

# JUST AS I AM.

*By*

Charlotte Elliott.

---

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
CLARK STANTON, S.A.

---

Thomas Nelson and Sons,  
LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

[1885]

## Memorial Sketch.

---

WITH the exception of German, no language is now so rich as our own English in sacred poetry. Yet, as regards both hymnologies, it must be allowed that the greater number of hymns are comparatively little known by the public, and comparatively seldom used in congregational or family worship; while a few stand out conspicuous from the rest, like planets in the starry sky. These few are endeared to every Christian heart, treasured in the memories of old and young, learned at a mother's knee, and often unforgotten in extreme old age. Our readers will at once recall "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "Abide with me," "I lay my sins on Jesus," etc., etc. We need not here extend the list; but few persons will hesitate to include "Just as I am," the hymn illustrated in the present volume. From its first appearance, this beautiful devotional poem has been claimed by the Church of Christ as a precious contribution to her store of sacred song.

The author is generally known to have been the late Miss Charlotte Elliott, an English lady, who "walked with God" in the quiet sphere of domestic life, and often under the shadow of much personal suffering. There were no remarkable or sensational events in her life-story, yet its outline will interest many Christian readers.

She was born at Clapham, March 18, 1789. There, and afterwards at Brighton, her parents "formed the centre of a very interesting religious circle." Her maternal grandfather was the well-known Henry Venn of Huddersfield and Yelling; and her brothers, both clergymen, were dis-

### MEMORIAL SKETCH.

tinguished for talents and piety—the younger one, the Rev. E. B. Elliott, being the author of "Horæ Apocalypticae."

Charlotte, from early years, seems to have been more or less an invalid; yet, as so often happens, this fragile life was prolonged to old age, while young and robust companions were called away on every side.

Her sister-biographer describes her as having naturally a strong will, and a highly sensitive, poetical temperament, balanced by fine intellectual powers; with talents for music and painting, such as would have made her excel in both arts, had not illness prevented their development. For one so gifted, the trial of constantly recurring want of health and strength must have been peculiarly severe. During one short period only she was able fully to enjoy the pleasures of "society," in a circle whose intellectual attractions were fascinating, and where the absence of religion formed a dangerous element. "But," writes her sister, "He who had loved her with an everlasting love, and who well knew how perilous a snare this would prove to her, was pleased to lay her on a bed of sickness, and thus to withdraw her from the scene of danger and temptation. This was, I think, in the year 1821."

Then came a time during which bodily suffering was greatly aggravated by much spiritual darkness and distress; until, by the good providence of a gracious God, she was made acquainted, in 1822, with Dr. Caesar Malan of Geneva, and led by him to find true rest of soul through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and His great atonement. "From this time, for forty years, Dr. Malan's constant correspondence was justly esteemed the greatest blessing of her life. The anniversary of that memorable date, May 9, was always kept as a festal day; and on that day, so long as Dr. Malan lived, commemorative letters passed from the one to the other, as upon the birthday of her soul to true spiritual joy and peace.... The burden was lifted off her weary spirit, and from that ever-memorable day my beloved sister's spiritual horizon became for the most part cloudless. It is true that the suffering body would at times weigh down her soul to the dust; but no doubt ever again assailed her. Her faith never was shaken. She might shrink from present suffering, or from unknown imagined terrors as to the circumstances of her dying hour; but all beyond was light and joy."

### MEMORIAL SKETCH.

Henceforward her intellectual powers and poetical talents were all gladly consecrated to the Saviour's service. "She did what she could" in the way of work and influence, without vain regrets or repining over her inability, too often, to do what she desired. At the request of a dying friend she undertook, in 1834, the editorship of the "Christian Remembrancer Pocket Book," and found much interest and enjoyment from the faithful discharge of this task. "During a period of twenty-five years, strength and ability were granted her to prepare annually the little volume, though few knew how much painful effort it cost her. It was enriched by very careful selections from her private MSS. and letters, and by many of her own original poems, so that the sale increased wonderfully... She always considered as consecrated money any profits from her printed works, and to the close of life would never appropriate any portion of it to her own use."

The "Invalid's Hymn Book," a well-known collection of sacred poetry, was arranged by Miss Elliott in 1834, and contained many poems by herself,— "Just as I am" being one of these.

"A young lady friend" (we quote again the Memoir) "was so struck with this hymn that she had it printed as a leaflet and widely circulated, without any idea by whom it had been composed. It happened rather curiously that while we were living at Torquay, our valued Christian physician came to us one morning having in his hand this leaflet. He offered it to my sister, saying, 'I am sure this will please you;' and great indeed was his astonishment at finding that it was written by herself, though by what means it had been thus printed and circulated she was utterly ignorant."

Another little book, "Hymns for a Week," which has had a wide circulation, was first privately printed for some charitable bazaar, and afterwards published with Miss Elliott's own name.

Change of air, and the pleasure of visiting new and beautiful scenery, were found to be her best restoratives, so that during intervals of convalescence she travelled a good deal to various places in England, Scotland, and the Continent. Her enjoyment of the beauties of nature was continued to the last. Family bereavements came one after another; and the death of her beloved brother Henry, in 1865, was "a crushing blow" to the now aged invalid, "rendered the more deeply painful from her inability to go to him, even to bid him a last farewell.... Yet it was very beautiful to

MEMORIAL SKETCH.

notice her meek submission, and to observe how she was enabled to use the language of her own well-known hymn,—

“ ‘ What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
Thy will be done !

“ ‘ If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine :  
Thy will be done ! ”

We regret that want of space must prevent our giving longer extracts from her letters and poems ; and we can only refer our readers to the delightful volume published by the London Tract Society, “ Selections from the Poems of Charlotte Elliott, with a Memoir by her Sister.”

Her last years were marked by increased weakness and suffering, but faith and hope remained unshaken. “ Her mind continued clear, and her affections fresh and tender as ever.” She wrote to a sister at the commencement of her own eighty-first year :—“ I feel that so great an age as mine requires three things—great faith, great patience, and great peace. Come what may during the year upon which we have entered, I firmly believe that goodness and mercy, like two guardian angels, will follow us during every day, in every hour ”

When, shortly before her death, some one repeated, “ Let not your heart be troubled,” she quietly said, “ But my heart is *not* troubled,” adding, “ My mind is full of the Bible.” And the closing scene was so perfectly peaceful that on the evening of September 22, 1871, those around her could hardly tell the moment when the aged pilgrim entered into the heavenly rest.

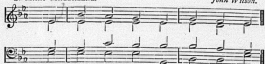
“ Let me die the death of the righteous : and let my last end be like hers ! ”

H. L. L.

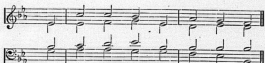
JUST AS I AM.

S. MARY MAGDALENE.

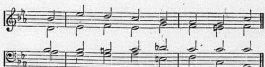
*John Wilson.*



Just as I am, with - out one plea,



But that Thy blood was shed for me,



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,



O Lamb of God, I come.

JUST as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down—  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come.





Just as I am, without one plea



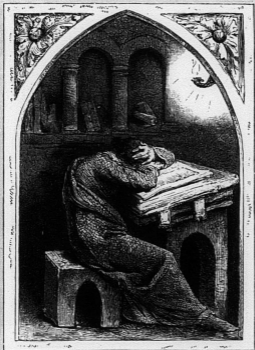
But that Thy blood was shed for me,



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.



Just as I am, and waiting  
not  
to rid my soul of one  
dark blot,  
to Thee, whose blood  
can cleanse each  
spot,  
O Lamb of God,  
I come.



Just as I am, though tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,



Rightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.



Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

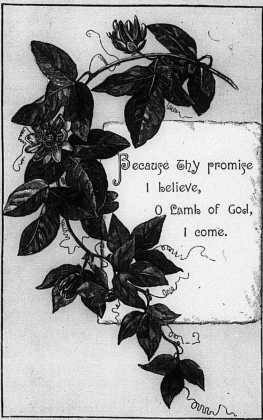


Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.





Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;



Because thy promise  
I believe,  
O Lamb of God,  
I come.



Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down—



How, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.



Just as I am, of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,



Here for a season, then abide,  
O Lamb of God, I come.