness; received a letter thanking me for the carte from Mrs. J. A—r and enclosing a Heaton Bazaar circular.

Mrs James Ambler

Hannah Barrett,  
b 1829, dau of Sarah  
Peel (b 1792)

Poor dear Miss Peel died on the evening of this day.

As a daughter she was most devoted, kind and dutiful, studying her Father's wishes, and contributing to his comfort and pleasure by every means in her power; he now says: "She was his guardian angel." Her death is to him peculiarly painful, and distressing at his advanced period of life. As a friend she was kind, constant and true, and her amiable and affable manners gained her many warm friends, with whom she visited or corresponded as distance and time permitted; and from many of whom her loss has called forth expressions of heartfelt sorrow, in verbal and epistolary condolence with her bereaved father.

One very dear friend, writing, says: "never will Miss Peel cease to live in the hearts of her friends."

Another, "I was much attached to her as a girl, she was so amiable and loving."

Another, "I (although these many years have elapsed) can bear testimony to her extreme amiability of disposition, I always admired her as being such a gentle good creature."

Another long-loved one, who was a pupil in Fulneck at the same time with Henrietta, writes, "I loved it dear Miss Peel! she was so unassuming, and of so amiable a disposition, it was impossible not to be favourably impressed, in her company."

Another dearly loved friend with whom she corresponded, writes: "two or three attempts have taught me the weight of my heavy task; sometimes I have thought delay might lighten it to you and to me, but a fear lest I, who loved her so dearly in life, should seem to stand at a distance from her grave, has made me grasp the unwilling pen, to write on this all-absorbing grief. I also think that time, said by some to be "the great healer," can do little for you, henceforth, I can well imagine how your life must be spent, even your pleasures, will be in

mourning for your lost one. May He comfort you who alone can; it is only He who smites that can heal - and though all around may be dark, how dark and drear your bereaved heart can fully testify; yet there is light above - lift up your eyes and look to it - it is there, - to that heaven of light and glory that your darling child is gone. Oh! what a treasure you have now above! she has perhaps been called up higher that she may beckon us away from earth; if this be the lesson in this dark dispensation, may we have grace to learn it. I would fain add my testimony to the worth of our beloved Henrietta; though distance rendered personal intercourse out of the question, yet our friendship suffered no interruption, but was maintained and increased by a sixteen years' correspondence; here her mind was at play, for ours was ever a lively intercourse, yet the piety and excellent sentiments therein contained, render it a tribute to her memory. Her last letter to me bears date, October 16th, 1863, and was written in her usual style, full of sweetly expressed affection for her friends, and breathing such tender love for her Father. She writes 'when I look at my dear Father, I hope for a mild winter for his sake.' How little did she then think that the rough blasts of winter would be as nothing in comparison with the dark season of trouble on which he was *so soon* to enter.

Another much loved friend writes: "Do not think of her as dead, but as one of those who have 'washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' who are now singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb who was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.' She cannot come back to us, but we can go to her, and let us earnestly strive to do so. I can assure you I feel her loss very much, for I admired and loved her, and shall often think of the happy hours we have spent in each other's society."

Another dear friend, who was very ill at the time of Henrietta's death, writes: "Words cannot describe to you the shock I felt, having so recently seen dear Miss Peel; whilst on a sick-bed, I have thought much about the mysteriousness of God's movements, that your only child, and such a comfort, should be taken and I spared; but the inward silent reply was, 'What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter,' and 'Be *ye* also ready, for in

such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.”

Another much esteemed friend writes: “We love our friends in life, but their real worth is most fully known when they are taken away. Miss Peel lived in the esteem of a large circle of friends; her loss is felt by many, but most of all by yourself. I trust that Divine grace will be given to sustain you in your bereavement, and that we shall all prepare to meet her, where the union will be uninterrupted and the happiness eternal.”

Another very intimate friend speaks of her in the following manner: “A severe bereavement brought my dear Miss Peel and me into the closest friendship, the loss on my part of a beloved and pious father appeared to draw her to me, I can scarcely tell how. Her Father and mine were on intimate terms, especially in business, and I knew her Mother, and loved her for her kindness to my eldest brother on his death-bed, and long before when he was but a very young boy; I remember visiting her in her last sickness, with my father when he went to pray with her, and she told him she was once struck with the words of the 103rd Psalm in Dr. Watts’, which she heard him give out in the Sunday school, as she stood in the graveyard before the service, the words were these:

**‘God will not always chide,  
And when His strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.’”**

When Miss Peel and I became acquainted, I liked her both for her Mother’s sake and her own, I had heard of her excellent character, and found her amiable and kind and worthy of the character which had been given her; from that time a true and lasting friendship existed up to the day of her death. We often visited each other, and I always found her the same. She was very regular and punctual in all her habits, and I generally knew both the days and hours when I might expect her, and however engaged, always made haste to be ready to receive her, and made a point of doing nothing while she stayed but conversing with her; I can truly say they were almost like angel visits for me, I looked forward to them with great pleasure, and they yielded me satisfaction afterwards. I had many letters from her when I was from home, and

looked for them with more than common interest, I knew they would be all I could wish for. Besides her kindness and sympathy, she possessed a highly cultivated and well stored mind, and could express her thoughts in a beautiful manner, indeed her taste in general, was one of great elegance and refinement, she did everything lady-like and in quite a superior style. Miss Peel was a friend that stood by you, especially in times of affliction, as I experienced more than once, when her gentle sympathising spirit and converse, operated as a soothing and healing balm. I suffered a severe loss in her death, which deprived me of one of my kindest and best friends, but I am thankful for having enjoyed her friendship so long, and shall retain a grateful recollection of it while memory holds its seat, and fondly hope it was but the prelude to a still more perfect and lasting friendship in a higher and better state of existence.”

Rev P Scott, Baptist  
minister at Shipley

Another highly esteemed, and venerable friend, the Rev. P. S—tt writes of her thus, “Miss Peel sustained the female character with great propriety and beauty, having more of its excellence and fewer of its defects than most, while she had the warmth, tenderness, and delicacy, which are its chief ornaments; there was nothing weak, feeble, or impulsive, about her. She possessed a vigorous and well balanced mind, greatly improved by education, extensive reading, and diligent self-cultivation, which fitted her to shine in almost any circle, and made her an intelligent and interesting companion, and a valuable correspondent. But though well qualified to shine in public, being of a modest and retiring disposition, and possessing a meek and quiet spirit, she was seen to great advantage in private life, in the domestic circle, and by her intimate friends, for the better she was known, the more she was esteemed and loved. As a Christian, Miss Peel was evangelical in sentiment and loved to hear the Gospel; devout and pious without ostentation; and scrupulously exact in her conduct. She was not merely blameless, but exemplary in all the relations of life. She was a most dutiful daughter; her father lost his best earthly friend when she was taken away. May it be made up to him by the friendship of One who will be better to him “than seven sons and daughters, and who will never leave nor forsake him.”

Miss Peel was welcomed with pleasure as a visitor; her conversational powers being such as to enable her to adapt herself in a very pleasing and agreeable manner, to the society in which she might be placed. Being passionately fond of reading works by the most celebrated authors, choice selections of poetry, together with many of the leading topics of the day, she had always a subject ready, and those who heard her were sure to derive pleasure, and often instruction.

As a Christian her example was worthy of imitation. She exemplified by her daily life that she was not only a "hearer of the word," but a doer also, manifesting the fruits of the spirit — "Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;" worshiping her Redeemer in the spirit of the Publican of old, rather than in that of the Pharisee. She was regular in her attendance at the house of God, excepting when prevented by sickness; being gifted with a remarkably good memory, she would often surprise her friends by repeating to them the substance of valuable discourses which it was her privilege to hear, and expressing the comfort and consolation she derived from them.

Though partial to the Church of England, Miss Peel was a friend to other denominations of Christians, with whom it was her pleasure frequently to join in Divine worship.

As she advanced in life, until within about a year of her departure, her general health seemed to improve, and her delicate constitution to become stronger, and her Father and friends hoped she might be blessed with a long and useful life.

But such was not to be. During the last year of her sojourn on earth she experienced several painful bereavements by the death of relatives; two of whom were especially dear to her, viz., her cousin, Mrs. W—'s daughter, Lizzie, and her dear Aunt Peel, who died on the 22nd of August, 1863, whose loss she deeply mourned.

Soon after this bereavement her most intimate friends began to think she looked thinner, and often far from well, though she did not complain, excepting of occasional prostration of strength, and greater difficulty of breathing, especially after a little over-

Mrs Wilkinson
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exertion.

On the 5th of November, she accompanied her dear friend Miss D—n and the writer of this sketch to Leeds, on which occasion they spent a very pleasant day in each other's company, the *last on this side the grave*.

Miss Dawson?

Miss Peel bore the journey pretty well, better than her looks warranted, and after a good rest, was in her usual health up to the 13th, when she found she had taken cold, and must remain in the house a few days.

On the evening of the 14th, she was very ill for a few hours, having great difficulty in breathing.

The following morning, Sunday, the 15th, she was rather better, though weak and poorly still. The writer called to see her in the afternoon; in answer to her enquiries she said she was rather better, and spoke hopefully of being out in a few days; she was quite cheerful, and conversed on several interesting subjects. The writer experienced a strange reluctance to leave her, and sat down twice after rising to go the feeling seemed to be mutual — Miss Peel saying, "I am sorry you are going, but it would be selfish to keep you, the afternoon is so fine, and the walk and services will do you good; you can get out so seldom."

On the Monday and Tuesday she was still very poorly. On the Wednesday morning she said she felt better; also on Thursday she continued apparently improving until about half-past five o'clock in the evening, when having taken tea as usual, in a little while she went' upstairs, and shortly after Mr. Peel heard a suppressed call, "*Father!*" he directly went up to see what she wanted, and found her standing in her bedroom, apparently bleeding from her nose; she said "Father I am going to die!" Mr. Peel assisted her to a chair, and greatly agitated came to ask the writer to go on immediately, saying, he feared Henrietta was dying. I was with her in a few minutes; as I entered her room she looked at me saying, Miss C. "I am going to die!" Oh! I hope not Miss Peel, you appear to have been bleeding from the nose, perhaps it will do you good, don't be alarmed. "No," she said, "I am going to die." I suggested send for the doctor; her father asked her if he might send for Dr. R—d as being near. "No," she said. I mentioned her old physician, Dr. M—k. "Yes," she said. Mr. Peel left us to send off a messenger to

Martha Clough

Dr Samuel Rhind  
of Saltaire

Dr William McTurk  
of Bradford

Bradford. Miss Peel then looked up to me very beseechingly saying, "pray for me," and she prayed for herself, "Lord have mercy on me, and forgive all my sins." "Lord. help me." I ejaculated prayers as well as I could, that our Saviour would comfort and bless her, repeating for her,

**"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me Oh! my Saviour hide,  
Till the storm of life be past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh! receive my soul at last."**

to which she fervently responded, "*Amen.*" She seemed very desirous to express something that was on her mind, but could only articulate "I should like to say," and "What will become of my poor Father!"

On her Father's return, he brought with him two of her Cousins; I then suggested a little brandy should be got for her, having previously unloosed her dress, &c., to relieve her breathing, and wrapped a shawl about her as she seemed chilly. Having taken a few teaspoonsful of the brandy which seemed to revive her a little, she again said, "*Pray for me.*" I asked if she would like W. D—n, a pious neighbour, whom she highly esteemed, to come in and pray with her, to which she assented. Mr. Peel went for him at once, he came and spoke very kindly to her, directing her to look to Christ Jesus as her only refuge, and then besought our Saviour to strengthen and bless her, to take her into His care and keeping, and be her support in all her time of need, to which she again fervently responded, "*Amen.*" I said, does that comfort you, Miss Peel? "Yes," she said. Thinking she would be easier, I asked if she would like to be lifted on to her bed, "Yes," she said. I drew her chair gently to the side, and aided by her Cousins and W. D., she was placed on her bed, propped up in a sitting posture, and her feet wrapped in warm flannel as they were very cold; she then said, "*Rest.*" In a little while she looked up to me, uttered my name and took my hand; another short interval elapsed, when she said once more "*Pray.*" W. D. knelt down again, and while we were thus engaged a calm smile

William Dawson of Briggate, Windhill
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passed over her face, she seemed to fall into a light slumber, and was apparently in a quiet sleep, when he rose and left the room.

Her distressed father now looked in, and perceiving her changed, said, "She is dying!" and turned away in an agony of grief; it was the last time he looked upon her loved countenance! She remained quiet as if in sleep, for a little while, and then after two or three slight struggles for breath, all was still; her gentle spirit had fled, but those around could not believe she was gone - so quietly had she passed away. Among her neighbours many were the expressions of heartfelt sorrow and respect for the departed, and on the morning of the 25th November, 1863, large crowds assembled to witness her funeral, many among them having put on mourning, thus testifying their sorrow and sympathy. Her remains were interred beside those of her Mother in the family vault, with every mark of respect and affection, in St. Paul's Church-yard, Shipley. On the following Sunday, the Revd. William Kelly, Incumbent, preached a deeply impressive sermon from the words "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." - 1 Thessalonians, v. 2.

**"A soul prepared needs no delays,  
When summoned it at once obeys,  
Swift was her flight, and short the road,  
She closed her eyes, and saw her God,  
Her body rests, till Jesus comes,  
To claim the treasure from the tomb."**

The unexpected removal of our dear friend teaches us a lesson of constant watchfulness, which if we learn, she will not have died in vain.

Called away almost without warning, there was no opportunity for those death-bed utterances to which survivors so often implicitly trust. Well indeed is it that we have here, what after all is of far greater import, the testimony of a well-spent life.

The suddenness of the event forcibly reminds us of the parable of the Ten Virgins; both wise and foolish slept till the summons suddenly came. "Behold the Bridegroom cometh! go ye forth to meet Him: Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps."

We most fervently hope and trust that our dear friend had oil in her vessel, and that in her robe “made white in the blood of the Lamb,” she joined the train of the Heavenly Bridegroom.

**Thou art gone to the grave! but we'll not deplore thee,  
Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;  
Thy Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,  
And the lamp of His love, is thy guide through the gloom.  
Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
And sinners may die, for the SINLESS has died.  
Thou art gone to the grave! And its mansion forsaking,  
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;  
And the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking  
And the sound which thou heard'st, was the seraphim's song.  
Thou art gone to the grave! But we'll not deplore thee,  
For God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;  
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,  
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.**

The bereaved Father anxious to pay every tribute of respect and affection to her memory, has had a beautiful Memorial Window put in the Church, of which the accompanying is a view; it represents the three virtues, *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*, which, united, form an epitome of the whole duty of a Christian, each of which is commanded and necessary; but the first, the greatest, the most excellent, and the most indispensable of which is *Charity*.

*Faith* teaches us to receive, without doubting, doctrines which we cannot comprehend, on the testimony of God who has taught them; to wait with patience till our faculties are enlarged, and the obstacles to our knowledge removed; and in the mean time, with the humility and simplicity of children, to receive, venerate and love the hidden and mysterious truths taught us by the invisible and incomprehensible Deity.

*Hope* teaches us to look forward with humble

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confidence to the future, it gives peace to the mind, not by imparting a certainty of future happiness, but by inspiring a firm yet humble confidence in the promises, the mercy, and the merits of *Christ*.

*Charity* is a virtue which does not consist merely in relieving the distressed, comforting the sorrowful, clothing the naked, and similar works of kindness; this sacred virtue teaches us to love our neighbour as ourselves, in thought, in word and in deed, to assist him in his distress, to comfort him in his sorrows, to advise him in his doubts, correct his errors, and, as far as lies in his power, promote all his temporal and spiritual interests.

“And now abideth *Faith, Hope, Charity*, these three, but the greatest of these is *Charity*.” — 1 Corinthians, xiii., 14.

*FINIS.*

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